

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject—"The City Streets."

TEXT: "Wisdom crieth without: she utteth her voice in the streets."—Prov. 1, 20. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountains, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the choir, and the instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a preacher in snow, denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voice of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there not things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there not tafts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and thorn, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I trust in the streets because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she utteth her voice in the streets."

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every morning the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and a rush with traffickers. One in a hundred will find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets, they are bent to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You find men who are bent to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You find men who are bent to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment.

But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shames known to the world. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes, how many watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats endured, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what death! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitude went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This is the life of humanity, and goes down the street as a rapid, tossed and turned, and dashed ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confusion in its beauty. In the carpet of humanity, the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose coast towses the tangled foam, springing the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Oh! how many a hand is burned, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the iron dagger will have nothing to do with the wild copperwood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soil. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach, with wheel clothes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets weak sickness. Homely conversation meets the refined. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and baseness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the street, and looking with patriotic admiration on the flag, that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp shooting of business life, and yet says on a victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not a mark on the patch. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I could find in the very heart of it a skeleton.

In my very best moments there is a snarl or two upon man's sweat. Oh! it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses, he is disturbed with indignation? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquakes to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. Fit the children of God are on every street, and in the day with the crowns of heaven are given to those men of the brightest will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretensions and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all the people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious bows your healthy wish, and are you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched man, who is not impressed with the fact that much of society is a sham, and that there are no subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people are natural and walk. While fops swagger, and the simpletons and ignorant few people are natural and laugh. The courtier and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while with one in the heart there is a volcano of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity and misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Eh! how many thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Eh! how many thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness in the country; but these evils chiefly concentrate in great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most equal and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer, but the man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear, "plashing on the back of his hand." He said: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the street to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up my children, and never have no schooling, sir? I don't want to read, sir, I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your money, and if you are not willing to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along, you be trampled under the wheels of the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter day, the man who was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl, seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for in the cold days?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear, though I am gone, I will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come. O yes, they are waiting for me. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and shouting for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, you reach that blessed place. A great army of those conquerors, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never sweep and they never toll. A river flows through that city, with rounded banks and luxuriant banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed heralds rattle over that pavement, for they are never seen. The immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by a multitude which no man can number. Rank above rank, host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions of blessed angels, all the hosts of heaven, enter through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it to-day. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take ye up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng, marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and there were twelve pearls."

A tool, after it has been forged, should be so hardened or tempered that it will never want to come to the fire again until it has so worn down that it requires forging. This saves the time lost in a second hardening; and it avoids the damage always done to the cutting power by rehardening without forging.

Leather chair-seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of an egg. Leather bindings of books may also be cleaned by this method. White Roman bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated with soap.

Mr. A. Stanley Williams reports that an examination of the head of the comet Pons-Brooks, with a power of 110, revealed a central point brighter than any of the rest. At times nearly the whole of the head was sprinkled with spots or condensations, but none of them equaled in intensity the brightness of the central one.

"Haga."

Translated from the German, by R. E. ABBEY.

Haga was the most beautiful maiden in Falsterbo. When she stood upon the sand dunes which a century ago had been the site of the former sea had made between her and the little town which she hated. When she permitted her dark eyes to sweep over to Joroen, when the wind turned her dress and blew her blond hair around her white forehead—then one might think one of Wotan's fair daughters kept a lookout over the ever raging waves; which sometimes deposited the wreck of a ship, sometimes a pale man, on the dunes. How softly she said this, how noiselessly she showed her victims upon the bright sands, then how cowardly she withdrew, as if she had no part in the misery whose traces she left behind. How the waves ran to and fro and hissed, and pressed upon each other, laughing over the washing up of what they had previously in mighty anger destroyed. The people in Falsterbo knew the sea, they feared it; for it took from them often their dearest—they loved it too; for it was their existence. Those who lived in the little town were brought up on the sea. It was the store room, the work shop, the recreation preserve of the people of Falsterbo and it was to them, whatever it had done in its furthest reaches, the best friend. Without the sea there would be no Falsterbo, indeed the once powerful Falsterbo resembles now a great town superannated. It has indeed become still, in the old Hansatown in which once the bustle of the beautiful market reigned. The sea-sand lies deep in its streets, the houses slowly sink down in it. Its inhabitants belong to the most silent of men. They dream and listen. In Falsterbo one knew but one way to reckon time. The storm floods were their beginning and terminus. "Steina died before the last Spring flood." "At the time of the flood which bore away the followers—"

