

is not a hill which is not rich with stories concerning them, and with the visible remains of their abodes. The notion is that the giants held exclusive possession of Cornwall until the Trojan hero, Corineus, overthrew Gogmagog, their champion, in a wrestling-match on Plymouth Hoe. They slowly but steadily declined after ordinary mortals came among them and more than matched their brute strength with skill. But for a long time there were great numbers of them.

Cormoran, whom Jack killed, lived on St. Michael's Mount, in Mount's Bay, upon which is situated the town of Penzance, made famous by Gilbert and Sullivan. The Mount is a rugged, conical hill of white granite, crowned with a picturesque castle, now the home of Lord St. Aubyn. At high water it is an island, but at low tide it is reached by means of a long causeway. Four or five miles north of there, on the mainland, and commanding a view of the ocean on both sides of England, is Trecrobben Hill. A bewildering mass of rocks covers it, and the outline may still be traced of a vast stone inclosure of some sort. It seems evident that the Druids used it in their mysterious and awing religious ceremonials. But popular faith makes it originally the work of giant hands. This was the scene of Jack's later adventures, and the spot where he finally settled down with his big father-in-law, Tom. It is the very center and fountain-head of the Cornish giant myths, and the country round about was full of these monsters, who appear for the most part to have lived on pretty good terms with each other.

They were, in fact, a sportive race, fond of wrestling, quoit-pitching, and other athletic games; and huge bowlders scattered upon the hillsides show how they used to play "duck-stones" or "bob buttons." It was a frequent practice for the giants of St. Michael's Mount and Trecrobben Hill to have a game in which the rocks were tossed from one hill to the other. The ease with which they did this was once the cause of a tragedy.

These two giants had only one hammer between them. One day the giant of the Mount wanted to cobble his shoes, and he sang out, "Halloa, Trecrobben! throw us down the hammer, woost 'a?" "Look out and catch 'm," cried Trecrobben; and the hammer went hurtling through the air. But the giant's wife dearly loved to see the hammer thrown, and she rushed out of the house just in time to receive its full force between the eyes. The wailing of the giants produced a tempest; but they finally buried the poor woman under a greenstone bowlder upon the side of the Mount, and upon it in Christian times was built a little chapel.

It is to be presumed that Cormoran recovered from his grief and married again. At any rate, though, she was too good for him; he had not been a kind husband. It is not generally known that Cormoran not only lived on St. Michael's Mount, but built it. There is a tradition that the Mount was once situated in the midst of a forest six miles from the shore, and that it was given its present appearance by the cataclysm which submerged the far-famed land of Lyonesse, of the Arthurian legends, and cut up Scilly into petty islands. There is some evidence, historical and other, of a submergence of the land at least immediately about the Mount, and its ancient Cornish name was "the white rock in the woods."

At all events, Cormoran is credited with having reared it in order that he might have a lookout above the tree-tops. He was very particular about it, too. There was plenty of greenstone near by, but Cormoran coveted the white granite of the hills further off, and to this he helped himself, carrying off huge blocks through the forest. Any one can see even to-day the cubical form of the rock structure of St. Michael's Mount. The work was hard even for a giant, and Cormoran made his wife, Cormelian, do the most of it. One day when Cormoran was sleeping, and Cormelian was more than commonly tired from her labors, she thought that it was all nonsense to go so far for the white granite, and that the greenstone would do just as well. So she plucked off a huge mass of it and bore it home in her apron, thinking that if she threw it in with the rest it would be covered up and never noticed.

But, unfortunately, her husband awoke at the critical moment, and he flew into a terrible passion and gave Cormelian such a mighty kick that he nearly killed her. The apron-string broke, and the bowlder dropped upon the sand where it still lies, no human hands being powerful enough to move it.

Perhaps it was a touch of remorse which caused Cormoran to bury her under this rock when, in after time, the flying hammer from Trecrobben killed her. But he must have been a surly brute (all the other Mount giants of whom there is any record were rascals), and he well deserved the violent fate which Jack afterward meted out to him.



Sunday Afternoon

The Symphony of Character

By the Rev. James Eells¹

Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity [or love].—2 Peter i., 5-7.

