

DR TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The House on The Hills.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14:2.

HERE is a bottle of medicine that is a cure-all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant, and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I purpose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and daughters are married, and have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes on, and the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grand-children come with them, and, perhaps, great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Millennium ago God built on the hills of heaven

A GREAT HOMESTEAD for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward, and left, never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house. As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many mansions." You see the place is

TO BE APPOINTED OFF into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets, and walk with them on the temple, and worship with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many mansions." You see, heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 949 sextillion, 988 quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read,

THE ROOMS WILL BE PALATIAL, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is, that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradles are crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James, or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into

THE RECEPTION ROOM of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters, and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greeted all newcomers. He redeemed them, and he has a right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him, or talked about Him, or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one

second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an orator, or the bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when

YOU CONFRONT EACH OTHER, Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. The mightiest moment of immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transporingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old Homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant, though they were in some other world on errand when God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernatural splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say, "O my lost boy!" "O my lost companion." "O my lost friend, we are here together!" What

SCENES IN THAT RECEPTION-ROOM of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gossiped; and multitudes without number who, once so gloomy and so sad parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Another room in our Father's house is

THE THRONE ROOM. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by government officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some beligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of a palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne room!

A DAZZLING PLACE is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold upon the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chaises, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Emmanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne room of our Father's house has a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw a peacock's tail, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father sits on it as we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see

WE ARE PRINCES and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye, we need not wait until then, we may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting the moment enter the throne room. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at thy feet!

The crowns of the royal families of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are children four years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And they come from North and South and East and West, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from under the great arch of heaven; and while I watch and wonder, they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun does his successive journey run. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore till sun shall rise and sun no more. Oh that throne room of Christ! "In my Father's house are many mansions." Another room in our Father's house is

THE MUSIC-ROOM, St. John and other Bible writers talk so

much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian chorists and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords, and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven, I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beauford, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window! We in that music room of our Father's house, you will some day."

MEET THE OLD MASTERS, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doodridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy; and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light;" and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Thomas Almy at Warwick for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse of song, church or by evening candle; and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest player there more than any earthly Gothschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Hayden sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red Sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Another room in our Father's house will be

THE FAMILY ROOM; it may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household has a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans, and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk will assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the wedding, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous five-fifty years of return to meridian, and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have

MUCH TO TELL THEM. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property, and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our bookkeeping? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of snows from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchies, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see anyone: "you have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off

weeping, and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon you the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than

IN THE ENRaptured CIRCLE of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it, it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time; and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of

LETTERS INVITING YOU all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying, yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chryso-prasus is nothing; illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing; the aurora of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Don't Pinch The Baby.

None of us would inflict such cruelty with thumb and finger, but how is it with baby's clothing—bands and straps and sleeves and ankle fastenings? Are we sure they are soft and giving on the sensitive flesh and tender little limbs.

How much our helpless babies can suffer from bands and bindings that choke and chafe them with their scratchy, goading edges, we cannot know, since our skin, doubtless, is thirty years older, and may be that many times tougher than baby's.

Perhaps we do know how irritatingly uncomfortable are the pinching sleeves of some wiry, rasping dress that fit to loose fashion to cut with too snug a fit to our arms. Then let us be merciful in cutting sleeves and arm-sizes for our little folks, whose tender flesh is sorely chafed by a rough seam, and whose arms rot out so fast, and allow generous space for breathing and growing room.

All seams and bindings on baby's clothing should be made perfectly smooth and flat, and as soft as can be sewed from silk gauze flannel, and unstarched, finest cambric that no bungling ridges, or hard, scratchy edges may goad the sensitive flesh.

Not long since, I saw a fond auntie making under waists for her little nieces, one and three years old. The garments were cut from stout unbleached drilling that would wear like sheet iron and give almost as little.

For greater strength, the arm sizes were bound with a strip of the same stout goods, making a thick, scraping finish that was hard and rough enough to rasp the skin from an ox's neck if it had encircled it. But a no less cruelty of these arm holes, cut so small that the little fat arm could scarcely be squeezed through them. Not a bit of space allowed for the play and growth and breathing room for the poor little choked limbs.

