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"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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The Ancient Hebrew Inscription Recently Discovered at Jerusalem.

BY PROF. A. H. SAYCE, A. M.

An important discovery lately made at Jerusalem is a new proof that it is always the unexpected which happens. As soon as scholars had come to the conclusion that no inscribed monuments of the regal period were to be found in Palestine, an inscription of very early date turns up in Jerusalem itself, thoroughly visited and explored as the Holy City has been. In June, 1880, a native pupil of Mr. Schick, a German architect long settled in Jerusalem, was playing with some other lads in the artificial reservoir known as the Pool of Siloam, slipped and fell into the water. On rising to the surface, he noticed what looked like letters cut on the surface of one of the rock-walls of the conduit. Mr. Schick, to whom he mentioned the fact, soon visited the spot, and came to the conclusion that the lad was right. The inscription was engraved on a tablet formed by cutting the rock to the depth of about half an inch and then smoothing it, and it occupied all the lower half of the tablet, the upper part of the latter being left plain. The inscription contained six lines of writing, but was below the level of the water, which had filled the letters, along with every other flaw and crack in the stone, with a deposit of lime. This deposit had become part of the surface of the rock, so that the only way in which the letters could be distinguished was by the contrast of the white lime with which they were filled with the darker surface of the native rock. The inscription was about 19 feet from the outlet of the tunnel or conduit into the Pool of Siloam, on the right-hand side of the visitor who enters it from the later place.

As soon as the English Palestine Exploration Fund heard of the discovery, money was sent to Dr. Chaplin, order that the level of the water might be lowered. This was not fully accomplished till last January, when only about four inches of water remained flowing through the conduit, and the lowest line of the inscription became exposed to view. Mr. Schick then attempted to copy the inscription; but, as he was unacquainted with the Phœnician alphabet, he was unable to distinguish between letters and mere accidental scratches in the stone, all of which were equally filled with lime. His copy, therefore, was utterly unintelligible. Not even the forms of the letters could be made out

with certainty from it; much less a word. The copies he has subsequently made have been but slight improvements upon his first attempt.

A happy chance, however, brought me to Jerusalem last February, and my first business there was to call on Mr. Schick, who kindly afforded me all the information about the inscription that he could give. I then paid three successive visits to the tunnel, and eventually obtained, I believe, as perfect a copy of the text as can well be made. I found, however, that Mr. Schick had not exaggerated the difficulties of making it, though I was not troubled by the effluvia of which he complained, nor by the mosquitoes, with which the conduit swarmed; but I had to sit in the water and mud for about four hours and a half (if the time occupied by the three visits be added together), and, as the tunnel is not more than two feet in breadth, the cramped position in which I was obliged to sit was decidedly fatiguing. The place was, of course, totally dark and every character had to be made out by the dim light of a candle.

The following is my translation of the inscription:

"Behold the excavation! Now this is the further side (or history) of the tunnel. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each toward his neighbor, and while there were yet three cubits to the mouth (of the tunnel), the excavators were hewing away. Each came to his neighbor to Motsah Yeru-Ziddah in the rock on high; and they worked eagerly in Yerah at the excavation; the excavators worked eagerly each to meet the other, pick to pick. And the waters flowed from their outlet to the Pool for a distance of 1000 cubits, from the lower part of the tunnel (which) they excavated at the head of the excavation here."

As no individuals are named; the age of the inscription can be determined only by the paleographical and geographical evidence it affords. This would make it at least as old as the time of Solomon. The words are divided from one another by points, as on the Moabite Stone, and the forms of the letters are also identical with those of King Meshah's Inscription, with the exception of three, which are more archaic. From this we might argue that the inscription is earlier than the ninth century B. C. The same inference must be drawn from the geographical names mentioned in the text, if only they could be trusted; but, unfortunately, they rest on the impossibility of translating in any other way, and the *r* of Yeru-Ziddah is only a conjecture of Dr. Neubauer's. My copy gives a doubtful letter here. On the other hand, Yerah, which is also a suggestion of Dr. Neubauer, seems to me quite certain, and very interesting conclusions may be drawn from it. Firstly, that the temple hill was still known by the name of Yerah at the time the inscription was engraved, which appears to imply that the temple was not yet built. Secondly, that Yeru, which is the same as Yerah in the compound name Jerusalem, was in the pre-Davidic period the designation of what was afterward the temple-mount, Salem, of which Melchizedek was king, being the western portion of Jerusalem. When David included both localities within the same wall, the city thus created became known as Jerusalem, which is printed as

