

## FORCED INTO EGYPT

Jeremiah the Prophet Drinks His Cup of Sorrow to the Bitter Dregs.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Prophecies of Jeremiah.—They are not in chronological order, but seem to have been rearranged according to their subjects, viz: 1. Warning to the Jews. 2. Survey of all nations, with a historical appendix. 3. Prediction of brighter days to come, with a similar appendix. 4. Prophecies regarding Egypt. The concluding chapters from 51:2 are supposed to have been compiled from the latter portions of 2 Kings, and may have been added by Ezra. Jeremiah was contemporary with Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Ezekiel and Daniel. He foretold the precise date of the captivity, the fate of Zedekiah, the return of the Jews from Babylon, and the decay of that city. Tradition credits him with burying the ark. He predicted the abrogation of the Law and the inauguration of a spiritual worship centering around a Christ. He pictured the blessings of the atonement, the call of the Gentiles through the gospel, and the final acceptance of the Jews. Jeremiah has been called the weeping prophet because of his mournful prophecies over the fate of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation, but there is a note of triumph running all through for his vision is clear and bright of a better future which gives to him as fully as to Isaiah the character of a prophet of the gospel.

Scripture Authority.—Jeremiah, chapters 42, 43.

### SERMONETTE.

After Nebuchadnezzar had stripped Jerusalem of her treasure, and had taken the best of the people captive to Babylon, he placed Gedaliah over the few who had been left to care for the land and dress the vineyards. A few months after this Ishmael formed a plot, murdered Gedaliah and assumed control, and then entered into an agreement to deliver all the people into the hands of the Ammonites. Johanan and a band of men who had escaped Ishmael's murderous hand, boldly attacked the latter as he was on his way to the Ammonites, recovering the spoil and the people and returning with them to Jerusalem. Johanan then became governor over the city, and fearing the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar because of the things which had been happening at Jerusalem, he determined to flee into Egypt. But before doing so he and the people sought the advice of the Prophet Jeremiah declaring solemnly: "We will obey the voice of the Lord our God, to whom we send thee." Ten days later Jeremiah brings them God's message, commanding them to remain in Jerusalem and promising to protect and prosper them, but warning them that if they went into Egypt, they should perish by the sword, famine and pestilence. Then Johanan and the people repudiated the prophet, charging that he had spoken a lie and not God's message, and forthwith they seized him and forced him to accompany them into Egypt.

Such was the apparent reward for standing with God and speaking his message. Did it pay? Temporarily, perhaps, no. From the standpoint of eternity, yes. Hesitate, then, not to speak God's word, because you feel or know it will not be received. Speak it because it is God's truth, and must finally prevail. How many Johanan's there are in the world to-day. Conscience they are of the need of Divine wisdom and guidance, but willful. Pretending to be desirous of knowing God's message until their own purposes counter to their own purposes counter to their own purposes justify their point of view by repudiating God's message. To such there remains but one result. Human failure, and Divine judgment.

### THE STORY.

"THOU speakest falsely!" Like the keen blade of a knife the words cut through to the very depths of Jeremiah's heart. Silently, but with a look upon his face which told of the depth of agony which surged within, the prophet turned from the group of men standing before him and walked away. Further protest or pleading on his part were useless. It was very plain that Johanan, the governor of Jerusalem, and the band of men with him, had not wanted God's message, but rather indulgence of the course which they had determined to follow, and when the word of God had been directly counter to these plans, they had turned upon the prophet, fiercely denouncing him as a false prophet, and declaring vehemently: "The Lord our God hath not sent thee to say, 'Go not into Egypt to sojourn there.' But Baruch, the son of Neriah, setteth thee against us, for to deliver us into the hand of the Chaldeans, that they might put us to death, and carry us away captives into Babylon."