I have often wished that the Bible might be translated literally, so that the rich imagery and glowing meaning of the words could be given to every reader in all their first significance. The language is so essentially Eastern, and Eastern language is so essentially pictorial, that a literal setting forth of these allusions and figures would make their message much more suggestive, and would thus impart a fresh and vital interest to its truth. Besides, would not that very thing bring us somewhat nearer the truth? For, doubtless, they to whom it first came—they who understood the language and were familiar with the pictures by which it was illustrated—had an advantage over us.

This little word "add" in our text—"add to your faith"—is a word whose whole original beauty is crusted over with our materialistic notions of increase in bulk or numbers, of comptometers and arithmetic. So that when we read the text we most easily think of each virtue and grace as a neat little parcel that we can get somewhere all tied up and tuck away in our lives—laying the one labeled "virtue" alongside of the one marked "faith," and so on in a disjointed kind of character-accumulation. But the word has for its root-meaning, "to lead out a chorus," and that takes us back to Greece—sets us to rummaging around in the old Greek theaters, and puts the Greek drama into our hands for a commentary. As a representative ruin, we must explore the perfectly constructed Theater of Dionysus, on the southeastern slope of the Acropolis. It is divided into three sections: the *stage*, where the actors and readers appeared; the *auditorium*, where the spectators sat; and between the stage and the audience a *platform*, somewhat lower than the level of the stage, and with a slight elevation above the audience. This platform is much smaller in proportion than the "pit" of our opera-houses, and must have been given to a different use. So we turn to the drama for explanation. Very soon we come to the word "chorus," and discover that the part assigned to it has little direct connection with the dialogue. Most usually it is confined to some moral or sympathetic utterance. When the tragedy reached its climax, the chorus would appear and do the appropriate wailing. If there was a complicated situation developed in the plot, the chorus was ready with its explanation. If there was need for a truth about the gods, and man's relation to them to be expounded, the chorus became preacher. It did not appear on the stage, but found its place on this platform between the actors and the audience. And because the members of the chorus joined hands and moved in rhythm—or, as the Greeks said, "danced"—while chanting their assigned part, this platform became known as the "orchestra." For "orchestra" is derived from a Greek word meaning "to dance." So the connection is quite intimate between the words "orchestra" and "add," for the word

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here translated "add" means, in its primitive form, "to lead out the chorus." There was the chanting in faultless cadence, the harmony of many trained voices, the superb accent and liquid melody of the Greek language in its purest dialect; and these prefigured our modern orchestra with all its maze of instruments and wonderful composite of tone. If we were to transplant this word from the sunny slope of Mars Hill into our more familiar Western land, if we were to shift it from its ancient use to the cognate use of to-day, the text would come to mean something like this: "Train virtue, and knowledge, and self-control, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and love, into an orchestra whose music shall be the full, harmonious rendering of character. Then each part shall have its true work and value, and out of this symphony shall go the melody of a strongly beautiful life." So I ask you to think for a little of the orchestral development and effect of character: the symphony of a symmetrical life.

If we look at the text in this way, we are startled to find that *faith* is assumed as present. We are not told to add faith to something, but to add to our faith. Faith is a postulate. It is already in the life. Does it not seem strange, with our ideas of faith as something unpractical and vague, that it should thus be assumed as a necessary basis? Why not take "virtue" and say, "add to your virtue faith"? Why not assume knowledge as fundamental, and then begin to add things? Why not take "brotherly kindness," and then crown it with patience and self-control? Each of these is definite. And each has been tried. Each has been recognized as a starting-point. Why not use one of them, then? Why take faith, the value of which so many people deny? But really faith is the deep, unifying diapason—the great body of tone which rescues all the other qualities of character from being weak and thin and flimsy. The rest are acquired, but faith is there in life to begin with. It is really the only thing that could be assumed as universally present, for men recognize it everywhere, and in all departments of life. If we were to eliminate this one factor from commerce, and social and private intercourse, and science, and literature, they would fall into disaster and dreadful demoralization. The business of the world is done on credit, and our recent experience is an indication of how necessary confidence is. Science believes its propositions, as Newton argued gravitation from the orchard out into the star-spaces. The infidel—the man who claims to believe nothing—most earnestly believes in his infidelity. Social and domestic life are based upon promises, and promises upon faith. Everywhere the basal, most necessary, most universally recognized thing is faith. And Peter, in telling us to assume that, seems to put character on the level of what is most natural and easily understood. He says, "Begin character just where you begin everything else. It is not at all strange or mysterious. Start with the simplest and best-known theme, and then vary it, enrich it with new pieces, until it shall swell out into the large and complex melody of the full orchestra."

