The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject : "What Trouble is For."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. preached to an overflowing congregation as the Brooklyn Academy of Music Before preaching he said that a mistaken action was abroad that the insurance on his lestroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Taberacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8000 I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a \$100,000 if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it will be done.

TEXT: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii., 17. Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied was it is in God's exact and golden sunjight. prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David abeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's 'ears, and the harvest of joy that is to tpring from the sowing of tears. God nixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the moment when they are born, and as; the place of their grave. Tears of bad mea are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the fune. In summer, you sometimes hear the frowling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble

bright around us there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears! What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might tave a perpetual nor wester? Why when a samily is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and ily record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation: but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a sourced life, the wiperine sting of a bitter memory, the frag-ments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution. Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cush-ioned and upholstered and pillared and chandelicred with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and and Raphaels here that I haven't

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own orld. How then are we to be made willing beave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the hings, I would like to breathe it. If there Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate is attic, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly, may have he changed Genesis for Revelation? All he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation? And he he so there is a some where he reads Genesis once. The times now where he reads Genesis once the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story. "I new a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelations is a prospectus now of the country into which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planced and massions built.

The thought of that thessed place comes over me mightly, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were planced and massions built.

The thought of that thessed place comes over me mightly, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were planted and massions built.

The thought of that thessed place comes over me mightly, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all into glory with one stroke, holding on the the side of the planted to take the responsibility and launch to the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch to the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch to the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility of the p is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said: "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are

better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the rains soon enough. reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men! Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers fore a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautifully tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest praying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remem-

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "O God, save us?" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the s, shoreless, bottomless ocean of

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of Go mly. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

well, having failed everywhere, com-pletely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this finan-cial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, prece heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when

counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, as will I comfort you." It is to there we have so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have

ais ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young

house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perurbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the lance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree by Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the ears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one trop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes. You know on a well spread table the food comes more delicate at the last. I have ed you to-day with the bread of consolation.
Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper tea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The short-est verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief, Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noaway all tears from your eyes. I have no-ticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have no-ticed that when the children get hurt and

ticed that when the children get burt and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? shall rush pasts, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string, the river of gladness saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's

Why should I wish to linger in the wild, When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child? If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their aves."

glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphial march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! parting here and reunion there. Together Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber are to the same house.

as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saypatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my old over to my old to

love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

the eternal year of God!

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halleluiah.

lujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exuit at the thought that soon it is

There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus's feet. A Suggestion to the Advertiser.

You must expect for what you get
A tussle long and steady;
The sticks you throw about the top
Don't make the ripe persimmons drop,
When some one else has bagged the crop,
While you were making ready.
——Lippincott.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Annie Besant, the Socialist, one of the most discussed of English women, whom half London adores and the other alf shudders at as a dangerous element in society; an alien to state and creed, s perhaps coming to New York this winter. It is her present intention to devote some months, beginning perhaps in December, to a study of the condition of American working women, particularly in the mill towns of New York and New England, and to visit Kansas, observing the social situation in those peculiarly enterprising little cities which are run by feminine officials. Mrs. Besant is a woman of a highly sensitive organization, and the work of editing the Link, a labor pa per published in London, together with lecture engagements the year round and attention to her duties as a member of the School Board for London, has not been sufficient to keep her mind from dwelling on her separation from her children, and the American tour has been planned by her friends to avert a breakdown in health by a total change of scene. Mrs. Besant is a sister-in-law of Walter Besant, the novelist. Since her election to the School Board by East London, which idolizes her, she has directed the education of the little people of the world's metropolis while denied the privilege of so much as seeing her own. Those who are invited to meet her this winter will see a tall, slender woman, with an expressive face, whose sweet mouth, large eyes and dark, wavy hair would be beautiful if every feature did not speak of loss, was not so sad. The last time I saw her she wore a gown of dull-gold silk cut in quaint resthetic style.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL is one of the women who may be present at the first annual convention of the Women's Council of America, to be held in Wash-ington next April. Miss Faithful is much interested in projects which have been formed from time to time of colonizing some of Britain's superfluous women in the Western States and Territories, and one of the objects of her proposed visit is said to be to look into he promise of such a scheme by examlabor. She will probably speak on the industrial outlook for women at the convention. Miss Faithfull has lived since her return five years ago from her wanderings in Colorado and California in an unpretending tenement in a depressing street of Plymouth Grove, one of the least pretentious suburbs of Manchester. Charlotte Robinson, who is home art decorator by special appointment to the Queen, is her housemate, and has carefully planned the cozy study which is a combination of library and drawing-room.