though it were a dual noun. And, thirdly, that in Gen. xxii, 14 we ought to render "of which it is said to-day. In the Mount of the Lord Yerah." Yerah, the original title of the Mount of the Lord, being afterward supposed to belong to the verb *re'ah*, "to see," when its true meaning had been forgotten. Up to the last the Mount continued to be called Moriah, which probably was originally pronounced Moreh and came from the same root as Yerah.

If we may lay stress on these geographical facts, the inscription would seem to be referable to the period of the Jebusites, before David had captured the stronghold of Zion and made Jerusalem the capital of his new empire. This inference is borne out in a curious way by the language of the inscription itself. Although in the main pure Hebrew, presenting us, in fact, with the words and very phrases of the Old Testament, it is yet marked by the dialectal peculiarity of substituting *he* for final *tau*, even in cases where the original *tau* is preserved in Hebrew. The inscription further shows that the meaning of the word *garden*, in 1 Kings vi, 7, must be an instrument for cutting stone, not wood.

It is clear that the tunnel in which the inscription is engraved must have been excavated like the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the workmen beginning simultaneously at the two ends and meeting in the middle. This raises our opinion of the engineering skill of the period, though the existence of more than one *cul de sac* in the conduit shows that it was not so scientifically exact as in our own days. The tunnel has been several times explored, Col. Warren more especially giving a graphic account of his adventures in it. He found the length of the passage to be 1,708 feet, or 569½ yards, though the distance in a direct line from the Virgin's Pool to the Pool of Siloam is only 368 yards. The length of the cubit mentioned in the inscription would be 20½ inches, if we may press the round number of a thousand given in the text. Along with another gentleman, Mr. J. Slater, I attempted to walk up the tunnel from its southern or Siloam end; but, though its height was at first 16 feet, it gradually diminished, until at last it became necessary to crawl on all fours through a deep deposit of black mud, with which the floor was covered. This we declined to do, not being provided with bathing-dresses. However, we made our way sufficiently far to acquaint ourselves with the mode in which the conduit had been excavated. The roof is flat; but the floor is grooved in the form of a gutter, through which the water flows with a somewhat rapid current.

The hill through which the tunnel is driven in a serpentine direction is the southern end of the temple-mount, sometimes identified with the biblical Ophel. It seems natural to suppose that the conduit was made in conjunction with the great public works of David and Solomon in this very part of Jerusalem. It seems, however, to have been repaired by Ahaz, since it is difficult to explain Isaiah viii, 6, otherwise than as referring to it. From Nehemiah ii, 14; iii, 15, it would appear that the artificial reservoir which it supplied was indifferently termed "the king's pool" and "the pool of Siloam by the king's garden," the first designation pointing to the fact that it had either been

made or restored by some well-known Jewish monarch. The title given to it in the inscription of "the Pool" simply implies that at the time it was first constructed no similar artificial reservoir existed in Jerusalem, the Virgin's Fountain, from which the conduit led, being a natural spring and the present Pool of the Virgin subsequently built above it. Those who are acquainted with Jerusalem will remember that the Pool of the Virgin lies on the eastern slope of the Kedron Valley, southeast of the Haram; while the Pool of Siloam occupies the lower part of the southeastern slope of the ancient Tyropœon Valley. The discovery of so ancient an inscription in a place well known and often visited encourages us to hope that other inscriptions of the early Jewish period may yet be found in "underground Jerusalem," when means and opportunity can be provided for adequately exploring it.—*Independent*.

At a Horse-Race.

