# REV. DR. TALMAGE,

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject : Summer Vacation.

TEXT: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."—Mark vi., 31. Here Christ advises His apostles to take s

Here Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that they get out into the country. I am glad that for longer or shorter time multitudes of our people will have summer vacation. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the sea shore. Multitudes of our citimens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence.

The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystaline surface of Winnipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antiers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snaps at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toes their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Already the baton of the schestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal saray, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green haize billiard tables, and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance and the clattering hoofs of the race courses attest that the season for the great American watering-places is fairly inaugurated. Music—flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echoes of the mountains.

Glad I am that fagged out American life

Glad I am that fagged out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. Let not the commercial firm be-grudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Lather used to sport with his children; Ed-mund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awnile." And I have observed that they who do not know how to

rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a note of warning-plain, earnest and unmistak-

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains at Alagara Falis of the white should also take the day to the sneed the should be a sacred parale, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted so excite admiration; and in these churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know they are not half so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny scale stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshiners, with two thousand dollars' worth of the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place

fiesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible reuts made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they demounce you as a bigoted Purithough they denounce you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from these institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of olden time Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and re-member that all the waters of Hathorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven

mer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation around nearly all-our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way noblar, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

But we do not think that the speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under flotitious names, and it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same chesting and the same betting, the same drækkenness and same vagaboudage, and the same abomirations that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team, and put on their sporting cap, and light their cigar, and take the releas, and dash down the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga and Long Branch and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering places, is the day of the races. The hotels are througed, nearly every kind of equipage is taken up at an aimost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jookeys and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around long before arranged who shall heat

Leaning from the stand or from the car-Leaning from the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that the make a grand harvest for the pick-pockets, who carry off the pocketbooks and portmonaise. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring, but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white name, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, rading with insbriety, and

with fraud, and with profanity, and with ruin—black neck black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with

Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer. Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and light cavairy horse. They found the turf depreciates the stock, and it is yet worse for men. Thomas Hughes, the Member of Parliament and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unis nothing in this country approaching in un-blushing meanness, in rascality holding its high head, to this belauded institution of the British turf."

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering places, and this is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was meant to recuperate the physical health, and yet how many come from the watering places, their health absolutely destroyed! places, their health absolutely destroyed!
New York and Brooklyn idiots boasting of
naving imbibed twenty glasses of Congress
water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bed at 10 o'clock at night
gossiping until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.
Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their
health, mingling ice creams and lemons and
lobster salads and cocoanuts until the gastric
tuices lift up all their voices of lamentation lobster salads and coocanuts until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men chassizing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth.

In the summer you say to your good health: "Good by; I am going to have a good time for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office or shop or counting room, Good Health will come and say, "Good by; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?"

Health will come and say, "Good by; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation! It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and spienetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering place, "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the

"Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is to the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all the other things combined. Society is so artificial toere things combined. Society is so artificial toere that no sure judgment of character can be formed. Those who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long trail can make up for strong common sense. You may as well go among the gayly painted vachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet! The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw if you want a team stronger than one made up of a musculine grasshopper and a made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly.

If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that excites the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed fop who, perfumed soft-handed, soft-headed fop who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in taking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieus and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition, two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat, his conversation made up of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "He-hee's." It would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calves'-foot jelly. There is teaspoonful of calves'-foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering piace, her conversation made up of French moonshine, what she has on her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the River of Life for all eteraity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fan-lastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make life long covenants!

Another temptation that will hover over the watering place is that of baneful litera-ture. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the book stand, book out of the library or off the book stand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel plazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was.

Would it not be an awful thing for you to Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper covered romances—the hero a Parisian roue, the heorine an imprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of one hundred dollars a line! Throw out that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry ringing with merry canto, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book

death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is the intoxicating beverage. I am told that it is becoming more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put glassiness on her eyes she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a \$2500 carriage and have diamonds enough to confound Tiffanys—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of a great institute and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "exhilerated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbinge cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Batan has three or four grades down

Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. are case. Very seidom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that.

When a man goes down to destruction Satan brings him to a plain. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. That man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a lettle toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is ciaret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gots steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says, "Oh, let me get off?" "No," says the conductor, "this is an express train and it does not stop until it gets to the Grand Central depot of Smashupton."

