



SUNDAY READING

MORNING SERVICE.

Morning.

God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. Many there be that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. The path of the just is as the light of the dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Let Us Pray.

Almighty Father, we flee unto Thee to hide us. Be a refuge to us from the harsh demands of the world; from the strife and storm of life; from all mean cares, and from the oppression of our own thoughts and moods. Deliver us from all the vain things which have such power over us; and help us to quiet our souls in Thee, and learn what it is to rest in God. May our worship at this time bring us to Thee; bring us to ourselves; bring us to one another. In finding Thee we find ourselves; in finding Thee we find our brethren. Spirit of untroubled peace, Spirit of unfailing strength rest upon us now. Give us such a vision of the Divine Truth and the Divine Charity that it will raise us out of our selfish and guilty fears and anxieties; fill us with noble desires and purposes, and with a new hope for ourselves and the world. Hear us of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN.

God is Wisdom, God is Love.

God is love: His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; His light wakes and we He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.

Change and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move; But His mercy waneeth never: God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove; From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwined Hope and comfort from above; Everywhere His glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

—Sir F. Bowring.

SERMON.

Egoism and Altruism: A Contrast.

By Rev. F. W. FARHAR, D. D., F. R. S., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

Preached in St. Stephen's church, South Kensington, Sunday, May 3rd. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—James 1: 22.

The words of the most practical of all epistles of the New Testament form a suitable text for an occasion on which we are reminded of the most practical of all duties. There are two great classes of human lives: there are two fundamental differences which separate them. The one class is egoistic, that lives simply for himself; the other, if you will pardon me the word, is altruistic, it lives mainly for the good of others. The one is epicurean; the other is Christ like. The one later, if not at once, goes and works in God's vineyard; the other does not profess to work, or pretending to do that work, it does not. The rule of the christian, is labor for God, labor for your fellow men. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," even Christ pleased not Himself, and therefore the life of the christian is beneficent and useful. The rule of the selfish man, of the egoist, of the worldling is, "Get, spend, eat, drink, enjoy thyself: the rest is nothing."

We all notice the odiousness and the despicableness of the selfish life when we see the spectacle of it in others; but the very essence of selfishness is not to see itself in its own repulsive colors, holding before itself the tiny speck of its own worthless personality, it shuts out that that nothing of the universe and the sun. It constructs itself a chamber like a very famous one in the Castle of Rathgoa, which is everywhere surrounded by mirrors, so that when a man stands in the midst of it, he sees nothing but infinitely multiplied, reproductions of himself. Self-assertion, self-worship, self-pleasing, and self-indulgence, they embrace every form of sin. They shift the centre of gravity from God's infinitude to a base man's utter insignificance; they turn the thoughts of man wholly upon his own narrow heart and his own corrupt desires. Sometimes this corrupt egoism has its stronghold in the passions of the flesh; turning the life of the immoral beings into the sensuousness of a comfort which has no sympathy with others because the heart is as hot as brown; or, in sensuality and uncleanness in which man like natural brute beasts, made only to be taken and destroyed, perish utterly in their own corruption. Sometimes it absorbs the desires of the mind, and then men become worshippers of money, of rank, of power, heavy, high minded rulers, implacable, arrogant without natural affection, without God in the world. The former class, those who are swayed by the desire of the flesh, are they who indulge their own basest passions, who break up ruthlessly the blessed peace of home; they who make their members the instruments of Satan, and reap in their bodies the corruption they have sown; they who leave everything in this world, they who pluck roses from the overthrow of innocents' shame and plant a blister there; marked as far as they can with the deplorable trace of their own uncontrolled desires. To the latter class, those who are absorbed by the desires of the mind, belong the ruinous conquerors who from time to time have swept over the earth with both sword and flame, who have made her furrows red with the blood of men. "The course you propose," said Prince Metternich to Napoleon, "would cost the lives of a hundred thousand men." "A hundred thousand men," answered Napoleon. "What are a hundred thousand men to me?" Prince Metternich walked to the window, flung it wide open, and said, "Sir, I let all the world know that you express this atrocious sentiment."