And the first thing we are told to add is "virtue"—strength, force, vigor. Faith is weak without its accomplishing power. The man of faith is the man who sees—sees what is in the future, or what is in the present, but covered up. He sees the larger store beyond his present little one; he sees the larger practice, more clients, wider and deeper knowledge, greater power—and these things lie far ahead of him. Nevertheless he sees them, and their beckoning is his inspiration; but without force these visions fail. Without strength and vigor of purpose he becomes weak and unavailing. Paul had visions, he tells us—visions of his Master at noonday, visions of a country's need when the Macedonian called to him at Troas, visions on board ship as he went toward Rome. They were visions of a new life, of larger usefulness, of divine care and protection; but all alike would have been useless had not his vigor abounded—if he had not "added to his faith virtue." So we hear him cry out in the midst of his first vision, "What wilt thou have me *to do*?" and the instrument of force and energy spoke its note into the bewildering melody of faith. So, too, it joined its tone to

the rippling waters of the Mediterranean as they laughed along under the prow of the ship that carried him "immediately" to Macedonia. Once again it spoke out strong and clear, high above the hissing rain and roaring wind in the Adriatic, and by its sweetness lent a calmness to the wild song. This was its music: "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul: God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. I beseech you, take some meat: and he took meat, and began to eat: and they were all of good cheer, and they also took meat." Force added to faith! Visions carried out by strength! How true that always was of Paul! And Peter, too, and John on Patmos, and all true men of great achievement—all men whose influence has been cheering, whose life has diffused melody. Always to the deep, glorious notes of faith has been added the sharper, more decisive quality of vigor. Thus has life been made practical and effective. It has not been dreamy and delicious in its entrancing visions, but sensible and strong and definite with activity. Faith and action! Vision and practicality! The vision on the housetop complemented by the knock of the men at the street door, and the long journey to some Cornelius in obedience to the vision.

"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." Faith may see large possibilities, vigor may throw the whole life out toward their attaining, and both fail through ignorance. People continually mean well and honestly strive to do well, yet those same people blunder.

'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away;

and

These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

So our mistakes bring pain and discord. Knowledge, practical wisdom, tact to discern the time and opportunity; high aims, perseverance, energy—these are needed, but to make them most effective there must be knowledge. It must show the ways and means, it must direct effort, and sift what is essentially visionary and vain from the real and good. If it is necessary when character is rendering secular music, it is doubly so in the religious. We hear religious people too often casting contempt upon knowledge; too often identifying piety and ignorance; too easily acquiescing in the cry against wide research, as if to be ignorant is to be true and simple in faith. But it is a weird, meaningless music that you hear when the instrument of knowledge is silenced. Belief without knowledge, zeal apart from thought—they make an untrained, unthinking, headlong emotionalism. The gentle, refined notes are lacking; and somehow you feel that it is all very crude, and inadequate to convey the soul-stirring theme. You see what I mean. Faithful and honest men and women lacking the gentle touch of tact; godly and sincere preachers needing study and culture; fearless, brilliant men who need depth and direction and solidity; young men who "see visions" and "rejoice in their strength," but who begin to *live* before they *know*. Listen to the world's music. Why does it sound shallow and tinkling, and harsh and rough? and what is that discord yonder? In one place faith is too prominent, and over there boisterous energy is drowning the ethereal sweetness of faith, and here faith and virtue have not blended, but everywhere is there not silence where knowledge should be heard?

