

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Earthquake.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones, who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of woman who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror.

You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the "what is heard": "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all

THE DOORS SWING OPEN.

The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen, thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying, "Why shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppers on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free, and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His seminars have just come from the university with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the earthquakes are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurried.

THE TERROR TO THE CITY.

An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations! So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the "Savior" in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ." Now,

WHO IS THIS BEING

that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I reasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate from an admiral, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me it is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers described His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to see that had never been inspected. Contemporary writers described His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to see that had never been inspected.

to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose.

TO LOOK AT CHRIST

was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering, in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these prosores?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not of femininity or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly poison and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek while it looks up into the face of His anguish. So the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug.

ON THE TOP OF GALVARY.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and when they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He had taken these rocks and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die.

HIS LIFE FOR YOUR LIFE.

In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her!" But I tell you of a grander thing, Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for His father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how; and the great question asked by thousands is: 'How? how?' And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: 'Master help!'"

HOW ARE YOU TO TRUST

in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away all your sins, and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved! Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. "What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy, then deal with him as fairly.

HISTORICAL FAITH.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveryheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of the incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush onto the deck. You hear, amid the ringing of the hands and the fainting,

the cry, "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane-deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!"

THE LIFEBOATS!

cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveryheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all your heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Hook of Ages." And built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between earth and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever

A PRIZE PROFFERED SO CHEAP

as parlor and heaven are offered to you. For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price. No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me to this point. 'Thou shalt be saved.' It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child by God, and He is

BOUND TO SEE ME THROUGH.

The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yes, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and they give no returning kiss of the lip, we do not anybody posturing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart, until the tender lip and curl in the torture, and when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her!" But I tell you of a grander thing, Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for His father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how; and the great question asked by thousands is: 'How? how?' And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: 'Master help!'"

I CANNOT BEAR DARKNESS.

At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years into a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year"? Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there is some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright; for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour, if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid

THE HEAVENLY DAYBREAK.

O Death! I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth! Fly, thou despoiler of families! With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague! O Grave, I will be thy destruction!" To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every home He went into; and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our gloe! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity! Talk not about banks dashed with effluence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken-hearted men and women,

how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your diaquietude here, saying: "You have suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven!" Some one went into a house where there had been a great deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to

THE ETERNAL BALM

of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad, how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her face, and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

GOWNS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

The Directoire Pronounced the Best That has Been Devised.

The present style of the Directoire suit is probably the most hygienic dress that has ever been worn by women. The absence of full drapery and the plain skirts prevent it from encumbering the limbs, and relieve it from the unnecessary weight which has been so serious an objection to the old styles.

The custom of making many of these dresses without pockets is not a necessary one. Two of the pockets referred to in the articles entitled "Talks about Health," is of the Directoire style. Four of these pockets are inserted in the vest in the same manner as pockets are made in gentlemen's vests. Two are in the upper part of the vest, one for the watch, and the other for a pencil. The owner of this dress has had occasion many times to exclaim, "Oh! what a comfort that pencil pocket is to me. I never before could find my pencil. Two of the pockets referred to are placed in the lower part of the vest to be used for car tickets and small articles. In the back drapery are inserted two oblong pockets, the openings of which are drawn together by elastic cord. One of these is found most useful as a receptacle for a memorandum book, the other for a card case. Under one of the panels on the right side is inserted a long pocket to be used for the handkerchief and purse; and on the other side, hidden also by one of the panels, can be placed another pocket for keys and other articles that are not needed for immediate use.

It is to be hoped that this style of dress, the Directoire, will not be of the ephemeral nature of many others, but will be generally adopted by business women, with the improvement in the way of pockets which we have suggested. There is a cry going out through the land from the lips of self-supporting women against the bondage of fashionable dress. It is, indeed, a matter of great importance that a dress shall be worn by business women which shall combine all the artistic features of a fashionable dress with the comforts and conveniences required.

The annoyances that have been caused by non-hygienic dresses heretofore in vogue are only fully appreciated by the self-supporting woman who finds herself constantly hampered by them. That women have been successful while struggling with such difficulties is an unanswerable argument in favor of their physical endurance; but whatever success those of remarkable intellect can attain under such circumstances, the ordinary woman cannot expect to get tilting on the road to success with shoes which give her the appearance of having club feet, with waists reduced to two-thirds their natural proportions, and without pockets in which to carry the articles which business life requires. We should be glad to receive suggestions in short paragraphs of our note to business dresses for women.—From the Business Woman's Journal.

SUBJECTS EXHAUSTED. — Little Alice—"Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs. Blank don't get pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma. Ain't her call most over?" Little Dick—"I guess so. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, and there is only the nurse and the janitor left."