Ten days before the scene with which our story opens there had come to Jeremiah a deputation headed by Johanan earnestly beseeching him that he, the prophet, should seek the presence of their God and learn his will concerning the remnant which still remained in Jerusalem. And when he had assented to do this thing for them they had solemnly pledged to obey, saying: "Whether it be good or evil, we will obey the voice of the Lord our God, to whom we send thee; that it may be well with us, when we obey the voice of the Lord our God."

And with these reassuring words ringing in his ears, Jeremiah had withdrawn to a quiet retreat outside the walls of Jerusalem, whither he

was wont secretly to go when desirous of perfect quiet, and undisturbed communion with God. There God had met him after he had spent ten days in earnest, agonizing prayer, and had revealed to him his purpose concerning those who still remained in the half-ruined city of Jerusalem. What was left of the beloved city of Zion should be preserved, if only those who still remained there would continue to abide in the city and trust God to deliver them from all harm and evil. How it had rejoiced the heart of the old prophet. How he had clung to the sacred place. When he had had the privilege of finding ease and safety under the friendly protection of Nebuzaradan, one of the chief captains of the Chaldean army, if he would only go to Babylon, he had chosen rather to return to Jerusalem and suffer privation and danger with the few who still remained there. How he had prayed and how he had worked to bring order out of chaos and cause the deep suffering and distress of the people to turn the hearts of the people back to God. And now God had given definite word that if the people would continue to abide in the land he would save them and deliver them from the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, whom they feared.

Hopefully, therefore, Jeremiah had returned to Jerusalem, and having gathered together Johanan and his followers and the people, he plainly declared unto them all that God had said. And while Jeremiah had noted the disappointed look on the faces of the men before him as he spoke, he was not prepared for the angry outburst and the brutal condemnation: "Thou speakest falsely!"

And with these words ringing the death knell to all the hope he had had for better things for Jerusalem, Jeremiah turned and passed out of the city and slowly wended his way toward his retreat.

Johanan and his followers watched him, but that bowed head and that form shaking with emotion brought no feeling of regret to their hearts, for only contemptuous sneers and angry looks were to be seen upon their faces. At last when the prophet had passed out of sight they, too, turned, and, with an air of triumph, were soon busy perfecting their plans for the flight into Egypt, which had been definitely determined upon.

"Be you sure," spoke up one, "that Jeremiah will use his influence to dissuade the people from following you."

Johanan's eye flashed and a sneer was upon his face as he exclaimed: "The narrow-minded probrute! He would come here right if he were left here to suffer the fate which he would have the people remain to endure. But he shall not. He shall go down into Egypt and eat his words concerning the evils which he has declared shall come upon us if we go thither. Evil! Why hath not Pharaoh given every assurance of help and protection? But what have we to hope for here? Naught but privation and suffering and certain punishment at the hands of Nebuchadnezzar. Yea, Jeremiah shall go into Egypt, and he shall eat bread and water of affliction while we enjoy the bounty of Pharaoh's goodness."

And Jeremiah in his retreat was bowed low in prayer, and while Johanan and his followers were plotting he was pouring out his grief-stricken heart to God. He knew that God had spoken and that only evil could come to the people should they go down into Egypt. Oh, that he might be able to turn them from their purpose. Oh, that the people would listen to him as he warned them against the folly of going with Johanan and his followers.

"Why tarry I here?" he cried, impatiently. "When I should be lifting my voice in Jerusalem?"

And in obedience to the self-imposed challenge he arose immediately and went into the city.

Later in the day word reached Johanan that Jeremiah had returned and was speaking to the people, urging them to hear the voice of God and go not down into Egypt.

"Yea," exclaimed Johanan, vehemently, "this very day the prophet himself shall start on his journey to Egypt, and there shall be a goodly company following him. Those who would follow him instead of me shall bear the brunt of the journey and shall go before us to open the way."

And, suiting his actions to his words, he hurried forth into the streets and was soon directing his men to seize the prophet and the people who stood with him and to put them in fetters and start with them on the long journey to Egypt.

