REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Other Sheep I Have."

TEXT: "*Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.*"—John x., 16.

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a nice little property fenced off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the statuary. It is a father's orchard, and there are bars to let down and gates to swing open.

In my boyhood days, next to the country schoolhouse where I went, there was an apple orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and all going to waste, the owner of that orchard, reckless of making his lameness worse, would take after these lads and shout, "Boys, drop those apples or I'll set the dog on you!"

Now there are Christians who have severe guard over the Church of God. They have a rough and unsympathetic way of treating outsiders. It is a great orchard into which God would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better He likes it. But there are those who stand with a hard and severe nature guarding the Church of God, and all the time afraid that some will get these apples when they really ought not to have them.

Have you any idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been surrounded by hallowed influences, you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out so nobody else can sit there? You will have to haul in your elbows, for there will come a great multitude to sit at the table and on both sides of you. You are not going to have this monopoly of religion. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the Scotchman, has on the Scotch hills a great flock of sheep. McDonald has four or five thousand head of sheep. Some are browsing on the heather, some are on the hills, some are in the valleys, a few are in the yard. One day Cameron comes over to McDonald and says: "McDonald, you have thirty sheep. I have been counting them." "Oh, no!" says McDonald. "I have four or five thousand." "Ah!" says Cameron, "you are mistaken. I have just counted them. There are thirty." "Why," says McDonald, "do you suppose that is all the sheep I have? I have sheep on the distant hills and in the valleys, ranging and roaming everywhere. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

So Christ comes. Here is a group of Christians, and there is a group of Christians; here is a Methodist fold, here is a Presbyterian fold, here is a Baptist fold, here is a Lutheran fold, and we make our annual statistics, and we think we can tell you just how many Christians there are in the world, how many there are in the church, how many in all these denominations. We aggregate them, and we think we are giving an intelligent and an accurate account, but Christ comes and He says: "You have not counted them right. There are those whom you have never seen, those of whom you have never heard. I have My children in all parts of the earth, on all the islands of the sea, on all the continents, in all the mountains and in all the valleys. Do you think that these few sheep you have counted are all the sheep I have? There is a great multitude that no man can number. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Christ in my text talks of the conversion of the Gentiles as confidently as though they had already been converted. He sets forth the idea that His people will come from all parts of the earth, from all ages, from all circumstances, from all conditions. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

In the first place I remark the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep among those who are at present non-churchgoers. There are different kinds of churches. Sometimes you will find a church made up only of Christians. Everything seems finished. The church reminds you of those skeleton plants from which by chemical preparation all the greenness and the verdure have been taken, and they are cold and white and delicate and beautiful and finished. All that is wanted is a glass case put over them. The minister on the Sabbath has only to take an ostrich feather and brush off the dust that has accumulated in the last six days of business, and then they are as cold and beautiful and delicate as before. Everything is finished—finished sermons, finished music, finished architecture, finished everything.

Another church is like an armory, the sound of drum and fife calling more recruits to the Lord's army. We say to the applicants, "Come in and get your equipment. Here is the bath in which you are to be cleansed, here is the helmet you are to put on your head, here are the sandals you are to put over your feet, here is the breastplate you are to put over your heart, here is the sword you are to take in your right hand and fight His battle with. Quit yourselves like men."

There are those here, perhaps, who say, "It is now ten, fifteen years since I was in the habit, the regular habit, of church going." I know all about your case. I am going to tell you something that will be startling at the first, and that is that you are going to become the Lord's sheep. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; you don't know my case; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your case. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep this hour. God is going to call you graciously by His spirit; you are going to come into the fold of Christ. This sermon shall not be so much for those who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach now is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves outsiders, but who may happen to be in the house, and the chief employment of the Christian people here to-day will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to attend upon Christian sanctuaries.

