

of Genesis has done; it supposes that he had these two accounts before him and did thus combine them in the one account, much as Mr. Gilmore has combined the Gospel narratives in his "Life of Our Lord."

## ELOHISTIC NARRATIVE

Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and he was a lad with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought the evil report of them unto their father. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, Shalt thou reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words. And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said to him, Go now, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flock; and bring me word again. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field; and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: Tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock. And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And they saw him afar off. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father; and they took, and cast him into the pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen: and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

## JEHOVISTIC NARRATIVE

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem; and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And Reuben heard it, and delivered him out of their hand; and said, Let us not take his life. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, the coat of many colors that was on him; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a traveling company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh. And his brethren hearkened unto him, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field; and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: Tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock. And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And they saw him afar off. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father; and they took, and cast him into the pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen: and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

The limits of such an article as this forbid my carrying this analysis any further. This illustration will suffice to show the lay reader what the Documentary Hypothesis is.<sup>1</sup> What view he will take of this hypothesis will depend very largely upon the view which he entertains as to the object of the Bible. If he supposes that its object is to reveal accurately the facts as to natural science and ancient history, this hypothesis will be fatal to his faith. But if he supposes that the object of revelation is to reveal to men the character of God, that this revelation is made to men through men, and that it is a progressive revelation, so that the knowledge of God grows clearer in the history of the human race, somewhat as it does in the experience of the individual, then it will not seem to him strange, but rather natural, that a prophet who saw, as by spiritual vision, God in his world, should have taken such materials as he possessed and used them in rewriting a history of the beginnings of his own people, not for the purpose of giving to them or to us an infallible account of either natural science or ancient history, but for the purpose of bearing a testimony to God as the Creator and Ruler of the universe, and as the Providence of our individual lives.

<sup>1</sup> A very useful book to put this hypothesis before him fully, with the resultant analyses of the Book of Genesis, is "Genesis of Genesis," by Benjamin Wisner Bacon. (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford.)

## Suggestions for Small Book-Buyers

By Clifton Johnson

It seems to me that in our country the family which does not buy books should be a rare exception to the rule—as rare a one as the family which does not take a weekly or daily newspaper.

I fancy that the large majority of families, even in a land as favored as ours, have felt and do feel the pinch of poverty. They do not suffer from cold or hunger or lack of housing, but a sharp economy has to be practiced year in and year out. What are apparently pressing needs are always piling hopelessly up in advance of the means to satisfy them. The needs I have in mind are not fancied nor ostentatious, in the main, but are among the simpler comforts and pleasures of life that all of us may fairly aspire to possess. Yet it is to be remembered that if we waited till all our other wants were satisfied, we, every one, rich and poor alike, would not buy a single book our lives through.

The common feeling about books is that they are luxuries, and many have the idea that they are to be bought only when the buyer has "money to throw away." Rightly classed, I believe they belong among the pressing needs—that they are food for intelligence and character, without which a person lives mentally half fed. I do not say "starved," because there are "books in running brooks and sermons in stones." Earth and sky in all their changes are constantly talking to us; each and every creature of the wood and field and air has its story; so has the human life we come in contact with. You have no need of a purse to read Nature's book, and you have no need to learn the alphabet. Each of us may and should be a seer—a learner from nature; yet it would be a pity if we must be deprived of the suggestion and stimulus and pleasure to be derived from the recorded thought and observation of the great seers who have lived before us.

We should all be readers for the same reasons that every town, however poor, should have its schools. General intelligence lies at the basis of thrift, good government, and good morals.

We should have books in the household, as well as newspapers; for the latter are of a desultory and temporary character, and you are almost certain to miss, in such periodicals as you take, the most of the best work that is done in a particular year; and of course the great works of the past have no place whatever in our papers and magazines.

Books should be owned as well as taken from libraries and borrowed from friends; for you never can get so satisfactory a companionship from the book not yours, nor are you apt to master its contents as thoroughly. The book that charms you is to a mild degree what the loved one is to the lover—he delights in her presence even if she says no word. As to her speech, no day is so drearily clouded but that it makes the sun shine for him.

Then, too, there is no pleasanter piece of furniture for a room than a good book; and a gradually accumulating and carefully selected library, however small, is sure to be interesting to intelligent visitors, and is always an excellent subject of conversation. It is, besides, a source of culture to all members of the family; and if, happily, you are so placed that you can lend to appreciative neighbors, its good influence may be wide-reaching.

After all, the main trouble is not in seeing the desirability of owning books, but in finding the money to buy them. It will require very careful consideration on the part of some to lay aside the few coins or the few bills with which it will be possible to start a library or keep it growing. I do not doubt that you spend some money for "vanities" every year. Most of us do. The more barren the life, the more inclined the feeling is to relieve itself in a fragmentary bit of display; and the world has reason to be thankful if this search for relief does not lose itself in shallow pleasures or run into dissipation. These vanities are not things to be rudely railed against, and I would prefer to leave the question of where the money is to be

saved an open one. If you have the will, you will be very sure to find the way.

It is especially important for small book-buyers to have some plan and purpose in their buying. Large buyers have leeway for waste. Small buyers ought to make every penny tell.

The general objects in reading are information, culture, and pleasure. Most of our newspaper reading is for information; most of our other reading is for pleasure. Increase of culture, which is the enlargement and improvement of one's knowledge, is lost sight of; yet it can be made to include both pleasure and information.

