REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Troubles Past."

TEXT: *"There was a rainbow round about the throne."*—Revelation iv., 3.

As, after a night of fearful tempest at sea, one ship, more stanch than another, rides on undamaged among the fragments of spars and hulks that float about, so old Noah's ark, at the close of the deluge, floats on over the wreck of a dead world. Looking out of the window of the ark, you see the planks of houses, and the sheaves of wheat, and the carcasses of cattle and the corpses of men. No tower is left to toll the burial, no mourners to form in line of procession, no ground in which to bury the dead. Sinking a line twenty-seven feet long, you just touch the tops of the mountains. Ghastliness and horror! The ark, instead of walking the sea, like a modern ship, in majesty and beauty, tosses helplessly; no helm to guide; no sail to set; no shore to steer for. Why protract the agony of the good people in such a craft, when they might in one dash of the wave have been put out of their misery?

But at yonder spot in the horizon we see colors gathering in the sky. At just the opposite point in the horizon other colors are gathering. I find that they are the two buttresses of an arched bridge. The yellow, the red, the orange, the blue, the indigo, the violet, are mingled, and by invisible hands the whole structure is hung into the sky, and the ark has a triumphal arch to sail under. An Angel of Light swings his hand across the sky, and in the seven prismatic colors he paints with pencil of sunbeam the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature. God lifted up that great arched bridge and set it over his own head in the heaven. John saw it, for he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

I notice that none but the people who were in the ark saw the rainbow. It cast its shadow clear down into the water where the people were buried, and lighted up the dead faces with a strange radiance, but they could not see it. So only those who are at last found in Christ, the Ark, will see the overspanning glories of the throne. Hence you had better get into the ark! As you call your family out at the close of the shower to show them the sign in heaven, so I want you all at last to see the grander rainbow round about the throne. "Look there!" said Noah to his wife, "at that bow in the clouds; and, Shem and Japhet, look! look!—the green, the yellow, the red, and the orange!" I should not wonder if some of your children in the good land should after a while cry out to you, "Look, father! look, mother! there is a rainbow round about the throne!" You had better get into the ark, with all your families, if you want to see it.

I noticed also that the chief glory of God comes after the rain. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow. Many Christians are dull and stupid and useless, because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf that heaven makes is thrown over the shoulders of the storm. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow; you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colors of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades and sadnesses and vicissitudes of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian character.

Your child asks you: "Father, what makes the rainbow?" and you say: "It is the sunlight striking through the rain drops." Therefore I wondered how there could be a rainbow in heaven, since there are no storms there; but then I conclude that that rainbow must be formed by the striking of heaven's sunlight through the falling tears of earthly sorrow. When we see a man overwhelmed with trouble, and his health goes, and his property goes, and his friends go, I say, "Now we shall see the glory of God in this good man's deliverance." As at Niagara Falls I saw, one day, ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich hued wings of all the promises.

I notice that the most beautiful things of this world are to be preserved in heaven. When you see the last color fade out from the rainbow of earth, you need not feel sad, for you will see the rainbow round about the throne. That story about the world burning up has given me many a pang. When I read that Paris was besieged, I said: "Now the pictures and statues in the Louvre and Luxembourg will be destroyed; all those faces of Rembrandt, and those bold dashes of Rubens, and those enchantments of Raphael on canvas, and those statues of Canova." But is it not a more melancholy thought that ruin is to come upon this great glory of the earth, in which the mountains are the chiseled sculptures, and upon the sky, in which the "transfiguration" of sunrise and sunset is hung with loops and tassels of fire?

I was relieved when I found that the pictures had been removed from the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and I am relieved now when I think that the best parts of this earth are either to be removed or pictured in the good land. The trees must twist in the last fire—the oaks, and the cedars and the maples; but in heaven there shall be the trees of life on the bank of the river, and the palm trees from which the conquerors shall pluck their branches. The Hudson, and the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio shall boil in the last flame, but we shall have more than their beauty in the river of life from under the throne. The daisies, and the portulacas, and the roses of earth will wither in the hot sirocco of the judgment, but John tells of the garlands which the glorified shall wear; and there must be flowers, or there could be no garlands.

The rainbow on our sky, which is only the pillow of the dying storm, must be removed; but then, glory be to God! "there is a rainbow round about the throne." I have but to look up to the radiant arch above the throne of God to assure myself that the most glorious things of earth are to be preserved in heaven. Then let the world burn; all that is worth saving will be snatched out of the fire.

