

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The House on the Wall."

TEXT: "And the young men that were with him, and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and all that she had."—Joshua vi, 25.

An enthusiastic welcome was given to Dr. Talmage at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, when he preached his first sermon after his return from the Holy Land. Every seat was occupied, and all standing room, even the spaces on the stage behind the preacher, was filled. The two opening hymns were "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and "Land Ahead." Before he began preaching, Dr. Talmage said that he was glad to reach home, and speaking of his great pleasure that the new walls were already rising, he said that he had been in the "House on the Wall." The preacher said:

When only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said: Can it be possible that this dilapidated place is Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are the habitations that stood here? Where is the great theatre from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the yucca tree that the limb which Zacharias saw when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the rams' horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene centuries ago comes back to me as though it were but yesterday.

There is a very sick and sad house in the city of Jericho. What is the matter? Is it poverty? No. What is that? Is it idleness? No. What is that? Is it a daughter who has forsaken her home? By what infernal plot was she induced to leave I know not, but they look in vain for her return. Sometimes they start up and say: "She comes!" but only to sink back again into disappointment. That is the first scene in this drama of the Bible. In a house on the wall of the city is that daughter. That is her home now. Two spies have come from the invading army to look around through Jericho and see how high the wall is taken. Yonder is the low, howl, in that dwelling on the wall of the city.

First, Rahab—for that was the name of the girl—first, Rahab secretes the two spies and gets their pursuers off the track, but after while she says to them: "I will make a bargain with you. I will save your life if you will save my life, and the life of my father and my mother, and all that are with me upon the city." Oh, she had not forgotten her home yet, you see. The wanderer never forgets home.

No sooner have the men untied the scarlet cord from their bodies than they look up and say: "You had better get all your 'trents' in this house, your father, your mother, your brothers and your sisters, and had better get them in this house. And then, after you have them here, take this scarlet cord which you have put around our bodies and tie it across the windows. That when our victorious army comes up, and sees that scarlet thread in the window, they will spare this house, and all who are in it. Shall it be so?" That is the second scene in this Bible drama. There is a knock at the door of the house. He looks out and says: "Come in, and lo! there is Rahab, the lost child, but she has no time to talk. They gather in excitement around her, and she says to them: 'I am ready to do anything you wish me to do. The army is coming! The trumpet! Make haste! Fly! The enemy?' That is the third scene in this Bible drama.

The hosts of Israel are all around about the doomed city of Jericho. Crash! goes the great metropolis, heaps on heaps. The air suffocating with the dust, and horrible the screams of a dying city. All the houses are laid down. All the people dead. Ah, no, no. In a crack of the wall—the only place of the wall left standing—there is a house which we must enter. There is a family there that have been spared. Who are they? Let us go and see. Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters, all safe, and the only house left standing in all the city. They have saved them! Can you tell me why? O, it is the scarlet line in the window. That is the fourth scene in this Bible drama.

My friends, let us learn something upon us, more dearly and more tremendously, to over-throw our immortal interests. They will trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the windows of our rescue. Do you see a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul? It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back of his soul? It is the memories of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. The sunshine has been pouring in for many a day, God's inviting mercy, God's pardoning mercy, God's all-conquering mercy, God's everlasting mercy.

It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it. A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy snuff-box, and he takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be at all excited. It does not give any glow to his eyes, and he walks home in his beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are brilliant. That drink is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on the road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. A delirium is upon him. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, and it is easily lifted; so he lifts it. Then he passes his hand over the blinds and puts his foot on the window sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable on the pavement. O, if he had only waited a little longer, he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and was gone.

Still further: We must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelites army came up against Jericho, some one said: "What is that in the window?" Some one said: "That is a scarlet line." "Oh," said some one else, "that must be the house that is to be spared. Don't touch it. That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough, to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers, and her sisters—the entire family. Have your households as good protection? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ, but to lie down in the night of sin, across the path to heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific. It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ, but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and send them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and Heaven. Alas! alas! you owe to your children, oh, father, oh, mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out-and-out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched toward me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Haritan in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out toward me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at five years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very special did home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons, there was a scarlet line in the window. Oh, that blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one." Still further, we want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look out toward the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants who only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window! That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. If from their window earthly prospects we can almost see our loved ones who went away, then from their towers of light, I think they can fully see us. And so I want to look out the glory, and I want to see the way, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "It is as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the window of the night, and what do you get your light from, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "Do you sing out of tune?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water."

