REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Farming a Gospel Type." (Preached Before the American Farmers' Encampment at Mount Gretna, Penn.)

TEXT: *Elisha, the son of Shayhat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth.*—I Kings, xix., 19.

Farmers of America! Accept my salutation. Our text puts us down into the plow's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me. One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvest field exhausted, the perspiration streaming from his forehead and chest, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household he said: "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat!" The fact is that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the graveyard back of Somerville to take the last sleep.

Office seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter's grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out into the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet their interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' Encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculturist. Yes, we were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side of the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you see the full blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten acre lot; for in my text you find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession.

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says: "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Senacherib, "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of trouble in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—plow deep! plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago intombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the cross!

Again I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumn weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snow of worldliness may come upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane.

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them: "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free Governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after a while. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand ten thousand, the ten thousand one hundred thousand—on, on forever.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but the harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. There are new kinds of harrow, but the harrow as I remember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to it it went tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the Gospel truth into your heart. There were truths that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it never had been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economies or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black handle on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sickbed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders; "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: Those last words were beautifully poetic: 'Dear Lord, give me sleep.'"

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family—that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended—their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked and the horses made a struggle and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

The Edible Banana.

The edible banana, it is said, is known to seed only in one small spot on earth, the Andaman Islands. However this may be, it is universally grown from suckers. Its cultivation in the West Indies has vastly increased during the past fifteen years, owing to the demands of the United States for its cheap, wholesome and luscious fruit. About 400 or 500 are planted to the acre, and the plantations are called "banana walks." The tree fruits the first year, explains *Garden and Forest*, and the expense of cultivation is so small that a bunch of bananas delivered at the sea coast need have cost its owner no more than four or five cents, while it may be sold in the winter months for from twelve to eighteen cents, and in the spring months for four times as much. There are risks attending banana cultivation, however, for the thievish negroes often seriously decrease the value of the crop, and it may be entirely swept away in a single hour by a hurricane.

A Natural Bridge Higher Than "Old Suspension."

Natural Bridge, on Pine Creek, in the northern part of Gila County, Arizona, spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiselled by the skilful hand of a stonemason. The arch on the top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1000 feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the centre of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—*New York Journal.*

Dynamite Blast Photographed.

A daring feat in photography was performed last week by Dr. George H. Bailey, of Boston. He succeeded in getting a fine negative of a blast of a ledge near Savin Hill, one of the largest on record, in which 250 pounds of dynamite were used. He did it at the risk of being crushed by some huge rock, and moved himself and camera out of the way just as a boulder several tons in weight was about to land dangerously near him. The picture was taken just as the dust and stones had reached their highest elevation, and is as interesting as it is rare.—*Springfield Republican*

Bird Notes.

M. A. C.

We have some trees, and were on the ground before any other people came near us; the birds finding we were friends, have come and made their home s here too. I am not going to try the long, hard names you can find in study-books, but will tell we have robins, blue-birds, thrushes, little chippies, the red-headed woodpecker, besides the yellow-winged and the black and white woodpecker; the blue jay, black birds of different kinds a red bird with black wings and tail, a kind of oriole, black and dark yellowish red, a bright yellow bird with black wings and a red-orange with black wings and tail, besides little creatures of a greenish yellow color, and the humming bird, We have also seen a few wrens, and others. This is in the city of St. Paul. Minnesota.

One summer, the little, graceful chippies came to the lilac-bush with their first straw or hair for a nest, and as the bush was in a corner, where we could see every move from the pantry window on one side, or sitting-room window on another side, it was a most interesting and instructive study to watch them until the house-keeping was all done, and the birdies ready to fly. Their eggs are small and white, speckled with brown.

It was but a few days before the nest was perfect and the first egg put into it; then put a short time when four eggs were there, and the hatching began. In three weeks the first little bird came; then another, and another, until all were out. Then, came anxiety and care, which all mothers will understand. Such a flying back and forth with food. Generally a light green, fat worm was put into wide open mouths, which then would close for a short time and quiet would follow; but in a few minutes all would be astir again and one or the other of the old birds would be on hand to do the house-cleaning. First they would lift up the babies with their bills, and pick out and carry away everything that littered the bottom of the nest. What they carried off looked like toasted cheese; and when all was made tidy, the feeding began again.

So they grew and thrived by careful watching day and night; but there were boys around with slings, and cats with green eyes and terrible claws; besides ourselves, who would not injure them intentionally; so they were many times made afraid. When the wee little things began to peep, and filled the nest too full for holding them, it was with perfectly resigned and happy looks that the father and mother took their stations on twigs above the nest, and with heads lifted skyward, thanked God for such happiness as parents only know. One time, when they were trying to fly, we helped, just a little, by raising one up with a finger, when away another flew to a tree several yards off, and the others got into all manner of trouble in the grass below, while the parents tried in all ways to get them back into the nest again. As soon as we had helped them into it, out they came again. Finally we put them all into a large glass jar, and then there was fun to see them try to get out for their worms, which they could see outside but not get, while the old birds tried to coax them out. One by one they got out, and after much peeping they left the clean nest to us, but we were quite sure they visited it and us many times afterward.