When the steamer Atlantic went to pieces on Mars Rock, why did that brave minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, go out in the lifeboat? Why did he not stay and look after the passengers that got ashore, wrapping flannels around them, and kindling fires for them, and preparing them food? There was plenty of work to be done on shore for those who had already escaped. Ah! that brave man knew that there were others who would take care of those, and so he said, "Man the lifeboat! Pull away, my lads, pull away! Yonder is a man; there is a woman freezing in the rigging. Pull away!" I see the oar blades bend in the strong pull of the oarsmen. Then they come up to the wreck. The woman is frozen. She drops into the wave—alas! poor woman—and washes out to sea. But then Mr. Ancient says: "There is a man yet hanging to the rigging. Pull away, my lads! pull away!" They come up, and he says: "Hold now there five minutes and we will save you. Steady! steady! Now give me your hand. Leap! Thank God, he is saved! Thank God, he is saved!"

So there are men now in the breakers. They have made a shipwreck of life. While we come out to save them, some are swept off—swept off before we can reach them—and there are others still hanging on. Steady there among the slippery places! Steady! Leap into this lifeboat! Now is your chance for heaven! This hour some of you are going to be saved. Far away from God, you are going to be brought nigh. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

You are now this hour in the tide of Christian influences. You are going to be swept in; your voice is going to be heard in prayer; you are going to be consecrated to God; you are going to live a life of usefulness, and your deathbed is going to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers, and devout men will carry you to your burial when your work is done, and these words will be chiseled for your epitaph: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And all that history is going to begin today. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find many of His sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. I do not know whether it was through hearing Theodore Parker preach; or whether it was reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or whether it was through some skeptic in the store or factory. Or it may be—probably is the case—that you were disgusted with religion and disgusted with Christianity because some man who professed to be a Christian defrauded you, and he being a member of the church, and you taking him as a representative of the Christian religion, you said, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it; you do not think the Bible is the word of God, although there are many things in it you admire; you do not think that Christ was a divine being, although you think He was a very good man. You say, "If the Bible be true—the most of the Bible be true—I nevertheless think the earlier part of the Bible is an allegory." And there are fifty things that I believe you do not believe. Nevertheless they tell me in regard to you that you are an accommodating, you are an obliging person. If I should come to you and ask of you a favor you would grant it if it were possible. It would be a joy for you to grant me a favor. If any of your friends came to you and wanted an accommodation and you could accommodate them, how glad you would be!

Now I am going to ask of you a favor. I want you to oblige me. The accommodation will cost you nothing, and you will give me great happiness. Of course you will not deny me. I want you as an experiment to try the Christian religion. If it does not stand the test, discard it; if it does, receive it.

If you were very sick, and you had been given up of the doctors, and I came to you, and I took a bottle of medicine from my pocket and said, "Here is medicine I am sure will help you; it has cured fifty people," you would say, "Oh, I haven't any confidence in it; they tell me all these medicines will fail me." "Well," I say, "will you not, as a matter of accommodation to myself, just try it?" "Well," you say, "I have no objection to trying it; if it will be any satisfaction to you I will try it." You take it. Now you are sick in disquietude, sick in sin. You are not happy. You laugh sometimes when you are miserable. There come surges of unhappiness over your soul that almost swamp you. You are unhappy, struck through with unrest. Now, will you not try this solace, this febrifuge, this anodyne, this Gospel medicine?

"Oh," you say, "I haven't any faith in it." As a matter of accommodation, let me introduce you to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. "Why," you say, "I haven't any faith in Him." Well, now, will you not just let him come and try His power on your soul? Just let me introduce Him to you. I do not ask you to take my word for it. I do not ask you take the advice of clergymen. Perhaps the clergymen may be prejudiced; perhaps we may be speaking professionally; perhaps we may give you wrong advice; perhaps we are morbid on that subject; so I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. I ask you to take the advice of very respectable laymen, such as William Shakespeare, the dramatist; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the electrician.