There you have this egoism on a colossal scale. Yet a man need not be a Na-

pooleon to sacrifice the good of hundreds, to sell the fate of his country to the satisfaction of himself, his party, or his class. But the sensual are more numerous than the recklessly ambitious, because fallen human nature seems to ally itself easily with the devils than the devils with the animals. In our eager mammon worship how many there are who worship their counting house and burn incense to their ledgers, who show by their lives their conviction, that after all, man's life does consist in the multitude of things he possesses, and that if a man can get what the world, the flesh and the devil can give him he may leave the soul to take care of itself. How many there are with no higher aim than that of the "man about town," betters, gamblers, idlers, flatterers about the passions, pleasureless dissipations of society; hangers-on of club life; men with nothing to do, nothing worth doing, nothing but their own bad passions to care for; men who have erased "ought" and "ought not" from their vocabulary; who care only to live in such a way that the world may give them the fullest satisfaction it can. But of that class I know nothing. I can only quote from a verbal picture drawn by a man who did. He was a keen observer, a writer of fiction, and he says: "A man who, through his long, useless, ill-flavored life always contrives to live well, to eat and drink of the best, to live softly, to go about in the most faultless clothes made by the most fashionable tailor, to indulge every passion, though the cost of it might be to others ruin of life, to know no gods but his own bodily senses, and no duty but that which he owes to his gods; to eat all and produce nothing, to love no one but himself, to have learned nothing that touches his heart. Such was he. Men gave him dinners and women smiled upon him, and tradesmen supplied him, though he did not pay his bills; he never lacked cigars and champagne, and, on the whole—for the world loves its own—on the whole, he was popular." This is a sketch, repeated in many forms, of conceited, idle, worthless, self-indulgent men of the richer class. And the class of women corresponding to them are even more numerous, those to whom in ancient days the prophet said, "Rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my words, ye careless daughters." While in the humbler class these egoists have their representatives in the hulking groups which hang about the doors of publichouses, and live upon the toil of their miserable wives; in the dissipated youths whose recreation is the music hall, whose oracle is the sporting newspaper, whose literature is the garbage of corruption. The self-indulgent, self-absorbed life, ranges up and down many degrees in the moral scales. It may be the elegant and bejewelled patrician, or it may reek of the gin shop and the prison. It may assume the guise of languid ease or that of brutal ruffianism, but in all cases it is only selfishness wearing different masks, and in all phases it involves the most despicable form to which human life can sink. And God—speaking in the force of outward circumstances—God, whose light shines in so patiently, showing all things in the slow history of their ripening, stamps this life with the apparent seal of His utter reprobation. Oh, how terrible and certain a retribution does this life of selfishness draw down upon itself: Apart from all question of punishment, how does it draw down upon itself the nemesis of untamable desires, insatiable passions, inevitable fears, even when no open shame or headlong ruin follows it; how terrible is the despair and the satiety when self demands more and wildly craves for more than life can give or the exhausted powers can supply; when the heart of the man has become dry as dust; when the honey has turned into gall and wormwood; when the soul, once capable of better things, is chained to the decaying corpse of the body which is full of the sins of its youth; when the miserably idol holds out in vain the palsied hand to the miserably worshipper; when the fish that has run so greedily at the gilded bait is flung with sore thrust to gasp and die among the shallows; and when the very root of life has become a bitterness and its blossom has gone up as dust. Does not the poet of "The Ancient Mariner" describe that life of sensual egoism:—