The next summer came the blue birds and built their home in the hollow of an old tree, which the peckers had dug out before. The nest was nicely hidden from the boys who prowl around for them, but still they had many anxious hours. We saw the first straw for this also, The eggs were a blue-green color and a little larger than the chippies' eggs. Here was united, hard labor again; first, when the nest-making was going on, and then when the hungry, wide, yellow mouths pointed up for food. In their funny, naked bodies, one could see the digestion going on; they seemed all stomach and mouth, with a tuft or two of hair-feathers. They grew fast, however, and something more like soul soon took form.

We left home one day, but had noticed before going a peculiar watchful appearance in the father and mother bird; the father had his feathers hugged close to his body and stood almost on the tip of his tail; the mother had a care-worn look, and was near him on the shed-roof, fluttering strangely and often visiting the tree where the nest was. We thought they were all going, and we did not find any when we returned; but they all came around next morning. One egg, we think, had fallen out of the nest and been broken, so there were but three great-eyed little ones that lighted on the ground under the kitchen window, waiting to be fed by their parents. Then, as they stayed for a nap, one of us sketched them, and afterwards painted them in water colors, and it is quite a pretty picture; certainly, true to life, and is called, "Waiting for Breakfast."—*Unity.*

Worn Out Shoes Have Their Uses.

Worn out shoes have their uses, says the New York *Tribune.*

The Italian scavenger who rakes up your ash-barrel and sends the dust flying over your door-step knows this well, and his black eyes glisten at the sight of old leather. If the shoes are not worn to shreds, he sells them to a second-hand dealer and they are patched up and resoled; but if they are past mending, he takes them home to his cellar and rips them all apart, or his wife and children do. The pieces he sells to a manufacturer. From the larger pieces after being soaked till soft, the uppers of children's shoes are cut. The soles are cut into small pieces to make up the layers of the heels of other shoes, the iron pegs that are not bent, can be used over again, and the little scraps that are left after all this are subjected to a treatment that makes them all one pliable mass from which a kind of artistic leather is rolled out. This is used for covering chairs, books, trunks, boxes, etc. Many fancy patterns are stamped on it, and the trade in this kind of "embossed" leather in the United States is a well established one.

BOBBY—"How did you manage to get the bowl of cream?" Tommy—"Told ma I saw the cat put her nose in it."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

Entering the Kingdom.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 18 : 15-30. Memory verses: 15-17.)

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: *Encouraging the Lowly Disciple.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Child-like Approach Commended, vs. 15-17.
2. Worldly - Mindedness Condemned, vs. 18-25.
3. Complete Surrender Rewarded, vs. 26-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.* Luke—18 : 17.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 18: 15-30. Entering the kingdom.
T.—Matt, 19: 13-30. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Mark 10: 13-31. Mark's parallel narrative.
T.—Matt. 18: 1-14. Little ones of the kingdom.
F.—1 John 2: 15-29. Love of the world.
S.—1 Tim. 6: 1-21. Perils of wealth.
S.—Luke 9: 57-62. Entireness of surrender.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. CHILD-LIKE APPROACH COMMENDED.

I. Children Brought:
They brought unto him also their babes (15).
As long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord (1 Sam. 1: 28).
Then were there brought unto him little children (Matt. 19: 13).
They brought him....to present him to the Lord (Luke 2: 22).
From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings (2 Tim. 3: 15).

II. Children Welcomed:
Suffer the little children to come, ...forbid them not (16).
He called to him a little child; and set him in the midst (Matt. 18: 2).
Forbid them not, to come unto me (Matt. 19: 14).
He took them in his arms, and blessed them (Mark 10: 16).
Nurture them in the....admonition of the Lord (Eph. 6: 4).

III. Child-likeness Commended:
Not receive....as a little child,....in no wise enter (17).
I have stilled....my soul; like a weaned child (Psa. 131: 2).
Except ye....become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter (Matt. 18: 3).
In malice be ye babes (1 Cor. 14: 20).
As newborn babes, long for the spiritual milk (1 Pet. 2: 2).

1. "They brought unto him also their babes." (1) Infantile need; (2) Parental desire; (3) Divine sufficiency.—(1) Mothers: (2) Babes; (3) Jesus.
2. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." (1) Need; (2) Supply; (3) Access.—(1) The little children; (2) The loving Lord; (3) The tender permission.
3. "Whosoever shall not receive,.... shall in no wise enter." (1) The desired entrance; (2) The essential condition.—(1) The heavenly kingdom; (2) The lowly door.

II. WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS CONDEMNED.

I. Eternal Life Sought:
What shall I do to inherit eternal life? (18).
What....shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (Matt. 19: 16).
What then must we do? (Luke 3: 10).
I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest (Luke 9: 57).
Sirs, what must I do to be saved? (Acts 16: 30).

II. Worldly Wealth Preferred:
He became exceeding sorrowful; for he was very rich (23).
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon (Psa. 62: 10).
Riches certainly make themselves wings (Prov. 23: 5).
He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished (Prov. 28: 20).
Demas forsook me, having loved this present world (2 Tim. 4: 10).