EDWARD BELLAMY 18, writes the Liter-

ary News, a resident and native of Springfield's charming neighbor, the quiet village of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he occupies with his family the house on Church street that was for many years the house of his father, the late Rev. R. K. Bellamy, for thirty-five years pastor of the Baptist church. He is a direct descendant of without one torn bank; the solferinos and the | the eminent theologian of the Revolu tionary period, Dr. Joseph Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Ct., who was the preceptor of Aaron Burr. His maternal grandfather was Rev. Benjamin Putnam, one of the earliest pastors of the Baptist church in this city. Edward was born in 1850 and received a careful education, ncluding a partial course at Union Colege and a year of study in Germany. He studied law also, and is a member of the Hampden county bar. In 1871 he began a journalistic career on the staff of the New York Evening Post. Thirty or forty stories by Mr. Bellamy have appeared in the old Scribner's, Appletons' Journal, the Century, Lippin-cott's, the Atlantic, and other maga-zines. Personally Mr. Bellamy is said to be attractive in presence, cordial and frank in bearing and conversation, an easy talker, a pleasant companion, and a kind friend. He tells us that "Looking Backward," although in form a fanciful romance, is intended, in all seriousness, as a forecast in accordance with the principles of evolution of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country, and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand and that the full day will swiftly follow. Does this seem at first incredible in view of the vastness of the changes presupposed? "What is the teaching of history," asks the author, "but that great national transformations, while ages of unnoticed preparation, when once inaugurated, are accomplished with a rapidity and resistless momentum proportioned to their magnitude, not limited by it."

A Photographic Feat.

One of the most remarkable feats of photography on record is the photographing the terrible explosion at Antwerp, or, if not the explosion, the immense cloud of smoke produced at the moment. The current number of La Nature gives an illustration copied from a photograph of the kuge cloud that shot up in the air, roughly in shape like an inverted Florence flask, when the explosion occurred. It has been estimated as being 1700 or 1800 feet across and, according to the journal quoted, the cloud remained motionless or about a quarter of an hour, preserving the form recorded by the photograph. It seems very remarkable that just at the instant some one should have been ready with camera and plate, and quick whitted enough, notwithstanding the shock, to secure the view in time. The author of the negative is given as M. L. Van Neck.—British Journal of Photography.

-IT WAS FUNNY .- Burglar: "What see this gun?" Awakened farmer: "I was laughing

to see you bunt in the dark for the money I can't find io broad daylight." -To expect a man to be as much of just as reasonable as to expect a half-

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1339. David's Grief for Absalom.

LESSON TEXT. @ Sam. 18: 18-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Prosperity and Adversity.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.-2 Chron. 26: 5.

LESSON TOPIC: The Bitterness of Parental Grief. LESSON OUTLINE:

1. A Wicked Son's End, vs. 18-23.
2. A Loving Father's Distress, vs. 24-30.
3. A Bereaved Father's Bitterness, vs. 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT: A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.—Prov. 17:25.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

Should cleanse their way (Psa. 119:9). M.-2 Sam. 18:18-33. The bitter-Should manifest sobriety (Eccl. 11:9; ness of parental grief. Should praise God (Psa. 148: 12, 13). T.-2 Sam. 17:1-14. Counter-plotting against Absalom. W.-2 Sam. 17: 15-29. David in peril. T.—2 Sam. 18: 1-17. Absalom's final battle. F.-2 Sam. 19: 1-23. David's return desired. S.-2 Sam. 19: 24-43. David's return welcomed. S .- 2 Sam. 22 : 1-51. Praises for deliverance.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. A WICKED SON'S END. I. His Name Cut Off:

I have no son to keep my name in remembrance (18). Unto Absalom there were born three sons (2 Sam. 14:27). Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever (Psa. 9:5).

Let his posterity be cut off (Psa. 109 ining personally the market for women's | The name of the wicked shall rot (Prov. 10:7).

