Subject: "The Food in God s Gospel."

TEXT: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."—Joshua v., 12.

Only those who have had something to do with the commissiariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they perish? No. The Lord comes from heaven to the rescue, and He touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become stormproof and timeproof, so that after forty years of wearing the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour or soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial fingers have mixed it and rolled it into balls, light, flaky and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King, and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilder-Only those who have had something to do

for the marching Israelites in the wilder-

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to hungry Elijah, but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning to hunkers of down elean away. morning in buckets of dew-clean, sweet, God provided edibles. But now the Israel-God provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken the last bit of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out, and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fied, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Israelites took possession of everything. Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had

eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and recently planted, they have produced the same kind of corn with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same is the meaning.

The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary circumstances.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries there would first have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand. Then there would have been a long line of

bakeries there would first have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand. Then there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals. Then there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. It would have been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people started out from Egypt for Canaan and were never heard of—as thoroughly lost in the wilderness of sand as the City of Boston and the President were lost in the wilderness of waters. What use was it to them that there was plenty of corn in Canaan or plenty of corn in Egypt?

What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass blade—in other words an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort the conflicent in the wilderness of life, and taking Him, you live and live for ever. supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort, the ordinary direction, the ordinary counsel do not seem to meet your case. There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it.

Is it pain and above the

and you shall have it.

Is it pain and physical distress through which you must go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Did He not suffer it in the most sensitive part of head and hand and foot? He has a mixture of comfort, one drop of which sall cure the worst paroxysm. It is the same grace that soothed Robert Hall when after writhing on the carpet in phys-

of which sall cure the worst paroxysm. It is the same grace that soothed Robert Hall whes, after writhing on the carpet in physical tortures, he cried out, "O'I suffered terribly, but I didn't cry out while I was suffering, did I? Did I cry out?" There is no such nurse as Jesus—His hand the gentlest, His foot the lightest, His arm the strongest. For especial pang especial help.

Is it approaching sorrow? Is it long, shadowing bereavement that you know is coming, because the breath is short, and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Have you been calculating your capacity or incapacity to endure widowhood or child-lessies or a disbanded home and cried: "I cannot endure it?" Oh, worried soul, you will wake up amidst all your troubles and find affound about you the sweet consolation of the Gospel as thickly strewed as was the manna around about the Israelitish encamputatin! Especial solace for especial distress.

Or is it a trouble past, yet present? A silent nursery? A vacant chair opposite you at the table? A musing upon a broken family circle never again to be united? A choking sense of loneliness? A blot of grief so large that it extinguishes the light of sun, and puts out bloom of flower, and makes you reckless as to whether you live or die? Especial comfort that especial trial. Your appetite has failed for everything else. Oh, try a little of this wilderness manna: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." "Like as a father pittleth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Can a woman forget her scekling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not form thee."

Or is it the grief of a dissipated companion? There are those here who have it and

should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not form thee."

Or is it the grief of a dissipated companion? There are those here who have it, so I am not speaking in the abstract, but to the point. You have not whispered it, perhaps, to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change soon it will be entirely destroyed. Your grief was well depicted by a woman, presiding at a woman's meeting in Ohio, when her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform, to her overwhelming mortification and the disturbance of the audience, and she pulled a protruding bottle from her husband's pocket and haid it up before the audience and cried out: "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life blood of a drunkard's wife?" And then looking up to heaven she said: "How long, O Lord! how long?" and then looking down to the audience cried: "Do you wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And lamdreds of voices responded: "Yes, yes, we will help you."

You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy to-day. You cannot even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any reited in such a case? Not such as is found in the rigmarole of comfort ordinarily given in such cases. But there is a relief that drops in manna from the throne of God. Oh, lift up your lacurated soul in prayer, and you will get omnipotent comfort! I do not know in what words the soothing influence may come, but I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. I give you two or three passages; try them on; take that which best fits your soul: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I know there are those who, when they try to comfort people, always bring the same stale sentiment about the usefulness of trial. Instead of bringing up a new plaste stead of bringing up a new plaster for a new wound, and fresh manna for fresh hunger, they rummage their haversack to find some crumb of old consolation, when

with the new fallen manna of God's halp not

what he new railes manns of God's help not five minutes oid!

