"YOUR OWN SALVATION."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Your own salvation.—Phil. 2: 12.

We will begin this morning's meditation by noting the matter under consideration —Salvation!

The word salvation contains within it a deliverance from the guilt our past sins. We have broken God's law, each one of us, more or less flagrantly; we have all wandered the downward road, though each has chosen a different way. Salvation brings to us the blotting out of the transgressions of the past, acquital from criminality, purging from all guiltiness, that we may stand accepted before the great Judge. What man in his sober senses will deny that forgiveness is an unspeakably desirable blessing!

But salvation means more than that: it includes deliverance from the power of sin. Naturally we are all fond of evil, and we run after it greedily; we are the bondslaves of iniquity, and we love the bondage. This last is the worst feature of the case. But when salvation comes, it delivers the man from the power of sin. He learns that it is evil, and he regards it as such, loathes it, repents that he has ever been in love with it, turns his back upon it, becomes, through God Spirit, the master of his lusts, puts the flesh beneath his feet, and rises into the liberty of the children of God.

Salvation includes deliverance from the present wrath of God. To be unreconciled to God now is an awful thing: to have God's arrow pointed at you as it is at this moment, even though it fly not from the string as yet, is a terrible thing. It is enough to make you tremble from head to foot when you learn that you are the target of Jehovah's wrath; "he hath bent his bow, and made it ready." Every soul that is unreconciled to God by the blood of his Son, is in the gall of bitterness. Salvation at once sets us free from this state of danger and alienation. We are no longer the "children of wrath, even as others," but are made children of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus. What can be conceived more precious than this?

And then, we lastly receive that part of salvation which ignorant persons put first, and make to be the whole of salvation. In consequence of our being delivered from the guilt of sin, and from the power of sin, and from the present wrath of God, we are delivered from the future wrath of God. What a comprehensive word then is this—"salvation!" It is a triumphant deliverance from the guilt of sin, from the dominion of it, from the curse of it, from the punishment of it, and ultimately from the existence of it. Salvation is the death of sin, its burial, its annihilation, yea, and the very obliteration of its memory; for thus saith the Lord; "their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

I shall not depreciate anything that concerns your welfare, but I shall steadfastly assert that nothing so much concerns any of you as salvation. Salvation! Salvation! SALVATION! Nothing on earth can match it, for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. The possession of the whole universe would be no equivalent to a lost soul for the awful damage it has sustained and must sustain forever. Pile up the worlds and let them fill the balances, bring as many worlds as there are stars, and heap up the scale on one side; then in this other scale place a single soul endowed with immortality, and it outweighs the whole. Salvation! nothing can be likened unto it. May we feel its unutterable value, and therefore seek it till we possess it in its fullness!

II. But now we must advance to a second point of consideration, and I pray God, the Holy Spirit to press it upon us, and that is, WHOSE MATTER IS IT? We have seen what the matter is—salvation; now, consider whose it is. "Your own salvation." At this hour, nothing else is to occupy your thoughts but this intensely personal matter, and I beseech the Holy Spirit to hold your minds fast to this one point.

If you are saved, it will be "your own salvation," and you yourself will enjoy it. If you are not saved, the sin you now commit is your own sin, the guilt your own guilt. The condemnation under which you live, with all its disquietude and fear, or with all its carelessness and neglect, is your own—all your own. You may share in other men's sins, and other men may become participators in yours, but a burden lies on your own back which no one besides can touch with one of his fingers. There is a page in God's Book where your sins are recorded unmingled with the transgressions of your fellows. Now, believed, you must obtain for all this a personal pardon, or you are undone forever. No other can be washed in Christ's blood for you; no one can believe and let his faith stand instead of your faith. The very supposition of human sponsorship in religion is monstrous. You must yourself repent, yourself believe, yourself be washed in the blood, or else for you there is no forgiveness, no acceptance, no adoption, no regeneration. It is all a personal matter throughout and through; "your own salvation" it must be, or it will be your own eternal ruin.

A substitute there is to-day for every one that believeth—God's appointed substitute, the Christ of God; but if that substitution be not accepted by you, there can never be another; but there remains only for you a personal casting away to suffer personal pangs in your own soul and in your own body forever. This, then, makes it a most solemn business. O be wise, and look well to "your own salvation."

