

fectly equipped, and the extras provided that are necessary for girls in the condition in which the girls sent there always are. Nor must it be forgotten that their condition is often due to the greed of landlords and employers; and sometimes to the constant efforts these girls have made to prevent the families of which they are members from becoming public charges.

THE VACATION FUND

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The Spectator

There is one kind of student who is reached neither by fear or by kindness—namely, that one technically known as a “kicker.” Fear only makes him sullen, ridicule makes him sulky, kindness enrages him. The idea is firmly fixed in his mind that his preceptors are his natural enemies. He hates them, and usually ends by making them hate him. As a trainer despairs over a balky horse, so have teachers grown hopeless with the kickers of the class. And yet the Spectator knew of one kicker, a desperate one, who was cured in an hour. Kindness, severity, wholesome neglect had all failed to reach his gloomy soul—then one afternoon as he was passing from the class-room on his glowering way, that same wonderful little master of whom the Spectator has before loved to write, met him face to face.



“I have been waiting to have a talk with you,” said the little master abruptly, “can you stay a few minutes now?” The kicker, slackier than ever, assented because he had to. He had been labored with so often! “Now,” said the little master, courteously but not cheerfully—a kicker hates you to be cheerful

with him—“I will detain you only a moment. We don’t need to sit down. I merely wanted to ask you if you think you are getting your honest money’s worth out of this college? You see, the case is this. I am here and the other professors are here and, up to the President himself, all of us are paid to do a certain work. Now, do you know just what that work is?” The kicker muttered something inaudible. What he said made little difference. What he thought was plain enough. They were all there to spite him. “I thought you hadn’t worked it out,” the little master went on. “The books we use are open to any of you who want to buy them at any book-store, and you know you could study them out for yourselves at small expense in any attic. But I want you to take an economic fact into your mind for one minute. This whole great institution is maintained at a large expense for the sole purpose of making these same books *easier* for you men to study, *easier*. Isn’t that an amazing fact? Not harder, *easier*. If we don’t do that we are not earning our money. Now, if you once get that illuminating fact through your head, young man, I think you will turn all this kicking you’ve been doing on your own person for not seeing it before. Good afternoon.” That was all. The kicker went out from that resourceful presence cured, and repeated all this to the Spectator, who was then his class-mate. But the Spectator did not accept the news with quite such an enthusiasm of surprise as was expected, he having had some such vague idea before.



Poor kicker. He was always walking past his best chances, chances he had paid for, too, in just that same way, his nose in the air. The little master did much for him, but he could not wholly change the leopard’s spots; and the last time the Spectator saw his old classmate he was alienating a whole townful of people by decrying everything in that same little flourishing city to which he owed his very comfortable living, and lamenting, loudly and openly, his inability to go back to the hamlet of his birth, where he remembered everything as orderly and progressive and beautiful, but where the Spectator remembered something very different. The heart of this unfortunate would always be where his body was not. “Where it was well with him” could never make his fatherland.



Kicking is after all inborn with very few men as a congenital part of their natures, or so the Spectator believes. As a rule it is a boyish phase of character that should slough off as the larger growth comes. It has some-

times seemed to the Spectator almost a pity that in the process of making a man it so often seems necessary that he should grow quite so rough a skin only to kick it off again. The growing this skin, the wearing it, and the tearing it off are all undoubtedly just so many fine parts of nature's training for some of her children, but the whole of the process is anything but a pleasant experience for those children's human parents or those who chance to stand *in loco parentis*.



Merely to bear with the kicking phase is only a small part of their duty. To press the simile to the uttermost—those sharp twigs and hard roots and bare stones against which the lower animals rub off their outgrown garments stand to them in about the same relation that a boy's natural guardians should stand to him as he throws off his outgrown phases. If he has nothing unyielding to rub against, this confining and rough skin stays on and he ceases to grow. The Spectator remembers perfectly well the rubbing off of his own bursting hide as he grew into young manhood, and how cruelly kind his family were to him. He had plenty of sharp edges presented to him whereby the skin was torn away, and he is properly grateful now for every tear, but at the same time he remembers very well his own struggles, the sickeningly lonely feeling that every man's hand was against him, and he has in consequence a great tenderness over every boy he sees going through that same painful if necessary process of *shedding*. His heart always yearns over him, and he wants, not to check the process at all, but to make the boy feel that there is one at least who knows all he is undergoing. Needful as some sympathy is to the kicker, too much soft sympathy may delay the process of shedding and increase the risk of growing hide-bound, a terrible possibility. Infinite patience is of the first importance and sympathy, and discipline should be mixed, with a judicious leaning to discipline.



The Spectator met a hide-bound kicker not very long ago, a man he was in bodily growth and in the eyes of the law as to years. He had been stopped short in every other direction of growth, and at twenty-one was but a fourteen-year-old kicker. It is scarcely necessary to describe him. Every one knows what a boy of fourteen can be and do in the line of kicking, and General Tom Thumb was not more fixedly stunted in body than was this poor fellow in spirit. Now the Spectator in his youth was, it must be confessed, a king of kickers. For a whole sea-

son his hand was against all men, and very fortunately for him almost every man's hand was for the time being not only against him, but at times laid upon him more or less heavily. For every return kick he now gives thanks, sore as he was at the time, but most unfortunately for the youth now engaging the Spectator's attention, he wore from the cradle a suit of gold chain armor, and so escaped those wounds that might have released him from his bondage. We rejoice that the poor man has the advantages of his disadvantages, but we ought equally to sorrow for the rich boy who has the disadvantages of his advantages.