"Into Egypt!" groaned the prophet. "Oh, God, as though thy people had not known suffering enough." Then, lifting up his head and turning upon Johanan, he fiercely cried: "Ye dissembler! Ye who sent me to inquire of the Lord and then wouldst not receive his word, how certainly that ye and those who follow you shall die by the sword, by the famine and by the pestilence, in the place whither ye desire to go and to sojourn."

"Enough, thou false prophet," cried Johanan, as he motioned to his men to move on with the prophet, "thou shalt eat thine own words in the land whither thou shalt be carried."

The Sailer's Prayer Book. "This is what you call the sailer's prayer book," a seaman said bitterly, as he kicked a holystone out of the way. "Why is it called that? Well, in the first place it is called that because in using it, in holystoning the deck, the sailer has to kneel down, and in the second place, because all holystoning is done on Sunday. Don't you know the chantey?—Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou art able. And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable. 'The stone is called holystone because the first holystones were bits of plums stolen from cemeteries. It's got a pious, religious sound—holystone, and Sunday and all that—but it is when he is using this stone that the seaman is most profane.'"

A Married Man. Station Sergeant.—Are you married? Friend.—No, sir. Officer.—Beggins' your pardon, sergeant's wrong. When we searched him we found in his pockets, a clipped recipe for curin' croup, a sample of silk, an two unposted letters in a woman's handwritin' a week old.—London Tit-Bits.

## ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

### Squanders \$4,000,000 in Five Years

WASHINGTON.—Countess Julia W. L. Seckendorf, the dashing beauty who rose from lady's maid to mistress of millions of dollars, through which she ran in five years, declares that she had no regrets because her fortune has been squandered.

The countess is now said to be at least \$100,000 in debt, and was forced to undergo the humiliation of seeing the last of her property sold at a debt sale.

"I spent it when I had it," the beautiful countess is reported to have remarked to a friend.

"I haven't any regrets now that it is gone. Some people have money, but they won't spend it. Frankly, I can't see what good it does them."

The career of the countess, who is an American girl, is as romantically interesting as that of any woman in the world.

Once the lavish entertainer of cabinet members, ambassadors, senators and social lights in Washington, the Countess Seckendorf, who five years ago fell heir to the \$4,000,000 estate of her second spouse, gained a reputation as a spender, tearfully watched her last possessions passing into the hands of others to the accompaniment of the droning voices of auctioneers.

It is said that the countess owes about \$100,000, although the figure has not been authoritatively announced.

Some years ago Miss Julia Davidson, the present countess, entered the employ of Mrs. John O. Donner as maid. The Donners had a daughter named Elsie, and Miss Davidson cared for the child.

About six years ago Mrs. Donner died and Donner married Miss Davidson. Immediately the house became the center of social life among the wealthy people of the district. Servants seemed everywhere, and the new Mrs. Donner began to enjoy life to the utmost.

Her millionaire husband was devoted to her and his affection was returned. Elsie, Donner's daughter, still lived on the estate.

After Donner's death five years ago Mrs. Donner came into the great fortune. She went to Washington and mingled with the fashionable set there, meeting the count, who captured her heart. She soon squandered her money.

### Leper to Have Home with His Family

THE strict isolation in which John R. Early has been kept by the district health officers is to be broken. Within a short time Early is to be permitted to live with his family.

That is, he will be allowed to dwell in the same house, but will not come in direct contact with them. He will have his own sleeping apartment, bed linen, towels, dishes and other domestic appliances.

This has been practically decided upon by the health officials. The plan will not be carried into effect until the commissioners have received the report from the solicitor of the treasury as to whether or not the federal authorities have power to transport the leper to North Carolina, the latter's home state, regardless of the fact that that commonwealth has refused to accept him.

Although the decision has not been forwarded to the commissioners, it is known that the solicitor's opinion is adverse. He has said that the federal department is powerless to act, and has reported to the secretary of the treasury to that effect.

The commissioners will take no action until they have received the opinion in official form from the latter. That Early is to be a permanent care of the district is the conviction of the officials.