You may be tempted to forget your own salvation by thoughts of other people. We are all so apt to look abroad in this matter, and not to look at home. Let me pray you to reverse the process, and let everything which has made you neglect your own vineyard be turned to the opposite account, and lead you to begin at home, and see to "your own salvation." Let the anxieties of saints lead you to be anxious. Let their prayers drive you to prayer. Let their example rebuke your sin, and their love entice you to their Savior. O see to this! But perhaps you live most among ungodly men, and the tendency of your converse with the ungodly is to make you think as they do of the trifles and vanities, and wickedness of this life. Do not let it be so; but, on the contrary, say, "O God, though I am placed among these people, yet gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men. Let me avoid the sins into which they fall, and the impenitence of which they are guilty. Save me, I pray thee, O my God, save me from the transgressions which they commit."

Unpractical doctrinalists are a class of persons who need to be warned to see their own salvation. When they hear a sermon they sit with their mouths open, ready to catch at half a mistake. They make a man an embodiment of a word, for they conclude themselves to be the standards of orthodoxy, and they weigh up the preacher as he speaks, with as much coolness as if they had been appointed deputy judges for the Great-King himself. O, sir, weigh yourself! It may be a great thing to be sound in the head, in the faith, but it is a greater thing to be sound in the heart. I may be able to split a hair between the orthodoxy and heterodoxy, and yet have no part nor lot in the matter. You may be a very sound Calvinist, or you may happen to think soundness lies in another direction; but, O, it is nought, it is less than nought, except your souls feel the power of the truth, and ye yourselves are born again. See to "your own salvation," O ye wise men in the letter, who have not the Spirit.

I know some who greatly need to look to their own salvation. I refer to those who are always criticising others. They can hardly go to a place of worship but what they are observing their neighbor's dress or conduct. Nobody is safe from their remarks, they are such keen judges, and make such shrewd observations. Ye faultfinders and talebearers, look to "your own salvation." You condemned a minister the other day for a supposed fault, and yet he is a dear servant of God, who lives near his Master; who are you, sir, to use your tongue against such a one as he? The other day a poor humble Christian was the object of your gossip and your slander, to the wounding of her heart. O, see to yourself, see to yourself. If those eyes which look outward so piercingly would sometimes look inward, they might see a sight which would blind them with horror. Blessed horror, if it led them to turn to the Saviour who would open those eyes afresh, and grant them to see his salvation.

God grant us grace whatever else we take up with, to keep it in its proper place, and make our calling and election sure.

Standing up for God.

"You'll not forget your mother's words to you, Jimmy."

"No, I won't, Aunt Ruth."

"What were they, my boy?"

"Never go to sleep without saying my prayers, and to read my Bible whenever I have a chance."

"Don't let her words slip away from you, Jimmy, and don't let folks make you feel ashamed of doing what is right. It's easy enough at home where you're always been encouraged, but you'll find it far different when you get amongst folks who don't think as you've been taught to think. And don't let 'em laugh you out of doing your duty.

With the remembrance of his mother's last words and her newly made grave, Jim thought there was little danger of his failing to keep her words in mind. He was going away from everything he called home and friends, to work in a large factory town, and was resolved in his own mind to be steadfast in the performance of his Christian duties. He fully expected to meet with many who might ridicule him, but felt quite sure that he would take a manly stand against it and never yield a jot of his firmly fixed principles.

He found work in a noisy room full of whirling, humming machinery, which at first made him dizzy, in a great mill in which were hundreds of boys, the most of them older and a few younger than himself. They took but little notice of him during the hours of work or at the long table in the boarding-house where he took his meals, for everybody seemed too hungry to spend any time in talking.

But at night when the tired workers sought their place of rest Jim found himself in a large room which he was to share with a number of boys of various ages. Rough jokes and loud talk and laughter were going on all about him, led on by one who seemed older than any of the others, a young man whom they called Van. The little boy from the country felt a little more in awe of him than of any one else.

And now he felt his courage melting away like snow before the sun of an August day. How could he kneel down and pray before this careless crowd? He could easily tell as he looked from one face to another and listened to coarse remarks, with here and there an oath, that not one of those about him could be in the least degree in sympathy with all he had been taught to hold most dear and sacred.

It was a very trying position for a boy to be placed in, but if poor Jim had come out of it with triumph we may be sure he would have rejoiced over it all his life. It may be that his Heavenly Master, looking down in tender kindness upon the weak ones of his fold, had seen that our boy needed to be shown how weak were his best resolves.