The Spectator, as it happened, had absolutely nothing to gain from this particular young gentleman, and as little to lose. Had it been otherwise he, too, would probably have handled him as tenderly as others had, but as it was he determined that for once at least, the gold armor should be pierced, and a little truth forced in. So the Spectator set his Quixotic lance in rest, and did go through the gold armor with little or no trouble—only to break off the head of his weapon on an impenetrable hide beneath composed of utter lack of nice reserve, of bitter resentment against all life, a senseless anger against every one who had had anything to do with an earlier training. It was a pitiful experience in being far too late. As a boy he had been hide-bound for so long that his sulky resentment towards all life was as a part of him, and he himself was tougher than any chain armor, gold, or iron that he might have worn. He was a man, yet actually entombed in the period of his fourteenth year. And there, unless a miracle occurs, he will stay until the graves give up their dead, and all because no one was kind enough to kick him back, kick and kick about, as he passed through that trying phase of his growth.



Thus was one kicker conserved, not made, for as the Spectator has said, he believes many strong men are formed by passing through this state as a phase, and it is a phase not unhealthy. Kicking seems, indeed, to carry its own corrective, in that as like attracts like, so kicking earns kicks. The chances are all in the favor of the disrespectful boy who kicks indiscriminately against every one, for sooner or later he must stumble on his fate. When he is at last fallen upon by this particular fate and wholesomely and thoroughly kicked to his knees, to accept life as he finds it, the chances are even that when he rises again, it will be as a reverend man, respecting all life in general.

Are the "New Sayings of Christ" Authentic?

By the Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D.

SOME months ago the startling announcement was made to the British Museum by telegram from Egypt, that a papyrus fragment had been found by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, at Oxyrhynchus (modern Behneseh), containing unknown sayings of Jesus. These were conjectured to be a part of the famous *Logia* (i.e., sayings) of the Lord declared by Papias, A. D. 145-160, apparently on the authority of John, the Presbyter of Ephesus (ca. 100), to have been compiled in "Hebrew" (Aramaic?) by the apostle Matthew.

The statement of Papias has been almost universally accepted, both in ancient and modern times, as a trustworthy tradition of the very beginning of gospel-writing. The question was, what was meant by a compilation of *Logia*? Could the expression cover such a biography as our first gospel, attributed to Matthew; or must it refer to a mere collection of Jesus' teachings strung together after the plan of the nearly contemporary Jewish treatise *Pirke Aboth*, "Sayings of the Fathers"? Against the former supposition were many objections, among them the undeniable facts that our Matthew cannot have been a translation; that its narrative material appears to be substantially borrowed from our Gospel of Mark, with very slight additions save at the beginning, and practically no omissions; and that apart from these and other indications of the secondary and Greek origin of the Gospel in its present form, the expression of Papias is very ill-suited to any such composition. For these reasons in the main the weight of modern scholarship is decidedly opposed to the identification of our Matthew with the primitive compilation of the apostle, of which Papias himself speaks as of something already obsolete ("every one used to interpret it as he was able"). It considers, however, that our Matthew is built up on the foundation of one of the many Greek versions of the *Logia*, and that it owes to this fact the name "Gospel according to Matthew." The primeval compilation, unsuited both

by its language and its lack of the biographic detail needful to a later generation for historical connection, but such as at first the memory of eye-witnesses could supply, did not survive in its primitive form this first generation of preachers but was displaced by biographical Gospels. Of these the earliest of importance was our Mark, whose author, on the express testimony of the Presbyter, was unacquainted with the true order of events, and hence cannot have known an apostolic biographic Gospel, but relied on his recollection of the exhortations of Peter. The later and fuller Gospels of Matthew and Luke take up bodily the work of Mark, inserting into it the material of the *Logia* (then already translated) and adding an inferior source, in each case different, from which are derived, *e. g.*, the varying accounts of the infancy.

Such in substance is the dominant theory of the origin and interrelation of the Synoptic Gospels, known as the Two Document Theory. It is obvious how great would be the value of a discovery shedding light upon the character of the *Logia*.

If hopes were unduly excited by the startling announcement in English periodicals that "the *Logia* of Papias" had been discovered, the enterprise of American journals has supplied us with the essential facts almost simultaneously with the publication in London of the discoverers' facsimile edition of the text. The facts now dwindle (not unexpectedly) from a discovery of "the *Logia* of Papias" (*i. e.*, we judge, referred to by Papias; not his five books of Expositions of the *Logia* of the Lord) down to "twelve papyrus leaves," and from "twelve papyrus leaves of *logia* dating within sixty years of the crucifixion" (New York "Sun" for July 4) down to a single mutilated leaf $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in dimensions dating 150-300 A.D. ("Sun" for July 13.) But early in June we had already been warned how much to expect by the inquiries of the New York "Independent."

Of the eight apparently unrelated sayings of Jesus which follow one another