

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Queer Christians.

"And he was angry and would not go in."—Leviticus 10:28.

"Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that he ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranking of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscure upon the elder son of the parable. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sifter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side-face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT.

as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake, and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the harbour side, and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dancer is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbours have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle. The senior son stands at the corner of the house,

A FRIGID PHILOMATIC.

He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the Oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice, and the morals of the entertainment.

THE FATHER RUSHES OUT BAREHEADED.

and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banished. 'Tis too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him.

THE SENIOR BROTHER STILL LIVES.

You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacker answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

FIRST THIS SENIOR BROTHER OF THE TEXT

stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-satisfied man. With the same breadth in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a gan-gyric for himself. The self-righteous man of my text, like every other self-righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother.

THE ONLY PERFECT PEOPLE

that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer-meetings, and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocket-book! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as a brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show-window than inside on the shelves.

THIS SELF-RIGHTOUS MAN OF THE TEXT

stood at the corner of the house bragging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer-meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal

about himself, but much about Christ and heaven; gets kinder and more gentle and more useful, until one day his soul spreads a wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is

A NUISANCE

to his own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank-bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on, that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands! I tell you plainly that a rearing, roystering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher-life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never goes over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable cannot be entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

INCREDULOUS CHRISTIANS.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say, "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will leave me. I would go in too and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine, but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the Church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recant. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a ubiquitous face, "I hope you are not mistaken, I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the common, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason

WHY MORE PRODIGALS DO NOT COME HOME

to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back, for ever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet, some of you have not enough faith in their return.

YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO SHAKE HANDS WITH A PRODIGAL.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf-stream of Christian sympathy. You are

THE ICEBERG AGAINST WHICH HE STRIKES

and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal, I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky, elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin, the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high-salaried, for kid-gloved and patent leather sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair-dresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries, we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt-edged prayerbook in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond-finger push down beyond the ten-dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN DRINKING

until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelated, and his wife's wedding-dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement-doors of the city—the man, body, mind, and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, and pressing at his parched lip, and his cracked

and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassal, the protest would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger, one Sunday, staggered up and down the aisles of my church.

DISTURBING THE SERVICE.

until the service had to stop, until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination. That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the Holy Communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware, lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling towards him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast, or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose and gave his history. He had been

A MERCHANT IN GLASGOW.

Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced to poverty, that he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened up and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the gardens." Alas, for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Caesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses, and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters: Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francis, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francis, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy, from which he dies. Jealousy among authors: How seldom contentment and Plato, living at the same time; but for their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other.

RELIGIOUS JEALOUSY.

The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this; and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers, He kept the drought on, so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that He sent rain right away, so He would not hear any more of their applications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died, and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue, until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the soul.

How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business! How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same branch! Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for friends. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves, is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage, is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves, is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault.

THE FRENCH GENERAL.

riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward, while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. The general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the putting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the corner of his mouth draws down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many putting Christians there are in our day—Christians that do not like the music of our churches, Christians that do not like the hilarities of the young—putting, putting, putting at society, putting at the feet of society, putting at the

papers, putting at the church, putting at the government, putting at the high heaven! Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their castor always sure to be well supplied—

VINEGAR AND RED PEPPER!

Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance, and the putting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father who had embraces for the returning prodigal, and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

All the face of this putting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle put a dose in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour elder brother is brought out, in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. This is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I lay flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

OH, WHAT A GOD WE HAVE!

Bring your dogologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship! Cry aloud! Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the palm branches around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender elder son! Surrender, all Oh, go in to-day and sit at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon, as easily as in the zenith, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 3000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6000 supposed to be visible, only 4000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of twentieth- and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of one hundred has ever been catalogued at all.

In all, 314,925 stars, from the first to the 9th magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with 3-inch object-glass.

Modern and Ancient Ink.

The great merit of our common writing ink is in the freedom with which it flows from the pen, allowing of rapid writing, and the manner in which it bites into the paper so as not to be removed by sponging. The great defect is in the want of durability. Such inks partake of the nature of dyes. The writing ink of the ancients, on the contrary, is characterized by great permanency; its basis was finely divided charcoal mixed with some mucilaginous or adhesive fluid. India ink is of this character; it is formed of lamp-black and animal glue, with the addition of perfumes, not necessary, however, to its use as an ink, and is made up into cakes. It is used in china with a brush, both for writing and painting upon Chinese paper, and it is used in this country for making drawings in black and white, the depths of shade being produced by dilution with water.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1883. The Spies Sent Into Canaan.