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of failing manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained to their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onlons. Now the fare is changed. Those people in that army underforty years of age had never seen a corn field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving and the billows of green flowing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn?" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the wanguard of the host as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possesson of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tonder, were was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry victors; and bread was prepared, and many things that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. "And the manua ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-day, the luturiant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the ofors of the ripe old corn of the gospel Canaan. "Oh!" you say, "the fare is too plain." Then I remember you will soon get tired of a fanciful diet. While I was in Paris I liked for a while the rare and exquisite cookery, but I soon wished I was home again, and had the plain food of my native land. So it is a fact that we soon weary of the sirups and the custards and the whipped foam of the fanciful religionists, and we cry: "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can queil the soul's hunger.

ful religionists, and we cry: "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the gospel Cansan." This is the only food that can quell the soul's hunger.

There are men here who hardly know what is the matter with them. They have tried to get together a fortune and larger account at the bank and to get investments yielding larger percentages. They are trying to satisfy their soul with a diet of mortgages and stocks. There are others here who have been trying to get famous, and have succeeded to a greater or less extent; and they have been trying to satisfy their soul with the chopped feed of magazines and newspapers. All these men are no more happy now than before they made the first thousand dollars; no more happy now than when for the first time they saw their names favoraby mentioned. They cannot analyze or define their feelings; but I will tell them what is the matter—they are hungry for the old corn of the Gospel. That you must have, or be pinched and wan and wasted and hollow-eyed and shriveled up with an eternity of famine.

The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food; but they are, of all men, the most miserable. I have known many of them; but I never knew one of them who came within a thousand miles of being happy. The great John Stewart Mill provided for himself a new kind of porridge; but yet, when he comes to die, he acknowledges that his philosophy never gave him any comfort in days of bereavement, and in a roundabout way he admits that his life was a failure. So it is with all infidel scientists. They are trying to live on telescopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and they

tists. They are trying to live on telescopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and they charge us with cant, not realizing that there is no such intolerable cant in all the world as

But, you say, corn is of but little practical use unless it is threshed and ground and baked. I answer: This Gospel corn has gone through that process. When on Calvary all the hoofs of human scorn came down on the heart of Christ, and all the flails of satanic fury beat Him long and fast, was not the corn threshed? When the mills of God's indignation against sin caught Christ between the upper and nether rollers was not the corn ground? When Jesus descended into hell, and the flames of the lost world wrapped Him all about, was not the corn baked? Oh, yes! Christ is ready; His pardon all ready; His peace all ready; everything ready in Christ. Are you ready for Him?

You say: "That is such a simple Gospel." I know it is. You say you thought religion was a strange mixture of elaborate compounds. No; it is so plain that any apocadarian may understand it. In its simplicity is its power. If you could this morning realize that Christ died to save from sin and death and hell not only your minister, and your neighbor, and your father, and your child, but you, it would make this hour like the judgment day for agitations, and, no longer able to keep your seat, you would leap up crying: "For me! for me!" God grant that you, my brother, may see this Gospel with your own ears, and feel with your own heart that you are a lost soul, but that Christ comes for your extrication. Can you not take that truth and digest it, and make it a part of your immortal life? It is only haved.

You have noticed that invalids cannot take that truth and digest it, and make it a part of your immortal life? It is only haved.

You have noticed that invalids cannot take that for food, The food that will do for one will not do for another. There are kinds of food which will produce, in

You have noticed that invalids cannot take all kinds of food. The food that will do for one will not do for another. There are kinds of food which will produce, in cases of invalidism, very speedy death. But you have noticed that all persons, however weak they may be, can take bread. Oh, soul sick with sin, invalid in your transgressions, I think this Gospel will agree with you! I think if you caunot take anything else you can take this. Lost—found! Sunken—raised? Condemned—pardoned! Cast out—invited in! That is the old corn of the Gospel.