II: His Crimes Punished: The Lord hath avenged him of his enemies (19). He will avenge the blood of his servants (Deut. 32: 43). The Lord avenge me of thee (1 Sam. 24:12). He will avenge them speedily (Luke 18:8). I will recompense, saith the Lord (Rom. 12:19).

III. His Death Assured:

The king's son is dead (20). Behold, I saw Absalom hanging in an oak (2 Sam. 18: 10). Ten young men ... smote Absalom, and to lead at once in pursuit of David; slew him (2 Sam. 18: 15). They . . . cast him into the great pit in the forest (2 Sam. 18: 17).

Absalom...is dead in battle (2 Sam.

"The king's son is dead." David's charge; (2) Joab's deed; (3) Absalom's death. -- Absalom (1) In rebellion; (2) In peril; (3) In death. "Wherefore wilt thou run?" The runner's ambition; (2) The soldier's expostulation; (3) The 17) runner's persistence; (4) The sol-

dier's consent. II. A LOVING FATHER'S DISTRESS.

Waiting in Anxiety: Now David sat between the two gates

Why is his chariot so long in coming? (Judg. 5: 28). Eli sat...by the way side watching: for his heart trembled (1 Sam. 4: 13). I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate (Esther 5: 13). They let go four anchors, . . . and wish-

ed for the day (Acts 27: 29). II. Hoping Against Hope: He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings (27). He looked ... and, lo, the smoke of the

land went up (Gen. 19: 28). Hope deferred maketh the heart sick (Prov. 13: 12). Nevertheless the men rowed hard to get them back (Jonah 1: 13).

Who in hope believed against hope (Rom. 4: 18). III. Burdened for Absalom: Is it well with the young man Absa-

Deal gently for my sake with the young field. man (2 Sam. 18: 5). Beware that none touch the young man Absalom (2 Sam. 18: 12). Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord (Psa. 103: 13).

lom? (29).

His father saw him and was moved with compassion (Luke 15: 20). "David sat between the two gates." (1) The anxious king; (2) The ex pectant attitude; (3) The painful

2. "All is well." (1) Congratulation from Ahimaaz; (2) Sorrow for the king .- (1) Good for Israel; (2) Woe

3. "Is it well with the young man Absalom?" (1) Parental solicitude: (2) Supreme · concern.--(1) The venerable king; (2) The rebellious youth; (3) The deep concern. III. A BEREAVED FATHER'S BITTERNESS.

I. The Sad Story: All that rise up against thee, ... be as that young man is (32). Saul and Jonathan his son are dead (2 Sam. 1:4). It fell upon the young men, and they were dead (Job 1: 19).

Thy daughter is dead (Mark 5: 35). Lazarus is dead (John 11: 14). II. The Bitter Tears: The king was much moved,...,and Mine eye poureth out tears (Job 16:

I water my couch with my tears (Psa. are you laughing at, you fool? Do you Mine eyes a fountain of tears (Jer. 6: Rachel weeping for her children (Matt. 2: 18).

III. The Woful Lament: Would God I had died for thee! (33). a man without a wife as with one, is If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book (Exod, 32: 32). finished house to be as beautiful as a The king covered his face, and . . . cried recognition has been extended there to with a loud voice (2 Sam. 19; 4).

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me (Psa. 88: 18). My God, my God, why hast thou for-

saken me? (Matt. 27: 46). 1. "Tidings for my lord the king," (1) The messenger; (2) The king; (3) The message. 2. "The enemies of my lord the king

... be as that young man is." (1) The young man's condition; (2) The Cushite's prayer .- (1) A report implied; (2) A desire expressed. "Would God I haddi ed for thee!" (1) The bereaved king; (2) The overwhelming grief; (3) The willing sacrifice.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

YOUNG MEN. Objects of special interest (1 John 2: 13, 14). Objects of solicitude (2 Sam. 18:5, 29, 32; Zech. 2:4). As soldiers (Gen. 14:24; 1 Sam. 26: 22; 2 Sam. 18:15). As messengers (Exod. 24:5; Num. 11: 27; Acts 23:16, 17). As workers (Joel 2:28; Acts 2:17). Prosper by industry (1 Kings 11:28).

