

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

Martyrs of Every Day Life.

"Thou therefore endure hardness."—1 Tim. ii. 3.

HISTORIANS are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chiefs. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons, and the Wellingtons of the world.

A SCROLL OF HEROES

that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the

HEROES OF THE SICK ROOM.

When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth Thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out; that sickness is the greatest test of one's character.

LIGHT OF THE SICK ROOM

taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

They shall be no more pain! Bless God for that! In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle, when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when, in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work, to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall, and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to

WORK UNTIL YOUR EYES ARE DIM, and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-fields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops, and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy.

Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing-machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them! In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life, augmented by

THE EXASPERATIONS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men, who, under the north-east storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist, and more constant and more agonizing than a beating, staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken

and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is

A FIFTY YEAR'S MARTYRDOM.

a fifty year's putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitched the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow.

When she is dead the neighbors will be hushed to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, ye glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines! I find also in this roll the

HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragmuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is.

God knows. And they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of a good man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown the Edinburgh carrier; and his wife! Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of his house.

JOHN BROWN'S LITTLE GIRL.

came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ah!" it seems that you

three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you hold pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible, to blow your brains out."

JOHN BROWN FELL UPON HIS KNEES, and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray, steer clear of the king, the council, and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow-woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven; and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place, on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenceless fellow creature, may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy, but faithful servant, Amen."

He rose up, and said: "Isabel, the hour has come when I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him, and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it."

SOLDIERS DO YOUR WORK.

Take aim! Fire!" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh!" she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me. I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now." "O what a grand thing it will be in the Last Day to see God pick out His heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! woe!"

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is

COBINATION DAY IN HEAVEN.

Who are those rising on the thrones, with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world-renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving sceptres of eternal dominion? Why they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all! That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heart-broken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulchre. God washed them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hard so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckle, as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you,

PLAY THE HERO

or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no hour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sabbath morning to go into the grain-field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now an old man; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman. O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life, and know not which way to turn, O ye bereft one, O ye sick one with complaints, you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give the eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

A Persuasive Infant.

It chanced the other day that I went shopping with a young lady aged 3—and her mother, I should add. We got along smoothly until a toy store was reached. There the youngest person in the party, who was also its boss, became enamored of a doll's toilet basket, and would be satisfied with nothing else. But the article was expensive, and its usefulness to a small and tempestuous girl of 3 was very questionable, and for these reasons her mother declined to buy it and forbade me to. To soothe the agitated child her mother said that she could ask her grandma to buy it for her. The sequel one of the young women in the toy store told me on Saturday. A few days after the events narrated above the 3-year-old returned to the store, and with feverish haste called for the toilet basket. As the girl behind the counter was wrapping up the basket she asked the babe if she had persuaded her grandma to buy it for her. "Yes," I "suaded gan'ma," said the child. "I cried till she promised to gib it me." For a 3-year-old that's pretty fast trotting, I think, in worldly arts of persuasion.

A device has been patented for sending telegraphic messages by using a writing pen instead of a key, thus making a record of the message in the sending office. A special alphabet is used, and the message is taken by sound in the usual way.

What Holstein Cattle Can Do.