You have often seen a wheel with spokes of different colors, and when the wheel was rapidly turned all the colors blended into a rainbow of exquisite beauty. I wish I could to-day, take the peace, and the life, and the joy and glory of Christ, and turn them before your soul with such speed and such strength that you would be enchanted with the revolving splendors of that name which is above every name—the name written once with tears of exile and in blood of martyrdom, but written now in burnished crown, and lifted sceptre, and transangelic throne.

There is another characteristic about

throne.

There is another characteristic about bread, and that is, you never get tired of it. There are people here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did when, in boyhood, their mother cut a slice of it clear around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread, and that is a characteristic of the Gospel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take His name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rook of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion table where we celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to celebrate His love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to Him. Let us huri Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say, "Go away, Jesus I want another companion, another friend, than Thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say: "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus! The Burgundy rose you pluck from the garden is not so fresh and bair and beautiful. Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning and the voices of the mountain runnel, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your own children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that is hever childrented.

Do not talk to me about a man being doubtful about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread, and I know it the moment I see it. I had a carnfield which I cultured with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer: "Is this corn?" I did not hunt up the Agriculturist to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a cornfield and I know all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaen and looked off upon the fields the cry was: "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted of this heavenly bread he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the gospel Canash from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this Gospel corn. It is the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. I set the gladness of your soul to the tunes of "Ariel" and "Antloch." I ring the wedding bells, for Christ and your soul are married, bells, for Christ and your soul are married, and there is no power on earth or in hell to

get out letters of divorcement.

But alas for the famine struck! Enough corn, yet is seems you have no sickle to cut it, no mill to grind it, no fire to bake it, no appetite to cot it Starving to death when the plain is golden with a magnificent har-

I rode some thirteen miles to see the Alex-I rode some thirteen miles to see the Alexander, a large steamship that was beached near Southampton, L. I. It was a splendid vessel. I walked up and down the decks and in the cabins I said: "What a pity that this vessel should go to pieces, or be lying here idle." The coast wreckers had spent \$30,000 trying to get her off, and they succeeded once; but she came back again to the old place. While I was walking on deck every part of the vessel trembled with the beating of the surf on one side. Since then I heard that that vessel, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was sold for \$3500, and knocked set, which was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was sold for \$8500, and knocked to pieces. They had given up the idea of getting her to sell again. How suggestive all that is to me! There are those here who are aground in religious things. Once you started for heaven, but you are now aground. Several times it was thought you had started again heavenward, but you soon got back to the old place, and there is not much prospect you will ever reach the harbor of the blessed. God's wreckers, I fear, will pronounce you a hopeless case. Beached for eternity! And then it will be written in heaven concerning some one of your size, and somplexion, and age, and name, that he was invited to be gived, but refused the offer, and starved to death within sight of the fields and granaries full of the old corn of Canaan.

### Edison's Discovery of the Phonograph.

"Edison was a very cool man. When experimenting on the telephone the vibratory movements of the diaphragm suggested that their possible reproduc-tion might be retained. With this characteristic determination to investigate all phenomena that presented themselves, he hit upon the principle of recording the vibrations. The result was a very crude phonograph with its tin foil cylinder. It was made at Menlo Park, and, being put to a practical test, its possibilities were exploited by all of us and our impatience became painful. Edison prepared for the first test and dictated 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' into a large paper funnel. Krenzi, a confidential friend of the inventor, stood by and ventured that the verse would not be repeated by the machine. Edison turned the machine in the opposite direction and said calmly to Krenzi 'I'll bet you \$7 that it will talk back.'

"There was silence for an instant and then came the words back through the funnel: 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.

"Krenzi jumped all over the room in Detroit Free Press.