I see the same truth set forth in the twelve foundations of the wall of heaven. St. John announces the twelve foundations of this wall to be, the first, of jasper—yellow and red; the second, of sapphire—a deep blue; the third, a chalcedony—a varied beauty; the fourth, emerald—a bright green color; the fifth, sardonyx—a bluish white; the sixth, sardius—red and fiery; the seventh, chrysolite—golden hued; the eighth, beryl—a bluish green; the ninth, topaz—a pale green mixed with yellow; the tenth, chrysoprasus—a golden bluish tint; the eleventh, jacinth—fiery as the sunset; the twelfth, amethyst. But these precious stones are only the foundation of the wall of heaven—the most inferior part of it. On the top of this foundation there rises a mighty wall of jasper—of brilliant yellow and gorgeous crimson. Stupendous cataract of color! Throne of splendor and sublimity!

You see that the beautiful colors which are the robes of glory to our earth are to be forever preserved in this wall of heaven. Our skies of blue, which sometimes seem almost to drop with richness of color, shall be glorified and eternized in the deep, everlasting blue of that fiery stone which forms the second foundation of the heavenly wall. The green that sleeps on the brook's bank, and rides on the sea wave, and spreads its banners on the mountain top, shall be eternized in the emerald that forms the fourth foundation of the heavenly wall. The fiery gushes of the morning, the conflagration of the autumnal sunset, the electricity that shoots its forked tongue out of the thunder cloud, the flame at whose breath Moscow fell and Ætnas burn, shall be eternized in the fiery jasper. It seems as if all earthly beauty were in one billow to be dashed up against that wall of heaven: so that the most beautiful things of earth will be kept either in the wall, or the foundation, or in the rainbow round about the throne.

I notice the unspeakable attractiveness of heaven. In other places the Bible tells us of the floor of heaven—the waters and the stones and the fruits; but now St. John tells us of the roof—the frescoed arch of eternity and the rainbow round about the throne. Get a ticket and, carefully guarded, you go into the royal factory at Paris, where the Gobelin tapestries of the world are made, and see how, for years, a man will sit putting in and out a ball of colored worsteds through the delicate threads, satisfied if he can in a day make so much as a finger's breadth of beauty for a King's canopy. But behold how my Lord, in one hour, with His two hands, twisted the tapestry, now swung above the throne, into a rainbow of infinite glory. Oh, what a place heaven must be! You have sometimes looked at the sky; this morning take one glance at the ceiling.

I notice what must be the feeling of safety among the people of heaven. Have you ever seen a cloud burst? There have been days when it rained as if it would never stop. You knew if it kept on in that way long all the nations would be drowned; yet you had no apprehension, for you remember the Bow of Promise painted on the cloud in Noah's time. So the glorified have but to look to the arch around the throne of the King to be reassured that the deluge of trial is forever past.

On earth the deluge of sin covers the tops of the highest mountains. I heard an Alpine guide, amid the most stupendous evidences of God's power, swear at his mule as he stumbled in the pass. Yes, the deluge of sin dashes over the top of the highest mountain ranges. Revenge, drunkenness, impiety, falsehood, blasphemy are but different waves of a flood that has whelmed nations. New York is drowned in it, Brooklyn is drowned in it, Boston is drowned in it, London is drowned it it, St. Petersburg is drowned in it—two great hemispheres are drowned in it. But the redeemed, looking unto the "rainbow round about the throne," see the pledge that all this is ended for them forever. They have committed their last sin and combated their last temptation. No suicide leaps into those bright waters; no profanity befouls that pure air; no villian's torch shall fire those temples; no murderer's hand shall strike down those sons of God. They know that for them the deluge of sin is assuaged, for "there is a rainbow round about the throne."

Now the world is covered with a deluge of blood. The nations are all the time either using the sword or sharpening it. The factories of the world are night and day manufacturing the weaponry of death. Throne against throne, Empire against Empire. The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land; despotic America against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night, of "peace and good will to men," is drowned in the booming of the great siege guns. Stand back and let the long line of ambulances pass. Groan to groan. Uncover, and look upon the trenches of the dead. Blood! blood!—a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No batteries are planted on those hills; no barricades blocking those streets; no hostile flag above those walls; no smoke of burning villages; no shrieks of butchered men; but peace! German and Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in hate on the field of death, now, through Christ in heaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Arms stacked forever; shields of battle hung up. The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for there is a rainbow round about the throne.