### Welsh Singers Refuse President's Wine

"GILT these behind me, Satan," is what 25 husky Welshmen thought when offered some of President Roosevelt's sherry at the conclusion of a White House concert the other evening. What each really said was: "No, thank you; none for me."

The Welshmen gave a private concert for the edification of the White House family. The event slid along like a hunk of tallow on a hot stove-plate. The president nearly blistered his hands applauding the "Men of Harlech." Mrs. Roosevelt's face was suffused with pleasurable enjoyment at the rendition of "Old Black Joe."

The last guests and its consequences came as the last words of the final chorus drifted out of an open window.

An attendant came into the room niftily juggling an enormous tray containing 25 glasses of sherry. He tendered a glass to the first man at the end of the line with black clothes and a white choker. He declined with thanks.

The next three men also refused. The other 21 had their mouths open ready to make similar announcement.

The waiter likewise opened his mouth, but in astonishment. He realized that an awful blunder had been made somewhere. In a dazed manner he waved the tray until it was again wavering around his head and hastily plunged from the room. Every member of the Mountain Ash choir is a total abstainer.

### Civil War Veteran Returns Pension

VESPASIAN WARNER, commissioner of pensions, told President Roosevelt the other day of a remarkable case of stricken conscience. Some time ago the commissioner received a letter from a pensioner of the civil war surrendering his certificate and enclosing two \$500 coupon bonds of the United States and a draft for \$172, thereby making full restitution to the government of all money he had received on account of the certificate of pensions.

Commissioner Warner refused to give the name of the soldier and declared he had not disclosed it to the treasurer of the United States, to whom was turned over the conscience money.

When the conscience contribution first arrived the commissioner caused an examination to be made of the records in the case. On the showing the veteran was entitled to his pension beyond a question. A special accounting was sent out to make an investigation on the theory that the soldier might be mentally irresponsible.

The conscience-stricken man was found to be in excellent health and of sound mind. Thereupon the account with conscience was declared closed and the bonds and money were turned into the miscellaneous receipts of the treasury department.

### JUST A CHEAP ONE.

Campaign Spellbinder Could Have Done Much Better for \$25.

He had made a fair speech in favor of his political candidate for governor and against the other, and when he had finished a friend stepped forward and shook hands with him and said: "I want to compliment you on your effort. It was great."

"Then you liked my remarks, eh?"

"They were bang-up. I didn't know it was in you to orate the way you did."

"O, I did fairly well, I guess. But you must remember at the same time that this was only a cheap speech. The regular orator failed them, and they rung me in for \$15. Of course, I could not spread myself for that. Say, I wish I had been making a regular \$25 speech. If I had been I should have called the opposition candidate a liar."

"I should have shown his utter unfitness for office."

"I should have proved that his election would ruin the country."

"I should have advanced statistics to chill the blood."