## A Carbonie Acid Gas Gun.

M. Gerrard, a French inventor. has produced a gun which shoots, not by the aid of villainous saltpetre, but by con-densed carbonic acid gas. You pull a trigger, one drop of the condensed gas enters the chamber of the gun. It is instantly reconverted into gas, and the pres-sure drives out the bullet with a velocity continually accelerated until it leaves the muzzle. Mr. Gerrard claims that you can fire without stopping to reload, 300 bullets, one after the other, with the carbonic acid condensed in a small cylinder, twelve inches long. There is no flash, no report, no smoke, no recoil, and no heat. Invisible death can be rained out upon the enemy at 1200 yards' range, without any sign being afforded him of the position from whence the bullets come. The gas necessary to propel the 300 bullets costs one penny. It is perfectly safe against accidental explosion, and is proof against fire and water. If the experiments justify the claims of the inventor, gun powder will join the bow string and the catapult .- Picayune.

## Millionaires of Ancient Times.

The sacred writings tell us that Solomon was immensely rich; that silver was abundant in Jerusalem; and that in one year the King received from Hiram 300 talents of gold, equal to \$16,250,000. It is known that in Assyria there were large masses of gold, and that Darius re-ceived in tribute from Persia as much as \$16,250,000. In Greece, the wealth of Crossus was estimated at \$15,000,000. and that of Pytheus at as large a sum.
At Rome, Tiberius, it is said, left a legacy
of \$110,000,000, and Augustus obtained by testamentary dispositions as much \$160,000,000. —Dry Goods Chronicle.

## Est Dark Meat on Hot Days.

Dark mest of cold roast chicken is the ocolest lunch on a hot day, says a New York epicure, and gravely adds a word of commendation for the drum-sticks, in order to quoth the comment of an irate restaurant cook who had just received an order for three chicken legs: "I can't help that," snapped the cook. "I can't cut more than two legs off one chicken. Ask them do they want the earth? Do they think fowls is centipedes?"-Ohi-

## Using Pawpaw Leaves for Soap.

The leaves of the pawpaw tree are employed by the colored people in washing linen as a substitute for soap. They have also the property of rendering meat wrapped in them tender, owing to the alkaloid papain which they contain and which acts as a solvent.

Nearly one thousand heads of families in the Province of Quebec alone have made application for the state bounty of 100 acres of land voted to Canadians who are the fathers of twelve children or

#### MARTYRDOM.

The tales of the early professors of our Christian faith have awakened, and still have power to awaken the keenest pity, the deepest reverence, and the tenderest affection among the enlight-ened numbers of their followers. The name martyr is reserved in ecclesiastcal history to these fearless souls, who rather than abandon their faith, endured the torments of all the damnable means and methods of punishment rife among the rulers of a barbarous empire during the first three centuries.

In the Koman Empire the Christian community were at all times regarded with suspicion and dislike. The constitution of Rome was directly and immeasurably intolerant of all new religions which were aggressive against the established state religion. This the Christian taith was most undoubtedly. The weak and scattered numbers of the Christian followers made it necessary to form private associations, to meet in secret, and at various times and places. This in itself was great cause for the unremitting persecutions of the Chris-

The Ten Persecutions of the Christian Church is a name well known in ecclesiastical history, and meant to designate the periods when the early martyrs were treated with more than usual severity, either by new enactments or the enforcement of existing ones with severe rigor. The number of those requiring special distinction in the history of Christianity differs with various historians. Ten seems to have originated from a mystic allusion to the ten horns of the beast in the Apocalypse. If the count be taken up strictly, it must fall below ten, if loosely it will greatly exceed it.

The ten persecutions commonly referred to are those which occurred under Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Septimuis Severus, Maximinus, Decius, Valerianus and Diocletian. The extent, duration and probable number of victims of these persecutions has been the subject of much controversy and discussion. Exaggeration was only too plain on both sides, but the most recent confirmation is on the side of the smaller number of victims. Certain it is, however, that the number who perished in each of these ten persecutions was very large and spread in most cases over a considerable extent of the Roman Empire. The most violent as well as the most widely-spread were those under Nero, Trajan, Maximinus, Decius and Diocletian. The last was however, far more attributable to the emperor's colleague, Galerius. It was cruel in the extreme and extended over a period of ten years, down to the victory of Constantine over Maxentius.