These men never preached—they never pretended to preach—but they come out, and putting down, one his telescope, and another the electrician's wire, and another the parliamentary scroll—they come out, and they commend Christ as a comfort to all the people, a Christ that the world needs. Now I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. Take the advice of these laymen. It does not make any difference to me at this juncture what you have said against the Bible; it does not make any difference to me at this juncture how you may have caricatured religion. Take the advice of men who are prominent in secular affairs, as these men whom I have mentioned and others who immediately occur to my mind. You see I do not scoff at skepticism. I never scoffed at skepticism. I have been a natural skeptic. I do not know what the first word was that I uttered after entering the world, but I think it must have been "why?"

There were times when I doubted the existence of God, when I doubted the divinity of Christ, when I doubted the immortality of the soul, when I doubted my own existence, when I doubted everything. I have been through the whole curriculum of doubt, and you can tell me nothing new about it. I have come out from a great Sahara desert into the calm, warm, sunshiny land of the Gospel. I know about the other land. I have been there. You can tell me nothing new about it. And I know all about the other condition of which you do not know anything—the peace, the comfort, the joy, the triumph of trusting in God and in Jesus Christ whom He has sent. So I am not scoffing in regard to it.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people give up the prodigal. I hear Christian people talk as though they thought the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had run out then there was nothing to touch the depth of a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting for deer, and got off the track of the deer, he would hunt, amid the bushes and the brakes longer for the lost game than he would look for a lost soul.

They say if a man has had the delirium tremens twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is an infinite slander on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? Well, I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point He certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. There were no sins they did not commit; but they were washed of body and washed of mind and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are grand institutions. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put you trust in God! After the church has cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and all good society have cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry for help God will bend clean down to that ditch of your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God He is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house some whose hand trembles so with dissipation they could hardly hold a hymn book. I say to such if they are here: "You will preach the Gospel yet. You will yet, some of you, carry the holy communion through the aisles, and you will be acceptable to everybody because everybody will know you are saved and purified by the grace of God, and a consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your business has got to come up, your physical health is to be rebuilt, your family is to be restored, the Church of God on earth and in heaven is to rejoice over your coming. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." If this is not the Gospel I do not know what the Gospel is. It can scale any height, it can fathom any depth, it can compass any infinity. I think one reason why there are not more people saved is we do not swing the door wide enough open.

Now there is only one class of persons in this house about whom I have any despondency, and that is those who have been hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. Their outward life is moral, but they tell you frankly they do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, have not trusted Him, have not been born again by the spirit of God. They are Gospel hardened. The Gospel has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the city pavement. The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before they. They went through, some of them, the revival of 1857, when 500,000 souls were brought to God. Some of them went through great revivals in individual churches. Still unpardoned, unblessed, unsaved. They were merely spectators. Gospel hardened! After awhile we will hear that they are sick, and then that they are dead, and then that they died without any hope. Gospel hardened!

But I turn away from all such with a thrill of hope to those who are not Gospel hardened. Some of you have not heard, perhaps, five sermons in five years. This whole subject has been a novelty to you for some time. You are not Gospel hardened; you know you are not Gospel hardened. The whole subject comes freshly to your mind. I hear some soul saying: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves I stumbled over! Whither shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, so very dark! God help me!"

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That was a prayer, and as soon as you begin to pray that turns all heaven this way, and God steps in, and He beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and He throws all around the pursued soul the covert of His pardoning mercy. I heard something fall. What was it? It was the bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Heavenly Shepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep of the mountain come bounding in, some with fleece torn of the brambles, and others with feet lame from the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

God forbid that any of you should have the lamentation of the dying nobleman who had every opportunity of salvation, but rejected all, and who wrote or dictated these words: "Before you receive this my final state will be determined. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief. But oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

Revolutionary Widows.

