The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday

Subject; "A Religious Movement in 1891."

TEXT: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be entitled with power from on high"-Luke xxiv., 49.

For a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing press an ever widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readors I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact mere seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our world was swung out that never since our world was swung out the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness, and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their these, practically saying: "O thou almighty ram jug! we bow down before thee dive us the offices—city, State and national. Oh, give us the offices, and we will worship thee for ever and ever; Amen."

The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental and spiritual stat, is being secularized and abolished. At the bad publishing houses of our own councily had exhausted their literary filth, the Brench and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trench and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into

French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing. Meanwhile there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac world, Ethink, has massed its troops, and they are at this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, chittical circles and nationafchicles. Apollyon is in the saddle, and riding at the head of his myrmidons would capture this world for

myrmidens would capture this world for darkness and wos.

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificant gospal machinery that the world ever saw or heaven over invented. In the first place there are in this country more than saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place there are in this country more than eighty thousand ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them, but by people outside of our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises, and whoever else fail they may enterprises, and whoever else fail they may be depended on. The truth of this is demone depended on. The truth of this is demon-trated by the fact that when a minister of eligion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may to down without the matter being considered

go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning.

In addition to their equipment in moral character the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All archeological rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, literary attainment. So much for the Christian ministry of all denominations. In the next place on our side of the conflict we have the grandest churches of all time, and higher style of membership and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and shough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy. ir religion or their infamy.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more fouched by this most stupendous fact of all ejernity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall, amid the bleatings of their own young, had not been the ings of their own young, had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain.
Out of the eighteen hundred million of the triman race fourteen hundred million are without God and without hope in the world, the camel driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshiping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshiping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and speak for myseir as well as others—are toll-ing up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing or lift an ounce more than we are

drawing or lift ah cunce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not acientific power, not social power, hot financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long continued, God will grant it to me. His unwarthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, gray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearis of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on the level is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions.

te, and, properly persistent, will obtain it.

Power from on the level is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on the level when we stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on the level is not sufficient. Fower from on the level is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, omnipotent power, all conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers has it continuously. Not more than one out of the ministering power in abundance, these last ten years of the mineteenth century would accomplish more green God, and the church, and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.

A few men and women in each age of the mortal Quakerese, had it, and three hundred of the deprayed and suffering of New gate prison, under her exhortation, repented and balieved. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the out burst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samue Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the out burst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samue Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it, and Northampton meeting house heard the out burst of religious emotion. It was the power from on high all in greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Worldiness goes down. All opposition goes down.

Several times in the history of the church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of more high came down upon John Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Barter and Bunyan, and there was a deluse of mercy higher than the tons.

Except a few with Eli's spirit blest, Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest. Hophni and Philicas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high cause upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntington on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors and congregations and theatres and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre, New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening.

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A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre, and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said, "What do you want it for!" They replied, "For a church." "For what!" said the owner. "For a church." was the reply. The owner said, "You may have it, and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightly persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said, "There will be preaching here to-night on this stage;" and then gave out and sang with such people as were there the old hymn: the old hymn:

The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mount-For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain

The barroom of the theatre was turned into a prayer room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially, as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life in many cases became a tragedy. Suicitle, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in The barroom of the theatre was turned in-

burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was whan the banks went down! There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday as well as Black Friday.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine houses, warerdoms, hotel parlors, museums, factories, from 12 to 1 o'clock, while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermions and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theatre on Chambers street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the docks of ship lying at the wharf people sang. "All hail the power of Jesus's name," while others cried for meroy. A great mass meeting of Christians on a week day, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York, saying, "What hath God wrought" and a telegram went back saying, "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to-day." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York.

In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshipser of Mann.