The harrowing details of the inflictions the Christian martyrs were forced to bear are recorded by many and many a historian, and with little won-

One of the commonest and perhaps most dreadful torture they were subjected to was that of being torn to pieces by wild beasts in a public arena. The animals were kept confined withhis excitement, while Edison simply out food to the point of starvation; the twisted his head and said, with a quiet 'humans' were closely kept with brutal smile: 'Krenzi, I have won the \$7.' "- | treatment in dungeons 'dark and drear until the day of doom.

One of the most pitiful tales of martyrdom after this fashion is that of Perpetua and Felicitas—two women pany with a small body of Christian brothers. One of these women was young, delicately nursed, accustomed to the strictest honor, the other was enduring the pangs of maternity. On the day of martyrdom they were assembled in the arena with the rest of their company for the sacrifice to their poble faith in a pure religion. The noble faith in a pure religion. The youths were exposed to the fury of hungry, savage beasts, and torn and eaten before the populace. Perpetua and Felicitas were disrobed and en-closed in nets, and thus tossed upon the horns of ferocious animals until the spectators pleaded for mercy to be shown the sufferers. In vain. They were again robed, led forth and exhibiwere again robed, led form and exhibi-ted and after further inhuman parley, put to death by gladiators. It was considered a grand thing to die a mar-tyr. Augustine says of these two: 'Amongst all the names of martyrs shine out those of Perpetua and Felicitas; the two holy handmaids of the

Among other stories is one of a beautiful girl living in the service of an in-temperate and licentious master. Potamiana, for such was she called, infuriated him by a resistance to his wicked desires and he sought to punish her. It gives one a faint, ides, of what it was to be a Beleiver in those days, when the cruellest punishment he could conceive was to hand the girl into custody as a Christian. She, and her mother with her, were sentenced to be plunged naked into a cauldron of boiling pitch. But nothing could intimidate Potamiena and judge and accuser felt they had gained no victory even when the dread sentence was executed to the letter. The cries and insults of the mob were terrible to witness as the prisoners were led through the streets. A young guard, Basilides by desperate effort kept them from Potamiana and so won her prayers. She is said to have appeared to him afterwards in a dream and placing a crown on his head, warned him that his martyrdom was at hand. He became a Christian and

stood his trial as bravely as the rest.
All have heard of *Ignatius* the Greek who was arraigned before Trajan at Antioch and sentenced to be carried in chains to Rome, there to suffer more acutely in the eyes of all. The indignities suffered on the journey seemed but to make the hero stronger for the

Is it any wonder, after all these early martyrs suffered that they should be elevated on the throne of Christian heroism? How could such courage and constancy fail to win the highest admiration from Christian brethren! It was held a special privilege to receive a martyr's benediction, to kiss his chains, to visit him in prison, or to listen to his words. It was also believed that the deep faith and heroism of the few would components for the levity of few would compensate for the laxity of

The day of martyrdom, that on which the martyrs entered into eternal life was known as the natal or birth-day. sions of the saint were ted and carefully deposited on

some altar for worship. Anything the martyr touched, saw, or came in con tact with, ever so slightly, was gifted with a power divine, and as such placed among the Relics. The tombs of the martyrs were visited for the purpose of asking their intercession years and years after their death.

The chief signs of their resting-places in the Roman catacombs were believed to be the letters B. M., the figure of a palm tree, and a phial containing red liquor purported to be blood. The last sign is commonly regarded as the conclusive one of martyr-dom. The first recorded martyr of Christianity, called the 'proto-martyr was the deacon Stephen, whose death we find recorded in Acts VI and VII. The proto-martyr of Britain, Alban of Verulam, suffered under Diocletian during that terrible ten years' struggle.

When we reflect on what Christianity has done for us, the story of its upward growth seems dark indeed. But, the days of individual despotism, the insatiable appetites of men for scenes of human suffering that never have had, and never can have their equal in our day, are destroyed. The ever-brightening light of growing civilization tears the veil from past history, and with the veil depart the horrors. Yet we are never likely to forget, that to the noble heroism and tenacious uprightness the Christian martyrs, we owe the blessedness of our own Christian faith -a faith that has civilized and humanized the world.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1890, Prevailing Prayer.

