

The Resurrection of the Dead.

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It is a significant fact that the belief in a literal resurrection of the dead has been prominent both before and since the apostles' days, and this teaching has, it seems, set the matter so clearly before the world that there should no longer be a doubt entertained in regard to it. But we are not contending that popular belief alone makes this or any other doctrine true; nor do we concede that the vague and visionary ideas entertained by men in any age, destroys the truth of any fact. The apostles' testimony is not responsible for this nor is its quality affected by the accurate or inaccurate reasoning of men of any age.

Mr. Alger asserts that "The doctrine of a bodily resurrection * * * emerges on our attention in the Zoroastrian faith of Persia." (Hist. Future Life, page 490). On the next page he argues that as the Jews mingled with Persians, "They embodied and adopted the Persian faith modified somewhat by the dogmas of their own," &c. Therefore he concludes that this doctrine originated and came forth in the inventive imagination, speculations of Jews and Persians. That "Christianity ran its career through the apostolic age as a more liberal Jewish sect, most natural was it that infant Christianity should retain all the silent dogmas of Judaism except those of exclusive national formalism, in the throwing off of which the mission of Christianity partly consisted, among the Jewish dogmas retained by early Christianity was that of a bodily resurrection."

Here is an unwarranted assumption. The Persians as likely obtained their ideas from the people of God as otherwise. It is quite a common mistake now for some men to find a society or nation with some vague distorted idea of a subject of which there are traces in the Bible, and claim that this is the only authority for the doctrine as it appears in the Bible. Now is not the converse of such conclusions the more natural and reasonable? Is it not evident, as shown to some extent, in our first paper, that the idea of separate intelligent existence of spirits could not be an invention of man; and is the idea of the resurrection of the dead more likely or possible?

2. Is not Mr. Alger's assertion discrediting to the apostles and implying that the Lord is not the author of a perfect system; but of simply organizing a "more liberal Jewish sect," which has simply perpetuated the "silent dogmas" of Jewish and Persian tradition? Now if they are the dupes of all this and did no more in this matter why not go a step further and say the whole thing is a legend of Jewish and Persian superstition? We protest against such assumption and tampering with divine testimony.

Mr. Alger knows and admits on page 492 of his book, that "in the New Testament itself there are many seeming references to this doctrine, and that for a long time after the apostles it was not called in question at all. On page 495 he says, "Every text in the New Testament finds its full satisfactory explanation without implying this dogma at all. In the first place it is implied throughout the New Testament that the soul does not perish with the body * * * The New Testament authors, in common with their countrymen, supposed the souls of the departed to be gathered together and tarrying in what the church called the intermediate state * * * awaiting the advent of Messiah to release them. Now we submit that every requirement of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, as stated or hinted at in the New Testament, is fully met by the simple ascension of this congregation of souls from the vault of sheol to the

light of the upper earth."

Thus Mr. Alger has first a denial and then an interpretation, and when he fails in one he flies to the other, he exclaims, "there is no mention of body or flesh resurrection." But we claim and he admits the resurrection of the dead is taught, and he has said and we agree that the spirit does not die. Now, if his interpretation is true, those must have been dead souls, else how could a resurrection of the dead be predicted of them? Again, if his denial be accepted, there is no need of any interpretation whatever; on the other hand, if his interpretation is true, then his impeachment of the testimony is without foundation, for he who rejects their testimony can not rely upon it to establish his theory. He who admits their testimony must not seek to make out his case by saying they were the dupes of Jewish and Persian superstition. He must stand by his denial on one hand, or his interpretation on the other, for it is unfair and hypocritical to claim both.

If any one has pen in hand to object to our position, we warn him how that he shall not carry water on both shoulders and avoid the issue by shifting from the position of the expounder to that of the Deist, and vice versa; nor that he shall as interpreter oppose the degenerated ideas of any age or person, neither physical change of the body; but the real point is simply, What says the Scriptures? To deny them in part or in whole does not meet the question, nor does Mr. Alger's theory of souls—which we agree never dies—ascending from the supposed vault of sheol or any other place to the upper earth, satisfactorily fill the requirement of the language of the Holy Spirit, although it is fully up to the theory advocated by figurative spirit apparition resurrectionist.

The Cross in the School-Room.

We were talking with a group of young ladies, the other day, about a new teacher, just brought to their school from a neighboring state. They had fallen in love with her, at first, evidently in a very genuine way. Especially they were charmed by a wonderful interest she manifested in them,—the bringing her womanhood into line with their girlhood,—the indefinable something which publishes as clearly as if it had been written on the school house, that the mistress is not only concerned that the pupil shall learn her lesson, but shall assimilate knowledge, develop power, and be more a woman for the life in school.