Ab, "look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it bitch like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourselves against temptation. The grace

of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanliness; wells of salvation; streams from Lebanon; a flood struck out of the rock by Moses; fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar; water to drink and water to bathe in; the river of God, which is full of water; water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; wells of water; a pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God.

These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dirty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California in five minutes I walked around and saw ten fountains, all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find lyou fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life.

A chemist will go to one of these summer watering places and take the water and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of magnesis. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and

of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering

Crowd around this Bethesda to-day! Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it! Oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it! Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child. Crowd around this Bethesda to-day! Oh,

#### A Torpedo Shooter's Story.

Not every day does one meet with a man who has been blown seventy-five reet through the air and lived to tell of it, but such a man is John McCreary. who lives in a comfortable home in Greenpoint with his wife and two children and drives a Custom House truck down town for a living. He was at lunch near by when one of the steam-heating explosions at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, and so was a Times reporter. The atmosphere was conducive to explosive story telling, and McCleary told of his experience to an interested group and produced a number of newspaper clippings to verify the extraordinary occurrence. One of them was from the Eldred (Penn.) Eagle, and it called Mc-Cleary the hero of the nitro-glycerine explosion at Haymaker, Penn., in 1880, and said that every statch of clothes had been stripped from his body during his flight of seventy-five feet through the

air. McCleary explained that he was what is known as a torpedo shooter. In describing his sensations he said: "When the explosion took place I was probably twenty feet from the stuff. I saw a blinding flash as if the world had suddenly taken fire. I knew that I made an attempt to run from the derrick. I felt that I had maybe a minute to live, and I remember resolving to occupy that minute in running to occupy that minute is running to occupy the running to occup is running to occupy the running to occupy the running to occup its running to occupy the running to occupy the running to occup its running to occupy the running to occup its ute in running. All at once it seemed to me as though in the attempt I had taken thousand different things.

"Finally I lost consciousness, and that was when I struck the ground, I suppose. I was badly broken up, and finally gave up 'shooting' wells for good and came to New York. No, now that I realize the great risk, the hazardous life, the almost daily danger of death, I would not go back to it again for a farm."-New York

A Famous Artist's Favorite Pastime. One of the favorite pastimes of Albert Bierstadt, the artist, when persons visit him in his handsome studio, at Thirtythird street and Broadway, is to make butterflies. It is a clever piece of work as he does it. He will take a sheet of foolscap paper, pick up his paint knife and begin dropping bits of different col-ors on it. When he has a number of spots placed to suit him he doubles the paper through the centre of them, lays it against a window pane so that it is transparent, and proceeds by gentle pressure of the knife to distribute the paint evenly over the inner surface in irregular lines. When he opens the paper sgain the sides match and form a beautiful butterfly. It takes him less than five minutas to make one of these souvenirs. - New York Press.

## The Bashi-Bazouks.

The Bashi-Bazouks are the irregular troops in the Turkish army. Very few of them are Europeans; they are mostly Asiatics from some of the different prov-inces under the Sultan's rule in Asia Minor. They are wild, turbulent men, ready to fight with great forocity, but ever more ready to plunder whenever they can get the opportunity to do so. Wherever the Turkish army was stationed during the Turco-Russian war of 1854, it was said that the adjoining villages were in mose terror of Bashi-Bazouks than of the enemy. In the war of 1876-77 a corps of Bashi-Bazouks attacked over 1000 defenceless Bulgarians who had taken refuge in a church in the town of Batak and slaughtered them all in cold blood .- Boston Courier.

The Ponderous Centennial Ox. The Centennial ox, bred by Samuel Barkley, of Somerset County, Penn., was the largest specimen of the bovine the world has ever seen. He weighed 4900 pounds the day he arrived in Philadelphia. This mountain of beef was of mixed stock, being Shorthorn, Native "Scrub" and Ayreshire, the Shorthorn predominating. After the exhibition was ended the giant ox was butchered and exhibited as "show beef."-New York

PIE-PAN RUFFLES.