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pooleon to sacrifice the good of hundreds, to sell the fate of his country to the satisfaction of himself, his party, or his class. But the sensual are more numerous than the recklessly ambitious, because fallen human nature seems to ally itself easily with the devils than the devils with the animals. In our eager mammon worship how many there are who worship their counting house and burn incense to their ledgers, who show by their lives their conviction, that after all, man's life does consist in the multitude of things he possesses, and that if a man can get what the world, the flesh and the devil can give him he may leave the soul to take care of itself. How many there are with no higher aim than that of the "man about town," betters, gamblers, idlers, flatterers about the passions, pleasureless dissipations of society; hangers-on of club life; men with nothing to do, nothing worth doing, nothing but their own bad passions to care for; men who have erased "ought" and "ought not" from their vocabulary; who care only to live in such a way that the world may give them the fullest satisfaction it can. But of that class I know nothing. I can only quote from a verbal picture drawn by a man who did. He was a keen observer, a writer of fiction, and he says: "A man who, through his long, useless, ill-flavored life always contrives to live well, to eat and drink of the best, to live softly, to go about in the most faultless clothes made by the most fashionable tailor, to indulge every passion, though the cost of it might be to others ruin of life, to know no gods but his own bodily senses, and no duty but that which he owes to his gods; to eat all and produce nothing, to love no one but himself, to have learned nothing that touches his heart. Such was he. Men gave him dinners and women smiled upon him, and tradesmen supplied him, though he did not pay his bills; he never lacked cigars and champagne, and, on the whole—for the world loves its own—on the whole, he was popular." This is a sketch, repeated in many forms, of conceited, idle, worthless, self-indulgent men of the richer class. And the class of women corresponding to them are even more numerous, those to whom in ancient days the prophet said, "Rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my words, ye careless daughters." While in the humbler class these egoists have their representatives in the hulking groups which hang about the doors of publichouses, and live upon the toil of their miserable wives; in the dissipated youths whose recreation is the music hall, whose oracle is the sporting newspaper, whose literature is the garbage of corruption. The self-indulgent, self-absorbed life, ranges up and down many degrees in the moral scales. It may be the elegant and bejewelled patrician, or it may reek of the gin shop and the prison. It may assume the guise of languid ease or that of brutal ruffianism, but in all cases it is only selfishness wearing different masks, and in all phases it involves the most despicable form to which human life can sink. And God—speaking in the force of outward circumstances—God, whose light shines in so patiently, showing all things in the slow history of their ripening, stamps this life with the apparent seal of His utter reprobation. Oh, how terrible and certain a retribution does this life of selfishness draw down upon itself: Apart from all question of punishment, how does it draw down upon itself the nemesis of untamable desires, insatiable passions, inevitable fears, even when no open shame or headlong ruin follows it; how terrible is the despair and the satiety when self demands more and wildly craves for more than life can give or the exhausted powers can supply; when the heart of the man has become dry as dust; when the honey has turned into gall and wormwood; when the soul, once capable of better things, is chained to the decaying corpse of the body which is full of the sins of its youth; when the miserably idol holds out in vain the palsied hand to the miserably worshipper; when the fish that has run so greedily at the gilded bait is flung with sore thrust to gasp and die among the shallows; and when the very root of life has become a bitterness and its blossom has gone up as dust. Does not the poet of "The Ancient Mariner" describe that life of sensual egoism:—

Her lips were red, her locks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold, Her skin was as white as leprosy, A nightmare, life in death, was she, Who fixed men's blood with cold. How different from all this, and how beautiful is the altruistic life, the unselfish life, which is given to God and fearlessly lives for the good of its fellow man—the life, not like those others, earthly, sensual, devilish, but pure, gentle, peaceful, full of mercy and good fruit, without partiality and without hypocrisy. That is the life of heaven; that is the life of the saints of God. The world has ever recognized the lustre, the loveliness of that life, though in envy and hatred it has many times slain or slaughtered those who have tried to live it. Rise before as ye were, ye saints of God, in the beauty of your holiness; show us the live roses without lilies within; the souls which when they looked without were aglow with sympathy, and when they looked within saw the blooms of modesty; the lives white as lilies in their transparent guilelessness and red as roses in their glowing enthusiasm. Awake again, beloved primeval crowds; flash, ancestral spirits; awake a guilty age to nobler deeds; show how gracious a thing a human being may become in whom the love of God has expanded into infinitude, into the abjuration of the lower self. Can such a life be described in a single word? Yes, and it lies at the centre of all that in all nations of the world has the best right to call itself religious. When Confucius was asked by a disciple to express all the virtues in one word, he answered, "Is not 'Reciprocity' such a word?" And by "reciprocity" he meant the divine rule—"Do unto thy neighbor as thou wouldst that he should do to thee." When Auguste Comte tried to formulate a new religion of Positivism, he made its one rule "Altruism." It is Chris-