The last Revolutionary soldier died years and years ago. But the Revolutionary widows are still with us. Twenty venerable women whose husbands "fit" for American independence are carried upon the pension rolls. It is amazing how the widows of soldiers hold on. At the pretent time Uncle Sam is disbursing $38,847 a year to the old soldiers of the war of 1812. But the widows of the old soldiers of the war of 1812 are drawing in pensions the snug sum of $1,263,239 annually. When we get down to the Mexican war we find the survivors a little the best of it. They draw $1,728,027 a year. The Mexican War widows get $695,054. But the widows are creeping up on the survivors. It will be only a few years until the Mexican War widows will be drawing more pension money than the survivors. That is the way the pension laws work out. At the Pension Office this is well understood. It is explained in a few words. The old pensioners marry young wives and leave them their blessings and pensions. The pensioners of the Civil War will reach their maximum in numbers eight or ten years from now if there are no more pension laws enacted. But the widows' list will keep on growing for a quarter of a century. Fifty years from now there will not be a Grand Army man living. Seventy-five years from now a grateful Republic will still be reimbursing widows for what their husbands suffered at Gettysburg and Chickamauga. Women are yet to be born who will become widows of old soldiers and draw pensions for their husbands' services in the war of 1861-5.

There are to-day over one hundred thousand widows on the pension rolls. The pensioners number 400,000. These figures will be reversed in twenty years. Ninety-eight thousand widows draw $12 a month. Last year the Civil War pensioners drew $71,877,619. The Civil War widows drew $19,006,857, more than one-fourth of the magnificent total. —*Washington Letter.*

An Old Fable Rent Asunder.

"These stories of mothers throwing their children into the Ganges is all a 'fake,'" says a returned missionary. "I never saw it done, or any one who claimed to have seen it done, or, in fact, ever heard there of its being done. It is only in England and America that I ever heard of it. Children are loved there just as much as they are here. Motherhood is honored more.

"The story of men throwing themselves into the Ganges in fits of religious frenzy is another fairy tale. It probably originated from the fact that at the great festival held where the Ganges emerges from the mountains into the plain, called the 'Gate of God,' in the crowds that press down to the river to bathe it happened formerly that some were pushed or crowded into the stream by accident and swept away. The Government now takes precautions to prevent such casualties. That such things might easily happen you can see for yourself when I tell you that I saw at the great festival in 1864 over 2,000,000 people there, according to the Government estimate, at one time. When you remember that this festival was to celebrate the completed course of the constellations of the zodiac through the heavens, and that the ceremonial of bathing in the river was to be performed at a sign from the priests that the course of the constellations was completed, you will wonder that such casualties were not frightful in their extent."—*Chicago News.*

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD:

Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic.

The glory has passed from the golden-rod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maple like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring dove return to her nest?
Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
A friend may prove laggard—love never come late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook over-flowed,
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I tread the brown pathway that leads through the pines;
I haste by the bowlder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle or hood?
The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong;
My heart *will* be asking, What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?
She would come to the lover who calls her his own
Though she trod in the track of a whirlwind cyclone!

—I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed,
I looked; lo! my love stood before me at last,
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,
As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road!

OLD LADIES.