O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? They say: "Do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretch the scarlet line. Be that my choice for ever." Is it not glorious? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in the shadow of the night? Do you like the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul? O the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, see where you are. You are at the window. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it, but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! Fly in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other defence or barricade, however high, or broad, or stupendous, will be a little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

The Natural Gas Yield.

John R. McKinley, who has been one of George Westinghouse's most active agents in developing the natural gas industry of Pennsylvania as Secretary of the biggest natural gas corporation in any field, sized up the question of failure to me in this way: "Every day," he said to me in a conversation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "I have people asking if our gas isn't 'playing out.' Natural gas is giving out just the same as coal and petroleum are giving out. Coal men dig all the coal out of a mine and sell it. Then they open up a new mine, and keep up the supply from that until in time that is exhausted. We do the same thing in selling natural gas. We put down wells and pipe the gas to market from a field. In a few years we may exhaust, or partially exhaust, our supply. That simply means the tapping of another gas reservoir in another field. It may be in another direction or it may be further on. Undoubtedly, if enough gas is used, in time the fields will be exhausted, and the same things must happen to the coal and petroleum deposits, and for the present, at least, the danger from one is about as great as the danger from the other. Down in Pittsburgh we have gotten over gas famine scares when a well stops or grows weak, but the Eastern papers have an occasional spasm over the failure of natural gas in Western Pennsylvania. If any one thinks there is a failure let him visit the manufacturing towns in the gas belt."—New York Star.

Mice in Her Hair.

Mrs. Madison, a handsome young married woman, said to a reporter: "One of the strangest things happened a few nights ago. My husband has been very sick, you know, and I have been sitting up with him, so I sleep like a top when my eyes close. Now there are those two white mice, the loveliest things in the world, but what do you think! The other night they actually chewed a hole in the top of my tidy-cap while I was resting, gnawed my hair, which you can see is abundant, and made a splendid nest right on the top of my head. How they did it without waking me I can't explain; but my husband, sick as he is, suggests that I wear some sort of helmet at night."—San Francisco Examiner.

A King Who Likes to Get Wet.

King Humbert, of Italy, has a great predilection for going out in wet weather. As soon as the rain appears he orders his horse and off he sets with one of his aides-de-camp. The other day, thinking to do a kind action, sent a close carriage to meet him, and he perceived that the King, as he himself in smaller pieces of course, extends itself to the shams. These souvenirs may be rendered monumental, by collecting rare bits of silk or velvet fragments of dresses worn by our friends or ourselves at different periods of life. This patchwork craze extends itself to other forms of decoration—and fancy riots amid the resources supplied by our dealers for rendering the bed of fashion chef d'oeuvre of art, and this is

Unwholesome Confections:

The Board of Trade Journal of Portland, Maine, is authority for the statement that about six thousand tons of terra alba were recently imported through the port of New York alone. The only use of terra alba in any quantity is for the adulteration of candies; and when these two facts are put together they become very significant. The substance is mineral, utterly insoluble in the saliva or the gastric juice, and the result of eating candies adulterated can not be otherwise than excessively injurious. The devilishness of the use of such stuff in candies is all the greater for the fact that most of the candies that are adulterated with it are used by children of tender years. The extent to which it exists in certain candies may be surmised by an incident which occurred within the experience of the editor of the National Druggist. A wholesale grocery house of St. Louis made a claim against the South Shore line for damages done a certain lot of lozenges manufactured by a Boston house and shipped in barrels over that line. The general agent of the line procured some of the "lozenges" and brought them to the writer for examination. The result of our investigation showed them to consist entirely of terra alba bound together with a little gelatin or gum, we have forgotten which. Further investigation developed the fact that they were simply blocks or forms to be used in preparing cheap lozenges, the method of use being simply to immerse them for a few moments in syrup flavored with peppermint, wintergreen, etc. The agent armed with these facts, refused to pay any damages and the concern, rather than risk the exposure incident upon a law suit, dropped the claim.