Now the earth is covered with the deluge of sorrow. Trouble! Trouble! The very first utterance when we come into the world is a cry. Without any teaching, we learn to weep. What has so wrinkled that man's face? What has so prematurely whitened his hair? What calls out that sigh? What starts that tear? Trouble! trouble! I find it in the cellar of poverty, and far up among the heights on the top of the crags; for this also hath gone over the tops of the highest mountains. No escape from it. You go into the store, and it meets you at your counting desk; you go into the street, and it meets you at the corner; you go into the house, and it meets you at the door. Tears of poverty! tears of persecution! tears of bereavement!—a deluge of tears! Gathered together from all the earth, they could float an ark larger than Noah's.

But the glorified, looking up to the bow that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No shivering wretch on the palace step; no blind man at the gate of the heavenly temple, asking for alms; no grinding of the screw driver on coffin lid. They look up at the rainbow, and read, in lines of yellow, and red, and green, and blue, and orange, and indigo, and violet: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thank God for the glory spanning the throne!

In our boyhood we had a superstition that at the foot of the rainbow there was a casket of buried gold; but I have to announce that at the foot of this rainbow of heaven there is a box made out of the wood of the cross. Open it, and you find all the treasures of heaven.

Oh that our eyes may all look upon this bow of promise, lifted by Christ's own hand! We shall trace the separate lines of beauty across the firmament. In the line of red I shall see the blood of my Lord; in the blue, the bruises that colored His cheek; in the green, the freshness of His grace; in the violet, His humility; in all that curve of beauty, the bend of His right arm of love swung over all the redeemed.

But mind what I told you at the beginning, and what I tell you at the close—that none but Noah's family in the ark saw the rainbow, and only those who are at last in Christ shall discover it amid the glories of heaven.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

IT IS stated that the new German Chancellor, General von Caprivi, is of Italian origin, as his name reveals. The family Caprivi during the Middle Ages, inhabited the ancient Duchy of Friuli. In the history of Goritz the noble family of "De Caprive" is spoken of, and on the banks of the Serra, near Goritz, was the birthplace in the thirteenth century of many members of that ancient family. They were thus called by the name "Kopriva," which means "nettle," and in their arms was a branch of that plant. Later on the Caprivis moved northward to Carinthia, Styria, and Hungary, and received the rank of Austrian nobles, with the property and estate of Nessenthal, and in the Austrian army many members of the family distinguished themselves in the wars against the Turks. The Caprivis came into Prussia for the first time when one of them married a Silesian lady of the Lutheran faith and established himself in Silesia, whose son was the first to change the ancient name of Kopriva von Nessenthal into Caprivi, from the real head of the house, who was called Caprivi di Montecuculi.

PROF. SOPHIA KOVALEVSKY, of Stockholm, was elected corresponding member in mathematics by the Russian Academy of Sciences at its recent annual sitting.

CLEMENCY for those we know is rarer than pity for those we know not.

Mrs. Paxton's Quilting.

BY J. L. BARBOM.

"The quilt itself was a double nine-patch, and I had it quilted in a feather and herrin'-bone pattern," said Mrs. Paxton, when she told me the story that I now tell to you in her own words.

"It was one of the purtiest quilts you ever saw—all red, green, yellow and purple and pink calico set together with white, with a set-on border, a red vine with green leaves. There was just three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces in that quilt.

"I'd taken uncommon pains j'inin' the pieces together and cuttin' them all out true and even, and that quilt took the premium six times hand runnin' to our county fair.

"I wanted it quilted well, so I didn't make a reg'lar quiltin' over it, but just invited in four or five of the best quilters in the neighborhood one day, and the rest I quilted myself; and it took me the better part of a month to do it. Them feathers is such slow work.

"Melissy Grant was the best and fastest quilter in the country; and her tongue was as fast and sharp as her needle. But she was splendid good comp'ny and real good-natured, spite of her sharp tongue; but once riled she stayed riled, and she never said to one's back what she wouldn't say to their faces.

"Then there was Mahaly Hicks. She was 'most as good a quilter as Melissy. She was ev'ry mite and grain as good on straight lines, but Melissy was a *leetle* mite better on herrin'-bones, though I wouldn't have said so for the world, for Mahaly was mighty techy on that p'int, and so was Melissy, and there wa'n't no love lost between them, nohow.