"JOHNNY, will you have some vegetables?" "No, thank you, aunt; the medicine mamma brought home last week is purely vegetable—that is what it says on the label—and if you know how awful that tastes you would know why I never want anything to do with vegetables."

We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones. A wise man handicapped with ignorance is not more unfortunate than the natural fool handicapped with limited knowledge. No revenge is more heroic than that which torments an enemy by doing good.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY AUGUST 18, 1894.

Saul Rejected by the Lord. LESSON TEXT. (1 Sam. 15: 10-23. Memory verses, 22, 23.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Obedience and Disobedience.

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

LESSON TOPIC: Disobedience Punished.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. Saul's Transgression, vs. 10-15. 2. Saul's Condemnation, vs. 16-21. 3. Saul's Punishment, vs. 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT: Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.—1 Sam. 15: 23.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23. Disobedience punished. T.—1 Sam. 13: 1-23. Saul's early deeds as king. W.—1 Sam. 14: 1-23. Saul's early deeds as king. T.—1 Sam. 14: 24-52. Saul's deeds and kindred. F.—1 Sam. 15: 1-9. Saul sent to destroy Amalek. S.—Num. 16: 1-35. Disobedience punished. S.—Jonah 1: 1-17. Disobedience punished.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. SAUL'S TRANSGRESSION.

I. As Stated by the Lord: He... hath not performed my commandments (11). None devoted... shall be ransomed; he shall surely be put to death (Lev. 27: 29). Thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord (1 Sam. 13: 13). Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy (1 Sam. 15: 3). Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best (1 Sam. 15: 9). II. As Discovers by Samuel: What meanest then this... which I hear? (14). God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants (Gen. 44: 16). Behold your sin will find out (Num. 32: 22). Samuel rose early to meet Saul (1 Sam. 15: 12). There is nothing covered up, that shall not be revealed (Luk. 12: 2). III. As Acknowledged by Saul: The people spared the best... the rest we... destroyed (15). She gave me of the tree, and I did eat (Gen. 3: 12). Every thing that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed (1 Sam. 15: 9). The people took of the spoil... to sacrifice unto the Lord (1 Sam. 15: 21). Our sins testify against us (Isa. 59: 11). I. "It repenteth me." Repentance with the Lord: (1) Its nature; (2) Its causes; (3) Its consequences. 2. "Samuel was wroth." Righteous indignation: (1) occasions; (2) Its expressions; (3) Its limitations. 3. "The rest we have utterly destroyed." (1) God's order; (2) Saul's reservation.—(1) Partial obedience; (2) Complete failure.

II. SAUL'S CONDEMNATION.

I. God an Accuser: I will tell what the Lord hath said (16). The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me (Gen. 4: 10). Saul... is turned back from following me (2 Sam. 15: 11). He cannot answer him one of a thousand (Job 9: 3). I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers (Mal. 3: 5). II. Thoroughness a Duty: God and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites (18). I will utterly blot out the remembrance of Amalek (Exod. 17: 14). Thou shalt blot out... Amalek from under heaven (Deut. 25: 19). Do them with all thine heart, and with all thy soul (Deut. 26: 16). Do it with thy might (Ecc. 9: 10). III. Impenitence a Sin: Yea, I have obeyed... But the people took of the spoil (20, 21). Whosoever... shall break one... shall be called least (Matt. 5: 19). Cursed is every one which continueth not in all things (Gal. 3: 10). Keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point... guilty (Jas. 2: 10). 1. "Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said." (1) The Lord's representative; (2) The Lord's offender; (3) The Lord's message. 2. "Wherefore then didst thou not obey?" (1) Disobedience charged; (2) Vindication sought. 3. "I have obeyed... But the people took..." (1) Personal fidelity claimed; (2) Popular transgression admitted.

III. SAUL'S PUNISHMENT.

I. Under God's Displeasure: Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings... as in obeying? (22). To do justice... is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice (Prov. 21: 3). I delight not in the blood of bullocks (Isa. 1: 11). The wrath of God abideth on him (John 3: 36). Rendering vengeance to them... that obey not (2 Thess. 1: 8). II. Charged with Sin: Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft (23). Ye have been rebellious against the Lord (Deut. 9: 7). I know thy rebellion, and thy stiff neck (Deut. 31: 27). He added rebellion unto his sin (Job 34: 37). Hold them guilty, O God... they have rebelled (Psa. 5: 10). III. Rejected as King: He hath also rejected thee from being king (23). Now thy kingdom shall not continue (1 Sam. 13: 14). It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king (1 Sam. 15: 11). The Lord hath rejected thee from being king (1 Sam. 15: 26).

The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee (1 Sam. 15: 28).