Unloving Mothers.

In a recent article in the Toledo Journal, Louisa Markscheffel, gave some very thoughtful suggestions for the benefit of those mothers, alas! too common in our midst who look upon their children as "nuisances." We can do no better than to give the article entire. "I was sitting in a car, a horse car, the other day, and listening to the conversation in an indifferent way, as one must, when it is loud enough for you to hear, when I heard one lady say to another: 'How are the babies?' to which Madame responded, 'Oh they're all right, but they are such a nuisance.' I know that woman's character, from that remark. I could see the place her husband by courtesy calls home, I could see her badly trained and sparsely loved children, who were reproved more than they were fondled, who will grow up not caring for their mother, nor her words, who will be disrespectful and disobedient. I can see her wondering why it is that her children are not as good as other peoples, and why she can take no comfort with them. They are "nuisances" to her now, and they always will be. She makes them feel that they are "nuisances" every day of their lives. She does not take them to her heart and when she has to reprove, let them know that it grieves her to do so, but that it is for their good, not for her own selfishness. The children of such a mother, of a woman who with a sneer says, "they are nuisances," cannot fail to know that they must make themselves as scarce as possible, that they must not expect sympathy from their selfish mother, that they will not get her companionship, that in a word that they are nuisances to the unnatural woman who gave them birth, and that the less they bother her, the less they will be "nuisances."

Rebbers.

Much of the discomfort of rubber shoes would be avoided if the wearers of them were a little more discriminating. Rubbers are of inestimable value in wet weather, but they should be instantly removed when the pavements become dry. Being water-proof, they prevent the natural exhalations of the skin. Wet feet resulting from confined perspiration are often more painful than an unprotected exposure to the elements would be. Rubbers, like umbrellas, should be used only transiently.

Fashion in Repose.

Time was when sleeping rooms were simply furnished, and the "high goose feather bed" was the repository par excellence for the devotees of a decade. No matter how handsome the house, or luxurious the other furnishings all appointments for repose were plain and simple. Sheets hand-hemmed and smelling of "Sweet Lavender" shps and shams ruffled with Nainsook on Hamburg—and the simple patchwork quilt or unique counterpane of wolver wool or white Maraisilles were all sufficient for comfort and style. Now over the costly mattress of curled hair is laid a comfort or unquilted pad of softest wool or eider down. Next come the sheets of dainty linen hemmed so popular for lingerie. Next the fleecy blankets with Grecian borders in pale aesthetic colors, and the feathery quilt of silk or soft satin. And again the rare and costly outer coverings—upon which much taste and ingenuity are expended with excellent effect. The rarest are formed of alternating bands of antique insertion and crazy patchwork. Months of delicious feminine toil are consumed in the construction of these ingenious trifles, so deftly joined with feather-stitching as to become works of art. The same concept in smaller pieces of course, extends itself to the shams. These souvenirs may be rendered monumental, by collecting rare bits of silk or velvet fragments of dresses worn by our friends or ourselves at different periods of life. This patchwork craze extends itself to other forms of decoration—and fancy riots amid the resources supplied by our dealers for rendering the bed of fashion chef d'oeuvre of art, and this is

just the time to secure rare souvenirs. A lady friend recently purchased at Lord and Taylor's, an antique set shams and spread, daintily lined with gold surah for \$13. The original price was \$25, but she just managed to strike that anxious period prior to the Mercantile house-cleaning known to connoisseurs of stock-taking—hence the bonanza in bed spreads. "I can change the lining if I like," she said exultantly—and so impart a different tone to the furnishing." Truly a lady so equipped may excite the envy of her fellow women and so defy the world. Yet a housewife with a fern pattern spread or even remnant of Nottingham dextrously drawn over French silks—may so adorn her spread and shams with dainty bows as to secure a sort of prettiness which bears small relation to the dollars and cents of elegance which devoid of taste and fitness are like the play of Hamlet, with the cast minus its hero.