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In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshipers of Mann min had been counting their golden beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man'if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at half-past eight o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying, "Come as suity your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks. Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A gentleman traveling said there was a line of prayer meetings from Omaha to Washington City, and he might have added a line of prayer meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrillights and turnings to God, what recital of thrillights and turnings to God, what recital of thrillights and turnings to God, what recital of thrillights are the closing and in the gard, now empty and i

St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved what serfdom of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what yictories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortune! It was what my text calls the power from on high.

It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1897 cclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891. The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic and universal prostration as in 1857, there has While we have not had national panic an universal prostration as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wits' end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employed without means of support. The racked brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land, of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come. the land, of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God IT hou knowest how cramped and severe and solemn a time it is with many and as the business ruin of 1857 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890 be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

Brothren in the Gospel ministry? If we spent half as much time in prayer as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on highest we never had it. Frivate membership of all Christendom! If we spent half as much time in positive prayer for the influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be secretaries enough to take down the names of those who want to give in their names for enlistment.

consistency.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in academies of music and lyceum halls and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two academies of music, places of secular entertainment where we are during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously freated by the owners and lessors and lessors and lesses; why not expectand why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convincing power, converting power, saving power, offinipotent power? My opinion is that in this cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them.

In these brilliant assemblies there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much if at all in minimisters of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struckles in

of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. William Cowper, writing of the clergy of these days, plexities in which you need guidance, and which you ought to have defense, and perplexities in which you need guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of theold year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high diescend upon them!

Men of New York and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven! From the day you came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your eves, and the

came to these cities what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your careworn countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh you have just breathed that you want re-enforcement, and here it is, greater than Blucher when he re-enforced Wellington; greater than the Bank of England when last month it re-enforced the Barings—namely, the God who through Jesus Christ, is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your survey, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay come in!

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, and what I would call splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are jolly and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as I would to my father, if he were yet alive. But when they go to their rooms at night, or when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without any fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from on high, lay hold of them!

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another

publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another time five hundred; and our four thousand five hundred membership were out a small part of those who within those sacred walls took upon themselves the yows of the Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power from the level? No.

Power from on high. But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities and over this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages in whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orbhans! We may be 40, 50, 80 years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, nd we always felt as long as father and ther were alive we had some one to whom we could go! Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late; the old folks are gone now."

I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian. "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments, and then said: "Only one thing. I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved. Yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found. Him. Oh that the long restreament. found Him. Oh, that the long postponed answers to prayer for you, my brother, for you, my sister, might this hour descend in power from on high.

Oh, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? Oh, unanswered prayers rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall ever the heart of the heart of the learn of the

died for thee."

Good and gracious God! what will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brocklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like at ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross! If this forward movement is to begin at all there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be sond; time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rhythmic invitation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sobbing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chipped it, instead of being shonymous, ought to be immortal:

Thy slos I bore on Calvary's tree; The stripes, thy due, were laid on me. That peace and pardon might be free— O wretched sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest; I bring relief to hearts opprest.— O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross: Count all thy gains but empty dross, My grace repays all earthly loss— O needy singer, come:

Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears, Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears; O trembling sinner, come!

How Crocodiles Trap Birds.

I have watched upon many occasions the stealthy advance of a crocodile to capture small birds, when in flights of many thousands they have settled upon yielding branches of dwarf willows, writes Sir Samuel Baker in "Wild Beasts and Their Ways." The elastic boughs bent down beneath the weight of the innumerable flock, and the crocodile's head appeared above the surface at a distance, sank below, and quickly reapeared (the eyes and crown alone above the water) within ten yards of the unsuspecting thris, all of whom were busily engaged twittering excitement, quarreling for places and occasionally dipping their beaks in the water when the bending twigs permitted them to drink. In few moments after the disappearance of the wary eyes a tremendous splash was accompanied by a pair of open jaws, which swept the occupants of the lower branches into the greedy throat.

Worth Remembering.

Sharp-eyed men of business take note of a boy's general appearance in making up their estimate of what he is A straightforward, manly bearing will help any lad to get his way in the world, while the haphazard sort of a way usually suggests to the observer a corresponding character. Manliness is not a garment you can put on and off like your Sunday coat. It must have found out Margie's charm." said Jennie to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is so good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her its foundation in the heart, or it will be a fliggy sham that will decrease people."