"Lucindy Marks came in about third best among the good quilters, and she could quilt jest as *fast* as any of 'em but when she got in a hurry some of her stitches *would* be a leetle bit long.

"Then there was Mandy Martin and Calisty Hoff and Betty Mitchell, all the best kind of quilters.

"Betty Mitchell was the life of all the quiltin's and carpet rag sewin's and wool pickin's in that part of the country, she was always so full of her fun, and sharp as tacks, and I felt dreadful sorry when she sent word that she could not come, on account of having a house full of comp'ny.

"Mandy Martin's rheumatism broke out the day before and crippled her right arm so she couldn't come, but the other four came. Mahaly Hicks got there first and had just set down to the quilt when Melissy Grant came.

"Come right in, Melissy,' says I, 'Mahaly's got a little ahead of you, but I guess you can ketch up with her.

"Neither of 'em said a word, although I didn't hardly notice it at the time; but Melissy laid off her bonnet and shawl and set down and went to work making her needle fly.

"I didn't keep any help then, and, of course, when a woman had a quiltin' she was mighty pertickler 'bout her dinner, and I was so busy in my kitchen that I went right out there soon as I'd got Melissy thread and needle, and I didn't go into the settin'-room again where the quilt was, until Calisty Hoff came. Then I left my pie making and hurried in.

"I noticed that Calisty looked kind o' queer when she saw Mahaly and Melissy settin' to the quilt, but she didn't say anything to them, although she laughed and joked with me all the time I was getting her thread and needle and laying off a place for her to quilt.

"While I was doing that Lucindy Marks came.

" 'Come right in, Lucindy!' says I, 'the others all got a little ahead of you, but I'll trust you to quilt as many blocks as any of 'em by noon. You set right down here by Calisty.

"But I noticed that she took her cheer and went clean to the other end of the quilt and set down with her mouth shet hard and her black eyes snappin'. I smelt something burning out in the kitchen just then and I run out to see to it. Something else kept me busy for some time, and when I got time to think of it at all, thinks I to me, 'Well them women's mighty quiet in there for women, speshly sich women as Melissy Grant and Callisty Hoff, whose tongues gin'rally seemed fastened in the middle and loose at both ends when they got together.'

"I'd step near the settin'-room door but not a sound could I hear but the needles cutting through the stiff muslin of the quilt, or the scissors cutting off threads. I listened again and again and not a word could I hear. Finally I stepped into the room and I says, says I: 'Pears to me you're dreadful quiet in here.'

"Not one of 'em said a word.

"'You'd ort to be more sociable,' I says, but they jest set there with their eyes fastened on their work.

"I took a needle and set down and quilted half an hour with 'em and not one of them spoke a word 'ceptin' to me. Then I had to go out and put my turkey in to roast, and while I was 'tendin' to it some one rode up to the gate and called out, 'Hello!' and I went out and there was Peter Ripley, a gossipy old fellow who lived down to the village, where all my quilters lived.

"'Haven't time to come in,' said Peter, 'and this critter o' mine won't stand nohow. My wife wants to know if you can bring her three pounds o' butter Saturday?'

"I told him I was sorry, but couldn't spare much 'cause I had comp'ny.

" 'What comp'ny? asked Peter.

"'Oh' says I, 'I'm having a little quiltin' to-day.

"'Who you got?' he asked, gossip-like.

"'Malissy Grant and Mahaly Hicks and'——

"'You don't say!' says Peter with a chuckle.

"'And Calisty Hoff and'——

"'Wuss and more of it,' puts in Peter.

"'And Lucindy Marks,' I says.

"'Why Abby Paxton,' says Peter, 'aint you heerd nothing?'

"'No,' I says, 'what do you mean?'

"'Have they come yit?' asks Peter, and when I said they had, he asks, 'How 're they making out?'

"'They do seem ruther quiet,' says I.

"'Do they speak at all?'

"'I do'no' as they do,' I was 'bleeged to say.

"'Must be a jolly quiltin,' says Peter, and then he lay back on the seat of his old buggy and laughed and laughed.

"'Well, what is it?' says I, pretty sharp, for I see I'd got into some kind of a muss.

"'Why,' says Peter, 'them four women got into a fuss day before yesterday over some quarrel their children had at school, and they all happened to meet at the school house, and when they parted comp'ny they all vowed and declared they'd *never* speak to each other again long as they lived and breathed and kept their senses, and here you've gone and got them identikle four women shet up together in a room, and air going to keep 'em there all day!"