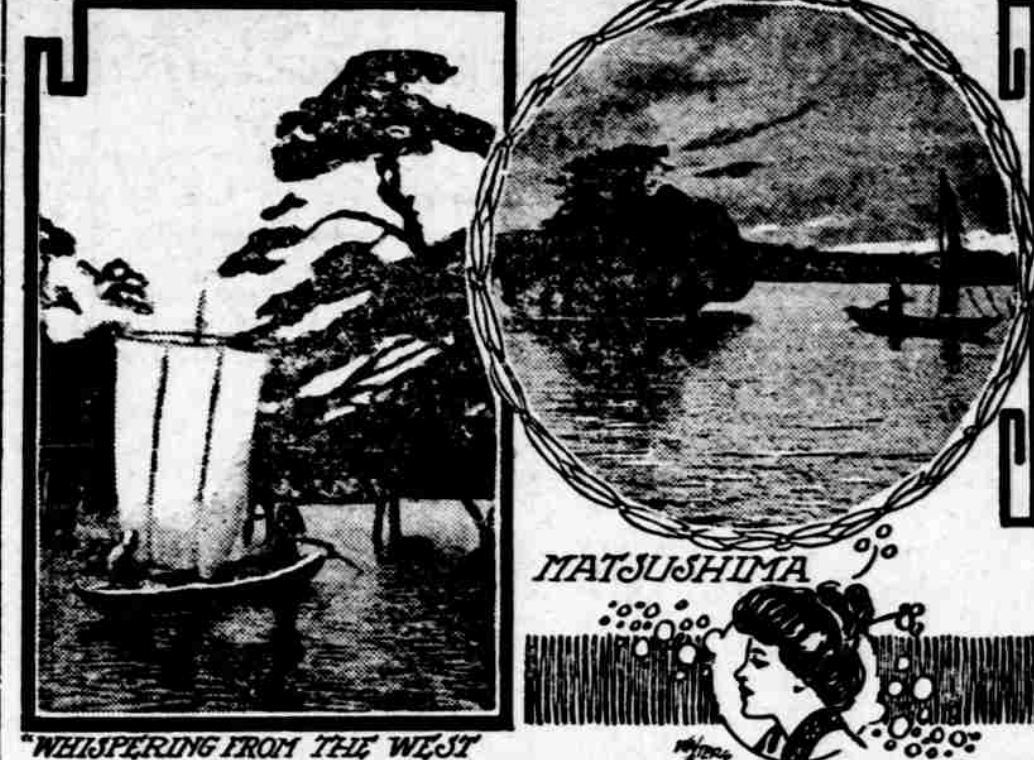
"I should have appealed to my hearers not to bring about a state of anarchy and bankruptcy."

"I should have summoned every patriot in the audience to go to the polls early and die for American liberty."

"I should have trotted out Bunker Hill, the American eagle and the star-spangled banner and waved them around until men would have bustled a lung in cheering for them."

## BY SEA AND RIVER IN JAPAN

BY MRS. HUGH FRAJER



Atami! The name calls up one of the strangest and loveliest spots in Japan, a place where the orange trees seem to be in perpetual fruit, where warm winds blow almost all the year round, yet where the sea rolls in with unceasing thundering, loud as on any Atlantic coast, to be drowned in their turn by the terrific roar of the geyser, which bursts forth thrice in the 24 hours, clouding the air with its fierce white steam.

On either side of the smooth curves of the bay the rocks run far out into the sea—black, forbidding rocks, the honey-combed with deep caves, where you can row through arched waterways, rough and crested by the everlasting breakers beyond, and come out into the sunshine again accompanied by huge sea-birds started from their eyries by the passage of your boat.

Your boatman must steer carefully, for the depths are spiky with submerged crags running up to the daylight, here and there, in island spires, where scarlet lilies have taken root and are waving their flaming banners in the midday sun. That is in high summer; but if it be winter, the land may be clothed in snow, the sea is one stretch of frosty diamond and sapphire, softened in the foreground by clouds of surf that breaks over the rocks in pearly spray, bluish in the shade and rosy gold where it leaps high against the sun. And behind you, through the foot-hills, one road to the outer world runs low between groves of greenest trees covered with the tiny fiery globes of the Mandarin orange, which will only grow in warm and sheltered spots.

Directly behind the town the other road winds through the rice fields, up to the ruined temple in whose grove stands the oldest tree in Japan, the great camphor tree, reputed to have lived for a thousand years. Still it flings out tent above tent of radiant verdure, though its base is so worn and hollow that a little chapel has been made in the trunk, with a seat where travelers can rest and meditate on the superiority of trees to men.