She is thoughtful blind making the said specific and a flimsy sham that will deceive nobody.

THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LONG.

When on my day of light the night is falling.

And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown, I hear far voices out of darkness calling My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant, Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O love divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my help and stay. Be near me when all else is from me drifting. Earth, sky, home's picture, day of shade and

Earth, sky, home's picture, day of shearth, sky, home's picture, day of shearth, and kindly faces to my own uplifting.

The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold; No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit, Nor street of shining gold. Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned, And both forgiven through Thy 'bounding

grace.

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place— Some humble door among Thy many mansions, Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease. And flows forever through heaven's green ex-

The river of Thy peace. There, from the music round about me stealing.
I fain would learn the new and holy song.
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.
—John G. Whittier.

Margie's Charm.

"What is it makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard, half petulantly, as she turned away from the window after having seen the elegant Mrs. Dayton, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully rein in her horse, take Maggie in her hand-some carriage, and dash off again down street. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now what is it do you suppose?"
"I think I know the charm. Perhaps

you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy, new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports.

Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging the girl joined the merry group and II. Command: was soon running like a deer and laughing with the rest.

a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cheery "Good- Obey ... his statutes, which I command morning," and received an appreciative

smile in return. About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with head bent forward III. Promise: regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all like requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling na-

ture.

Margie, sitting down beside her. "I can't do one of these examples." she replied, dashing away a tear. Margie took the slate, read over an

example, and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her. On their way home a troop of girls

were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margie in whirling suddenly came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir." said Margie, covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm atraid I have burt you, sir," and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes. "Not at all, my dear," he responded

heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady," which he did with a stately bow and passed on.
"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said

a thing," exclaimed one of the girls. "So should I," chorused the others. There was a social in the church parlors that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turn-ing the leaves of a hymn book, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly arose and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile after Mar-

gie had insisted upon it. The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. This was the deacon's wife. who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear trumpet people usually left her to herself, as the majority of people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet.

Margie crossed the room to her, and

taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet.
"Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me," and Margie went away quite happy. As soon as she appeared several voices

"Oh, here comes Margie Fitch! Let her be Ruth. Come, Margie, and be blindfolded." Margie laughingly submitted, and a | I. Appropriate Provision:

moment later was giving "Jacob" a Ravens brought him brok lively chase around the ring. She always put her whole heart into every- Feed me with the food that is needful thing she did.
"I think I have found out Margie's

Burdens grow lighter just as soon as e are willing to bear them.

Mother.

She is thoughtful, kind, polite and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart."

—Caroline Mosher in The Advance.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1891. God's Care of Elljah.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 17: 1-16. Memory verses: 2-5.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Sinning and Serving. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Godliness is profitable unto all things.
- 1 Tim. 4:8.

LESSON TOPIC: God's Servants Fed. 1. Divine Revelations, vs. 1-4, 7-9, 14. 2. Trustful Obedience, vs. 5, 10-13, 15 f. c. LESSON OUTLINE:

2. Gracious Supply, vs. 6, 15 1. c., 16. GOLDEN TEXT: They that seek the Lork shall not want any good thing .-Psa. 34:10.

DAILY HOME READINGS : M.-1 King 17:1-16. God's servants fed T .- Gen. 21:1-21. Hagar's wants

supplied. W.—Exod. 16:1-21. Israel's wants supplied. T.—I Kings 19:1-8. Elijah's wants supplied. F.—Mark 6: 30-44. Five thou-

sand fed. S .- Mark 8:1-9. Four thousand fed. S .- John 6: 26-59. The bread of

> LESSON ANALYSIS. I. GOD'S SERVANTS FED.

There shall not be dew nor rain... The brook dried up (1, 7). That we may eat, and die (1 Kings 17:12).

