

Napoleon at Jena or Gustavus Adolphus at Lelaps stopping his victorious armies for a few moments while listening to a piece of poetry! The idea is absurd on its very surface.

Other sacred writers must also be mistaken if the "higher criticism" is right. In the Psalms we are informed that the Israelites did not obtain possession of the promised land through their own sword, but through the power of the Lord and "the light of His countenance." (Psalms xlv, 3.) Isaiah refers to the miracle of this day as the Lord's "strange act," His "strange work." (Isaiah xxviii, 21.) These authors had evidently no idea that the narrative in the book of Joshua is all a mistake. Had they known anything about the "higher criticism," they would have been aware that the "light" and the "strange work" by which the armies of five kings were routed was only a piece of poetry. But the question is, whom are we to believe, the sacred writers or the higher criticism? There ought to be no doubt on this subject.

It is not true that as a general rule songs quoted are held to be of more ancient date than the narratives in which they are embodied. Often these songs were composed for the occasion embodying the event narrated. The Book of Jasher is by eminent authorities held to be a collection of state poems, in which the poem made upon this occasion was preserved. The poem was no doubt quoted by the editor of the book of Joshua as he found it in the book of Jasher, as proof of the reality of that strange event, for—and this is the argument—the fact of its being incorporated in the collection of state poems is a proof that the event it commemorates took place. Had the miracle not taken place, there would have been no poem about it in that collection. In support of this view, it may be stated that Josephus, as is well known, considers the Book of Jasher to have been a record of Jewish history as the events happened from year to year. The very ground on which the "higher criticism" bases its supposition is nothing but an assumption.

There is no need for anybody to refuse to accept the miracle as it is recorded. It is surely no greater wonder than the calling into existence of this vast universe of which the sun and the moon are only as atoms. It would seem to be a small matter for the Almighty Power that formed all these bodies to regulate them according to His will. Bishop Watson has well observed that "the machine of the universe is in the hand of God; He can stop the motion of any part, or the whole, with less trouble than any of us can stop a watch."

"How absurd then," exclaims T. H. Horne, "are the reasonings of those men who believe in the existence of an omnipotent God, yet deny the possibility of the exercise of His power in other ways than those which are known to their limited experience!"

WASHINGTON, May 2.—Secretary Hoke Smith has received a dispatch from Indian Inspector Issou saying that the Choctaw outlook is altogether peaceful. The Locke force and the militia are disbanding.

GALLANT LITTLE WALES.

[London News.]

The nearest neighbors of Wales have sometimes done the country a great injustice. "Welsh" is only a very slight alteration in the familiar Teutonic word for strangers of all kind. It makes no pretense to describe any particular tribe, race or people. It is something like the Greek phrase which classified all men not pure Greeks as barbarians. It is a little less offensive than the Chinese description of "foreign devils." Still the name has adhered and the slight or insult of it has long been forgotten. The men of Wales know that they are Kymry, and do not object to being called Welsh.

The men of Wales have a picturesque country, a brilliant and romantic history, a thrilling national music, and all but everything of national literature of song and epic and legend. There are still some readers to be found for that wild and wonderful book—three parts zealous, sane and sound, and one part, as Lowell said of Edgar Poe, sheer fudge—George Borrow's "Lavengro." Those who know the book will remember how the hero tells us of the change which came over him when he learned to read the Welsh poets in their native tongue.

The great classics of Greece and Rome—even the yet more adored Dante—became of little account to him when once he had come under the spell of the poetry of Wales. Perhaps one reason was that the world had so long ignored the poetry of Wales, and so its existence and its vividness and its strength and its beauty suddenly flashed on George Borrow like a revelation. Everybody had bidden him to admire Homer and Sophocles, and Dante and Shakespeare. Nobody had told him anything about the poetry of Wales.

Wales is in appearance a softened Scotland—alas unprosperous Ireland. O'Connell described Ireland in a phrase at once picturesque and accurate as "the land of the green valley and the rushing river." Wales, too, is a land of the green valley and the rushing river. He who will understand the poet, says Goethe, must go about in the poet's land. He who would appreciate Welsh poetry must go about in the Welsh poet land. A journey from Euston to Holyhead in the mail train, even if accomplished in the day time and in summer, will not be quite enough for the purpose. A holiday at some fashionable hotel, the resort of strangers, will not be quite enough for the purpose.

The music of Wales has often been compared with the music of Ireland and of Scotland, and yet the music of Wales has a character entirely its own. One reason given by those who profess to know all about it is the Welsh music was composed to the thrilling but delicate accompaniment of the harp. The Welsh minstrels remained faithful to the harp. In Ireland and in Scotland the harp reigned, of course, but did not reign alone. It admitted a divide & sway with the pipe—the bagpipe—which the Welsh poets and minstrels held somewhat in scorn.

The ballad music of Scotland, and still more markedly of Ireland, has a

way of trying the voice by sending it suddenly up great heights. This, it has been contended by many authorities, was a consequence of the necessity at some important moment of the music to make the words ring out above the bagpipe's accompanying and very self-asserting note. At all events, it is certain that the Welsh music holds a place not lower than that owned by the music of Scotland and of Ireland, and has a tone and a touch which are not borrowed from the notes of other song.

The Welsh have made a stout fight for their nationality, and they have kept it alive. The battle is all over now. The distinct nationality of Wales is acknowledged. Welsh was never a dead language. There was never any part of the brave little country where the native tongue was not understood by the people. Gaelic at one time shrank wholly in the highlands of Scotland—or perhaps it ought to be more properly described as having failed to conquer the lowlands.

The Irish language quite recently seemed to be fading out of the South and midlands and all but certain regions of the West, and what Sir Charles Gavan Duffy calls "the gory mountains of dark Donegal." But the Welsh language can boast of what the Greeks can boast of their tongue—it never was a dead language. We are cordially glad to know that most earnest and successful efforts are made in Ireland to revive the study of the Irish language and of Irish literature.

"A PECULIAR PEOPLE."

Under the above heading the *Lowestoft Journal* of April 15th says: The annual conference at Lowestoft of the Latter-day Saints was held on Sunday in the unassuming little chapel of the sect, situate in Chapel street. Many Lowestoftians have emigrated to Utah, the Zion of the Saints, and consequently between these "peculiar people" and our flourishing fashionable watering place, a strong tie exists. The origin, growth and present condition of the sect form a curious and instructive chapter in the history of religions. Since they first sprung into existence they have gone on rapidly increasing in influence and numbers. They have borne the brunt of calumny and misrepresentation, endured the severest persecutions, and in spite of every conceivable obstruction, triumphantly vindicated the earnestness and severity of their faith and the practical objects which they have considered their special mission to realize in the world. Their progress within the last thirty years has been extraordinarily rapid, and is utterly unparalleled in the history of any other body of religionists. The system of government under which they live is described by themselves as a "Theodemocracy." They contend that they constitute the only true church of God and Jesus Christ; and they profess to rest their hopes on the expectation of divine intervention, and gathering to themselves all who are destined and prepared to embrace the "true and everlasting Gospel."

What are called traveling Elders, not selected because of their education or special powers of eloquence, but taken promiscuously from the fields, the