Delicate Rice-Paper Frills for Ornamenting Game Pies and Pudd-

Æsthetic housewives are often bothered to know just what to do with a pan of game pie, fruit pudding or baked custard that comes from the oven with a ragged edge. No matter how delicious the puff-paste may be or how light the heart it covers a brown spatter-work along the rim of the dish or a caving-in of the crust is certain to detract from the merits of the pie, for the reason that the eye is the guide to the He is able to save to the uttermost .gustatory taste of the gourmet. The vulgar savagery of hunger has but one sense, but the epicurean must be tempted. It is this knowledge that leads a well-bred butler to dress the fish with lemon-wheels, to garnish the chops with cresses, the filet with cubes of truffles and cylindrical olives and to scatter rose-leaves over the souffle and ices. Baked beans, delicate puddings and game pies which are served a' la buffet and cannot be transferred to an ornamental dish without detriment are sunk in a larger receptacle-a silver punch-bowl, an ice globe, often a jardiniere, or else a silverplated adjustable rim is attached and the brown or white earthern dish placed on a salver and sent to table. This gastronomic artist, so deft in the manipulation of table-linen, will more frequently bind a napkin about the unsightly bake dish and pin it with a rose or a carrot, whittled into a bodkin. However, in a private home the damask is more carefully handled, and an economical housekeeper will hesitate about using her fine linen for a dish muffler to be stained by a peach pie, a cherry pud-ding or the rich wine from a strawberry loaf. If she serves the pastry herself it is a different thing, but the most careful of husbands is liable to get giddy in the heat of conversation, and spill the few drops that ruin the precious Irish loom. For those who can-not afford, or do not fancy the plated lake dish covered and rim, there, is a | I. The Passing Lord: a pretty springy paper novelty known as the pie dish frill, or the pie-pan ruffle, which decorates a dish much (Matt. 20:30). better than linen and is more economcal. The frills are made of amber, cream and delicate opal rice paper in Jesus of Nazareth passed by (Luke 18 rope pattern, and being elastic can be stretched to fit dishes of various sizes. Lake the Japanese napkins they are trim, tenacious and cheap, costing but 30 cents a dozen. Those made of heavier paper with sprays of painted blossoms are more expensive and less desirable, as a second using is not pleasing.

One rule, often disregarded by salad nakers, is that a plain French salad should consist of one kind of vegetable only lettuce, and endive or Batavian, as you will, but never two of these mixed ogether, else their delicate and subtle flavors are impaired, if not destroyed.

The English olla podrida of lettuce,
watercress, mustard and cress, beet root

BREAD KNODELN. Crumble three insides of rolls; lay a fearful leap and that I was going down three other rolls in as much milk as -down as one in a dream, I knew intui. they will absorb; best four eggs and tively that the explosion had taken place, sadd them to the soaked bread, with but I had not heard the report, strange to say. Everything looked blue, and I began to wonder if the explosion had began to wonder if the explosion had in scalding water; add the dry crumbs, killed me and if I was dead. I calculated how many others were dead. I was all well; lay the knodeln in boiling water to cook half an hour. Serve witnessed their funerals. I suppose it them with any sweet soup or sauce, or took me ten seconds to be thrown to pour over them some melted butter where I was found, but it seemed to be and stew them with plenty of sugar and ten years, and I had time to think of s powdered cannamon, or crisp some thousand different things. knodeln.

MOULDED CEREALINE.

Prepare the cerealize as usual the day before, and fill small cups with it. Turn it out the next morning, and eat cold with cream.

DEVILLED TOMATOES. Cut fresh tomatoes auto thick slices broil on a fine wire gridiron over a clear fire, and when done lay in a deep dish, and pour over them a sauce like that made for barbecued ham, sub-tituting two tablespoonfuls of olive oil or of melted butter for the ham fat.

BUTTER CAKES. Prepare dough as for quick biscuit, roll it out quarter of an inch thick, and cut into small rounds. Roll each of these out until as thin as cookies, prick with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. When done butter well. Leave in the oven half a minute longer, and send hot to the table.

## Calvary Clover.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, last its real Latin name is Medicago echinus. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two poculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday, if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day stand erect in the form of a cross, with head arect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another, and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance to 'Crown of Thorns' is at once evident It is thus by its blood-stained leaves by its extended arms and bowing head and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection that it has gained for itself the name of

Calvary Clover. The pods contain about eight seeds each, are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the Restoration of the Now man Priory Church of St. Bartholomerthe Great, London, E. Q.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1890. The Ten Lepers.

LESSON TEXT. (Luke 17: 11-19. Memory verses: 15-17.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:

Heb. 7:25.

LESSON TOPIC: Cleansing the Defilements of Men.