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only another name for doom." The world and those of the world call its votaries "faddists," and it answers that its fads are aimed at the destruction of Mammon worship and monstrous selfishness. The world sneers at their fanaticism, but they prefer the fanaticism that strives to let the oppressed go free to the immoral indifference which from the safe shore of its own luxury watches the struggles of the perishing in the bottomless slough of despair, or in the boisterous sea of calamity, and will neither man a lifeboat nor fling a life buoy, nor stretch out a helping hand. Yet it there ever was a time when there was a need to regard life as a mission of duty it is in London, and towards the close of this nineteenth century. We are living in the vastest city of which the world has ever dreamed, vaster and wealthier incomparably than Tyre or Ninevah, or Babylon, or Byzantia. And in this city in its dark depths, there lies concealed an awful crepus of wickedness. Even as the great lumps of bitumen are ever rising from the Dead Sea waves, which reflect the heavens upon their depths, so in this great city we are ever and constantly shocked, now by some fearful murder, now by some tragedy of unspeakable anguish—now by the proof of the innate depravity of the human heart even under circumstances apparently most favorable, now by signs of wickedness, widespread and irrevocable. How shall we grapple with this overwhelming mass of idolatry and evil? I will not think of attempting to touch this evening on the many ways in which this work can be done, but I will say that to a great extent it is being done throughout England, and everywhere the work is being done by the clergy, and the parishes, and by those who help their work. The poor in those parishes are treated as brethren, and as free men and women for whom, with all their faults, Christ died. I believe that but for the work of good that is daily going on in hundreds of our parishes there would be in London ere long such a flood of immorality and distress as would within ten years shake the whole kingdom to its foundation with evolution, and plunge it into irretrievable despair. And it is a subsidiary yet important work of these agencies banded together to alleviate special forms of evil. My friends, in conclusion, can we do nothing? We can help in many ways. We can help in our parishes and render possible the cultivation of at least one corner of the vineyard. We can always distribute to the offertory in proportion to our means. We can at this moment give our best to the fund that is striving this year—I grieve to say with a sad diminution of no less than £10,000 in its resources—to grapple with the needs of other and poorer parishes in this vast city. The parish work of London supported by the Bishop of London's fund need your most generous aid. It is defeated in its most needed—in east and south and north London—by the deep poverty of the struggling clergy, by the overwhelming growth of population, and by the vast areas of past neglect which have to be recovered. If no efforts were made to meet these needs, London would lapse more and more into practical heathendom. I entreat you let us all strive, not this evening only, but more as the habit of our lives, to do our duty in this manner of giving. A paltry £100,000 was asked, and has been given to one great exceptional and, as it seems to me, a solely needed effort; but are all the beneficent works to suffer for this? A paltry £100,000 forsooth, to paralyze other charities of a nation whose total income, and yearly ever-yearly increasing income—not net capital, mind, but income—is declared by the best statisticians to be one thousand two hundred and seventy millions. Is this £100,000 to dry up the contributions of a country which yearly spends a hundred and thirty-six millions in intoxicating drinks? In a country where a penny on the income tax means an increased revenue of two millions? Is it to inflict a deadly wrong on all other good works in the city which (I am told, I don't pretend to know.) annually spends two hundred millions a year? I trust that this congregation, and hundreds of congregations this day, will unite to demonstrate that such a supposition is absolutely untrue. I end only with a prayer that the hearts of this congregation, of which once before I experienced the quick sympathy and the quick generosity, may by the grace of God be stirred tonight so that they may open their hands to help this fund, as well as all other works of human pity and christian service.

A NEW ART.

THE Art of dyeing is as old as history, but until recent years was confined to comparatively few, and these were experts. Today there are thousands in this country alone who can color cloths with hues more brilliant, with shades more delicate and of greater evenness than the expert dyer, famed as they may be. Domestic dyeing has become an exact science. The housekeeper of the present day is as sure of the color her piece of goods will take when it is taken from the dye-pot as she can be sure of anything. That is, of course, if she uses the TURKISH DYES which are the perfection of convenience, utility and certainty in the dyer's art. The TURKISH DYES are to be had in a variety of colors truly surprising, and at a cost almost nominal. The fact that these dyes are for sale in every leading drug and general store in Canada speaks well for the good taste of Canadians as for the excellence and popularity of the TURKISH DYES. Send postal for "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MALONEY, Indianapolis.

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HYMN. Love, and Love Alone.

God and Father, great and holy: Fearing nought we come to Thee; Fearing nought, though weak and lowly, For Thy love has made us free. By the blue sky bending o'er us, By the green earth's flowery zone, Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus, "Thou art Love, and Love alone."