What a charm there is about a genuine old lady, one that is not ashamed to wear her own white hair, and who sees no disgrace in the lines time has traced on her comely features. To her the disgrace would be in trying to disguise these facts, and, with the painful examples around her of old age trying to pass itself off for youth, who will say she is not right? To us of a younger generation, what a restful calm seems to surround our old lady, and even to envelope in its soothing atmosphere us poor, weary, overwrought mortals of this nineteenth century who come within its influence. What causes this sweet serenity so often noticed in old people—women more than men? Is it that they have lived their lives, and outlived their troubles? I think not, for whose feelings are more keen, whose sympathy more ready, than our dear old lady's? Else why should we all go to her when life seems hard, and death almost desirable. And do we not leave her with the thought, that, after all, things may not be soo bad as they seemed, and there may be a silver lining even to our dark cloud? An old lady's influence with children, too, is remarkable; but perhaps her unfailing readiness to tell them stories has something to do with this. I well remember the charm my dear old grandmother's stories used to have for us children. There was such an element of fairy tale lore in her stage-coach experiences, and to us girls a savor of romance in the idea of our grannie, our stately grannie in her soft lace cap and black gown ever having worn and—was that before Mrs. Grundy's time—even gone to church in, a muslin frock, with short sleeves, long mittens, and shoes with high red heels. Could frivolity go any farther? But, perhaps, low frocks in those days were not quite the same thing as low frocks in these. Poor dear grannie, she is feeble now, and her memory is not what it once was; no doubt she has forgotten all about these things, though her love for her grandchildren, extended now to their little ones, burns as brightly as ever. And with what love and reverence these old ladies speak of their long dead mothers! Shall we do so? Pray God we may. But in these days of many engagements a woman sees so little of her children, and even when older, and one would think more companionable, her one thought is how soon she may relinquish her girls to the care of husbands. So who knows, in years to come, the sacred name of mother may have lost its holy meaning?

Of course old ladies have their peculiarities, as indeed, who has not? One dear old soul of my acquaintance, who knows not the meaning of the word vanity, but who hates white hair almost as she hates anything wrong or sinful, wears, and has done for the last quarter of a century, a heavy brown wig. There is not the least attempt to disguise, it is a most palpable wig, and she will probably call your attention to it, and explain why it is there.

Another, one of the prettiest, most cultured, and well read women I know, who, years ago, was the chosen friend and companion of one of the first novelists of our century, now in her old age forms her life and manners as far as possible on the model of a heroine in one of her friend's works; because, forsooth! that friend wishing to endow his character with a pretty face, painted hers. As the heroine in question was distinguished by one or two peculiar characteristics, and was, moreover, a young girl, the effect is sometimes rather grotesque when these peculiarities are duplicated in a woman who has reached her three score and ten. But she is none the less charming, and, though outsiders may smile, to her own large circle of friends she is a most lovable little woman.

We are told that that there is an art in growing old gracefully, but it seems to me that it is the entire absence of art that constitutes the charm of old age. With the fashionable old dame who likes to be surrounded by an army of boyish admirers, and who is to be met on every race course and at every smart gathering of "*la monde ou l'on s'amuse,*" we have nothing to do; she is an outcome of this latter day civilization, and probably an evanescent one. But the dear, old, genuine gentlewoman would be sadly missed should her place ever be vacant, and the world know her no more.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JANUARY, 25 1891.

Elijah and the Prophets of Baal.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 18 : 25-39. Memory verses: 38-39.)

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 Servant Vindicated.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Baal's Prophets Defeated, vs. 25-29.
2. Elijah's Test Prepared, vs. 30-36.
3. Elijah's Test Triumphant, vs. 37 39.

GOLDEN TEXT: *How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him.*—1 Kings 18 : 21.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Kings 18 : 25-39. God's servant vindicated.
T.—1 Kings 18 : 1-24. The assembling at Mount Carmel.
W.—1 Kings 18 : 39-46. Elijah's triumph complete.
T.—Exod. 12 : 21-36. Moses vindicated.
F.—Acts 28 : 1-10. Paul vindicated.
S.—John 12 : 20-36. Jesus vindicated.
S.—1 Cor. 15 : 35-57. The final vindication.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. BAAL'S PROPHETS DEFEATED.

I. A Cold Challenge:

Call on the name of your god, but put no fire under (25).
Choose you this day whom ye will serve Josh. 24 : 15).
Return thou after thy sister-in-law (Ruth 1 : 15).
If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him (1 Kings 18 : 21).
Would ye also go away? (John 6 : 67).

II. An Earnest Response:

They...called on...Baal from morning even until noon (26).
They leaped about the altar which was made (1 Kings 18 : 26).
They cut themselves after their manner (1 Kings 18 : 28).
The mariners....cried every man unto his god (Jonah 1 : 5).
Use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do (Matt. 6 : 7).