A party of Americans traveling in England were invited to the Goodwood races, and this is what they saw during an intermission:

After the Great Goodwood stakes there was an intermission for luncheon of three quarters of an hour, and many of the occupants of the grand stand came back to their coaches, where elaborate arrangements had been going on for an hour or more for the meal. In the coach next to us the liveried coachman and footmen had given up their places on the top to two or three waiters, who, under the supervision of a majestic butler, were as busy as bees preparing a gorgeous banquet, most tantalizing and inviting to us, who in our inexperience, had neglected to bring any provender but our baskets of delicious fruit.

A table was laid on the top of the coach, and joints and pates, salads and tarts were laid out in tempting profusion, while champagne and claret-cup seemed to be poured out in inexhaustible quantities. After a while the family party made its appearance evidently *ereme de la ereme*: the mother very handsome and portly; the papa dignified and aristocratic; the daughters pretty and coquettish, each conveyed by attentive cavaliers, who seemed delighted to partake of the feast. And they all ate!

Then came to our notice the trail of the serpent; then we saw the black cloud which overshadowed and dimmed the whole glory of the scene. As at these races more than anywhere else—except, perhaps, in the very interior of some of the palaces to which we had been admitted—were we struck by the luxury and grandeur and enjoyment of the rich and noble, so, more than anywhere else, were we painfully wounded by the sight of the unutterable destitution and degradation to the poor. Now that the feasting and revelry had begun, out from the hedges and from under the carriages crept a crowd of inexpressibly ragged and miserable wretches, begging and crouching to the servants for a crust of bread, or a fragment of meat; armed with hooked sticks, with which they pulled out from under the wheels bare bones, from which they sucked the marrow; or backs of crabs, from which they drained a few drops of juice—angrily, almost furiously, resenting refusals of food, and making one's heart ache, one's throat swell, one's eyes fill, to look at them then, as it does to re-

member them now.

Ah, England is to an American the jewel of the world,—loveliest in its green hills and dells, its secluded homes, its exquisite "haunts of ancient peace,"—most interesting in its realization of historian's drama and poet's supernatural vision; but while upon the most unobservant and superficial glance these horrible contrasts between enormous wealth and abject poverty are so pitilessly thrust, no one can wish to dwell there, or to share its loveliness and its wealth. The unsolved problem of caring for the poor nowhere seems so insoluble as in the land of Merry England.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

How They Got a Minister.

They came to a little village church and heard him. He preached a good sermon. He was reverent in manner; his church services were all orderly; everything moved smoothly. They quietly inquired about him of his own people, and there was but one answer: he was all that a good minister and pastor should be. Then they mailed him a little note. Their vacant pulpit had been placed at his disposal the first Sabbath of the following month; their people wanted to hear him. They would give him \$50 for preaching, and pay all expenses. To their surprise, and with a long list of applicants in their hands, from D. D.'s to S. D. T.'s they got this reply:

"No, brethren, I cannot come and preach to you. I am not a candidate for your pulpit. I would not leave my church for another, unless Providence pointed the way. Somehow I do not believe the way lies in the direction of appearing before a congregation of strangers and preaching on trial. I did this once. After that I heard I was not quite tall enough; my coat did not fit as it should; my necktie was awry, and I learned that this was not accidental, for it was just so in the evening. In the first part of my sermon I spoke 'too loud,' in the latter part 'too low.' I gestured too much with my left arm; I was 'too nervous' in my manner. My sermon in the morning 'was rather too analytical; I did not pray for the success of evangelistic work in the evening, although I had in the morning, and there was more of the same order. 'Brethren,' I then said, 'as for myself, no more candidacy! Now, if you want to hear me, I shall be happy to welcome you to my church; but I have no idea you will come. My necktie is still awry at times, and sometimes I omit to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. But my people put up with all these and other serious deficiencies, and having learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content, I am satisfied to continue to preach for my people. If you want to hear me, come, and welcome to my church; the sexton will give you a good seat."

The committee found that they could not move the mountain toward Mohammed, so four Mohammeds kindly went to the mountain. They heard the minister. They gave him a call; he went to preach to them to see how he would like them, as the church and not he, was the candidate. He preached; possibly his necktie was a little awry; possibly he omitted to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. Be that as it may, he accepted the call was installed, and is now a successful minister.—*Christian at Work*.