No wonder that earth clothes gratefully the venerable roots of this patriarch tree! Ages ago, the local wise men say, when the geyser tore its way up from the heart of the world, it belched its boiling flood into Atami bay and killed all the fish, so that the people were desperate, seeing their livelihood destroyed before their eyes. Then the good priest of the temple, praying earnestly for his flock, threw a branch of the sacred tree on the sea, commanding the boiling spring to return to earth and do no more damage. Instantly it obeyed, and in a rare feat the priest, like a practical Japanese, took advantage of its submission to set reasonable hours for its bubblings up, for, since the memory of man, it returns every eight hours, filling the hundreds of water-pipes that are laid to carry it away and provide hot water for the inhabitants of Atami. Dropping from here and wandering

through a hundred aspects of the ever-varying Japanese scenery, there is a footpath to Miyanoshiba; but one must leave Atami at daybreak to reach that little warm-bath paradise before dark, and then one will be very healthily tired! The Atami fishermen are rough, rather saturnine fellows, accustomed to the hardest work and the most constant risks. They have to beat out a considerable distance for their catch, and the sea round those coasts is as capricious as a spoilt child, smiling at one moment and going into rages at the next. The boats keep pretty close together, and run to harbor (with an alacrity that is instructive as to the strength of the storms) at the first symptoms of a squall. So many have never come home at all!

Although Atami is but a short distance down the coast from Tokyo, change and progress have made but little way there. The old beliefs hold tenaciously, perhaps because they are really the oldest beliefs of all, and the men who wrest a living from the sea are those who come closest to the untamed elements in nature, and, therefore, have more of the primeval man in their composition than any inland folk can retain. What can representative government and higher education do for the toilers of the sea? Their business is with an element that laws cannot bind nor armies territize, that will smile or frown at its own mysterious will, as it has smiled and frowned since the world began. So they let the new instruction preach to those who lead easier lives than theirs, and they cling to the old observances which give them hope, and incidentally bring some gaiety into their own hard lives.

Very different from the deep-sea fisherman's life is that of the river and canal boatman. With its one sail set to catch the softly constant breeze, his little craft winds in and out of the endless waterways that are never ruffled by off-shore storms, and draws into snug shelter when the steady Japanese rain pours down. The inland boatman sees, perhaps, more of the country than any of his fellow-inhabitants, and he has less trouble than most of them in providing for his wants. The river fish are rather poor in flavor compared with those of the great "Black Salt," as the local gulf stream is called; but they are readily caught and furnish many a good meal. The Japanese are all fond of fishing; it suits their patient, philosophic temperaments. I have heard prim, elderly court ladies acknowledge that it was the one relaxation which gave them their real pleasure. I am sure they envied, as I often did, the life of the river boatman, who, never hurried in the delivery of his cargo of rice or straw, stones or earthenware, can cast his netted stone down for an anchor under the shade of a spreading tree, throw a line and wait for the gladdening nibble that is sure to come in time.

### Wellesey Grows Mammoth Squash.

A squash weighing 65 pounds and big enough to furnish the substance for a pie of sufficient size to feed a goodly number of persons is an agricultural curiosity that was grown without special care by Frank G. Murphree of Cedar street, Wellesey, says the Boston Globe.

Five times the size of an ordinary squash, the mammoth vegetable is attracting a great deal of curiosity among the skilled farmers of Wellesey. Mr. Murphree planted his squash patch in June. The patch had ordinary care during the summer, but no special pains were taken to raise vegetables of more than ordinary size or excellence. Like Topsy in the old and familiar melodrama, the mammoth squash "just grew," along with nearly a dozen others which fell short of weighing 65 pounds by a matter of 20 to 30 pounds apiece.

### Johnny's Lamb.

Johnny had a little lamb, His fleece was black as night; And he could butt to beat the band. For he was built to fight.—Chicago Daily News.

### Novelties in Hatpins.

Hatpins have come to be such an important feature of the modern chaquet that she who can make them for herself and have pins to harmonize with every hat is indeed fortunate. Sealing wax can be used with charming effect by those who have the requisite skill in the manufacture of hatpins, and apparently to meet this demand the wax of the markets has taken on the most artistic colors. There are rumors also of a preparation in which real flowers can be dipped, coming out all silvered or golden or coppered, as the case may be, the finished product being used to head a hatpin.