"An' that man jest lay back laughing.

"'You'd better turn them loose or there'll be damage done,' says Peter as he driv away, chuckling to himself, to spread the news.

"Well, I felt terrible. We lived on a farm a mile from the village, and I hadn't heerd a word about the fuss. I went back to the house and there they set, their needles fairly flyin' but their tongues still, which must have been a *dreadful* trial to Melissy and Calisty, but they seemed to be bearin' up pretty well under it, and not one of 'em showed signs of giving in.

"If one of them wanted the thread and it happened to be at the other end of the quilt, she'd shake it until the spool rolled to her, and they'd get up and walk clean round that quilt after the scissors 'fore they'd ask for 'em.

"So it went on until noon, and we had dinner. My husband was a jolly, joky kind of a man, and he made it so lively at the table that we got along first-rate, but when he'd gone and the women had gone back to the quilt they was silent as the grave.

"I kept talking in to one or the other of them as I washed the dishes, and they'd answer back sprightly enough, but never a word to each other.

"Soon as I'd done my dishes I went in and set down to the quilt with the rest of them, and just then Hiram Hoff, Calisty's husband drove up on his way to mill. He had their little four year old girl with him and he said he guessed he'd leave her with Calisty as it looked some like rain.

"So the little girl come in and went to playing 'round with my little Hattie who was 'bout the same age. They run out into the yard, and 'fore ten minutes Hattie came running in, and screamed out, 'O mamma! Janie! She fell in the well!'

"Well, you'd ought to have heard them four tongue-tied women! They all give a yell simultaneous, and made a rush for the door, and me after them.

"The well was about twenty-five feet deep with a low curb and windlass. There was a drinking gourd hanging by the side of the windlass, and little Janie had climbed on to a tipped over wooden pail and reached over to fill the gourd from the well-bucket, when she lost her balance and down she went!

"Her curly head come up in the water just as we got to the curb, and Calisty give one awful screech and fell in a dead faint on the grass. The well was walled with rough stones, and it was 'bout twenty feet to the water.

"In a twinklin' of an eye Melissy Grant had off her gaiters, and, not being cumbered with no hoopskirts, or bustles, or frills, she gathered her plain skirts around her, clim over the curb, and down she slid on the rope of the bucket that was in the well.

"She went clean out of sight at first but the next minute her head popped up out of the water, and she drew herself up by the rope 'bout afoot with one arm while she clutched at little Janie with her other hand.

"The well was only 'bout three feet across, and Melissy managed to get her feet in one of the cracks 'tween the rocks with her back to the opposite wall; but most of her and of Janie, too, was in the water.

"'Blow the dinner horn for the men she says, and I run and got the horn and blowed and blowed as if the house was on fire. My husband and his hired men come running in from their work, and between us all we got Janie and Melissy out all right, but the child was limp as a rag, and we all thought she was dead.

"'Roll her over a bar'l to get the water out,' says Melissy, without minding herself, and her hands were torn and bloody, too, because of the rope and the rocks.

"'Me and Melissy went to work over Janie, and Mahaly and Lucindy 'tended to Calisty, for she was as white as a sheet and all of a tremble when she did come to.

"'Janie's all right, Calisty,' says Lucindy.

"'Yes, yes,' says Mahaly, 'you chirk right up now.'

"'O Lucindy! O Mahaly,' says Calisty.

"Then all their tongues got to going and I *declare* if they didn't make up or lost time! Calisty was all right in ten minutes, and she fairly cried over Melissy's bruised hands, and would bandage them up herself. Janie come 'round well as ever by night, and for three hours them women all talked at once and they was sweet as sugar to each other,—sugar wouldn't have melted in their mouths.

"I got an early supper, and they went home afterward. Lucindy and Mahaly arm in arm and Calisty and Melissy each holding a hand of little Janie, and I never knew of 'em having any quarrels after that."—*Youth's Companion.*

GLADSTONE'S GREEK.—A professor of philosophy in Alexandria, Mr. Baselius, lately sent to Mr. Gladstone, a philosophical treatise written in ancient Greek, and accompanied it by a letter. To this Mr. Gladstone replied in a letter written in clear Greek, and probably penned "at a breath" in Mr. Gladstone's famous post-card style.

THERE is no dampness so oppressive as the dampness of a crying woman.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1890.

Trust in our Heavenly Father.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 12 : 22-34. Memory verses. 27-28.