In selecting boots for our little people we must see that plenty of ankle and instep, as well as toe room, is given the fast growing feet. You ankle if it is acutely misery from pinching boots, especially across the instep. How much more must baby suffer with cruel strictures cutting into her soft flesh and strangling sensitive chords.

I have seen sock ribbons and ankle straps drawn so tightly that the plumpness of baby's ankles was pinched into a purple ridge, and who has not seen both scrawny and fat little feet so strangled in too snugly buttoned boots that the warm blood could not circulate in them and ice-cold feet be one of the evil consequences.

Little folks—and big folks, too, as for that—need breathing room all over: feet and arms and wrists and ankles; and common sense tells us to let them have it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY JULY 25, 1899.

Israel Asking for a King. LESSON TEXT. (1 Sam. 8: 4-20. Memory verses, 4, 7.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Obedience and Disobedience.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Be- hold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.—1 Sam. 15: 22.

LESSON TOPIC: Warning Against Disobedience.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. Israel's Choice, vs. 4, 5, 19, 20. 2. Jehovah's Protest, vs. 6, 7. 3. Samuel's Warning, vs. 10-15.

GOLDEN TEXT: Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us.—1 Sam. 8: 19.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

- M.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20. Warning against disobedience.
T.—Deut. 17: 14-20. The law for Israel's king.
W.—Deut. 32: 15-43. Rebellion punished.
Th.—Psa. 78: 1-32. Israel's disobedience rehearsed.
F.—Psa. 81: 1-16. Israel's disobedience rehearsed.
S.—Psa. 2: 1-12. Fate of the disobedient.
S.—Acts 13: 14-43. Israel's history rehearsed.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

- I. ISRAEL'S CHOICE.
1. A National Assembly: All the elders of Israel gathered themselves together (4). Go, and gather the elders of Israel together (Exod. 3: 16). The congregation was assembled at the door of the tent (Lev. 8: 4). Take the rod, and assemble the congregation (Num. 29: 8). Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem (Josh. 24: 1).
II. AN IMPORTUNE DEMAND: Make us a king to judge us like all the nations (5). I will set a king over me, like as all the nations (Deut. 17: 14). Nay; but we will have a king over us (1 Sam. 8: 19). Where now is thy king, that he may save thee? (Hos. 13: 10). Afterward they asked for a king (Acts 13: 21).
III. A Persistent Refusal: The people refused to hearken unto the voice of Samuel (19). They and our fathers... refused to obey (Neh. 9: 16, 17). They... refused to walk in his law (Psa. 78: 10). The people hearkened not to my voice (Psa. 81: 11). I have called, and ye refused (Prov. 1: 24).

- 1. "The elders of Israel gathered, and came to Samuel." (1) The nation; (2) The elders; (3) The prophet.—(1) Israel's representatives; (2) God's representative.—(1) Israel's errand; (2) God's answer.
2. "Now make us a king to judge us like all the nations." (1) The king demanded; (2) The conformity desired; (3) The model kingdom.
3. "The people refused to hearken." (1) The people's demand; (2) The Lord's counsel; (3) The people's refusal.

II. JEHOVAH'S PROTEST.
1. Jehovah Rejected: Jehovah rejected me, that I should not be king (7). Your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord (Exod. 16: 8). He that rejecteth you rejecteth me (Luke 10: 16). He that resisteth the power, withstandeth the ordinance of God (Rom. 13: 2). He that rejecteth, rejecteth not man, but God (1 Thess. 4: 8).

II. ACQUISCECE GRANTED:
Now therefore hearken unto their voice (9). Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way (Prov. 1: 31). Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone (Hos. 4: 17). Let them alone; they are blind guides (Matt. 15: 14). God gave them up in the lusts of their hearts (Rom. 1: 24).

III. PROTEST UTTERED:
Protest solemnly unto them, and... show them (9). The thing displeased Samuel (Sam. 8: 6). The Lord your God was your king (1 Sam. 12: 12). Your wickedness is great, which ye have done (1 Sam. 12: 17). I have given thee a king in mine anger (Hos. 13: 11).