Each depends perforce upon the person who does the buying of these pretty accessories, and much more upon the person who makes the bed. The mattress should have the first sheet drawn over it, and the second sheet tucked in at the head board. No matter how the covering may founder, the first sheet should remain smoothly and substantially intact. Then if the mercury should (by any chance) approach the vicinity of zero—the essential foot blanket should be arranged with precision, and other covers smoothly adjusted and tucked in at the foot-board; thus ensuring perfect neatness and comfort. So much for the repairs of fashion.

No matter whether the sleepers there upon array themselves in simplest guise or in the pale toned silks in vogue for stylish under-dressing, it is always well to practise the divine precept: "Cleanliness is akin to Godliness" and from our lapses of repose we draw strength and comfort wherewith to endure "the heat and burden of the day."

All white night-dresses are so garnished with colored ribbons as to lose their snowy semblance and seem on snite with surroundings. Empress gowns of striped or pinka dotted mull or sheer linen made Princess fashion with flowing Watteau back and sweeping lace cascade in front constitute the most popular style for making these dainty robes de nuit—though the night-dress with yoke of Hamburg or hand embroidery, to which are attached three full breadths slightly gored, is best liked by the slender beauty, with a dainty bracklet depending from the yoke inside, to hold the perfumed kerchiefs, and a strap set on under each arm, to sustain the girdle of ribbons which defines the waistline.

Tinted night dresses made of China or Tussore silk are deliciously effective, festooned with dainty ribbons, and garnished with jabots of lace. My lady recumbent usually chooses the color most becoming; one that will not kill by incongruous contrast, the other dainty toilette accessories of her bed chamber. It is a noticeable feature of existing fashion, that there are just as many latitudes allowable in the coloring and construction of garments designed exclusively for home and rest, as for presentation to the world without. The same spirit which has so gloriously developed the tea-gown and the breakfast saque has extended itself to the slumber hours; and nothing is left undone to render restful and seductive. Nature's sweet restorer balm sleep. Nor this alone; the slumber robes and negligees of the Paterfamilias are quite as artistic and it must be admitted vastly more luxurious. They are not confined to any set fashion and certainly do not cramp the person at any point, yet these ornate triumphs of our Lords are quite as susceptible to dainty ornamentations as are those of the gentler sex. As in out-door fashions the small boys and girls, and even babies of to-day follow in the wake of their elders; and whether the fabric be simple or costly—the styles are usually all that one's heart may desire.

Mothers have so satisfactorily tested the advantages of buying children's clothing direct from the manufacturers that myriads of small snits swiftly and effectively follow the samples and measurement. Blanks (sent on application) by this firm to the world out of town.

A Magnificent Doll's House.

The costliest doll's house probably in the world is that made by a Chicago man for his four-year-old daughter at a cost of \$3,500. It is built of brick with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a reproduction of the great modern residence of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid oak front door and an electric push-button for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house. On this door, which, by the way, is four feet high, is the name of the proprietor on a silver plate. There is a hallway lighted by a miniature gas lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hardwoods. There are umbrella and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the parlor doors and the parlor is fitted up in grand style. The furniture is all of white enameled wood, covered with white brocade silk. There is an elegant mantel filled with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, and little lamps of the rarest pattern. A beautiful chandelier, furnished with real gas, hangs from the center of the room. Centre tables, divans, easy chairs, sofas, etc., fill up the apartment. Dolls from Paris occupy positions here and there, just like real people. Then there is a dining-room furnished complete, with sideboards, china closets, etc., of rich design. The bed-room is a marvel of beauty and is replete with all conveniences. A French chemist has produced an artificial silk by chemical treatment of cellulose. He obtains a thread which resembles silk very closely, and is equally strong and elastic. It is not attacked by water, cold or warm, nor by acids and alkalis moderately concentrated. A real drawback to this silk is that it is extremely inflammable, but it is possible that by a change, or a treatment, it may be rendered less combustible. If this is done the new textile fabric will be of the greatest value.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1890. The Temptation of Jesus. LESSON TEXT. (Luke 4: 1-13. Memory verses 1-4.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: Tempted by Satan.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. Through Natural Appetite, vs. 14. 2. Through Unhallowed Ambition, vs. 5-8. 3. Through Rash Confidence, vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT: In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. 2: 18.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 4: 1-13. Tempted by Satan. T.—Matt. 4: 1-11. Matthew's parallel narrative. W.—Mark 1: 12, 13. Mark's parallel narrative. T.—Job 1: 6-22. Satan's assault on Job. F.—Job 2: 1-13. Satan's assault on Job. S.—1 Chron. 21: 1-14. Satan's assault on David. S.—Luke 22: 14-34. Satan's assault on Peter.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THROUGH NATURAL APPETITE.