### The Mightiness of Truth.

"Truth is mighty," said the moralist.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "it is mighty scarce."—Chicago Daily News.

### Strange.

When debts pile up, 'Tis then we know, Although it's strange, That down we go.—Detroit Free Press.

## HARRY A. GARFIELD

SON OF MARTYRED PRESIDENT HEADS WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Installed as Successor of Recently Deceased Prof. Henry Hopkins—Turned from Law and Politics to Teaching.

Boston.—For the exercises attending the induction into office of Harry Augustus Garfield as president of Williams college, which took place a few days ago, the pleasant little town of Williamstown, in western Massachusetts, entertained the largest crowd in its history. Presidents of nearly four-score universities or colleges and a great number of prominent educators, clergymen and statesmen, as well as the alumni generally were present.

Williams college has become famous through two great names, Hopkins and Garfield, in its 117 years of activity. Mark Hopkins, who was president of the college for 36 years, was one of the most forceful and renowned of modern educators. James A. Garfield, the president of the United States, who was shot by an assassin, was a graduate of Williams and sent his four sons to the college. Harry Augustus Garfield is the oldest son, the others graduated being James Rudolph Garfield, the secretary of the interior; Irvin McDowell Garfield and Abram Garfield.

Until James A. Garfield became a candidate for the presidency, Williams, though well known in New England, was hardly known nationally. Opened as a school of higher learning in 1791, it was for many decades a modest institution, obscured among New England colleges by the fame of Harvard and Yale, but winning notice from the educational world by its graduates and especially by its life under Mark Hopkins as president. The attention brought to it by Garfield's nomination for president, his election and his

tragic death, identified the college in the popular mind with the assassinated president henceforth.

Harry Augustus Garfield succeeds President Henry Hopkins, who died a month ago. Graduated from Williams 23 years ago, Mr. Garfield is now 45 years old.

Born in Hiram, O., Harry Augustus Garfield returned to his native state as soon as his legal education was finished. After his graduation from Williams he was master for one year of St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., where he was prepared for college, then he studied law for a year in Columbia law school and in the office of Bangs, Stetson, Tracey & MacVeigh. The following year he continued his law studies at the Inns of Court, in London, and at Oxford university, devoting much attention to the courses in political science. Upon his return to the United States in the spring of 1888 he was admitted to the bar in Ohio.



In June, 1888, he married Miss Belle H. Mason of Cleveland, daughter of a leading railroad lawyer. After his marriage he formed a partnership with his brother James and began the practice of law in Cleveland. They soon developed a large practice.

Harry Garfield took a keen interest in politics and was the organizer of the Municipal association, which defeated and broke up the notorious McKisson gang, then controlling city politics. Until 1903 Harry Garfield served this association as president and in 1898 he was president also of the Cleveland chamber of commerce.

In 1903 he retired from the practice of law to accept the chair of politics at Princeton university. Here he made a record for learning and ability by his lectures on colonial government and government by party.

The selection of Mr. Garfield for the presidency of Williams college is another example of the tendency of New England institutions of learning to select for their heads men of a different type from the college presidents of former years, who were uniformly clergymen, of little or no experience with the world outside of college walls. President Elliot of Harvard was a chemist, President Hadley of Yale was an economist and President Luther of Trinity college (Hartford) was a mathematician. Outside of New England the tendency has been more pronounced.

The college draws students from every state in the union, as well as from several foreign countries. Alumni associations of the college are to be found in all the large cities of the United States. Williams has been called "the cradle of foreign missions," and its name is mentioned with the spread of the missionary movement.

### A Sign of Success.

"She's certain to be a big hit on the stage this year."

"Why she was a flat failure last year."

"I know, but she's going to wear a director's gown and do a Salome dance this season and can't fail."—Detroit Free Press.

### Not Worth Repeating.

Kind Lady.—But that isn't the same story you told me the last time you were here.

The Hobo.—Course it ain't. Youse didn't believe de odder one.—Chicago Daily News.