The following day we happened to get on the track of the private history of this new school-mistress. Six months ago she was in a position where a proposition to take a school at \$600 a year would not have been looked at. Another sort of life dear to the heart and enticing to the imagination of the average young lady, was almost in her hands. But one morning in August she woke up to find her castle in the air changed to a fog-bank, rapidly dissolving under the hot sun of tragic reality, and herself utterly dependent on her daily labor for her daily bread. Then this providential call appeared, and she is, to-day, the spiritual mother of a group of girls who look up to and love her for what she is to them, all unconscious of the motive power behind the soul-screen of her lofty reserve.

That is the secret of her success; and that is the secret motive power in thousands of school-rooms, all over the land. Times of revolution are always times of affliction, anxiety, and peril for the best young women of a nation. There are multitudes of the noblest and loveliest girls in America, to-day, who bear a cross so black and heavy that, when it was first cast on their tender shoulders they fell to the earth in despair. Only after a dis-

cipline best known to such as they, have they staggered up to their feet, and found out the least painful way of carrying their burden, and going on in the lot appointed. They do not all bear the cross sweetly. Too many conquer, as far as the heroism goes, but come out sharp, fretful, morbid, bearing their black burden with a sort of defiance that challenges admiration; or shrinking off into the by-ways of a reserve that shuts them up in a "woman's prison" for life. It is hard to say to a noble young woman, whose spiritual atmosphere is all the time exasperating, depressing, or strangely confusing her classes, that she is becoming unfit to be the guide of childhood; that even her heroism is worn so like a shining coat of brazen mail, that it dazzles the eyes of the little ones. But it must often be said. And were the secrets of all hearts in the school house laid bare, it would be seen that one of the most frequent causes of failure, especially in our young women teachers, is the failure to bear the cross aright in the sight of the children.

But, now and then, one is enabled, like our new school-mistress, to transform her cross from a black horror, appalling and hateful to the eyes of the little ones, to a flower-wreathed branch of the tree of life. Then, when her sharp sorrow, or grinding anxiety, only makes her more gentle and forbearing and sympathetic,—more tender in shielding them from the rasping of premature trial, and more faithful in doing her work for mind, heart, and soul,—she brings into the presence of her little kingdom a queenly power, by which all hearts are won, and lives are moulded as willing clay in the hands of the artist.—*Ex.*

Some People.

Contact with other minds has often a stranger and powerful influence upon our feelings and actions. We have all felt this, and can readily call to mind people of our acquaintance in whose society we always feel awkward and constrained, with whom we can neither feel easy nor be natural.

It does not follow that we dislike them; on the contrary, we may feel such an interest in them, and a certain sort of admiration for them, that we wonder why it is that we should appear to such disadvantage in their society.

Though they be bright and witty, still we can not relish their jokes. We can, perhaps, find no manifest objection to word or manner, yet we quiver with pain as we list to the gay jest, which so delicately flays us alive; and to the soft words of lavish, fulsome compliment which, like the scorpion carries a sting in its tail.

There are those, our confessed inferiors in many respects, but who excite in us a strange, nervous timidity, an uncertain confidence in our own powers, and a difficulty in asserting our independence of thought or action; which is both annoying and inexplicable. There are others, and those whom we look up to and respect, and who know infinitely more than we do, who do not thus oppress us. With them our thoughts are free and untrammelled, our language is fluent, and we appear at our best.

With some people we can never seem to find anything to talk about, and the time seems very long which we may be obliged to spend in their company. Especially so if we must tender them our hospitality. When they stay, and stay after we have exhausted all common topics, we secretly wonder, during the long pauses which ensue, why they do not improve so good an opportunity to take their leave. But we try to be polite and smile, though with such effort that we know it must look forced and ghastly. When at last the final word is said, we sink into a seat to rest, quiet worn out with the strain. With others, however, we never lack for subjects of conversation,

our tastes are congenial, thought elicits thought, time passes rapidly, and when the visit is ended we go about our duties with a lighter heart, and we feel rested, cheered and invigorated. There are reasons for every mental and moral emotion. We may not have the time nor the wish to study them, but we may apply to ourselves the lessons learned from these things, good or bad, which happen to us.

If we have undergone such experiences, we ought at least to be willing to avoid infliction the same upon others. If everybody would do this, what a different world this would be.

For our share, therefore, to this end, let us each cultivate in ourselves that "sixth sense"—that peculiar sensitiveness to the moods and susceptibilities of others, which is called tact. It should be spelled in capital letters if by that means its importance in all the intricate duties of social life might be expressed. It is a most serviceable and necessary quality. It is inborn in some; utterly wanting in others, but can be acquired by all. By its aid we can smooth over many of the rough places in life; and if we keep it, with its quick and nice preceptions always in use, we shall not be likely to do anything which will hurt the feelings of those with whom we associate.—*Intelligencer.*

Here and Beyond.