Thus they reckon time in Falsterbo. The pale flame of the light tower trembled on the waves and laid dimly upon the jagged cliffs of Falsterbo channel. In the heavens hung bright edged, ragged clouds and it seemed as if the moon performed a wild dance, as its light came and went fitfully. The sea roared and the coast trembled. Haga Brigrern stood on the beach. Anxiously she looked out into the dark. Between the pale lights which leaped up and down with the waves, appeared now and then a red light. Klas Andersen is out there, the man to whom she was promised as a bride by her dying mother.

Not long ago the feeling of duty drove Haga out on the beach when Klas did not return at the usual time. Haga had never loved Klas. She feared his roughness. She hated his meanness. She had asked no questions regarding his money. If he was rich, she would be his wife; if he was poor, she would be his wife; if he was dead, she would be his wife. But she hated him, first with full consciousness, when Jerusohn Krasenstierna came home. A boy he had left home three years before, and now, several weeks ago, had returned a magnificent man. Klas had never loved Haga. She feared his roughness. She hated his meanness. She had asked no questions regarding his money. If he was rich, she would be his wife; if he was poor, she would be his wife; if he was dead, she would be his wife. But she hated him, first with full consciousness, when Jerusohn Krasenstierna came home. A boy he had left home three years before, and now, several weeks ago, had returned a magnificent man. Klas had never loved Haga. She feared his roughness. She hated his meanness. She had asked no questions regarding his money. If he was rich, she would be his wife; if he was poor, she would be his wife; if he was dead, she would be his wife. But she hated him, first with full consciousness, when Jerusohn Krasenstierna came home.

How long? She knew not. At last Haga tore herself loose. Pale, they looked each other in the face, for the space of a moment then Jerusohn Krasenstierna ran to his boat. Haga's eyes stared in the direction where now and then came from the height and depth of the water, a reddish light. Klas lived. Haga sighed, released from heavy torment, still Klas lived. Haga was still with him. A wild cry sounded across the water. A cheering call answered it. Haga sank upon her knees. The red light disappeared. Perhaps after an hour, perhaps after an eternity, who knows? Jerusohn returned. He was as red from intense labor as was Haga white from terror. "Come," he said with a rough voice, and looking one side. "Go," she answered passionately, with eyes staring before her into the darkness, which would now and forever be hers. Alone, each went home. Noiselessly the sea lay Klas Andersen upon the dunes. The winter passing the pine tree on the sand and the heater at its foot took on a new growth. The white immortelles rustling lightly, pressed each other closely. The grayish blue, high stemmed beach thistles stretched themselves upward, they wished to see Jerusohn Krasenstierna once more. He sprang into his boat, the blood-red sea-wrack rustled under its keel. Jerusohn's eyes wandered sadly over the beach. They did not find Haga.

Ten years have passed. One gloomy autumn day the people of Falsterbo assembled in the church yard. Each carried a shovel, for the storm during the night had again covered with sand the graves of their loved ones. Sullenly, silently, sadly they uncovered their graves. It grew dark early, and early the church yard was deserted. In one corner still knelt a woman. She prayed devoutly. Between times she cleared the grave, raised the ivy leaves and shook the sand from the evergreen bushes. She did not observe that a

man approached her. The sand in the path muffled the sound of his steps. The wind that rustled in the poplars allowed up his sigh. Presently he raised his head, presently he stretched forth his arms. "Haga!" he cried tremblingly. She lifted her head and raised her arms while a slight shiver passed over her face. For the space of a moment it was as if both pressed toward each other over the mound, then Haga's arms fell, her face was still as before. "God greet you, Jerusohn Krasenstierna," she said softly.

"So! in such a manner you receive me," he cried. "Have we not indeed atoned sufficiently, if there was upon the whole anything to atone for," he added sorrowfully. She looked at him filled with grief. "Go!" she said sadly. "Go Jerusohn, go, we can no more be happy with each other. This grave separates us forever." Jerusohn's eyes grew dark, he pressed his hands together. "Go!" she said again, softly. Then he turned away and went with uneven steps, between the graves, ascended the sand dunes which surrounded the church yard and was soon lost in twilight. Meanwhile, he went faster and still faster, taking painful leave, step by step of home and hope.