LESSON TEXT. (Luke 18: 1-14. Memory verses: 13-14.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: He is able to save to the uttermost .-Heb. 7:25.

LESSON TOPIC: Emphasizing the Right Spirit in Prayer. 1. Persistency Conquers,

LESSON OUTLINE: 2. Pride Boasts Itself, vs. 3-12. 3. Humility Triumphs, vs. vs. 13, 14. GOLDEN TEXT: He that humbleth himself shall be exalted .- Luke 18:17.

DAILY HOME READINGS : M.-Luke 18: 1-14. Prevailing prayer. T.—Jas. 1:1-8. The right spirit in prayer. W.-Luke 11: 1-13. Persistency conquers. T .- John 9: 13-34. Pride boasts itself. F .- Luke 1: 46-55. Humility triumphs. S .- Psa. 51: 1-19. Humble pray-S .- Acts 4: 23-37. Effective pray-

## LESSON ANALYSIS.

ing.

I. PERSISTENCY CONQUERS. I. Persistent Praying Enforced: They ought always to pray, and not who perished in a public arena in com-pany with a small body of Christian Continuing steadfastly in prayer (Rom.

II. Persistent Praying Illustrated: Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her (5). Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak . . . . this once (Gen. 18: 32), I will not let thee go, except thon bless

me (Gen. 32: 26) He continued all night in prayer to God (Luke 6: 12). Because of his importunity he will ... give him (Luke 11: 8). Persistent Praying Rewarded:

I say unto you, that he will avenge them speedily (8). He shall call upon me, and I will answer him (Psa. 91: 15).

Ye shall...find me, when ye shall search...with all your heart (Jer. 29: 13).

Seek, and ye shall find (Matt. 7:7). He that seeketh findeth (Luke 11: 10). 1. "They ought always to pray, and not to faint." (1) The Teacher; (2) The pupils; (3) The lesson.—(1) A positive duty; (2) A negative

2. "He would not for a while." (1) Regardless of her plea; (2) Regardless of his duty; (3) Regardful of his ease. 3. "Shall not God avenge his elect?"
(1) Responsive to his love; (2) Ac-

cording to his word; (3) Regardful of his people.

II. PRIDE BOASTS ITSELF. I. Trusts in Self:

Certain which trusted in themselves Cursed is the man that trusteth in man (Jer. 17: 5). Ye are they that justify yourselves (Luke 16: 15). Confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind (Rom. 2: 19). We should not trust in ourselves, but in

II. Despises Others: God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men (11). Stend by thyself,....for I am holier than thou (Isa. 65: 5). See that ye despise not one of these little ones, Matt. 18: 10).
Ye have dishonored the poor man (Jas.

God (2 Cor. 1: 9).

2: 6). III. Boasts before God: I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get (12). The wicked boasteth of his heart's de-

sire (Psa. 10:3). Hateful to God, insolent, haughty, boastful (Rom. 1:30). Not of works, that no man should glory (Eph. 2: 9). Now ye glory in your vauntings: all such . . . is evil (Jas. 4: 16).

I. "Trusted in themselves that they were righteous." (1) Exalting self; (2) Belittling righteousness; (3) Ignoring Christ.
"God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men." (1) Familiari-

ty with God; (2) Contempt for mankind; (3) Complacency for self.

3. "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get." (1) Spiritual pride; (2) Self-praise; (3) Overestimated service. III. HUMILITY TRIUMPHS.

I. An Humble Posture: The publican, standing afar off,.... smote his breast (13).

Worship ye afar off (Exod. 24: 1). Moses...bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped (Exod. 34: 8). He went forward a little, and fell on the ground (Mark 14: 35). I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel (Rev. 22: 8).

God, be merciful to me a sinner (13). Have mercy upen me, O God (Psa. 51:

II. A Penitential Plea:

God be merciful unto us, and bless us Psa. 67: 1). Have mercy on us, thou son of David (Matt. 9: 27). Father Abraham, have mercy on me

(Luke 16: 24). III. A Complete Justification: This man went down to his house ustified (14).

He, desiring to justify himself, said (Luke 10: 29). Every one that believeth is justified from all things (Acts 13: 39). By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified (Rom. 3: 20).