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.*—John 4 : 42.

LESSON TOPIC: *Words on Trust.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. What to Shun, vs. 22, 23, 29, 30.
2. What to Consider, vs. 24-28.
3. What to Seek, vs. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.*—Luke 12 : 30.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 12 : 22-34. Words on trust.
T.—Matt. 6 : 19-34. Words on trust.
W.—Psa. 34 : 1-10. God's care of his people.
T.—Psa. 37 : 1-20. Trust in the Lord.
F.—Psa. 37 : 23-40. Trust encouraged.
S.—Psa. 46 : 1-11. Rejoicing in trust.
S.—Phil. 1 : 12-30. Trusting in trial.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. WHAT TO SHUN.

I. Shun Anxious Care:
Be not anxious for your life;....nor yet for your body (22).
Cast thy burden upon the Lord (Psa. 55 : 22).
Be not anxious....what ye shall eat, or....drink (Matt. 6 : 25).
Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit? (Matt. 6 : 27).
In nothing be anxious (Phil. 4 : 6).

II. Shun Minor Pursuits:
Life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment (23).
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing (Psa. 37 : 8).
Why are ye anxious concerning raiment? (Matt. 6 : 28).
Seek ye first his kingdom;....these things shall be added (Matt. 6 : 33).
A man's life consisteth not in the abundance....he possesseth (Luke 12 : 15).

III. Shun Worldly Concern:
These things do the nations of the world seek after (30).
He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved (Psa. 55: 22).
Be not....anxious, saying, What shall we eat? (Matt. 6: 31).
After all these things do the Gentiles seek (Matt. 6: 32).
But thou, O man of God, flee these things (1 Tim. 6: 11).

1. "Be not anxious for your life." (1) Anxiety prevalent; (2) Anxiety useless; (3) Anxiety wrong.
2. "The life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment." (1) Raiment inferior to the body; (2) Food inferior to the life.—(1) God's grand bestowments; (2) Man's foolish concern.
3. "For all these things do the nations of the world seek after." (1) Things all-important to the worldling; (2) Things non-important to the Christian.

II. WHAT TO CONSIDER.

I. Consider the Birds:
Consider the ravens;....God feedeth them (24).
Who provideth for the raven his food Job 38: 41).
Thou....satisfiest the desire of every living thing (Psa. 145: 16).
He giveth....food....to the young ravens which cry (Psa. 147: 9).
Behold the birds;....your heavenly Father feedeth them (Matt. 6: 26).

II. Consider the Flowers:
Consider the lilies, how they grow (27).
Seedtime and harvest....shall not cease (Gen. 8: 22).
I will give grass in thy fields for thy cattle (Deut. 11: 15).
The earth bringeth forth her bud (Isa. 61: 11).
Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these (Matt. 6: 29).

III. Consider Yourselves:
How much more shall he clothe you (28).
Are not ye of much more value than they? (Matt. 6: 26).
Shall he not much more clothe you? (Matt. 6: 30).
How much more shall your Father....give good things? (Matt. 7: 11).
How much more shall your heavenly Father give? (Luke 11: 13).

1. "Consider the ravens." (1) Their complete improvidence; (2) Their undoubted interiority: (3) Their sure maintenance.
2. "Why are ye anxious concerning the rest?" (1) That for which we do not take thought; (2) That for which we should not take thought.
3. "How much more shall he clothe you?" (1) Clothing the grass; (2) Adorning the lily; (3) Defending the saint.

III. WHAT TO SEEK.

I. Seek the Kingdom of God:
Seek ye his kingdom, and these things shall be added (31).
I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked (1 Kings 3: 13).
Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness (Matt. 6: 33).
The kingdom of God is....righteousness and peace (Rom. 14: 17).
Godliness with contentment is great gain (1 Tim. 6: 6).

II. Seek Repose in God:
Fear not;....it is your Father's good pleasure to give (32).
It is not the will of your Father,....that one of these....perish (Matt. 18: 14).
They shall never perish (John 10: 28).
He which began a good work in you will perfect it (Phil. 1: 6).
You, who by the power of God are guarded (1 Pet. 1: 5).

III. Seek Treasure in Heaven:
Make for yourselves....treasure in the heavens (33).
Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven (Matt. 6: 20).
Thou shalt have treasure in heaven (Matt. 19: 21).
Laying up.....a good foundation against the time to come (1 Tim. 6: 19).
Unto an inheritance....that fadeth not away (1 Pet. 1. 4).