"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge self-control"—as the Revision has it. Temperance, self-control, moderation. It means that wise mastery by which the higher powers keep the lower well in hand and restrain them from all excesses. It is what might be called the symmetry of harmony. It is its equalization. It is regulative, and is wonderfully appropriate in its position after knowledge. Knowledge too easily gets self-assertive. There is no instrument in all the orchestra with such a pervasive, telling, domineering quality of tone as knowledge. It is only when the softening, shading self-control is played as a second along with it that it

sounds modest and sweet. And what it does for knowledge it does for all the rest. Once and again the harmony breaks into a fugue, when each instrument tries to gain the advantage of the others, and the rushing, tumbling melody is in dreadful danger of discord. Then the wise Leader beckons with his baton, adds to them all the tone of moderation, and its clear, steady note gives to every one of the others its proper place and value. Self-control imparts to us just estimates of ourselves and of the world. It restrains all wayward impulses—not by outer compulsion, but by the volume of its own music, its firm and positive gentleness. It dreads fury and excitement as signs of feebleness. It hates exaggeration of statement, because that means weakness of belief. It shrinks from self-display because it so thoroughly appreciates self-hood. It enables us to use knowledge aright, to turn thought into action, and vision into life. So it comes well into its place after faith and virtue and knowledge; and the Leader “adds” its note that all the others may be heard to their best advantage.

“And to temperance, patience.” This is the quietest of all virtues, the most conservative of all forces. And the part it plays in the symphony of character is to give to others their *time* rather than to be heard itself. When faith wavers and lags, patience is its tonic. When energy would forget itself and speak before its time, patience bids it wait, for it will be needed more by and by. When knowledge would instruct the Leader about some difficult passage, patience whispers, “Listen, listen! he is explaining it *now*.” And it keeps the orchestra interested in the music during all the dreary time of practice before the performance, while each player is learning his part and striving for its perfect rendering. Patience is always “the sweet presence of a good diffused,” whose music fills the spheres.

“And to patience, godliness.” Godliness is the power to appreciate the highest and truest and best. And with such an appreciation always goes the effort to attain to those things. It gets at the soul of the music, it glows with its spirit, and therefore can best interpret it. But, above all, it puts the whole orchestra into full sympathy with its glorious Leader. It seeks to understand as he does, and, by earnest watching for his direction, expresses his wish and intent. So anxious is it to do this, so devoted to him, that all plaudits are his, and the praise of those who see and listen are given to him as worthiest to receive. Godliness, in the Symphony of Character, cries out, in the glorious hour of achievement, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy Name, be glory.” O friends, do you not see, beneath the drapery of the image, the true beauty and worth of godliness to character? Do you not see how the spirit of the word is ever reaching back to its longer form—how godliness becomes God-likeness? Dependence upon God; recognition of God; joy in God; love, praise, pride of man in God! That is the godliness of character, and that is the power to appreciate all that is lovely and true and pure and of good report. What an enthusiastic quality that gives to the harmony of character! It would seem as though now it were complete.

But we are told to add to all this, brotherly kindness. “If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?” John asks. Brotherly love is the element of sympathy; it saves the music from a cold, unfeeling perfection, and makes it a throbbing, breathing, living message. You have felt that quality of sympathy always in any music that has stirred and thrilled you. And you have noticed its absence with a nameless disappointment. So, too, you have felt its presence and noted its absence in character. This element of sympathy puts you into touch with the musicians. It is this sympathy in them and their rendering of music that brings the message of the Leader to your listening heart. How many otherwise faultless characters there are that need to have “added” to them this brotherly love! It refines selfishness; it purifies choice; it makes one careful of another’s interest; “it seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked.”

And now we must let the orchestra play softly for a little, as it is time that “love” should be added. No in-

strument has ever been fashioned that could take the place of the human voice. Love is always personal, and any counterfeit of it is mechanical and unsatisfying. It is, therefore, the human element that must speak now, and all the orchestra must sink away into accompaniment. That voice of love, that human quality of music, that clear, pure figure of living humanity standing out from the dusk of softened melody!—surely no instrument can tell its story, no tone can voice its word! And the orchestra, grand, inspiring, magnificent hitherto, finds its crown and true greatness as it follows in the cadences of that song. So, the divine quality is given its place in character; but it is different from all the other elements. It is not to be cheapened, it cannot be made into a material thing, though blending so beautifully and consolingly with them. It is divine; it is a part of God lent to the symphony. And all the other parts live for it, just as it answers back with its smile and glorifying presence to their sympathetic accompaniment. “The greatest of these is love,” for “God is love.”