"How can I?" he said to himself in great perplexity. "If I kneel down now these boys will never let me alone about it. And any way" (how carefully the evil one watches at the door of our poor hearts to slip in his crafty suggestions) "it's no time to pray in all this noise. It wouldn't do me a bit of good."

"Come, youngster," shouted Van, as he sat on the side of his bed, hoping they would soon be quiet and put out the light, "ain't you goin' to turn in?"

"Yes," said Jim, hesitatingly.

"What you waitin' for?" Van eyed him curiously.

"Nothing." Jim undressed himself and lay down, feeling more wretched and lonely than he had even by the side of his mother's grave. When all was quiet he got up and prayed, but lay down again feeling that he had placed a distance between himself and the Saviour whom he had failed in confessing before men.

When the next night came he wished he had begun right the night before, for it seemed harder than it had seemed then. But he knelt down as before in the dark after being quite certain that all those about him were sleeping.

Sunday came and he found his way alone to a little church in which he listened to words which seemed to carry him back to the days when it had never been so hard to do right. He had almost begun to excuse himself, but as he now listened his cheek reddened with shame at the thought of his cowardice.

Taking his Bible in his pocket he took a long walk in the afternoon, not stopping until the green grass was beneath his feet, grand old forest trees arching above his head, and no sound in his ears except the whispering of the soft wind, and the song of the birds among the branches. Here he settled the matter for life with his own conscience. With tears of sincere repentance he laid his burden before the mercy seat, exchanging it for the burden of earnest resolution manfully to fight the good fight of Faith, and feeling sure he would never find it so heavy to carry as the other had been.

That night he drew near the tallow candle which lighted the room, and took out his Bible. There was a hush as keen eyes followed his movements, for the sight of any book among them was a novelty. Then a hum arose as one or two peeped over his shoulder.

"Hello, boys, here's a saint among us!"

"Hi! A preacher. Give us a text, parson."

"Can't you let a fellow read, boys?" said Jim, good-naturedly, as hands were held before his face and his book was rudely jerked. "This is a free country, you know."

Stockings were rolled up and flung in his face. Shoes followed, amid a hubbub which grew and increased, and his light was thrown over and put out just as he had caught sight of the dreaded Van coming towards him.

"Quit this fuss, all of you," said Van, angrily, relighting the candle.

"What you up to, anyway?"

"It's the parson's doin'. He's gettin' ready to preach. Make ready boys."

"You're that sort of a chap, are you?" said Van, looking at the book. "And you've been getting up these nights to pray ain't you?"

"Yes," said Jim, in a low voice.

"I wasn't asleep. I used to be where they did that kind o' thing, and p'raps I'd a' done better if I'd a' stuck to it. Why did you wait till we was all asleep, hey?"

Jim's only answer was in his reddening cheeks. Van sat down on a low bed near him and rested his chin on his hands.

"Seems to me," he went on, "you Christian folks makes believe you've got the best Master there is a-goin', don't you?"

"Yes," said Jim; and its true."

"And that he's a-goin' to stand your friend all your life and never go back on you, and no matter what other folks does he'll stick like a burr; and no matter how mean you treat him, he's ready to shake hands and forget it all the moment you're ready to turn 'round and begin again, hey?"

Jim bowed his head.

"And that one o' those days he's a-goin' to take you to his own house and keep you there, and give you all you want, and never turn you out, and that he couldn't do all this till he'd died for you. You see I've heard em talk it all over. Is that the kind of thing you believe in?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then," Van gave a stamp with his foot to emphasize his words, and spoke slowly, "if anybody was a-goin' to do all that for me, I'd think I was the meanest, sneakiest, cowardliest cur that ever breathed the breath o' life if I wasn't ready to stand up true and honest for him; instid o' crawlin' 'round in the dark when I wanted to have a word with him. What you think o' that, now?"

If Jim's cheeks had tingled before, how they burned now in shame at the criticisms of the rough fellow from whom he had feared things so very different. He looked humbly up at Van.

"If you know so much about him, why don't you take him for your master?" he ventured to ask.

"Why," said Van, with a keen but good-natured look at his questioner, "I'd rather not do it at all, you see, than do it and then be afraid to own him."

Poor Jim felt that his lesson was a very bitter one, as he crept into bed with the fear in his heart that the course he had taken would always stand in the way of any good which he might try to do to these boys.

"Look s-here, now, all of you," said Van, raising his voice, "you let this chap alone, or you'll settle it with me. Keep it up, Jim. A bad beginning makes a good ending, you know."