The famine was sore in Samaria (1 Kings 18:2). We may find grass and save the horses and mules (1 Kings 18: 5). It rained not....for three years and six months (Jas. 5:17).

Get thee ... by the brook Cherith ... Get thee to Zarephath (3, 9). When school was called, Margie laid rose on the teacher's desk as she serve him (Deut. 18:4).

thee (Deut, 27:10). Have not 1 commanded thee? (Josh. All that thou hast commanded us w will do (Josh 1:16).

Thou shalt drink of the brook I have commanded . . . to sustain thee (4, As I was with Moses, so I will be with

thee (Josh. 1: 5). The righteous shall inherit the land Ye shall eat the good of the land (Isa. 1: 19).

All these things shall be added unto you (Matt. 6: 33). 1. "There shall not be dew nor rain. (1) An angry God; (2) A faithful prophet; (3) A fearful penalty. "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." (1) The appoint-

ed refuge; (2) The trustful prophet; (3) The obedient messengers; (4) The sure supply.

3. "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." (1) A new emergency; (2) A new provision.—(1) God, the controlling power; (2) The widow, the submissive instrument; (3) Elijah, the

honored beneficiary. II. TRUSTFUL OBEDIENCE, I. Well-Grounded Obedience: He went . . . according unto the word

of the Lord (5). All that the Lord hath spoken will we do (Exod. 24: 7).
According to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he (Exod. 40:

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it (John 2: 5). Abraham, when he was called, obeyed (Heb. 11:8).

II. Enduring Obedience: So he arose and went to Zarepath Teach me: . . . I shall keep it unto the end (Psa. 119: 33).

I....perform thy statutes,....even unto the end (Psa. 119: 112). He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved (Matt. 10: 22). He that keepeth my works unto the end (Rev. 2: 26).

III. Faith-Filled Obedience: She said, ... I have not a cake She went and did (12, 15). By faith Noah...prepared an ark (Heb. 11: 7)). By faith Abraham went out, not

knowing whither he went (Heb. 11: By faith Abraham ... offered up Isaac (Heb. 11: 17). By faith he forsook Egypt (Heb. 11:

1. "He went and did according unto the word of the Lord." (1) An obedient man; (2) A guiding Lord. -(1) The Lord's word; (2) The prophet's response.

"Behold, a widow woman was
there gathering sticks." (1) The

Lord's command; (2) The prophet's obedience; (3) The widow's pres-3. "Elijah said unto her, Fear not."

ence. III. GRACIOUS SUPPLY.

Ravens brought him bread; ... and high-flown the better. He wrote B. M. for me (Prov. 30: 8). Give us this day our daily bread (Matt. 6: 11), Having food and covering we shall be

....content (1 Tim. 6: 8). Content with such things as ye have (Heb. 13: 5). II. Sufficient Provision: She, and he, and her house, did cat

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures (Psa. 23: 2). Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good (Psa. 104: 28). Thou....satisfiest the desire of every living thing (Psa. 145: 16). God shall fulfill every need of yours (Phil. 4:19).

III. Continuous Supply: The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail (16). Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life (Psa. 23: 6). They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing (Psa. 34: 10). He will be our guide even unto death (P+a, 48: 14). Your heavenly Father feedeth them

(Matt. 6: 26). 1. "The ravens brought him bread and fiesh; ... and he drank of the brook." (1) Constant needs; (2) Continuous supply; (3) Strange means; (4) Sure supervi-ion.

2. "She, and he, and her house, did eat many days." (1) Many beneficiaries; (2) Many days; (3) Much provision.—(1) Man's ever-recurring wants; (2) God's ever-abounding supply.
3. "The barrel of meal wasted not,

...according to the word of the Lord." (1) The word of promise; (2) The deed of fulfilment.—(1) Sufficiency assured; (2) Sufficiency bestowed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FAMINES OF BIBLE HISTORY. In Abraham's days (Gen. 12:10). In Isaac's days (Gen. 26:1). In Joseph's days (Gen. 41:53-57). In the days of the judges (Ruth 1:1). In David's days (2 Sam 21:1).