Haga, praying, knelt on the grave of Klas Andersen. The poplars trembled, the night wind sighed, the sound of the sea was heard across the sand dunes. Haga Brigrern and Jerusohn Krasenstierna never saw each other's faces again.

A Want of Tact. We hear about man's inhumanity to man, but nothing about women's inhumanity. It is astonishing how much bitterness has been caused by almost unimportant rudeness. An exchange puts the matter in its true light when it says:—"Women stab each other daily in conversation without intending to be malicious." Tact is, perhaps, the rarest and most valuable of gifts. She who has it can get on happily without any beauty and almost without brains. She who has it cannot get on at all without constant attrition. She hurts where she would heal, and wonders at the resentment that follows her well-meant efforts. There are several "Don'ts" which should be considered whenever two or more women are gathered together. For instance: Don't say to a friend "How stout you are growing." No woman likes to be told that she is growing or has grown stout. If it be a fact, she is doubtless well aware of it and anxious to keep others from discovering it. You would not think of saying to her, "How ugly you are growing!" yet what you have said is of very much the same nature, for most women consider any approach to stoutness as so many steps taken in the direction of the loss of beauty.

If you are really polite you will do all in your power to turn your friend's thoughts from any distressing or annoying channel. Don't say "How thin you are!" either for both women and men loathe to be told that they are either stout or thin. Unless you can say "How well you are looking!" it were better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend. Don't tell a friend who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger in that than in anything you have ever seen her wear. That is at best but a dubious compliment. You mean it to be flattering, but it is equivalent to saying, "All your other gowns are unbecoming and make you look old." No woman wants one garment praised at the expense of every other that she possesses. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably have no such thought.

If you should notice a bit of black coat-plaster on a friend's cheek, don't try to be witty by pointing to it and asking her if she has been fighting. Nothing could be less delicate. It forces her to speak about it, and that certainly cannot be agreeable to her. She knows it is there, certainly, or it would not be there, hence it is superfluous as well as offensive to speak of it. In these days, when fair changes its color with much greater facility than the liver can change its spots, don't say to a friend if her hair was not lighter or darker some years ago when you first knew her. Such a question may be embarrassing to her, and may force her to explain what is entirely her own affair. Whatever pertains to one's toilet is of a strictly private nature and the well bred stranger or friend intermeddles not.

When elderly persons are present don't tell how you dread and hate the thought of old age. Don't introduce subjects of conversation which could prove offensive to anyone present. In society, though you have beauty, grace, wealth and learning, and have not tact—you have nothing.

"Lady doctors" are a great success in India. Not only have the native women proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant upon medical studies, but they have in some cases succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the Northwest provinces and the Punjab all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a rigorous examination, as we hear has been the case, little can be said against their power of skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches of the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine, if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proved themselves superior to male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in application, power of reasoning and resource. The fact that much of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.

The darkest day, to-morrow will have passed away.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 1893.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

HOME READINGS.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

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

I. SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3: 10.

II. THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.—1 Sam. 3: 13.

III. SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isa. 1: 16, 17.

IV. ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

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.

V. SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.—Prov. 8: 15.

VI. SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.—1 Sam. 12: 24.

VII. SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

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

VIII. THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16: 7.

IX. DAVID AND GOLIATH.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8: 31.

X. DAVID AND JONATHAN.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18: 24.

XI. DAVID SPARING SAUL.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12: 21.

XII. DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.—Psa. 34: 16.

REVIEW BIBLE LIGHTS.

Superintendent: whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the scriptures we might have hope (Rom. 15: 4).

Lesson 1.—Superintendent: And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down; and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel (1 Sam. 3: 8-10).

Scholars: Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth (1 Sam. 3: 10).

Teachers: He that hath ears to hear, let him hear (Matt. 11: 15).

All: I will hear what God the Lord will speak (Psa. 85: 8).

Lesson 2.—Superintendent: And he that brought the tidings answered and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken. And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died (1 Sam. 4: 17, 18).

Scholars: His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not (1 Sam. 3: 13).

Teachers: A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him (Prov. 17: 25).

All: O let me not wander from your commandments (Psa. 119: 10).