This gave Jim a little courage to mix with his firm resolve to wipe out as far as lay in his power the reproach he had cast on his best Friend. Quietly he stood his ground; in time was able, as Van and others came to inquire more of what was in the Bible he loved, to lead others in the way of life.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Visit to the Glassworks.

BY JOHN N. DICKIE.

The morning was not pleasant. It was rather gloomy than otherwise, from the fact that after several weeks of excellent sleighing, the mercury had shot up into the forties, with rapidly melting snow, and a dull, grey sky overhead, betokening rain. And yet Bim, Bom and Bell—nicknames for my three children, whose chief accomplishment is long-continued noise, and plenty of it—were unusually jubilant. Now, as there is a cause for everything that happens in this world of ours, my young readers will be pretty apt to inquire why this trio were so full of life and activity on the morning in question. Let me answer that we are now, at half-past nine, on our way to the glassworks, in order to fulfill a promise made ten days ago. It all arose from a wound on Bim's finger, which was yet pretty heavily plastered. It had been cut to the bone with a piece of glass; and that young gentleman, after the flow of blood had ceased, had boldly asked what glass was—that hard, sharp stuff you couldn't even scratch, yet let you look right through it, like the window, you know. So, in order to avoid a tedious explanation I was very sure they wouldn't understand, I had set this very day and hour for our visit to the establishment where window glass was manufactured and shipped to all parts of the United States.

A brisk walk of a half dozen squares and we entered a small brick building, with the one word "Office" over the door. There were only two occupants—Mr. Blukay, the superintendent, and the bookkeeper.

Evidently we were expected, for the superintendent promptly shook hands with the children, leaving me for the last. Of course, this was a little hard on my dignity, but I didn't say so.

"So you youngsters have 'seen through a glass darkly' all the days of your life, and as your wise father couldn't clear it for you, you had to come to me. Well, I have got six of my own, and they know all about glass, and so shall you, if you keep your eyes and ears open."

"I want to know what glass is, sir," piped Bim, with a careful glance at his finger.

"That's right. Begin at the beginning, my lad. Glass is composed, to use common language, of sand, sal-soda and lime, mixed in certain proportions, and well fused together. The sand is what chemists call silica, because it is composed almost wholly of this peculiar substance. This earth of ours is full of it. But no more of this. You must use your eyes. Forward, march. Never mind your father. Let him take care of himself, for he's certainly been here often enough to do that."

So saying, with his hand very much on the back of his head, and a broad smile on his broader visage, Mr. Blukay halted in front of an enormous pile of wood.

"Here we start, children. To make good glass, we must have the best of sand. This was quarried out in solid blocks a great many miles from here, and the first operation on receiving it is to crush the lumps. This is done in that quartz-mill, run by a twenty horse-power engine. As it slowly grinds, a stream of water descends on it, separating the particles, thus giving the mill the opportunity of grinding it the finer. This pile of sand has just been pulverized. Wet, isn't it? We must dry it. This way, please."

Proceeding to the opposite end of a large furnace, we soon had our hands buried in a hill of sand as fine and dry as that on the seashore.

"Why, pa, it is whiter than that barrel of flour you got last week!" exclaimed Bell—a young lady of eleven, who has baked bread three times, and now considers her education complete.

"Ha, ha! yes, no doubt of it," replied the Superintendent, lighting a cigar, and handing the match to Bom, who held it bravely until it scorched his fingers. "Black flour will make good bread, people really ought to eat more of it; but black sand won't make good glass, rest assured of that."

We now entered the "mixing room." Here we found a large quantity of lime. It is first slaked and ground to a fine powder. The soda ash is imported from England, packed in hogsheads.

"And in what proportion do you mix these ingredients?" I inquired.

"To one hundred pounds of sand we add forty pounds of soda ash, twenty-nine pounds of lime and a very small quantity of common salt. These ingredients are mixed together and put in 'batch boxes'—large bins on wheels—and bidding the mixing room adieu, by wheeling themselves across this platform, are ushered into the main factory, which we now enter."

We here beheld a busy scene. Furnaces on every hand in full blast; workmen too intent upon their tasks to even notice the superintendent himself; glass swinging to and fro in the air like the pendulum of a clock; long blow-pipes in operation; small boys running hither and thither, and now and then a sharp call from some one apparently in distress—at least, so Bom thought, as he grasped my hand with the alarming suggestion that something was going to burst if we didn't look out!