1. "The thing displeasing Samuel..." And Samuel prayed. Samuel's displeasure: (1) Its cause; (2) Its consequences.
2. "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me." (1) God represented in his servants; (2) God rejected in his servants; (3) God accepted in his servants.
3. "Now therefore hearken unto their voice." (1) Man's rebellious voice; (2) God's permissive decree.

III. SAMUEL'S WARNING.
1. They Shall be Subjugated: He will take your sons... He will take your daughters (11, 13). And they shall run before his chariots (1 Sam. 8: 11). When Saul saw any mighty man... he took him (1 Sam. 14: 45). And David sent messengers, and took her (2 Sam. 11: 4). Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle (2 Sam. 11: 15).
II. They Shall be Despoiled: He will take your fields, and your vineyards (14). So shall no inheritance... remove from tribe to tribe (Num. 36: 7). Neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold (Deut. 17: 17). I will give thee the vineyard of Noboth (1 Kings 21: 7). The prince shall not take of the people's inheritance (Ezek. 46: 18).

III. They Shall be Despoiled.

Ye shall cry, and the Lord will not answer (18).

Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer (Prov. 1: 28).

When ye make many prayers, I will not hear (Isa. 1: 15).

Call ye upon him while he is near (Isa. 55: 6).

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss (Jas. 4: 3).

1. "Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people." (1) The Lord's words; (2) The Lord's messenger; (3) The Lord's pupils.

2. "He will take." (1) The merciless ruler; (2) The sweeping spoliation; (3) The impoverished people.

3. "Ye shall cry..." the Lord will not answer." (1) Dire distress; (2) Impertunate cries; (3) Unanswered prayers.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST THE KING.

Foretold (Num. 24: 17; Psa. 2: 6).

Glorified (1 Cor. 2: 8; Jas. 2: 1).

Supreme (1 Cor. 15: 25; Rev. 1: 5: 19: 16).

On David's throne (Isa. 9: 7; Acts 2: 30).

On God's throne (Rev. 3: 21).

Has a righteous kingdom (Psa. 45: 6 Heb. 1: 8, 9).

Has a universal kingdom (Psa. 2: 8 Phil. 2: 9-11).

Has an everlasting kingdom (Dan. 2: 44; Rev. 11: 15).

Shall have his subjects (Col. 1: 13 Rev. 15: 3).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The result of the victory at Eben-ezer was continued prosperity during the days that Samuel ruled Israel. The captured territory was restored, and for some years (see below) Saul was the judge, as well as the prophet, of the nation. When he became old, his sons were associated with him, but proved unworthy (vs. 1-3). This occasioned the request with which the lesson begins.

The place was Ramah, the birthplace (comp. 1 Sam. 1: 1, 19) and home of Samuel. But to determine its position has proved one of the most perplexing problems of biblical topography. It was in the hill country of Ephraim, south of Gibeah, probably not far from Mizpah. At least nine localities have been named for it. The common tradition of the East points to Nely Samwil, but Dr. Robinson and later explorers identify this with Mizpah. Tristram and Conder identify Ramah with Er-Ram, about five miles east of Gibbon, on the summit of a round hill. The name was surely before B. C. 1095. It should, however, be noted that many prefer to make all the dates from the choice of Saul onward four years earlier. According to the chronology suggested in previous Lesson Surroundings, the interval of prosperity from the victory at Eben-ezer to the present lesson was about thirteen years. According to Usher, the period is extended over about twenty-five years.

Vagaries of Etiquette.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF FARAWAY LANDS. In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To place your hand on the arm of a lady, in Italy, is a grave and objectionable familiarity.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit, "This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you may please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—uno de nosotros (one of us) as they express it. If the words are not spoken you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house of visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes on the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel on while saying prayers.

In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquette requires in Chinese conversation that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration. "What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Chang." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Luchan." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My wife, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."—Detroit Free Press.

DREW THE LINE AT A NICKEL.—

First Boy—Will your cross your heart and take your oath that it is so?

Second Boy—You bet I will.

First Boy—Will you take your dying oath?

Second Boy—Yes, I will.

First Boy—Will you bet a nickel it's so?

Second Boy—No, I won't take such chances as that.