LESSON TEXT. (Num. 13:17-32. Memory verses, 26-32.)

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, whithersoever thou shalt go.—Josh. 1:7.

LESSON TOPIC: Encouraged on the Way.

Lesson { Exploration, vs. 17-22. Outline: { Encouragement, vs. 20-32. GOLDEN TEXT: Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.—Num. 13:30.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

- M.—Num. 13:17-33. The spies sent into Canaan. T.—Num. 13:1-16. Names of the spies. W.—Num. 14:1-25. Trouble among the people. T.—Num. 14:26-45. Penalties inflicted. F.—Gen. 13:1-18. Canaan promised to Abraham. S.—Deut. 1:19-46. Turned back from Canaan. S.—Deut. 8:1-20. Gratitude aroused.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. EXPLORATION.

I. The Land.

The land of Canaan (17). Abram... went forth to go into the land of Canaan (Gen. 12:5). I will give unto thee... all the land of Canaan (Gen. 17:8). Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel (Num. 13:2). The land which I swear unto Abraham (Num. 32:11).

II. The Residents.

See... the people that dwell there in (18). The Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land (Gen. 13:7). Thou shalt not take a wife... of the Canaanites (Gen. 24:3). The hornet... shall drive out... the Canaanite (Exod. 23:28). He had destroyed seven nations in the land of Canaan (Acts 13:19).

III: The Visitors.

So they went up, and spied out the land (21). Of every tribe of their fathers shall ye send a man (Num. 13:2). The men... made all the congregation to murmur (Num. 14:36). Let us send men before us, that they may search the land (Deut. 1:22). I took twelve men of you, one man for every tribe (Deut. 1:23).

1. "The land of Canaan." (1) Canaan geographically; (2) Canaan historically; (3) Canaan prophetically; (4) Canaan typically. 2. "See the land;... and the people." (1) The agents of investigation; (2) The subjects of investigation; (3) The purposes of investigation; (4) The results of investigation. 3. "Be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land." (1) The true spirit for God's work; (2) The certain return in God's work.

II. DISCOVERY.

I. Splendid Fruits: One cluster of grapes,.... pomegranates,.... figs (23). Take of the choice fruits of the land in your vessels (Gen. 43:11). The precious things of the fruits of the sun (Deut. 33:14). The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace (Gal. 5:22). The tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits (Rev. 22:2).

II. Surpassing Fertility.

Surely it floweth with milk and honey (27). A good land,.... flowing with milk and honey (Exod. 3:8). The land,.... is an exceeding good land (Num. 14:7). A good land which the Lord our God give unto us (Deut. 1:25). A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees (Deut. 8:8).

III. Formidable Foes.

Howbeit the people that dwell in the land are strong (28). We were in our own sight as grasshoppers (Num. 13:33). Nations... greater and mightier than thou (Deut. 4:38). Cities great and fenced,.... a people great and tall (Deut. 9:1, 2). The devil, as a roaring lion,.... seeking whom he may devour (1 Pet. 5:8).

1. "A branch with one cluster of grapes." (1) Fruits of the natural Canaan; (2) Fruits of the spiritual Canaan; (3) Fruits of the heavenly Canaan. 2. "Brought back word unto them." (1) The expectant congregation; (2) The returning spies; (3) The divergent reports; (4) The calamitous results. 3. "Howbeit the people that dwell in the land are strong." (1) An attractive land; (2) A forbidding population.—(1) Allurements; (2) Discouragements.

III. ENCOURAGEMENT.

I. A Discouraging Report.

They brought up an evil report of the land (32). Bringing up an evil report against the land (Num. 14:30). Those men that did bring up an evil report of the land (Num. 14:37). Wherefore discourage ye the heart... of Israel? (Num. 32:7). They all would have made us afraid, saying, that it be not done (Neh. 6:9).

II. A Stirring Call.

Let us go up at once, and possess it (30). Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me (Exod. 32:26). Neither fear ye the people... they are bread for us (Num. 14:9). Go in and possess the land (Deut. 1:8). Now therefore arise, go over this Jordan (Josh. 1:2). III. A Brave Assurance: We are well able to overcome it (30).

The Lord is with us: fear them not (Num. 14:9). The Lord thy God... he shall fight for you (Deut. 1:30). The Lord your God is with thee (Josh. 1:9). There shall be no loss of life among you (Acts 27:22).