Titus 2 : 6).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS. - David hears of the revolt. He withdraws from Jerusalem, partly to spare the city, and partly under a sense of God's judgment. A body-guard of soldiers attends him, many of them foreigners, and most of them men who had been with him in Gath.

At Beth-merhak (so the Rev. Ver., with the marginal translation, "at the Far House") David seeks to dismiss Ittai the Gittite; but he refuses to leave him. Beyond the brook Kidron the ark is brought by Zadok and the Levites; but David sends it back, at the same time arranging to receive tidings from the city through the priests. On the Mount of Olives he hears of the treason of Ahithophel, and prays that his counsel may be brought to nought. On the summit of the mount he meets Hushai, his friend, and desires him to join Absalom, in order to defeat Ahithophel (2 Sam. 15: 13-37). On the other side of the mountain, Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth, appears with a present of provisions. Belying his master, he is promised by David the property of Mephibosheth. At Bahurim, probably not far from the main road to the Jordan, Shimei assails the fugitives with stones and curses; but David will not allow him to be punished (2 Sam. 16:1-14).

Absalom arrives at Jerusalem, probably on the same day, receives Hushai, and, on the advice of Ahithophel, commits a public and abhorrent crime (2 Sam. 16: 15-23). Ahithophel proposes but Hushai advises a general levy of the nation, to be led to battle by Ab-salom himself. The advice of Hushai is accepted. Hushai and the priests then send word to David of Ahithop-1. "Absalom... reared up for him- hel"s plan. The messengers are purself the pillar." (1) Absalom's de- sued, but saved by the stratagem of a sire; (2) Absalom's effort; (3) Absa- woman in Bahurim. The king at once over Jordan, and Ahithoph goes home and hangs himself. David arrives at Mahanaim, the scene of the present lesson. Absalom follows, with Amasa, a cousin of Joab, as captain of his host. The chiefs of the neighborhood bring provisions to David (chap.

> The king divides his army under three captains, but is not himself allowed to go into battle. He publicly warns the leaders to spare Absalom. A decided victory is won by the king's forces, "the forest of Ephraim" aiding in the slaughter. Absalom is caught by the head (not the hair) in a great oak. Joab rebukes the man who tells of it, for not killing him. The man cites the command of the king, but Joab at once goes and slays Absalom, and then recalls his army. Absalom's body is thrown into a pit and covered with stones. The insurgent army flees (2 Sam. 18:1-17).

> PLACES.—Absalom's monument is in the Valley of the Kidron, probably on the site of the pillar referred to in verse 18, as in the king's dale. The tomb now existing is of a later date. The battle was fought between Mahanaim and the Jordan, in a forest bearing the name of Ephraim, The exact site of Mahanaim is disputed, but it was south of the brook Jabbok (Gen. 32:1,2), probably in the territory of God. David was between the inner and outer gate of the city, looking toward the battle-

> TIME. - A few months, or possibly a few weeks, after the last lesson; that is, probably about B. C. 1023 or 1025. Persons.—Absalom, Joab, Ahimaaz the son of Zadak, the Cushite (Auth. Ver., "Cushi") or Ethiopian, the watchman of Mahanaim, David.

> Incidents,-Absalom erects a memorial pillar. Ahimaaz desires to carry tidings of the victory to David; Joab sends the Cushite; Ahimaaz asks permission to follow, and out-runs the Cushite; the watchman sees him and tells the king. He then discovers the second runner; he recognizes Ahimaaz, who comes and tells of the victory, equivocating when asked about Absalom; the Cushite comes, and tells, when asked, in courtly language, that Absalom is dead; the king wails for Absa-

THE SCRAP BASKET.

-The floral campaign still goes bravely on the resultant voting up to date being 67 per cent. for the Golden-rod, for the Arbutus or May-flower 21 per cent., for the Laurel 31 per cent., for the Dandelion 3 per cent., for the Sunflower 1 per cent., for the Daisy 1 per cent., and the remaining 3; per cent. scattering.

-A monge is excellent for washing windows, and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use a soft pine stick to cleanse the accumulation of dust from the corners of the sash. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

-Miss Katie Corey, M. D., a graduate of the University of Michigan, has recently been admitted to honorary membership in the Indiana Medical society, the first time, it is stated, this