Whom he justified, them he also glorified (Rom. 8: 30). 1. "Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven." The penitent publican: (1) His position; (2) His posture; (3) His plea; (4) His

2. "God, be merciful to measinner." (1) A sinner's petition; (2) A sinner's Helper; (3) A sinner's hope. 3. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (1) Humbled before God; (2) Exalted by God,—(1) The lowly penitent; (2) The Divine Helper; (3) The gracious exalta-

# LESSON BIBLE READING.

REQUISITES IN PRAYER. Help of the Holy Spirit (Eph. 6: 18; Jude 20). Faith (Matt. 21: 22; Jas. 1: 6). Prepared hearts (Psa. 78: 8; Heb. 10:

Understanding minds (John 4: 22-24; 1 Cor. 14: 15). Submissiveness (Luke 22: 42; John 5:

Forgiving spirit (Matt. 6: 12, 14, 15). Sincerity (Pea. 17: 1; 66; 18). Humility (2 Chron. 7: 14; 33: 12, 13, Luke 18: 14). Strong desire (Psa. 55: 1, 2; 102: 2; Heb. 5: 7). Boldness (Fph, 3: 12; Heb. 4: 16). Earnestness (1 Thess. 3: 10: Jas. 5: 16-

Importunity (Gen. 32: 26; Luke 11: 8,

## LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .- If the last lesson belongs earlier in the history than those verses which precede it and succeed it, Luke 17: 20 should be connected directly with verse 10. The events recorded as intervening between this lesson and the last are: a conversation with the Pharisees in regard to the coming of the kingdom of God (Luke 17: 20, 21), and a discourse on the same topic to the disciples (Luke 17: 22-37), including sayings introduced in the discourse on the Mount of Olives (Matt.

24, and paralled passages).
Place.—Either in Perea, or in the PLACE.—Either in Perea, or in the valley of the Jordan, on the way from Ephraim to Jerusalem, though this journey may have been through Perea.

TIME.—According to Robinson, in March, 783 A. U.C.; that is, A. D. 30.

Andrews places it about the same time. but thinks there may have been a brief interval between verses 8 and 9. According to Archbishop Thomson, however, it should be placed before the feast of dedication; that is, in the De-

cember of the previous year.

Persons.—The first parable was spoken to the disciples; the second, to others of a self-righteous character. In the first parable, an unrighteous judge and a poor widow; in the second, a Pharisee and a publican.

INCIDENTS.—The occasion of the first

parable; the character of the judge; the importunity of the widow; the meditation of the judge; the lesson drawn by our Lord; the final question respecting faith on the earth. The occasion of second parable; the characters; the proud attitude and petition of the Pharisee; the humble attitude and petition of the publican; the verdict of our Lord respecting them. There is no parallel passage.

## THE END.

[The doctor told the poet that he could not po

Beneath you calm and peaceful sky. Whose breast is bright with notes and bars, And laughing music of the stars—Whose bosom, spread from pole to pole, le attence shall my grave consolo. With straightened limbs my bones shall fer

My bead against my coffin pressed; And hour by bour, and day by day, My humble dust shall pass away. This hand that writes shall then be cold . And shrunk and eaten with the mold Of time, and death, and dark decay,

Till joint by joint returns to clay. The dread, the fear, the terment sore Shall rend my heartstrings nevermore Nor buman wilds nor worldly strife,

Shall no cr. within my narrow bed, Distorb or wake my wearled bead. A thousand years shull pass me by Without a change in land or sky; a Nor winter's show nor summer's heat; Shall e'er disture my winding sheet.

At evening's close I'll meet no more The smile that walts me at the doors. The hills and dales and brooks shall be No morn shall wake me at its daway

No more, on mend or field or lawn, where landscapes smile beneath the shall remping children to me run.

O happy day these eyes shall close: To life's contentions and its woos. And all the miseries that ban A The mystic course of fool sh muni) My opan of life, my humble lot, w.
Like friendship's vows will be forgot;
And all the world will live the same
As if I never holl a name.