III. A Disappointing Silence:

There was neither voice, nor any to answer (29).
Their rock is not as our Rock (Deut. 32: 31).
There was no voice, nor any that answered (1 Kings 18: 26).
Call now; is there any that will answer thee? (Job 5: 1).
They have mouths, but they speak not (Psa. 115: 5).

1. "Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first." (1) The contending parties; (2) The point of contention; (3) The accepted test; (4) The decisive result.
2. "There was no voice, nor any that answered. (1) The worshipers' appeals; (2) The idol's silence.—(1) Blind idolatry; (2) Dumb idols; (3) Useless appeal.
3. "Elijah mocked them." (1) Jehovah's representative triumphant; (2) Baal's representatives routed.

II. ELIJAH'S TEST PREPARED.

I. The Altar Repaired:

He repaired the altar of the Lord that was thrown down (30).
Throw down the altar of Baal (Judg. 6: 25).
The children of Israel have....thrown down thine altars (1 Kings 19: 10).
Their altars are as heaps in the furrows (Hos. 12: 11).
They....have digged dowd thine altars (Rom. 11: 3).

II. The Tribes Represented:

Elijah took twelve stones, according to the....tribes (31).
All these are the twelve tribes of Israel (Gen. 49: 28).
Take you twelve men out of the tribes of Israel (Josh. 3: 12).
Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan....twelve stones (Josh. 4: 3).
These stones shall be for a memorial ....for ever (Josh. 4: 7).

III. The Sacrifice Made Ready:

He....cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood (33).
He shall....eat it into its pieces (Lev. 1: 6).
The sons of Aaron....shall....lay wood in order (Lev. 1: 7).
The priests, shall lay the pieces....in order upon the wood (Lev. 1: 8).
The priest shall burn the whole on the altar (Lev. 1: 9).

1. "Come near unto me; and all the people came." (1) Elijah's call; (2) Israel's response.—(1) Choosing the Lord's side; (2) Abandoning Baal's side.
2. "With the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord." (1) The representative stones; (2) The submissive people; (3) The confident prophet; (4) The sacred altar.
3. "Pour it on the burnt offering, and on the wood." (1) The altar rebuilt; (2) The offering prepared; (3) The water applied; (4) The test ready.

III. ELIJAH'S TEST TRIUMPHANT.

I. The True God:

O Lord, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel (36).
I am the Lord, the God of Abraham thy father (Gen. 28: 13).
I am the God of thy father (Exod. 3: 6).
The Lord, the God of your fathers (Exod. 3: 15).
Thou shalt have none other gods before me (Exod. 20: 3).

II. The Fervent Appeal:

Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know (37).
Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer (Psa. 4: 1).
O God, in the multitude of thy mercy, answer (Psa. 69: 13).
Ask, and it shall be given you (Luke 11: 9).
Elijah....prayed fervently (Jas. 5: 17).

III. A Decisive Response:

The fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt offering (38).
There came forth fire from before the Lord (Lev. 9: 24).
There went up fire out of the rock (Judg. 6: 21).
He answered him from heaven by fire (1 Chron. 21: 26).
When Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down (2 Chron 7: 1).

1. "Let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel." (1) The lost knowledge; (2) The restoring effort.
2. "O Lord, hear me, that this people may know." (1) Fervent praying; (2) Gracious hearing; (3) Triumphant answering.
3. "They fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord, he is God." (1) An overwhelming demonstration; (2) A unanimous response.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

MIRACULOUS FIRE.