In Elijah's days (1 Kings 17:1; 18:6). In Elisha's days (2 Kings 4: 38;

6:25).In Jeremiah's days (Jer. 14:1). During the siege of Jerusalem (2 Kings 25 : 3).

After the captivity (Neh. 5:1-3). In the Christian era (Matt. 24:7; Acts 11:28).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .- The kings of Judah during the interval were: Rehoboam, Abijam, Asa, and Jehoshaphat. The kings of Israel were: Jeroboam; his son Nadab; Baasha (a usurper who destroyed the family of Jeroboam); Elah his son; Zimri (who assassinated Elah and reigned only seven days); Omri, the general of the army (who overcame a rival named Tibni); and Ahab, his son. The lesson belongs to the time of Jehoshaphat and Ahab. Jeroboam received several prophetic warnings about his idolatry, and the destruction of his race was predicted. War with Judah continued during the entire reign of Jerobosm. Asa, the contemporary of six kings of Israel, induced Benhadad, king of Syria, to attack the northern kingdom, but was re-buked for this by a seer (2 Chron. 16: 7-19). Abab married Jezebel, a heathen princess, and introduced the worship of Baal. He is described (1 Kings 16: 33) as doing more to provoke Jehovah to anger than all the preceding kings. Incidentally, mention is made of the judgments upon Hiel, who rebuilt Jericho in the days of Ahab (1 Kings

16:34). PLACES.—The margin of the Revised Version names "Tishbeh," probably the home of Elijah; but it cannot be identified. It is uncertain whether the prophet spoke to Ahab in Samaria, the new capital of Israel (1 Kings 16:24) or in Jezreel, which was farther north. The brook Cherith ("gorge") was some stream flowing into the Jordan, suitable for hiding. Robinson favors Wady Kelt, near Jericho. This would be a good hiding-place, but was very remote from the land of Sidon, to which Elijah journeyed next. Zarephath (Greek, Sarepta; now, Surafend) was in Sidonia, on the coast, about seven miles south-

ward from Sidon. Time. - About sixty-five years after the revolt under Jeroboam. According to the usual chronology, about B. C. 910. Ahab took the throne about B. C. 918 or 919, and had certainly reigned a number of years when Elijah appeared.

Persons .- Elijah the Tishbite, the greatest of the Old Testament prophets; Ahab, the wicked king; a poor widow of Zarephath.

INCIDENTS. - Elijah appears before Ahab and predicts a long drought; the prophet is bidden by the Lord to hile himself by the brook Cherith; there he is fed by the ravens; when the brook finally dries up, he is sent to Zarephath, with the promise that a widow there will sustain him; meeting her at the gate of the city, he asks for water; as she goes to get it, he asks for bread also; her answer reveals her great poverty the prophet bids her prepare a meal for him, promising that the Lord, the God of Israel, will keep her supplied as long as the drought lasts; this promise is fulfilled, and Elijah is fed by the heathen widow, whose scanty supply proves unfailing.
There is no parallel in 2 Chronicles

to the account of Elijah's ministry. A Trade Mark Instead of a Name.

"Bertha M. Clay," says the Epoch, in not a name, but a trade mark with a rather curious origip. Mrs. Braeme was English, and her books first came over as advance sheets from Conway, her London publisher. They were signed 'B.

(1) Elijah's authority; (2) Elijah's hackward. Who B. M. C. was was one of those things. of those things no fellow on this side could find out. The American publisher knew that his readers did not like mere letters. They wanted names-the more C., Bertha M. Clay, and sent a man to England to find out out all about her. By much diplomacy he at last got in communication with her, and paid liber-

> he had only a courtesy title. Italy is experimenting with pens elec-trically controlled for the determination of the speed attainted by a vessel between fleating objects thrown from the deck of the vessels herself.

ally for work to which, under our laws,