Thirty pounds of milk a day, 5600 pounds a year, and 7 pounds of butter a week were considered 20 years ago as large yields, and even now are above the capacity of unimproved cows. The progress of such change of views may be traced in the progress of records that have been made by cows of this breed and publicly credited. The cow Crown-Princess, owned by Hon. Gerritt S. Miller, of Peterborough, New York, in six years, from 1870 to 1876, made a record of 61,115 pounds of milk, an average of 10,185 pounds a year. This was followed by the record of Lady Clifton, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. In 1875 she gave in 362 days 16,274 pounds; in 1876, in 282 days, 12,243 pounds; and commencing May 1, 1887, in 306 days, 13,232 pounds. The Maid of Twisk, owned by the Unadilla Valley Association, a company of dairy farmers in Central New York, followed this by a record for 305 days, in 1876, of 12,563 1/2 pounds; for 325 days, in 1877, of 14,312 pounds and for 336 days, in 1878, of 15,968 1/2 pounds. Next came the records of the noted cows, Aegia and Aaggie, owned by Messrs. Smiths, Powell and Lamb, of Syracuse, New York. In 1880, in 365 days, the former gave 16,824 pounds, and the latter, 18,004 15-16 pounds. With the exception of Aegia, these were all imported cows, and it began to be questioned whether such cows could be produced in this country. The answer came in a test of the cow Echo, bred by Mr. Miller, and owned by Mr. F. C. Stevens, of Attica, New York. It was for two successive years, beginning March 19, 1882, and closing May 28, 1884. During the first year she gave 18,120 1/2 pounds, and during the second year, after a brief rest of about ten weeks, she produced 23,775 1/2 pounds. These records aroused the attention of dairy writers, especially in England. They were pronounced impressive. Plausible arguments were made to show the inconsistency of such records with the amount of material for making milk that a cow could digest. Public confidence in them was shaken for a brief period. At this stage of public sentiment a test was begun of the cow Clotide, owned by Smiths, Powell and Lamb. They invited the closest scrutiny. They offered to pay the expenses of some of the most prominent scientists to come and thoroughly investigate this test. A number of gentlemen availed themselves of this offer. It was also placed in the official charge of the superintendent of the Holstein-Friesian Advanced Register, who from time to time sent official inspectors to watch the milkings, to test the scales upon which they were weighed, to examine into the accuracy of the account that was being kept and into every other detail in which there might be a possibility of error. None was discovered, and the accuracy of the record was put beyond all reasonable doubt. The result was the production of 28,621 1/2 pounds in 365 consecutive days—a record of more than 2000 pounds above any that had been previously made. It seemed at that time that the extreme capacity of milk production by a single cow had been reached. But now, while this is being written, the cow Pieterje 2d, owned by Mr. Dallas B. Whipple, of Cuba, New York, has reached a year's record of 30,318 1/2 pounds. The production of this has also been closely watched by disinterested parties; and the proof is so convincing that it will be received by the public with much less doubt than were the early records of half this amount. Since 1883 many other cows have exceeded Aaggie's noted record. Among these are Ethelka, at 18,131 7-16 pounds, and Jamaica, at 19,547 pounds, both owned by John Mitchell, Vall's Gate, New York; Violet, at 18,774 pounds, by Edgar Huldekooper, Meadville, Pennsylvania; Lady De Vries, at 18,848 pounds, by L. H. Payne, Garrettsville, Ohio; Empress, at 19,714 pounds, by Hon. G. S. Miller, Peterborough, New York; Glenburnie, at 20,138 1/2 pounds, by B. B. Lord & Son, Sinclairville, New York; Rhoda, at 21,300 pounds, by F. C. Stevens, Attica, New York; Princess of Wayne, at 20,409 9-16 pounds, and Aaggie 2d, at 20,763 3-16 pounds, both by G. Yeomans & Sons, Walworth, New York; Boukje, at 21,679 pounds, by Stone & Carpenter, Waverly, Pennsylvania; Konigen van Friesland 5th, at 19,700 pounds, by A. Bradley & H. D. Warner, Lanesville, Connecticut; Konigen van Friesland 3d, at 23,617 pounds, by H. O. Warner, New Milford, Connecticut; Sultana, at 22,043 pounds, by H. C. Jewett & Co., Buffalo, New York; and Albino 2d, at 18,484 13-16 pounds (in two-year form), Netherland Belle, at 19,516 pounds, Aaggie Rosa, at 20,227 3-16 pounds, Lady Fay, at 20,602 3-16 pounds, and Clotide 2d, at 23,602 pounds, and Smiths, Powell & Lamb.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1888. The Feast of Tabernacles.

LESSON TEXT. (Lev. 23: 33-44. Memory verses, 41-43)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: God's Covenant Relations with Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest.—Josh. 1: 7.

LESSON TOPIC: Covenant Relations Promoted by Joyous Praise.

Lesson { 1. The Time, vs. 33, 34, 37-39, 41, 42. 2. The Manner, vs. 35, 36, 40. Outline: { 1. The Purpose, vs. 43, 44.

GOLDEN TEXT: The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.—Psa. 118: 15.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—Lev. 23: 33-44. The feast of tabernacles. T.—Exod. 23: 14-19. The three great feasts. W.—Num. 29: 12-40. Order of the feast. T.—Deut. 16: 13-17. The feast commanded again. F.—Neh. 8: 13-18. The feast restored. S.—Zech. 14: 16-21. Importance of the feast. S.—John 7: 1-14, 37-53. Jesus at the feast.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. THE TIME OF JOYOUS PRAISE. I. For Seven Days: The feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord (34). Thou shalt keep the feast of tabernacles seven days (Lev. 23: 34). They kept the feast... as the duty of every day required (Ezra. 3: 4). They kept the feast seven days (Neh. 8: 18). The last day, the great day of the feast (John 7: 37).

II. At Harvest-Time: When ye have gathered in the fruits of the land (35). The feast of ingathering, at the end of the year (Exod. 23: 16). After that thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor (Deut. 16: 13). He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves (Psa. 126: 6). They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest (Isa. 9: 3).

III. Through All Generations: It is a statute for ever in your generations (41). They shall have the priesthood by a perpetual statute (Exod. 29: 9). It shall be a statute for ever to them (Exod. 30: 21). A due for ever throughout your generations (Lev. 6: 18). By a statute for ever it shall be wholly burnt (Lev. 6: 22).

1. "Speak unto the children of Israel, saying: (1) Its source; (2) Its channel; (3) Its destination; (4) Its purpose.