Thus Sidney Lanier, the poet-musician, sang:

Life! life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of harsh half-phrasings,
Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of chords most fit.

To follow Time’s dying melodies through,
And never to lose the old in the new,
And ever to solve the discords true—
Love alone can do.

Physicists have resolved many of the forces of nature into musical tone, and now are busy studying to reduce the tone of colors to music. Everywhere music is a kind of groundwork. It is the “music of the spheres,” the song of the morning stars, the joyful anthem of the sons of God, brought into our actual life. There has always been the closest connection between music and morals. It is the symphony of character—that grandest use for which our lives were fashioned and tuned in the Home-land of the music-loving God.

The Symphony of Character! It brings harmony to the individual life. It refines all wavering discords, and breathes music to the lonely soul. It sways and murmurs in the lighter tones of sentiment. It soars and exults in the inspiring strains of its noblest, most earnest renderings. It is grandly solemn and worshipful in its message of devotional praise. And always there is harmony; for the character is fitted and tuned to all the demands upon it, and turns easily to what is grave or gay, sober or light, sad or joyous. It has confidence in its powers, for the same great harmony speaks through all. My friends, the symmetrical character is ready for each new experience of life, and by its own indwelling harmony finds in all things the melodious soul. Oh, let us seek the solvent of life’s discords in calling out some new quality of tone in the orchestra of character. So let there be music, always.

And that will put us into peace-making relation to things outside ourselves. There are sympathetic chords everywhere; as the strings of the quiet piano answer back to the touch of a tone from outside itself. “Making the best of circumstances,” what is that but the melody within us calling to the melody without, and that melody replying, so that we are brought into harmony with what is otherwise negative and harsh and discordant? Then, find the tone of your work, and tune character to it. Touch the minor chord of your hardship and sad experience, and call out “patience” and “godliness” to make reply. Take the key of *joy*, and let your character thrill and rejoice and glory in its glad exuberance. Oh, the sufficiency of a trained and musical character! It finds music everywhere, and in making its response, behold, it has music in itself!

The Symphony of Character! It reaches its own supreme glory when the Leader uses it to interpret the melody with which he wishes to bless the world. That is doing God’s will. And, really, there is music in it—the harmony of a full nature guided, directed, inspired by its Great Leader. Watch his guiding, “give all dili-

gence," so that the melody of your life may bring its greatest blessing even to untuneful ears. So shall you strike some rich, sympathetic chord where you least expect it.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world.

Oh, may the mighty Master of all spiritual melodies, whose own life, free from one jarring note, made perfect music before God, remove all discords from our souls and lives, and attune our whole being to the high harmonies of the unseen heaven! Amen.



The Lesson of the Rainbow¹

[We transfer to our columns an article by a contributor on this subject published in *The Outlook* of July 14, 1880.—THE EDITORS.]

The story of the covenant with Noah is given in two forms: one being in the Elohistic document, and one in the Jehovistic. The former is the older, more dignified, poetic, and beautiful; but the latter contains a few words which help to make the meaning of the former a little clearer and more impressive. The first account is found in our lesson text; the second in Genesis viii., 20-22. "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." This is the original narrative. The latter one, which may be regarded as a kind of commentary or exposition of the former, extends the terms of the promise in accordance with its obvious spirit: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

Here is the first declaration of the immutability of natural laws.

It may be conceded that the writer did not grasp the idea that natural laws had always been immutable—that, on the contrary, he supposed that for one entire year in the history of the world seed-time and harvest had ceased, and that he believed the future unchangeableness of nature to rest upon a new decree of God dating from the days of the Flood. All this does not affect the moral value of the idea which he did grasp, either to himself, his own times, or to us. The question whether natural laws have ever been suspended in the past is of little importance to us, except as affecting our faith that they will not be in the future. This old Hebrew had such absolute faith in the word of God that when he believed that the Divine promise had been given against floods and for adherence to uniform laws in all the future, it did not trouble him in the least that he had not a scientific basis for his faith. What though summer and winter had once been blotted out in a year of deluge? God had pledged his word that he would not suffer it to be so again; and on this word the writer rested with as much confidence as Tyndall now rests upon the testimony of the rocks that no such thing has been suffered in the past. He had reached one of those conclusions of science which have a vital bearing upon religion and spiritual life; although he reached it in a very different way from that by which it is attained by modern thought.