1. "Seek ye his kingdom, and these things shall be added." (1) The usual objects of search; (2) The proper objects of search; (3) The generous rewards of search.
2. "Fear not, little flock." (1) Feebleness recognized; (2) Fearfulness forbidden; (3) Victory assured.
3. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (1) The various locations of treasure; (2) The corresponding locations of interest.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO TRUST.

God's loving-kindness (Psa. 36 : 7).
God's goodness (Psa. 31 : 19 ; Nah. 1 : 7).
God's bountifulness (1 Tim. 6 : 17).
God's knowledge (Matt. 6 : 31, 32).
God's concern for us (1 Pet. 5 : 7).
God's power (Isa. 26 : 4).
God's providence (Matt. 6 : 25-30).
God's faithfulness (2 Sam. 23 : 5; Heb. 10 : 23).
It brings prosperity (Psa. 52 : 8).
It brings joy (Psa. 13 : 5 ; 33 : 21).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—This lesson follows immediately the last one, and forms part of the same discourse, though addressed directly to the disciples. The question as to the chronological order and position of this discourse was fully considered here, last week.

PLACE.—As before; either in Capernaum, or in Persea.

TIME.—Either in the autumn of A. U. C. 781,—that is, A. D. 28,—or in late autumn (November or December) of A. U. C. 782,—that is, A. D. 29.

PERSONS.—Our Lord and his disciples; the great multitude being still present (comp. v. 54).

INCIDENTS.—The discourse is continuous and on one theme, resembling closely parts of Matthew's (not Luke's) report of the Sermon on the Mount. These important sayings were probably repeated.

PARALLEL PASSAGE (in thought).—Matthew 6 : 25-33.

The First Fire.

There is probably no race of men now living on the earth ignorant of the use of fire, unless it be some of those dwarf tribes of the interior of Africa who are said to live in the trees like monkeys, or to burrow in the ground like moles and about whom nothing is known with any certainty. Hitherto, the rudest of the savage tribes have been found to be acquainted with the art of producing fire; but there must have been a period in the world's history when mankind was wholly without it, and the Greek myth of Prometheus, may tell of that far-off, fireless age.

Prometheus, one of the Titans or demi-gods, was said to have had compassion on primeval men and their sufferings in the cold, and to have stolen fire from Heaven, and, concealing it in a hollow cane, to have brought it down to earth, and given it to mankind. But Zeus, thinking this too great a gift for mere mortals, and that through it they would become too powerful, was very angry, and condemned Prometheus to be chained to a rock and tormented by an eagle that preyed on his liver. Prometheus means, in Greek 'forethought' but recent philologists think they can discover in the roots of the word an allusion to the kindling of fire by friction.

In the early Phœnician traditions, fire is said to have been invented, in the third generation of mankind, by rubbing pieces of wood together; and it is also recorded that during a violent storm the branches of the trees striking together took fire. The way to produce fire was probably found out by some savage watching the forest fires, and it can only have been after many fruitless attempts that he succeeded, and was thus the Prometheus of the human race. Having once produced fire, he would soon find out that *rubbing* was excessive labor, and that *drilling* was by far the best way; and this is the method now generally used by savages. A heap of dry twigs is collected, and two pieces of wood are taken, and one of them scraped to a point, whilst a small hole is made in the other, which is laid on the twigs. The pointed piece is then inserted in the hole, and twirled rapidly between the palms of the hands till sparks fly out; these are blown into a flame with the mouth, and setting light to the twigs a fire is soon kindled. So expert are savages at this that they can obtain fire when it would be all but impossible for a civilized man to do so. The original inhabitants of Ceylon will break an arrow in two pieces, and pointing one, and making a hole in the other, produce fire from them. The black natives of Australia can produce fire very rapidly when they require it; but they always keep a fire burning in their encampments, and when they remove they carry with them a large branch of a tree, called a "fire-stick," lighted at one end, with which to make a fire at their next camping-ground.—*Selected.*

CAREFUL observations and comparisons made by scientific Americans prove that the hottest region on the earth is on the south-western coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than one hundred degrees night or day, and to often run up as high as one hundred and twenty-eight degrees in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the centre of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200, or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. Aden was believed to be in the race for the hottest spot on earth. It is carefully provided with water by rain tanks. The government sell a full tank to the natives for 2,500 rupees, and the natives resell it for over 5,000 rupees.—*Selected.*