The burning bush (Exod. 3 : 2 ; Acts 7 : 30).
A plague in Egypt (Exod. 9 : 23, 24).
Leading Israel (Exod. 13 : 21, 22 ; 40 : 38).
On Mount Sinai (Deut. 4 : 11, 36; Heb. 12 : 18).
Destroying Nadab and Abihu (Lev. 10 : 1, 2).
Destroying complainers at Taberah (Num. 11 : 1-3).
Consuming Korah and his company (Num. 16 : 35).
Consuming Gideon's offering (Judg. 6 : 21).
Consuming Elijah's offering (1 Kings 18 : 38).
Destroying Elijah's pursuers (2 Kings 1 : 10, 12).
Accompanying ascensions (Judg. 13 : 20 ; 2 Kings 2 : 11).
Accompanying Christ's return (Dan. 7 : 10 ; 2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The son of the widow at Zarephath is revived through the intercession of Elijah (1 Kings 17 : 17-24). "In the third year" the prophet is sent to Ahab; he meets Obadiah, the devout chamberlain of the king, in his search for water, and bids him tell Ahab where he is. Obadiah expresses his fear that Elijah will disappear, but is assured that he intends to see Ahab. The king salutes the prophet as the troubler of Israel; Elijah rebukes Ahab, and asks him to assemble the people and the numerous prophets of idolatry at Mount Carmel. This is done, and Elijah appeals to the people to choose between Jehovah and Baal. He proposes the test by fire, the details of which are given in the lesson. The people consent.

PLACE.—On Mount Carmel ("fruitful," or "woodd"), a mountain ridge extending from the Mediterranean south of the bay of Acre, for about twelve miles southeastward. It divides the plain of Sharon from that of Esdraelon. The site of the sacrifice has been identified with a spot near the eastern (and higher) end of the ridge, called El-Mahrakah ("the burning," or "burnt sacrifice"); the stream near it is called Nahr el-Mukatea, "river of slaughter," from the massacre of the prophets of Baal.

TIME.—There are no sufficient data for determining the year. If B. C. 910 is the correct date for the last lesson, the date of this one is either 907 or 906. It is not certain how long the drought had continued. In Lukes 4 : 25, James 5 : 17, the period of three years and six months is expressly named. This was the Jewish tradition, and some regard it as a symbolical period (the half of seven years) indicating distress. Others reckon the third year from the arrival of Elijah at Zarephath, or regard the drought as beginning before Elijah appeaerd to Ahab.

PERSONS. — Elijah, the people of Israel, four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and possibly four hundred prophets of the Asherah (Auth. Ver., "groves"). The latter were priests of Astarte (Ashtoreth), the Phœnician goddess, in whose worship licentiousness was very prominent. Ahab, the king, seems to have been present.

INCIDENTS.—Elijah asks the prophets of Baal to make the trial first; they prepare the bullock, and call upon Baal until noon; Elijah derides them; they lacerate themselves, but in vain. At the time of the evening oblation, Elijah calls the people; he repairs with twelve stones the fallen altar of Jehovah, digs a trench about it, cuts the bullock in pieces, causes water to be poured three times upon the burnt-offering and the wood; he then prays fervently to Jehovah; the answer comes in fire that consumes sacrifice and altar. The people fall down and confess, "Jehovah, he is God."

THE death in Paris, on December 9th, of Emma Goodwina, widow of the late Joseph Fagnani, recalls the memory of an artist who, a quarter of a century ago, was probably one of the most fashionably popular painters that New York knew. One of the most brilliant of his exploits was the painting of a series of life-size female figures which he called "The Nine Muses." These were not mere ideal figures, but actual portraits of leading society belles of the period, maidens and matrons, and included life-like representations of well-known gentlewomen clad in the garments of classic Greece. The exhibition, which was held in the art gallery on the southwest corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, created a sensation. During the hours of exhibition the street in front of the gallery was blocked with carriages, and Fagnani was the social success of the hour. Commissions poured in upon him and his work was in great demand. Perhaps one of the happiest efforts of his professional career however was his portrait of the devoted wife, the intelligence of whose death now comes from Paris. As for the "Nine Muses," the pictures became scattered. Some were purchased by the originals, and others, if memory serves correctly, were disposed of in auction rooms or at private sale. No art exhibition so unique in conception has since been seen in this country.—*Home Journal.*