

securely leaned, but always distrusting, to be sufficient for all occasions—for every emergency. But a new experience now awaited them. Their land, for which they had waited four hundred and thirty years, was preoccupied—seven nations, each of which was greater and mightier than themselves, had possession, were their deadly enemies, and must be destroyed, to make room for them, ere they could enjoy it. Of the justice of this wholesale destruction, space forbids me here speaking. God is always just.

Many of these, their enemies, lived in walled cities, and many were giants, great and tall, exciting fear; so without superhuman aid, it was impossible to accomplish the work before them; but their God was to be with them and give them the victory. The country east of the Jordan was subdued by Moses before Joshua took command. After crossing Jordan, the first city to be destroyed was Jerico, a walled city. By strict compliance with divine directions the wall of this city fell down flat, when the trumpets sounded and the people shouted, giving an easy victory (Joshua 6). Soon after this Ai was taken; then Gibeon, a much larger city, in a wily manner deceived Joshua and the elders of Israel, who made a league with the Gibeonites, who became their servants, binding themselves under oath, to let them live, becoming their protectors. This involved Israel in one of the greatest battles they ever fought. The five kings of the Amorites with their vast armies, assembled at Gibeon to destroy its inhabitants. Joshua and his armies, being notified, hastened to the relief of the Gibeonites, traveling all night. The Lord said to Joshua, "Fear them not for I have delivered them into thine hand; there shall not a man of them stand before thee." Joshua came unto them suddenly and the Lord discomfited them before Israel and slew them with a great slaughter, at Gibeon, and chased them; and as they fled before Israel, the Lord cast down great hailstones from heaven upon them, so that more died with hailstones than with the sword. While the battle was raging and the enemies of Israel perishing as if swept by the besom of destruction, Joshua, in the sight of all Israel, spoke, saying, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the

valley of Ajalon, and the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies;" thus making the day about twice its usual length. There was no day like that before it or after it that the Lord harkened to the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel. Thus, in these fearfully trying times, did God show himself a stronghold in the day of trouble—able to deliver, and as willing as able; so that none could trust him in vain, as nothing was too hard for him; for he gave his people the victory over all their enemies. These seven nations had their gods in whom they trusted; but all who trusted in them were put to shame; for they could give no aid in time of trouble, being powerless before the living God—the God of gods. In these wonderful manifestations, God demonstrated, not only his Almightyness, but his Trustworthiness; so that not to confide in him afterwards, was criminal. But alas! Israel soon forsook this Almighty One, and worshiped the gods of these nations, which were no gods.

Brethren, this Almighty One, is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—the God in whom we have trusted. Let us hold fast our confidence firm unto the end. If we tire of the simplicity of the gospel—tire of walking in his commandments, and affiliate with and pattern after the parties around us, which are not churches, we imitate ancient Israel, instead of being admonished by them, and may not hope for a better fate. Flee from apostasy.

GLORY.

Some glory in material wealth, some in intellectual achievement, some in a pride of opinion, some in political distinction, some in worldly pleasures. There are also those who glory in a denominational name, and in a human creed. True Christians glory only in the cross of Christ. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6: 14.

JAS. W. LOWBER.

There are two plans of life. The right one is doing the will of God. The wrong one is willfulness, or doing our own will. Saul took the latter, and ruin followed. The ruin would be just as real, if we did not see it in the subsequent life of the king.—*Christian Teacher.*

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NUMBER XX.

TARRYTOWN-ON-THE-HUDSON,

July 5, 1883.

Dear Friends at Home:

At 4 P. M. yesterday we were transferred from the steamer to the ferryboat between Nyack and Tarrytown in the center of the river, widening here into the Tappan Zee. The regal steamer swept swiftly on toward the city while we found the cosiest of resting places high up on the beautiful hills that overlook the Hudson. For the beginning of our religious and political freedom you may go to Massachusetts, and to trace an aristocratic lineage to Virginia, but for a history imbued with romantic legend come with us where Hendrick Hudson and his crew still start the thunder with their game of nine pins and the storm imps roar in impotent anger upon the summit of the Dunderberg. The history of Andre reads almost as much like fable as that of Ichabod Crane and we conned both stories over as we walked in the pleasant evening over the same road where both the handsome English spy was captured and the Headless Horseman hurled the pumpkin after the frightened lover of Katrina Van Tassel.

The nearest object of interest to our hotel was Christ Church where Irving was warden when he died. The Rector's little bright-eyed boys, firing cannon fire crackers on the steps of the rectory opened the church door for us and though the room was full of evening shadows, we could yet see how beautiful the window under which is the inscription, "In memory of Washington Irving." There is a tablet also bearing his name inserted in the wall of the church near the organ and his name is upon his pew door still. The church is of gray stone with square towers, the whole front covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy. Turning then our faces northward and passing along Broadway, (the broad road leading from Albany to New York) for perhaps a mile the Andre monument is reached. It is now surmounted by a fine statue of the minute man, placed upon it by John Anderson in 1880; the monument itself was dedicated in 1853, and is of marble 25 ft. high. The summer residence of some rich man now stands just back of it on the left, and yester-

day evening as we came back from Sleepy Hollow the grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns and we were not startled by dutch goblins as some were before the days of Irving and Cooper. Walking on down the hill and turning from the main road to the left we entered the Sleepy Hollow of Irving's sketches, where beyond the bridge over the Pocantico and beyond the old dutch church he was laid at rest more than thirty years ago among his kindred, the most loved and best known of them all. The little old church stands back of a stone wall near the bridge, and looks as though it might stand a thousand years. It was built in 1699 by Frederick Philipse, the first lord of the manors, and Catherine Van Cortlandt in commemoration of their marriage. It is of stone and of brick brought over from Holland, and its spire has a queer old bow bearing the monogram of Flypsen. We stumbled through the cobwebs spun above the ancient graves of the Knickerbockers scattering the fire flies that were dancing and flitting silently about in the gloaming and peered through a broken shutter into the interior where Ichabod led the singing on Sundays in the gallery over the door. There was a light thunder shower too, which made the place the more uncanny, but as it was the last chance for a look at Irving's grave, we raced about hunting the lot, and just as we were about to leave in despair we chanced upon it. The lot is large, surrounded by a high thick hedge and has three elm trees growing among the many graves within the enclosure. Irving's is by the path which passes through the center and was easily known by the marble being chipped and broken by relic hunters. The inscription on the plain white stone is simply, "Washington Irving, Born April 3, 1783, died Nov. 28, 1859." We tarried a moment on the bridge to get the location of castle Philipse built in 1683, which stands but a little way below the bridge, the pond between the two is fringed with the most magnificent weeping willows I ever saw, but it was with a breath of genuine relief that I at least left behind the dark glen where the headless horseman was wont to ride and hastened back upon the heights where the whole household sat upon the verandah and watched the rockets sent up from many a summer home in