LESSON OUTLINE: 

1. The Lepers' Plea, vs. 11-13.
The Lord's Response, vs. 14.
The Lepers' Acknowledgements, vs. 15-19.

GOLDEN TEXT: Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?-Luke 17:17.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.-Luke 17: 11-12. The ten lepers. T.-Lev. 13: 1-17. The detection of leprosy. W.—Lev. 14: 1-20. Ceremonial cleansing of leprosy.
T.—2 Kings 5: 1-14. Naaman's leprosy. F.—2 Kings 5 : 15-27. Gehazi's

leprosy. S.—2 Kings 7:1-16. The lepers of Samaria. B.-2 Chron. 26: 9-23. Uzziah's leprosy.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE LEPERS' PLEA.

As he passed by...he saith,...Follow me (Mark 2:14).

He was to pass that way (Luke 19:4). II. The Leprous Men. There met him ten men that were lepers (12). His hand was leprous, as white as snow (Exod. 4:6).

Put out of the camp every leper (Num. 5 :2). Miriam was leprous, as white as snow (Num. 12:10). Naaman....was a great man....but he

was a leper (2 Kings 5:1). III. The Importunate Appeal: They lifted up their voices, saying, . have merey on us (13). Have mercy upon me, O God (Psa. 51:

Have mercy on us, thou son of David (Matt. 9: 27). They cried out the more, saying, Lord, have mercy (Matt. 20: 31). Because of his importunity he will

arise and give (Luke 11: 8). 1. "On the way to Jerusalem, was passing through . . . Samaria.' (1) An attractive destination; (2) A stedfast activity; (3) A hostile land. -(1) In an enemy's country; (2)

On a holy pilgrimage. 2. "As he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men." (1) The wondrous traveler; (2) The unnamed village; (3) The afflicted company; (4) The fortunate meeting; 5) The happy results.

3. "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." (1) Great need; (2) Abundant help; (3) Earnest outcry; (4) Humble appeal.

II. THE LORD'S RESPONSE.

I. Observation. He saw them (14). Thou art a God that seeth (Gen. 16:

13). The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous (Psa. 34: 15). ... saw a great multitude, and he had compassion (Mark 6: 34). Before Philip called thee, .... I saw thee (John 1: 48).

II. Direction: He said, .... Go and shew yourselves unto the priests (14). The Lord went before them, .... to lead them (Exod. 13: 21). He !eadeth me . . . . He guideth me (Psa. 23: 2, 3),

He will be our guide even unto death (Psa. 48: 14). Go, wash in the pool of Silonm (John 9: 7).

III. Healing: As they went, they were cleansed

He ....dipped himself seven times in Jordan, .... and he was clean (2 Kings 5: 14). He ... healed all that were sick (Matt.

He . . . . was restored, and saw all things clearly (Mark 8: 25). He went, . and washed, and came seeing (John 9: 7).

1. "When he saw them." (I) Suffering humanity; (2) Compassionating divinity.—Human woes (1) As experienced by men; (2) As observed by the Lord.

2. "Go and shew yourselves unto the priests." (1) Observing the Levitical law; (2) Submitting to Christ's command; (3) Securing a full restoration.

3. "As they went, they were cleansed." (1) Obedience; (2) Success.-(1) Going as ordered; (2) Gaining as assured.

III. THE LEPER'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. . Acknowledgment Made: One of them,..., with a lond voice glorifying God (15). I acknowledged my sin unto thee (Psa. 32: 5).

Shout unto God with the voice of triumph (Psa. 47: 1). In all thy ways acknowledge him (Prov. 3: 6). And yet he opened mine eyes (John 9:

II. Acknowledgment Withheld: Were there none....to give glory to God, save this stranger? (18). All his thoughts are, There is no God

(Psa. 10: 4).

God in whose hand thy breath is, ...
hast hou not glerified (Dan. 5: 28).

Where is mine how r? (Mal. 1:6).

They glorified him not as God, neither gave thanks (Rom. 1: 21).

III. Acknowledgment Rewarded:
Go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole (19). Them that honor me I will honor (1

Sam. 2:30). One...who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess (Matt. 10:32).

If any man serve me, him will the Father honor (John 12: 26). I will confess his name before my Father (Rev. 3: 5).

 "One of them,...turned back, ...glorifying God." (1) Abund ant motive; (2) Consistent action. -(1) Benefit received; (2) Obligation recognized; (3) Gratitude expressed.