Though the world in flames should perish, Suns and stars in ruin fall, Love of Thee our heart should cherish, Thou to us be all in all. And though heaven's Name are praising, Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone, Than the strain our hearts are raising, "Thou art Love, and Love alone." —Frederick W. Farrar.

Benediction.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. Amen.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

Miss Maria Boyce, Fredericton, is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions, No 18," and the only one who answered all the questions correctly. I am afraid No. 18 questions have been too difficult, as there were fewer answers, and I consider it very creditable to the boys and girls who compete that I have never yet been able to puzzle them.

I will give a few easier questions, so that many more little boys and girls can enter into the competition. With regard to the answers received, the first and second questions were answered correctly by all. I think the only difficulty was the scripture character. The competitors became a little confused between Jacob and Esau. The third statement does not refer to Jacob, as he married both cousins, Rachel and Leah. The answers to the fourth statement refers to the covenant between Jacob and Laban. It was not the striking prayer offered up by Jacob (Genesis xxxii: 9, 12, 24, 30), and mentioned by Hosea when he says, "Jacob had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto him" (Hosea xii: 4).

I congratulate Miss Maria Boyce on the very excellent answers to No. 18 questions, especially to the scripture character which puzzled so many. The chapter and verse where the various facts are recorded, so fully given by Miss Boyce, show careful study of God's word. Hoping all the boys and girls who study the different scripture characters which are from time to time given them, "will shun the evil" and "cleave to the good" which they see in these different persons, "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." NEANI.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 18.

- 1. Give the name of an altar built by the Israelites settled beyond Jordan?
Ans.—The name of the altar was "Ed" "witness" it was built by Reuben, Gad, and half tribe of Manasseh, to prove, in case of dispute by future generations, that although their land was separated by the Jordan, they were Israelites and could worship in the tabernacle. Joshua xxi: 34.
2. Give the name of one who lived in patriarchal times who was a two-fold type of our Saviour?
Ans.—Melchisedek, contemporary with Abraham (Gen. xiv: 18) was a type of Christ, (1) in being "without father, without mother, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." (2) He was a priest of the order of which Christ was. Heb. iii: 2, 3, 14.
3. Name one who in battle fell a prey through his chief ornament?
Ans.—Absalom was killed by Joab and his followers in the battle of the wood of Ephraim, being caught and left hanging on a bough by his hair. (2nd Samuel, xviii: 9, 14, 15), which was unusually luxuriant. 2nd Samuel, xiv: 26.
4. Scripture character No. 6. (1) Esau, called also Edom (red) Gen. xxv, 30. (2) His maternal grandfather was Bethuel the Syrian of Mesopotamia. Gen. xxiv, 16. (3) He married his cousin Mahalath, the daughter of Ishmael. Gen. xxviii, 9. (4) When Jacob, returning to his native land, heard of Esau's coming to meet him with 400 men, he was afraid, and then offered up a most striking prayer to God for protection for himself and family from his brother's vengeance. Gen. xxxii, 6. He had originally fled because Esau had threatened to kill him on account of his having deprived him of the eldest son's blessing from their father. Gen. xxvii, 41. Esau's anger is referred to by Amos (1, 11), and in Obadiah 10. (5) The practices of the Edomites, Esau's descendants, are condemned by Ezekiel xxiv, 12, 13, 14 and 15 chapters, for their treatment of Israel, and in Obadiah x, 16, and Amos i, 11. Isaiah xxiv, 6, Jeremiah xlix, 7, 20, Joel iii, 19, Malachi i, 2-5, all contain prophecies relating to Edom. MARIE BOYCE, Fredericton.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 20.

- 1. Give the name of the father whose failing years his son deceived?
2. The name of one who saved his nephew from being murdered?
3. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew v: 3). From the Old Testament to whom could this text be literally applied in a temporal sense.
Scripture character, No. 8.—To whom do the following statements refer and where are the facts recorded: 1. She was born in a strange land. 2. She was an obedient daughter and an affectionate sister. 3. A younger brother owed his life to her care and watchfulness. 4. She was a prophetess and a musician. 5. She was punished for murmuring against her brother, but was afterwards forgiven. 6. She died and was buried in a place famous in the history of the Israelites.