f. The Hungering Lord: When they were completed, he hungered (2). When he had fasted, . . . he afterward hungered (Matt. 4: 2). As he returned to the city, he hungered (Matt. 21: 18). I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat (Matt. 25: 35). I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat (Matt. 25: 42).

II. THE SHREWD APPEAL.

Command this stone that it become bread (3). If thou art the Son of God, command these stones (Matt. 4: 3). If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross (Matt. 27: 40). The devil . . . put into the heart of Judas . . . to betray him (John 13: 2). We are not ignorant of his devices (2 Cor. 2: 11).

III. THE PROMPT REJECTION.

Men shall not live by bread alone (4). But he answered and said, It is written (Matt. 4: 4). Get thee behind me, Satan (Matt. 16: 23). Satan against the wiles of the devil (Eph. 6: 11). Whom withstand steadfast in your faith (1 Pet. 5: 9).

1. "Being tempted of the devil." (1) The scene; (2) The parties; (3) The assault; (4) The victories.—The Lord's temptation; (1) Its processes; (2) Its purpose.

2. "I thou art the Son of God, command these stones (Matt. 4: 3). The demonstration asked. (1) Satan's appeal answered; (2) Jesus' policy defined.

II. THROUGH UNHALLOWED AMBITION.

1. A Sweeping Claim: I hath been delivered unto me (6). The prince of the world cometh (John 14: 30). The prince of the power of the air (Eph. 2: 2). The world-rulers of this darkness (Eph. 6: 12). The god of this world (2 Cor. 4: 4).

1. An Alluring Offer.

If thou . . . wilt worship before me, it shall be these (7). I will give thee . . . the earth for thy possession (Ps. 2: 8). All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt . . . worship me (Matt. 4: 9). They weighed unto him thirty pieces of silver (Matt. 26: 15). He offered them money, saying, Give me also this power (Acts 8: 19).

III. A Scriptural Rejoinder.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God (8). Jesus said unto him, Again it is written (Matt. 4: 7). Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written (Matt. 4: 10). The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God (Eph. 6: 17). The word of God is living, and active (Heb. 4: 12).

1. "Showed him all the kingdoms of the world." (1) The great display; (2) The vile revealer; (3) The pure observer.—(1) The temptation; (2) The temptation; (3) The temptation.

2. "To thee will I give all this authority." (1) The world's sovereignty; (2) The world's Saviour. 3. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God." God's law; (1) A guide to duty; (2) A defense in temptation.

III. THROUGH RASH CONFIDENCE.

1. Presumption Urged: If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down (9). The soul that doeth sight with an high hand . . . shall be cut off (Num. 15: 30). The man that doeth presumptuously . . . shall die (Deut. 17: 12). Renounce God, and die (Job 2: 9). Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins (Ps. 19: 13).

II. Presumption Refused: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God (12). Ye shall not tempt the Lord your God (Deut. 6: 16). Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord (Matt. 4: 7). Neither let us tempt the Lord (1 Cor. 10: 9). Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? (1 Cor. 10: 22).

III. Jesus Triumphant.

The devil . . . departed from him for a season (13). The devil leaveth him; . . . angels came and ministered (Matt. 4: 11). The prince of the world . . . hath nothing in me (John 14: 30). Tempted like as we are, yet without sin (Heb. 4: 15). Death and Hades were cast into the lake of fire (Rev. 20: 14).

1. "If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence." (1) Satan's knowledge; (2) Satan's insinuation; (3) Satan's proposal.

2. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." (1) A well-chosen text; (2) A well-adapted application; (3) A well-earned triumph.—(1) A rule for Jesus; (2) A rule for us.

3. "He departed from him." (1) Why Satan came; (2) What Satan did; (3) Why Satan departed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

Not from God (Jas. 1: 13). From Satan (1 Chron. 21: 1; 1 Thess. 3: 5).

Through evil associates (Prov. 1: 10; 16: 29; 1 Cor. 15: 33). Through evil natures (Prov. 28: 20; 1 Tim. 6: 9; Jas. 1: 14). Through worldly surroundings (Prov. 30: 8, 9).

Not overpowering (1 Cor. 10: 13). God delivers tempted saints (2 Pet. 2: 9). Endured, brings blessing (Jas. 1: 2-4, 12).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERESTING EVENTS.—It is probable that Jesus was led by the Spirit to be tempted immediately after his baptism, as recorded in the last lesson. No events are mentioned in the Gospels as occurring between these two, and the temptation is said to have taken place "immediately" ("straightway," in Rev. Ver.) in Mark 1: 12. At this time, Jewish legend was in almost exact antithesis to the gospel account of the temptation of Jesus. Instead of Satan assaulting the Messiah, it was then the prevailing belief, and had been for ages, that the Arch-Enemy would be overwhelmed, and fall on his face at the sight of him. It has long been recognized, therefore, that this account is one of the many difficulties which those who hold to the mythical interpretation of the gospel narrative must overcome. The historical part of St. John's Gospel, in chapter 1, does not begin until after the temptation. It was not the purpose of that work to detail earlier history; that had been done in the synoptic Gospels. Apparently, at this time, the reputation of John, as the author of his culminating point. The Pharisees and ecclesiastical rulers at Jerusalem were attracted by it. The agitation that the new preacher was creating, had assumed too great proportions to be left longer unnoticed. Accordingly a deputation of priests and Levites were sent, probably as the representatives of the Sanhedrin, to put certain queries to John. He denied that he was "the Christ," or "Elijah," or "that prophet," and therefore there was no legal ground of accusation against him, however much they might have desired it. It was on the following day that John sees Jesus coming, probably returning from his temptations, and points him out to those around about. The genealogical record of Jesus is inserted by Luke between his accounts of the baptism and the temptation.

PLACES.—The traditional scene of the temptation is a mountain near Jericho, called Quarantania.—From the forty days' fast. "The wilderness" may have been that of Judea, on the western shore of the Dead Sea; although some think it was the wilderness of Sinai, where Moses and Elijah fasted and were sore tried. Every night a priest was stationed on some lofty portion of the temple at Jerusalem, watching. As soon as the pale rays of the morning light began to flicker over the far-off Judean hills, he announced it as the signal for offering the morning sacrifice. It has by some been held that it was to one of these elevated points that "Satan" led Jesus. Others hold that the "pinnacle of the temple" was probably the portico (Royal Porch) overlooking, from a precipitous height of 450 feet, the valley of the Kidron.

TIME.—The forty days' extended from some time in January, A. C. 780 (A. D. 27), to the latter half of February. This leaves a sufficient interval before the first passover.

PERSONS.—Jesus; the Devil (here called "Satan," or, in the other accounts, "the tempter"). According to Matthew and Mark, angels came and ministered unto Jesus.

INCIDENTS.—The forty days' fast; the three temptations, each answered by a citation from Scripture; the temporary departure of Satan.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 4: 1-11; Mark 1: 12, 13.

The great majority of these microscopic plants are what botanists call bacteria, the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as fifteen thousand of them arranged in a row to extend an inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, and others much the shape of a corkscrew, or spiral. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to study them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye. When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass or colony, we can see them as they are able to see at a great distance an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier.

We have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of most of them, although there are some which do not seem to move at all, but remain fixed where they find a good feeding place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner; some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along.

Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a strange way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows to be as large as the first. Then these, in turn, divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we have many thousands in a short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in a forty-eight hours it can produce something like 250,000,000,000 bacteria. Great consequences follow this enormous increase of bacteria; for, while one which is so small in itself can do little, the vast army resulting from the multiplication of one is able to accomplish much.