Consider some of the consequences which flow from this article of faith. Not one or two of the courses of nature are to be changeless, but all that vast and complex round of natural movements which are involved in the regular recurrence of night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, and especially the last. Possibly this old writer, ignorant of science and destitute of all the light upon the working of nature which we have, might have conceived of summer and winter coming and going by sudden changes. Even this may well be doubted, especially as he selects a series of events all of which are gradual and regular in their course, and are therefore referred to for the very purpose of expressing gradation and regularity. But "seed-time and harvest" could not possibly be thought of as otherwise than regular, gradual, and slow in their processes; and the declaration that these should never cease

implied to the minds of the early Hebrews as clearly as to our own that the whole machinery of earthly life was to move with substantial regularity—with as much uniformity, in fact, as has actually been the case within human experience since that time.

Upon the rock of promise all that vast mass of humanity might safely build. Against it they might struggle in vain. Not Voltaire himself could be more certain of the inefficacy of prayer to interfere with the working of natural law than was this ancient Hebrew. Ten thousand prayers from the best saints on the globe could not avail to change the purpose and the pledge of God, to which every successive bow in the cloud bore solemn and beautiful witness. Day must come; although the fugitive slave prays with agony for the prolonging of the merciful night, which alone gives him the chance of escape. Night must come; although the belated traveler prays for the light which alone saves him from the lions whose dens he must pass; although timid maidens, unable to reach their homes, dread the gathering darkness which exposes them to fearful perils. The Christian mother, upon whose beloved child the physician has passed sentence that she must die with the first touch of winter, will plead in vain for one winter less in the face of this eternal covenant.

But how small are the causes for regret in this unchangeable course of nature compared with the immense benefits which it confers! If we might presume to wish for any change in the management of the world, a more absolute regularity than even that which now exists would seem to be the greatest attainable good. The husbandman must have faith in the rains of spring, the warmth of summer, and the ripening influences of autumn, before he can feel encouraged to plant his seed and prepare to gather his crops. The merchant must have faith in the return of harvest, or he will not stir a step toward the next year's business. But it is needless to go into details, for the least reflection will show that literally the whole of human life is built up on the faith of God's pledge of stability to the laws which govern the earth. One answer to a prayer for the wide suspension of any of these laws would not only inflict vast injury upon all men who were not forewarned of it, but would destroy the whole frame of civilized society by undermining the confidence of men in the permanence of law.

But what of the rainbow? Is that a token, placed by God in the sky, to remind men of this covenant? Yes, it is. Was it made solely for that reason, and was it created for the first time after the Flood? No, it was not. Does the Book of Genesis say that it was? The rainbow is worthily a token of the goodness and wisdom which bring light out of darkness, beauty out of clouds, joy out of sorrow, and which will not suffer the storm to last until vegetation is destroyed. Other tokens of the same comforting certainty may be found; but none the less is the rainbow an appropriate one.

But even more than this is typified to us by the rainbow. The same invariableness of law, the same recurring victory of light over darkness, the same evolution of good out of real or apparent evil which the rainbow illustrates as the law of the physical world, is also the law of the moral world. God will not at all acquit the guilty; yet he is a God forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. He will come and come again in clouds of judgment and tempests of rebuke; but when the purifying work is done, his bow of mercy will never fail to shine upon the cloud, as a witness that not even the waters of his moral judgments shall become a flood to destroy all flesh. "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."¹

QUESTIONS

Give briefly the story of the deluge preceding the appearance of the rainbow. Are there any indications outside the Bible of a great flood? What is a covenant, and in what sense does God make a covenant with man? How is a rainbow a token? Are any other things in nature tokens? Give some instances from the New Testament of material things which serve as tokens.

¹ The writer is indebted to a sermon of the Rev. James Martineau for the fundamental ideas of this lesson.

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson for January 28, 1894.—Gen. ix., 8-19.