2. "Where are the nine?" (1) The

2. "Where are the nine?" (1) The ten; (2) The nine; (3) The one.—
(1) Ten beneficiaries; (2) One Benefactor; (3) Nine ingrates.
3. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." (1) Cleansed from defilement; (2) Established in soundness. -(1) Physically whole; (2) Morally

LESSON BIBLE READING.

GIVING GLORY TO GOD. Demanded (1 Chron. 16:28; Psa. 22: 23: John 15:8). Due to God (1 Chron. 16:29; 1 Cor. 6:

Due from all (Psa. 86:9; Rev. 5:13). Accepted through Christ (Phil, 1:11; T Peter 4:11). Angels glorify him (Luke 2 :13, 14;

Rev. 4:10, 11). The Son glorified him (John 13: 31; 14: 13; 17: 4. Good works promote it (Matt. 5: 16; 1

Peter 2: 12). Penalty for neglecting it (Dan. 5: 23-1. c., 30; Acts 12:23; Rom. 1: 21).

#### LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .- The position of this lesson in the history is in dispute. The theory of Robinson compels him to place the incident just before the feast of tabernacles, since he accepts no later journey of our Lord near the borders of Samaria. Hence he thinks this lesson follows, in time, Luke 9: 56, and connects Luke 17: 20 directly with verse 10 of this chapter.

Most harmonists, however, regard the narrative of Luke as chronological in its order at its point, though differing as to its relation to the narrative of John. Andrews places the raising of Lezarus and theretirement to Ephraim John 11: 1-57) immediately after Luke 17: 10. These events are those which intervene, on this theory. The lesson is thus regarded as marking the beginning of the final journey from Ephraim to Jerusalem. This is, on the whole, the preferable view. Others, with less reason, place the raising of Lazarus re-latively later in the history. Arch-bishop Thomson, for example, puts the whole of Luke's narrative up to Luke 19: 28 before the feast of dedication, taking John's narrative as continuous from that event.

PLACE. - Somewhere near the borders of Samaria and Galilee. Robinson places the incident in the valley of the Jordan, on the way from Galilee to Jerusalem. Andrews, and most other harmonists, place it near the southern border of Samaria, on the way from Ephraim to Jerusalem. The former locality is now usually identified with Ephron (Tayyibeh), twenty miles north-

east of Jerusalem. Time.—According to Robinson, about October, 782 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 29. According to Andrews, in March, 783 A. U. C.: that is, A. D. 30. Archbishop-Thomson's view would date it about the previous December.

Persons .-- Our Lord, accompanied by the twelve (Rev. Ver. text, v. 11); ten lepers, one of them a Samaritan. Incidents .- On the journey toward Jerusalem, our Lord enters into a village where ten lepers meet him; they appeal for mercy, and are bidden to go and show themselves to the priests; as they go, they are healed; one of them, a Samaritan, returns to give thanks; our Lord calls attention to this recognition of God by the stranger, and sends him away with a commendation of his faith.

There is no parallel passage, but compare Matthew 8:2-4; Mark 1: 40-45; Luke 5: 12-14.

## The Tomb of Eve.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof (a curiosity which is of itself the wonder of the Orient) is supposed to mark the last resting-place of the first woman. According to Arabian tradition, Eve

measured over 200 feet in height; which strangely coincides with an account of our first parents written by a member of the French Academy of Science a few years ago, who also claimed a height of over 200 feet for both of the tenants of the Garden of Eden.

Eve's tomb, which is in a graveyard surrounded with high white walls, and which has not been opened for a single interment for over a thousand years, is the shrine of thousands of devoted Ishmaelites, who make a pilgrimage to the spot once every seven years. It is hemmed in on sides by the tombs of departed shiekhs and other worthies who have lived out their days in that region of scorching sun and burning

Once each year, on June 3, which is, according to Arabian legends, the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple which forms a canopy over this supposed tomb of our first mother remain open all night, in spite of the keeper's efforts to close

Terrible cries of anguish are said to emit from them, as though the memory of the first known tragedy still haunted the remains which blind superstition believes to be deposited there.

The writer heard of many of the interesting legends and superstitions connected with this celebrated buryingground, none of which he cared to take the time to investigate, as cholers of a violent type was raging at Jiddah and many other Mediterranean seaports at the time these things were being investigated, in July and August, 1882.

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