2. "These are the set feasts of the Lord." Religious ceremonies: (1) Their diverse forms; (2) Their diverse sources; (3) Their diverse effects.

3. "On the first day shall be a solemn rest." (1) A fitting break from previous toil; (2) A fitting period for devout contemplation; (3) A fitting departure for succeeding service.

II. THE MANNER OF JOYOUS PRAISE. I. Resting from Toil: Ye shall do no servile work (35). It is a solemn assembly; ye shall do no servile work (Lev. 23: 36). Ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days (Num. 29: 12). From the first day until the last day, he read in... the law (Neh. 8: 18). Go up from year to year... to keep the feast (Zech. 14: 16).

II. Offering up Sacrifices: Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord (36). Ye shall offer a burnt offering... unto the Lord (Num. 29: 13). These ye shall offer unto the Lord in your set feasts (Num. 29: 39). They shall not appear before the Lord empty (Deut. 16: 16). They kept the feast... as it is written, and offered (Ezra. 3: 4).

III. Dwelling in Booths: Ye shall dwell in booths seven days (42). Take... branches of palm trees, and boughs, and willows (Lev. 23: 40). The children of Israel should dwell in booths (Neh. 8: 14). Make booths, as it is written (Neh. 8: 15). All the congregation... dwell in the booths (Neh. 8: 17).

1. "Ye shall do no servile work." (1) Deeds permitted on holy days; (2) Deeds prohibited on holy days.—Toil antagonistic to devotion: (1) When it consumes holy time; (2) When it excludes holy thoughts; (3) When it mars holy services.

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3. "Ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God." (1) Joy possessed by man; (2) Joy approved of God.

III. THE PURPOSE OF JOYOUS PRAISE. I. To Commemorate God's Mercies: That your generations may know (43). What mean ye by this service? It is... the Lord's passover (Exod. 12: 26, 27). Remember this day... for... the Lord brought you out (Exod. 13: 3). They remembered not the multitude of thy mercies (Psa. 106: 7). This do in remembrance of me (1 Cor. 11: 24).

II. To Exalt God's Name: I am the Lord your God (43). Ye shall know that I am Jehovah your God (Exod. 6: 7). Thou mayest know that I am the Lord (Exod. 8: 22). Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me (Psa. 50: 23). That they may... glorify your Father (Matt. 5: 16).

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2. "Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord." Acceptable offerings: (1) Godward—unto the Lord; (2) Complete—made by fire; (3) Continuous—each day of the feast.

3. "Ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God." (1) Joy possessed by man; (2) Joy approved of God.

III. THE PURPOSE OF JOYOUS PRAISE. I. To Commemorate God's Mercies: That your generations may know (43). What mean ye by this service? It is... the Lord's passover (Exod. 12: 26, 27). Remember this day... for... the Lord brought you out (Exod. 13: 3). They remembered not the multitude of thy mercies (Psa. 106: 7). This do in remembrance of me (1 Cor. 11: 24).

II. To Exalt God's Name: I am the Lord your God (43). Ye shall know that I am Jehovah your God (Exod. 6: 7). Thou mayest know that I am the Lord (Exod. 8: 22). Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me (Psa. 50: 23). That they may... glorify your Father (Matt. 5: 16).

II. To Benefit God's People:

Moses declared unto... Israel the set feasts of the Lord (44).

Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them (Lev. 23: 2). That their children... may hear, and learn to fear the Lord (Deut. 31: 13). That the generation to come might know (Psa. 78: 6). This shall be written for the generation to come (Psa. 102: 18).

1. "That your generations may know." Our duty to futurity: (1) To perpetuate divine instructions; (2) To perpetuate divine instructions.

2. "I am the Lord your God." The Lord's self-introduction: (1) As Jehovah; (2) As Elohim; (3) As Israel's.

3. "And Moses declared unto the children of Israel the set feasts of the Lord." (1) Obeying God; (2) Imparting truth; (3) Instructing Israel; (4) Benefiting mankind.

LESSON BIBLE READING. THE FEAST OF TABERNALES. Date (Lev. 23: 34, 39; Num. 29: 12). Continuance (Lev. 23: 34, 41; Deut. 16: 13, 15). Held after harvest (Exod. 24: 22; Deut. 16: 13). All males attended (Exod. 23: 16, 17). Sacrificial requirements (Num. 29: 13-39). A season of joy (Deut. 16: 14, 15; Neh. 8: 17). People dwell in booths (Lev. 23: 42; Neh. 8: 15, 16). The law was read (Deut. 31: 10, 12; Neh. 8: 15). Palm branches were carried (Lev. 23: 40; Rev. 7: 9). Water was drawn (Isa. 12: 3; John 7: 2, 37-39). Hosannas were sung (Psa. 118: 24-29; Matt. 21: 8, 9).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS. The details respecting the great day of atonement are continued in Leviticus 16: 17-34,—the ceremonial of the scape-goat in verses 21-23, and the specification of time in verses 2