- 1. "To obey is better than sacrifice." (1) A good way; (2) A better way; (3) The best way.—(1) The value of sacrifice; (2) The value of obedience, obedience. 2. "Thou hast rejected the word of the Lord." (1) The Lord's word; (2) The king's rebellion; (3) Revelation; (4) Rebellion; (5) Rejection. 3. "He hath also rejected thee." Saul's rejection; (1) Its basis; (2) Its results.—Rejected of God.—(1) What? (2) Why? (3) Whom?

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE DOOMED AMALEKITES.

Their founder (Gen. 36: 12). Their assault on Israel (Exod. 17: 8; Num. 24: 20, marg.). Its special virulence (Deut. 25: 17, 18). Its repulse through God (Exod. 17: 9-15). Their doom decreed (Exod. 17: 14-17). Their doom reaffirmed (Num. 24: 20; Deut. 25: 19). Their persistent hostility (Num. 14: 45; Judg. 3: 13; 6: 3; 7: 12; 10: 12; 1 Sam. 30: 1, 2; Psa. 83: 5, 7). Their destruction ordered (1 Sam. 15: 1-3). Saul spares them (1 Sam. 15: 4-9). Saul's course condemned (1 Sam. 15: 16-23; 28: 18). Their final overthrow (1 Sam. 27: 8; 30: 17, 18; 2 Sam. 1: 1; 1 Chron. 4: 43).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The renewal of the kingdom at Gilgal was attended by a remarkable sign: thunder and rain in the time of wheat harvest, which was made the occasion of further admonition by Samuel (1 Sam. 12: 16-25). The early part of the reign of Saul was marked by a victory over the Philistines (1 Sam. 13: 1-4), but this only led to a renewed attack on their part (vs. 5-7). While waiting for Samuel, Saul presumptuously offered sacrifice himself, for which he was rebuked by Samuel, and the end of his dynasty foretold (vs. 8-14). There follows an account of the little band of Israelites and their unarméd condition (vs. 15-23). Chapter 14 contains an account of the remarkable adventure of Jonathan and his armor-bearer, which resulted in the defeat of the great host of the Philistines (vs. 1-16). Saul and his band, joined by others as they went continued the battle, under a curse from Saul if any tasted food. Jonathan unwittingly disobeyed, and afterwards the whole host ate of the captured beasts with the blood (vs. 17-35). Seeking Divine counsel, Saul delayed pursuit, and disobedience of Jonathan; but the people would not allow him to be put to death (vs. 36-45). A general description of the wars of Saul is then given (vs. 47-52).

The lesson is immediately preceded by an account of the command of Samuel to smite Amalek, and of the victory and disobedience of Saul. The place of the lesson was Gilgal, though Samuel probably came from Ramah. The time is altogether uncertain. Usher fixes it at B. C. 1079, in the fifteenth or seventeenth year of Saul's reign. It was probably after the birth of David, who was thirty years old when he began to reign (B. C. 1055 or 1059).

City or Country.

"Which is the better place to bring up a child in, the city or the country?" "Something depends upon the child, very much upon the parents, and not a little upon the circumstances under which the bringing up must be done. In the matter of health and the formation of a sound physical and moral constitution—which is the most important thing of all—a country life is undoubtedly the better, other things being equal. By "other things," we mean food, clothing and care. Many country children grow up thin, and scrawny, diseased, through lack of proper food and the ignorance or inattention of their parents as to the laws of health, while many city children are plump, rosy and healthy, as the result of constant, intelligent care in their rearing. But the country air and freedom are as natural and almost as necessary for the normal development of children as for the proper rearing of colts. Country bred children learn, too, facts about nature and men and industries and our republican institutions and the true democratic spirit, which are denied to city children. Happy is the man or woman whose early years are spent in "God's country," and who was so constituted and so situated as to receive the full benefit of the privilege.—N. Y. World.

Ambitious to be Stout.

There seems to be an opinion prevailing in some quarters that ladies do not like to be stout. It is known that this is a mistake. Any number of physicians in New York will tell you that many ladies undergo a special diet to make them stout. They do not stop this diet even after their figures have assumed pronounced proportions. They say they like to be chubby and round and palpitating. The favorite mixture of these ladies is a home-made decoction called "Dope." It must be taken three times a day certainly, and some ladies who like the drink take it more often. "Dope" is condensed milk and hot water—a teaspoonful of the milk to a goblet of the water.

Dr. A. Ernst, of Caracas, Venezuela, cites two severe earthquakes in that vicinity as instances of the remarkable influence of the soil on the destruction of buildings by such shocks. In each case the houses built on rocks were ruined, while those standing on a thick stratum of loose material were scarcely injured.

According to Grant Allen, almost all very early or primitive types of animals or plants yet existing belong to one or other of three peculiar habitats: islands, fresh water streams or lakes and caves.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of earth, earthy.