"The smelting furnaces are the first thing on the program," said our conductor, "and something you must particularly understand before we proceed further. Of course there is fire in these furnaces night and day. But the grand fire must be built before any glass can be made. No smoke must be inside that red hot vault when the sand, soda, lime and salt goes in there to be melted. All the coal required is thrown in and consumed first, leaving, in time, a gigantic bed of glowing coals, and a heat estimated at three thousand degrees—so, hot, indeed, that were the melting pots of steel they would of themselves melt in a few minutes."

"Then what is the name of wonder do you find salamander enough to resist such heat?"

"The crucibles, or smelting pots, are made at St. Louis fire-clay, which are manufacture ourselves. And they rarely last over eight weeks, so powerful is the heat to which they are exposed. But to return to the smelting. After the furnace is thoroughly hot, and the carbon all consumed, the mixture in these 'batch boxes' is put in the crucibles, or smelting pots, and placed in the furnaces, where they remain about fourteen hours. At the expiration of that time these crucibles are full of liquid glass—a sticky, putty like substance, ready for the blowers—an operation we are now ready to witness."

"Here is a gatherer just about to begin work," continued our conductor, drawing our attention to a workman who now approached the door of the furnace, with a long, iron instrument in his hand. "That 'crowbar' as you call it, which he is just now introducing into the furnace, is a blow-pipe. He withdraws it, as you see, with a portion of the melted glass on the end—about as large as a goose egg. Now it has cooled sufficiently, and he introduces it again, withdrawing it as before. Once more he dips it in the crucible, and for the last time. The mass on the end of the pipe is as large as your head, and weighs fourteen pounds."

"But how do they manage to get at exactly fourteen pounds without weighing it?"

"Simple judgment—nothing more, nothing less—although some might call it instinct. These workmen will gather all day, and each mass will not vary two ounces below or above the required amount."

At this point the gatherer left us abruptly, and with the globular mass of glowing glass, proceeded to the blowing-block—a hollow body of iron, glazed with charcoal and sprinkled over with sawdust. Deftly depositing the ball into the block, he was relieved by another workman, called the blower, who at once began operations by turning the ball of glass rapidly around in the block. He then applied his mouth to the pipe and blew a blast into the soft and yielding substance on the end, causing it to elongate sufficiently to put a head or cap on it.

By this time the cap had become hard, and it was conveyed to the "blow furnace" for reheating. Now it is hot again, and the blower steps quickly upon a platform with an open space beneath, and begins swinging the great glass ball back and forth. Now it is elevated as high as his shoulder, the next instant it descends into the abyss beneath, to appear on the opposite side. All this time the blower keeps his eye on the mass, ever and anon applying his mouth to the pipe. The result is surprising, bewildering. The ball is assuming the shape of a cylinder! It comes again, is reheated, and with a few more swings we beheld, indeed, a perfect glass cylinder, open at one end and closed at the other.

"Now look out Bim, Bom and Bell! He's going to blow a hole through the closed end of that glass stove-pipe!" shouted the Superintendent, who had wandered off to oversee some workmen, but had not forgotten us.

And sure enough, he did. Placing the end to be opened in the furnace, he waited patiently a few moments until softened; then applying his mouth to the pipe, he blew a blast inside, stopping the aperture with his finger until a sound came from his lips. This was repeated several times, until a quick snap told us the work was done.

"But how can they make window glass out of those long, hollow things?" asked Bell, who seemed thoroughly mystified.

"You shall see, my lass," returned our conductor, with a soft chuckle. "When the blower is done for the day, he heats his iron until it is white, and dipping it in sawdust, runs it along the cylinder from one end to the other, which splits it quickly. All that now remains to be done is to spread the glass out, and it is ready to cut into sizes."

We are now piloted in the direction of a furnace of peculiar shape, in a distant portion of the works.

"This is the annealing and flattening oven. Notice these two flues. They make a cross-fire on the flattening stone, which is made to revolve by means of a crank. The glass cylinder is introduced through this little door, and rests for the time on that 'middle.' After revolving a while it is removed and placed on that stone, which is 'hot as fire.' It finally reaches the flattener, who simply spreads it out a thin sheet on the stone. This is easily done—you could do it yourselves—for the glass is soft and yielding. It is next conveyed on cars to the annealing oven, where it remains seventeen hours. It is then ready to cut. And thus you have the whole process of making window glass."

A stranger entering at this juncture, and calling our obliging friend away, we turned our faces homeward.