Lesson 3.—Superintendent: And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your heart, then put away the strange gods and the Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines (1 Sam. 7: 3).

Scholars: Cease to do evil; learn to do well (Isa. 1: 16, 17).

Teachers: If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land (Isa. 1: 19).

All: The Lord our God will we serve, and unto his voice will we hearken (Josh. 24: 24).

Lesson 4.—Superintendent: And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not be king over them (1 Sam. 8: 7).

Scholars: 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).

Teachers: The Lord is king forever and ever (Psa. 10: 16).

All: He is Lord of lords, and King of kings (Rev. 17: 14).

Lesson 5.—Superintendent: Now the Lord had revealed unto Samuel a day before Saul came, saying, To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be prince over my people Israel, and he shall save my people out of the hand of the Philistines: for I have looked upon my people, because their cry is come unto me (1 Sam. 9: 15, 16).

Scholars: By me kings reign, and princes decree justice (Prov. 8: 15).

Teachers: The powers that be are ordained of God (Rom. 13: 1).

be against you, as it was against your fathers (1 Sam. 12: 14, 15).

Scholars: Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you (1 Sam. 12: 24).

Teachers: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge (Prov. 1: 7).

All: Unite my heart to fear thy name (Psa. 86: 11).

Lesson 7.—Superintendent: And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as idolatry and terrorism (1 Sam. 15: 22, 23).

Scholars: Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king (1 Sam. 15: 23).

Teachers: But now the Lord saith, ... They that despise me I will honour, and they that honour me shall be lightly esteemed (1 Sam. 2: 30).

All: My mouth shall be filled with thy praise, and with thy honour all the day (Psa. 71: 8).

Lesson 8.—Superintendent: And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon. And the Lord said, Arise, and anoint him: for this is the one (1 Sam. 16: 11, 12).

Scholars: Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (1 Sam. 16: 7).

Teachers: Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God (Matt. 5: 8).

All: Create in me a clean heart, O God (Psa. 55: 10).

Lesson 9.—Superintendent: And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth (1 Sam. 17: 48, 49).

Scholars: If God be for us, who can be against us? (Rom. 8: 31).

Teachers: Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world (Matt. 28: 20).

All: The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge (Psa. 46: 11).

Lesson 10.—Superintendent: And Jonathan said unto David, the Lord, the God of Israel, be witness; when I have sounded my father about this time to-morrow, or the third day, behold, if there be good toward David, shall I not then send unto thee, and disclose it unto thee? Also, should it please my father to do thee evil, if I disclose it not unto thee, and send thee away, then thou mayest go in peace; and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father (1 Sam. 20: 12, 13).

Scholars: There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother (Prov. 18: 24).

Teachers: Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not (Prov. 27: 10).

All: Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God (Ruth 1: 16).

Lesson 11.—Superintendent: And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil (1 Sam. 24: 16, 17).

Scholars: Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good (Rom. 12: 21).

Teachers: Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you (Matt. 5: 44).

All: God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Rom. 5: 8).

Lesson 12.—Superintendent: So Saul died, and his three sons, and his army-bearer, and all his men, that same day together. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were beyond Jordan, saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities, and fled; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them (1 Sam. 31: 6, 7).

Scholars: The face of the Lord is against them that do evil (Psa. 34: 16).

Teachers: Evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land (Psa. 37: 9).

All: Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me (Psa. 19: 13).

I New York women are allowed to practice at the bar, but the legal schools are not open to them, while in Zurich they are free to study law alongside the men and are admitted to all the legal degrees, but find aimless obstacles in the way of establishing a practice after they have graduated. And Dr. Kempin, having graduated with honors, found it necessary to come to New York to make a practice for herself. Being a graduate of another university, the University of New York was obliged to admit her to their lectures, where she has familiarized herself with American law, having been perfectly familiar with the language before she arrived, and is now prepared to teach law in the new school. She is already beginning to build up a practice here, and the Swiss in New York come to her to have their wills drawn up and to get advice on questions of international law.

Direct electric lighting of one of the trains of the District Railway between Kensington and Putney, England, is stated to be very successful. The light is not only superior to that obtained from oil or gas, but is reported to cost only two-thirds that of the latter.

Dr. Languis recommends potassium dichromate as an exceedingly useful deodorizer and disinfecting agent. He considers it would be of great use in the treatment of diseases due to microbes.