As often happens in our day, a family becomes divided, a part of it staying in Germany or England, and a part of it having come over here. Now on some day an immigrant ship sets sail for America. Notice the two ends of the voyage. On the European side the broken remnant of the household, that is left behind, gathers on the pier. They have shaken hands, they have kissed goodby, they have said the last words, the tears fall down and the throat chokes up, and the heart is heavy as lead, while the ship swings off and is gradually lessened to a speck on the horizon. But on the American side there is glad expectation and impatient waiting. As the vessel heaves in sight there is a shout, and it hardly reaches the wharf before the expectant ones are over the side clasping in long waiting arms their friends in blessed re-union. What say you, ought not those left behind to subtract from the gross amount of their sorrow something of the gladness of those who in the new country greet their arrival? I know a family divided, half is on earth and half in heaven. The white-sailed boat, whose oarsman none can see, pushes off for another voyage. A fair-haired boy is passenger now. Cruel and hard it seems. Could not the children stay? Why is sorrow added to sorrow? The home shadowed before; why this additional gloom? So strange and mysterious are the ways of God. This is the earth-side view. But on the other shore the father stands waiting for the time to go by when the rest shall be gathered in the new home. And perhaps he says, "There are two; cannot she spare me one?" And while there is weeping here, there is the joy of meeting again up there. The boat shall hardly scrape its keel on the golden marge of the immortal land when the boy shall leap out in his undying beauty into the arms of his father. Oh! this earth-side is only a small part of life. Let us offset the events and happenings of this by what these earthly things mean in the spiritual country.—*Ex.*

Good temper is the philosophy of heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward circumstances.

"A girl who can put on a square patch, may not be so accomplished as one who can work a green worsted dog on a yellow ground, but she is of far more real value in the community."—*Ex.*

The Sphinx.

He is carved out of the natural rock. If we endeavor to picture to ourselves the appearance of the plateau of the pyramids before any tombs were placed upon it, we can have little difficulty in the task. Many similar platforms exist all along the Nile in Lower Egypt. There is a broad expanse of black alluvial soil, dotted with occasional palms, and green here and there with corn or clover. Beyond the reach of the inundation rises a wall of stone, thirty, forty, perhaps fifty feet above the lower level. The top is flat and covered with loose sand, which blows over on the fields below at every storm. Behind is yet another ridge of higher rocks, and a third step may be still further. But if we follow the track of the first Pharaoh, who came up from Memphis to find a suitable place for his tomb, threading his way by the side of the Nile, through the network of canals, toward a hollow in the long line of low cliffs, the first object which would meet his eye, standing up by itself out of the sand-drift, half-way on the slope between the lower and the higher platforms, would be a great mass or column of rock some sixty or seventy feet in height, and backed by a low ridge running for a couple of hundred feet toward the face of the hill. Such isolated rocks are common in Egypt. One of them stands to the Pyramid of Dashoor just as the Sphinx stands to the Pyramid of Chephren. A similar rock probably forms the core of the mysterious Tomb of Sneferoo, at Maydoom. The rock may have already appeared to bear the semblance of a human face. But it could not be overlooked. The first rays of the morning sun would strike it, and the Sphinx, it is all but certain, must have been rough-hewn by the earliest occupiers of the tombs of the ancient empire. It has more than once been suggested that two Sphinxes sat by the Pyramids like the two Memnons in the plain of Thebes, and that only one remains. But it is improbable that two rocks to be carved were on the same slope. If a second Sphinx ever existed, he may have been wholly built up, a circumstance which would help to account for his total disappearance. In Charlotte Brontë's preface to her sister's novel, "Wuthering Height," she speaks of her creation of the character of *Heunfield* in words which with slight change describe the maker of the Sphinx. His work was "hewn in a wild workshop, with simple tools out of simple materials." He found the block of sandstone in the solitary desert, and "gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form molded with at least one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labor the crag took human shape, and there it stands, colossal, dark and frowning, half-statue, half-rock; in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful." But the concluding lines of Currer Bell's wonderful picture do not apply to the Sphinx; though its coloring "is of mellow gray," no moorland moss clothes it; no "heath blooming bells and balmy fragrance grows faithfully close to the giant's foot;" an Arab sits astride on her ear, and offers to chop a large piece out of the eyeball for you for half a franc, or a small piece for a piaster.—*Domestic Monthly.*

A DELICIOUS DESERT.—Sift together 1 quart of flour, and 2 teaspoonsful of baking powder and a little salt, rub in about 2 tablespoons of shortening, mix with cold water, roll out and spread on jelly; roll up and lay it in a cloth or basin, place in the steamer, and steam one hour and a quarter. Sauce for the same. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 spoon corn starch; thin with boiling water, flavor with lemon or vanilla.—*Ex.*