I think it is a common impression that culture is a dull and dismal height to which the climber finds the path exceedingly wearisome. But there are, in reality, as many paths to culture as there are people; and if, in your aim to acquire culture, you follow your interests in selecting your reading, you will find the way always pleasant, and, however far you get, the path still opens before you. I do not mean that one should never read what is dull or difficult to them, but I am sure it is a mistake to make a steady diet of such things.

Another danger in the pursuit of culture is the possibility of making it a fad—of putting it on like a new fashion, and displaying and sentimentalizing over it. There is no author you can fairly agree with and like equally in everything he says. Think your own thoughts, and make your own mistakes and profit by them. Books cannot build for you. They only furnish for your structure materials that you must pick among according to the views you yourself have of right. You will find that all earnest people will care much more for what you have thought out yourself than for what you can quote from famous authors. It may be you will say the same thing as some great writer, but it will be most vital if you say it as you think and feel it yourself, even if the terms of your expression are crude and rough.

The primary purpose in the attainment of culture should be some acquaintance with what has been said by the greatest of the poets and novelists and philosophers, both past and present. It becomes a great pleasure, in conversation and in reading, or in listening to a preacher or lecturer, to have some personal knowledge of the writers that are mentioned or quoted from. To be entirely without such knowledge makes one mentally as little traveled as is the man who lives all his life in a secluded village, and never sets foot beyond its borders.

When it comes to the point of buying, I have this plan to suggest: that, in the necessarily gradual accumulation of books, the list be a varied one. First, suppose you buy the one book of those published in the past year that, from all those you have heard about and read about, you think you will enjoy most. Second, buy a volume of one of the great poets. Third, get a copy of the work of some of the famous old philosophers, as Marcus Aurelius, for instance. Fourth, try some noted novel or book of tales, like "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "Arabian Nights," or "Vanity Fair." Fifth, buy some interesting book of travel, history, or economics.

These suggestions are not iron-bound. I only wish that in buying you should keep in mind an all-round culture. None of these divisions can be wholly neglected, but you will buy along the line of your interests, and the department you care least about will rightly get the least attention.

Aside from subject matter, the buyer has to consider the binding and paper of the proposed purchase. It seems to me very rarely best for small buyers to put money into fine bindings; and, on the other hand, I always feel it a pity to get works of permanent worth in paper covers. For the home library, at least, we can aspire to own books that have good paper, good type, and a neat and permanent binding. Only so will they be a lasting treasure.

In all this I take it for granted that you will avoid books that are doubtful morally, either in the text or "high art" illustrations. Then there is a vast amount of rubbish in book form afloat on the literary sea, and it will take a deal of care and thought on your part to keep free from

it. But in this lies a chief pleasure in the gathering of a small library—the feeling that out of the great mass of the good, bad, and indifferent you have picked some of the gems.

To make my book-buying suggestions clearly definite, I append two such lists as a person who followed these suggestions might make out if he had, say, five dollars to spend this year on books:

#### LIST FIRST

1. Stockton's The Watchmaker's Wife.....	\$1 25
2. Burns's Poems.....	75
3. Epictetus.....	40
4. Pickwick Papers.....	75
5. Kennan's Tent Life in Siberia.....	1 25

The above covers the five departments I outlined, and there still remains a small surplus, which I will imagine invested thus:

Mrs. Ewing's Dandelion Clocks.....	\$0 30
Sir Arthur Helps's Friends in Council.....	30

#### LIST SECOND

1. Mark Twain's £1,000,000 Bank Note.....	\$1 00
2. Tennyson's Poems.....	75
3. Bacon's Essays.....	40
4. Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.....	75
5. Bowker's Economics for the People.....	75

#### EXTRAS

Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	\$1 00
Richardson's Primer of American Literature.....	35

That makes an even five dollars for each list, and the books have each not only literary value, but would be found exceedingly interesting by most intelligent readers. These lists are only a suggestion. Dozens such can be made out, to better suit the tastes of particular individuals, that will cover the ground as thoroughly. The prices quoted are at a moderate estimate for good editions of the books named, and are high enough to bring them to buyers, singly or all together, postage paid.



## Orators

By William O. Stoddard

It has been said that this generation of Americans has not yet developed any public men whose influence on the course of events, or whose rank in public esteem, depends largely upon their oratorical gifts.

Although the assertion does not rise above the level of a half-truth, an attempt to analyze it has brought up in my mind an old conviction concerning all the great orators. From a very early beginning I took every opportunity offering to hear and study any man who had won a reputation as a public speaker or as a statesman, and it became my settled belief that every one of them owed the greater part of the effect he produced upon his hearers to the condition of their minds for hearing. That is, to an entirely unrecognized degree, the occasion makes or mars the orator. I think it is beyond a doubt that in this lay the secret of the traditionally marvelous power of Patrick Henry—but I never heard *him*!

Parliamentary debaters, European or American, rise before audiences especially educated and prepared, and their occasions are often engineered for them as theatrically as was that of Webster's reply to Hayne, so familiar to every school-boy. Perhaps, therefore, they, as well as the pulpit orators, may be omitted from the field under consideration. Much better examples may be found outside of Parliament, Assembly, Reichstag, or Congress.

No one will deny, at all events, that, if we ever had a statesman whose National fame and influence was largely due to his power as an orator, it was Daniel Webster himself.

One of his most noteworthy speeches, so far as its effects were concerned, was delivered in Syracuse, New York, soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, commanding the free States to return escaping bondsmen to their masters. It was deliberately prepared, as a chal-