"I understand it now," said Bim, reflectively. "Glass is made of a mixture of sand, lime, sal-soda and a little salt. This is melted in the hottest kind of an oven. Then they blow it up into long, hollow things, and split 'em open; after that they heat them and make 'em flat."

"And cut," added Bom.

"Yes, cut," assented Bell, as she picked up the broom to sweep a cinder off the carpet.

"And I Will Help You."

We have somewhere read a pretty little poem, the picture in which lingered with us, and was thus painted: A tired young teacher, in a rural district, looked the time-worn school house door behind her on a chill evening in November. She turned homeward in the beaten path. The sky looked hard, the hills were bare, and her meditations were unreseful. Things had gone wrong with her all the day—her work had been all up hill, and her heart pained her as she sighed,

"Is there no way to darken care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Suddenly she came upon two little girls by the path way. One was sobbing over her unperformed tasks of the day and their uselessness of trying. As the teacher neared she saw the little troubled one enfolded in loving arms, heard a queenly counsel, and the tenderly expressed sympathy, "Try once more, and I will help you."

Two hearts were made calmer by the words, though, the children knew it not; and one mind at least felt the wisdom of the childish counsel, and one soul expanded at the touch of such sweet charity.

"If I will help you," was the rule of this life, how different would be the effects of care and of grief. No heavy load would be borne by one pair of shoulders; no sobbing heartbreakings would be endured alone. The hand blows now received by one man would be divided by his neighbor. The anxious surgeon now cutting upon poor brain would be relieved by being shared. The ghastly skeleton hidden behind our neighbor's door would be closeted in a divine sympathy. The woes of poverty would be dissipated by a heavenly charity. The sigh of the despairing would be hushed under the spell of loving confidence. The tears of the broken-hearted wound be mingled with those of Christian love. No weeping little ones shed tears of a heavy heart over difficult tasks. No aspiring youth need stand upon the threshold of life appalled at the uncertain prospect. No struggling man need give over the struggle. In the precious cell the "will help you" is often the prelude of a song of joy, the overture in the music of the soul's redemption. It is the quint essence of the gospel. It was the purpose of the Father, the errand of the Son.

"And I will help you." This is how to soften care and grieving: Life made easier to bear by helping and by giving.—*Presbyterian.*

—The British company of Old Testament Revisers has contained thirty-seven members, as follows: The chairman, Rev. Edward Harold Browne, Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, Rev. J. J. S. Perowne, Rev. E. B. Plumptre, Rev. Robert Payne Smith, Rev. Benjamin Harrison, Rev. H. J. Rose, Rev. W. L. Alexander, R. L. Bensley, Esq., Rev. John Birrell, Frank Chance, M. D., Thomas Chenery, Esq., Rev. T. K. Cheyne, Rev. A. B. Davidson, Rev. Benjamin Davies, Rev. George Douglas, S. R. Driver, Esq., Rev. C. J. Elliot, Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, Rev. Frederick Field, Rev. J. D. Geden, C. D. Ginsburg, LL.D., Rev. F. W. Gotch, Rev. John Jebb, Rev. William Kay, Rev. Stanley Leathes, Rev. J. B. Lumby, Professor McGill, Rev. A. H. Sayce, Rev. William Selwyn, Rev. W. Robertson Smith, Rev D. H. Weir, William Wright, and W. A. Wright, Esq.

The list of the Old Testament Company of the American Revisers embraces fifteen names, as follows: Rev. W. H. Green, Rev. G. E. Day, Rev. S. A. Aiken, Rev. T. W. Chambers, Rev. T. J. Conant, Rev. John De Witt, Rev. G. R. Hare, Rev. C. P. Krauth, Taylor Lewis, LL.D., Rev. G. M. Mead, Rev. Howard Osgood, Rev. J. Packard, Rev. C. E. Stowe, James Strong, LL.D., and Rev. C. A. Van Dyck. Of these Drs. Green, Aiken, and Van Dyck are Presbyterian; Day, Mead, and Stowe Congregational; Chambers, DeWitt and Lewis, Reformed Dutch; Conant and Osgood, Baptist; Hare and Packard, Episcopalian; Krauth, Lutheran; and Strong Methodist.

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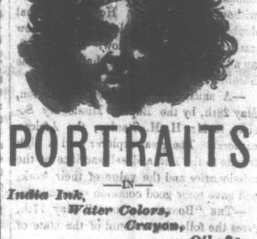

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