- 1. "Let us go up at once, and possess it." (1) Forward movement; (2) Immediate action; (3) Complete conquest. 2. "We are well able to overcome it." (1) God is for us; (2) Who is against us? 3. "They brought up an evil report of the land." (1) Overlooking the good; (2) Exaggerating the evil; (3) Doubting the promises; (4) Forgetful of God.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LAND OF CANAAN. Boundaries (Gen. 15:18; Deut. 1:7; Josh. 1:4). Fertility (Exod. 3:8; Num. 13:27; Deut. 8:7-9; 11:10-12). Mineral wealth (Deut. 8:9; 33:25). Original inhabitants (Gen. 10:15-20; Deut. 7:1). Moral condition (Gen. 15:16; Lev. 18:25; Deut. 28:32). Promised to Abraham (Gen. 12:7; 13:15; 17:8). Titles (Gen. 11:31; 40:15; Exod. 15:14; Lev. 25:42; 1 Sam. 13:19; Psa. 106:24; Isa. 8:8; 26:1; Hos. 9:3; Heb. 11:9). Typical uses (Heb. 4:1, 2, 9; 1 Pet. 1:4).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The general description of the divine guidance during the journeyings of the children of Israel, contained in the last lesson, is followed by an account of the signals by trumpets for assemblies, for alarms, and for feast days (Num. 10:1-10). Even these are given a religious significance. With Numbers, 10:11, the story of the journey from Mount Sinai begins. The time was on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year, about eleven months after the giving of the decalogue.

The details respecting the order of the movement are quite full (Num. 10:12-38). An interesting incident follows (Num. 10:29-32): the invitation of Moses to his brother-in-law, Hobab, to accompany the chosen people into the promised land, and share in the covenant blessings.

The first journey was of three days; and the solemn formulas at the removal and resting of the ark are inserted at this point (Num. 10:33-36). Chapter 11 gives new evidence of the unfitness of the people: some murmured, and were consumed by fire at Taberah ("burning"); "the mixed multitude" longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt; and the people joined in the cry for flesh (Num. 11:1-15).

The Lord directed Moses to appoint seventy elders, to share his burdens, promising the people flesh to eat (Num. 11:16-20). The doubt of Moses is answered; the spirit descends upon the seventy, even upon two that had not assembled with the others (Num. 11:21-27). When Joshua would forbid them, Moses responds in noble language (Num. 11:28, 29; comp. Mark 9:38-40). The supply of flesh comes again in the form of quails (comp. Exod. 16:13), but punishment attends the fulfillment of the promise (Num. 11:30-35). A new revolt against the authority of Moses occurs; Miriam and Aaron speak against him. The former seems to have been the more guilty party, moved by jealousy of the wife of Moses. She is smitten with leprosy, but healed, after seven days of separation, at the intercession of Aaron to Moses, and of Moses to the Lord (Num. 12).

The journey had been directly toward Sinai, east of north from Mount Sinai. Crossing the wide district called the wilderness of Paran, which lies along the southern frontier of the promised land, the people camp at Kadesh-barnea (Num. 13:26; Deut. 1:19 et seq.). From this place the spies were sent out. Their names are given in chapter 13:4-6; one from each tribe. The time of their setting out was probably in June, and of their return in August (see v. 20), of the second year.

The place of the incidents of this lesson is Kadesh-barnea, a pivotal point in the southern boundary line of Canaan. Its location was long in dispute; but its identification with the place still bearing its equivalent name in Arabic, Qadees, in the heart of the "Azazimeh" mountains, is now practically agreed upon by the scholars of the world generally. The plain of Qadees is an extensive hill-encircled camping-ground, commanding the approaches to Canaan from the south and west and south-east. It is just such a strategic position for the reconnoitering of Canaan as would be selected by trained soldiers like Moses and Joshua.

When Annoyed by Mosquitoes.

From country places all around New York I hear a wail of agony: ancient ferocious mosquito, which this summer seems to have broken his record for frequency and virulence of executive ability. It seems that the peculiar climatic vagaries of this uncomfortable summer have just suited the mosquito's peculiar fancy. Anyhow he is out in force, and the discoverer of a preparation which will prevent his attacking hands, face or ankles is sure of an abiding reward both now and in the hereafter. My own experience teaches me that the nearest approach to this desirable compound is extract of penny royal, which should be plentifully smeared on all exposed portions of the person. The odor is not unpleasant, and as the extract consists largely of alcohol, evaporation is speedy and a pleasant coolness results. While the odor is apparent no mosquito will put his proboscis in working distance. To relieve the itching of bites nothing is more effectual than common washing soda, moistened and rubbed on the spot.

It has been proven through a series of experiments that a large ocean steamer going nineteen knots an hour will move over two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.