III. Eternal Salvation Jeopardized:
How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom (24).
Will thy riches suffice, that thou be not in distress? (Job. 36: 19).
There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing (Prov. 13: 7).
Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also (Matt. 6: 21).
The deceitfulness of riches, choke the word (Matt. 13: 22).

1. "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" (1) An anxious inquirer; (2) A momentous inquiry; (3) A competent Instructor.—(1) Humanity's greatest question; (2) Humanity's grandest Instructor.
2. "One thing thou lackest yet." (1) His heavenly goal; (2) His large preparation; (3) His fatal lack.—(1) A single deficiency; (2) A fatal deficiency.
3. "He became exceeding sorrowful." (1) Longing for eternal life; (2) Clinging to worldly wealth; (3) Wavering in indecision.

III. COMPLETE SURRENDER REWARDED.

I. Surrender Possible:
Things which are impossible with men are possible with God (27).
Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Gen. 18: 14).
God is . a very present help in trouble (Psa. 46: 1).
My grace is sufficient for thee (2 Cor. 12: 9).
Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might (Eph. 6: 10).

II. Surrender Actual:
Lo, we have left our own, and followed thee (28).
Lo, we have left all, and followed thee Matt. 19: 27).
I hold not my life of any account (Acts 20: 24).
I am ready....to die....for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 21: 13).
I can do all things in him (Phil. 4: 13).

III. Surrender Rewarded:
Manifold more in this time, and.... eternal life (30).
The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before (Job. 42: 10).
Sell,....distribute,....and thou shalt have treasure in heaven (Luke 18: 22).
There is laid up for me the crown (2 Tim. 4: 8).
I will give thee the crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

1. "Then who can be saved?" (1) A desirable end; (2) A difficult way.—Salvation (1) Impossible with men; (2) Possible with God.
2. "Lo, we have left our own and followed thee." (1) Leaving worldly things; (2) Pursuing spiritual things. —(1) Self-renounced; (2) Christ accepted.
3. "Manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." (1) Earthly rewards; (2) Heavenly rewards. —(1) Manifold increase here; (2) Eternal blessedness hereafter.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

Not of this world (John 18: 36).
Saints its subjects (Col. 1: 13).
Entered in lowliness (Matt. 18: 3, 4: Luke 18: 16, 17).
Founded in righteousness (Psa. 45: 6, 7; Heb. 1: 8, 9).
Everlasting (Dan. 2: 4s; 7: 14; Luke 1: 33).
Triumphant (Mark 22: 36; Rev. 17: 14).
Universal (Psa. 2: 8; 72: 8; Rev. 11: 15).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The interval between this lesson and the last seems to have been very brief, Matthew (Matt. 18: 3-12) and Mark (Mark 10: 2-12), however, tell of a discourse about divorce, which seems to have immediately preceded the blessing of the children. No other intervening event is recorded.

PLACE.—Probably in Perea, not far from Jericho.

TIME.—In the latter part of March, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30, as Andrews and Robinson maintain. Archbishop Thomson, however, places it earlier; as already intimated,

PERSONS.—Our Lord, with his disciples; parents with their babes; a rich ruler,—or a young man, according to Matthew; Peter, speaking for the disciples.

INCIDENTS.—Parents bring their babes to Jesus, but are rebuked by the disciples; Jesus reproves them for the rebuke, saying that it is necessary to receive the Kingdom of God as a little child. A ruler comes, asking what he shall do to inherit eternal life; our Lord answers him, telling him that God only is good, and recounting the more practical duties of the law; the ruler claims to have obeyed these; our Lord bids him sell all that he has, distribute to the poor, and follow him; the ruler is sorrowful; our Lord declares how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God; then explains that God can accomplish what man cannot. Peter speaks of the disciples' leaving all to follow Jesus: he tells them of the reward for such here and hereafter.

PARALLEL PASSAGES. Matthew 19: 13-30; Mark 10: 13-31.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a farm-house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing the same way still?"

A poor shop-girl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. Her friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all good things seem to them to belong only to the "swell" rich?

Children's Relief and Fresh Air Funds are doing much in our cities to give to the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.

Cannot some of the families who read this paper, and to whom sea and woods and fields are familiar things, give to some other child, stifling among the hot bricks of the city, a sight of them this summer?

Candy Gluttony.

The gratification of the "sweet tooth" is spreading among fashionable women, and more candy is now sold at retail than was ever known before. Physicians continue to argue that a glut of bonbons and pastry is not the best thing in the world for health, but the ladies, young and old, do not seem to mind the warning much, nor are they deterred by the prospect of an early visit to the dentist, which usually follows continued candy consumption. Not only has the manufacture of candy increased, but the number of retail establishments has multiplied rapidly of late years. There are establishments where the finest bonbons and bonbon packages are imported from Paris, and there is hardly a fashionable young ladies' school without one or two candy shops near by in any city, where some of the girls with liberal allowances of pin-money run up bills that are almost preposterous.

TIT FOR TAT.—Miss Vasser—"Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess?"

Uncle Solomon—"Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming painteress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptoress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasheress, and——"—*Life.*