## REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday

"Subject ; "The Evils of Liquor Drinking."

TEXT: "Noah planted a vineyard, and he arank of the wine and was drunken."—Genesis ix., 20, 21.

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but intro-duced a deluge against which the human duced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk and paved the way for the despoilation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to the much wine, and so familiar given to the charged to be sober and not given to the much wine, and so familiar were people of Birle times with the stagger-ing and falling motion of the inebriate that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of the worlds, says, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Ever ince apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But he intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent boverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda-water as compared with the liquids of mod-grn inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundredfold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts, and Jungles of hissing serpents, and perditions of of blaspheming demons.

An arch fleed arrived in our world, and

He built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a disof raradise. Then he gathered for it a dis-tillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldren capsicum and copperas and logwood and deadly nightshade and assault and battery and vitriol and opium and run and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hops. But it was a dry compound and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the area flend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand as-

And then the arch flend took a shovel that be had brought up from the furnaces be-neath, and he put toat shovel into this great; caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock and boil and sput-ter and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "Aha! champion flend am I! Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and fusane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again and I'll stir it again, and it will snoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke, the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newndland, and the Skerries, and the Goodwinz. I have ruined more senators than gather this winter in the na-tional councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the house of peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the drink is a bleached human skull, and the apholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson, because it is dyed in human gore, and the mossic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven hundred voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not him-self when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Gol-gothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have dammed more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I?'

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your at-tention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a stand-still, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worso kind than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkerd's grave there are twenty drunkard's graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which men mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to gov-ernment—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Otard, crooked Cognac, grooked schnapps, crooked beer crooked wine, crooked whisky—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and ath crooked and his eternity crooked. If I could gather all the armies of the dead

drunkards and have them come to resurrec-tion, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse till he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour and day after day. Great host, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march?" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the commun-ity to day the evil is increasing. I call attention to the fact that there are

thousands of people born with a thirst for atrong drink—a fact too often ignored.

Along some ancestral lines there runs the
river of temptation. There are children
whose swadding clothes are torn off the shrow of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God,

great many of the drug stores are abetting this evil, and alcohol is sold under the name of bitters. It is bitters for this and bitter for that and bitters for some other thing

and good men deceived, not knowing there is any thralldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a flend and clutones the man by his throat and says: "Aha! I have been after, you for ten years. I have got you now. Down with you, down with you?" Bitters! Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter and his home bitter and his disposition bitter and his death bitter and his hell bitter. Bitters. A vast army all the time increasing.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17,-000 000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out and out battle with drunkenness and sobriety, be-tween heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an imbruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

in the right direction. In the right direction.

Is drunkenness a state or national evil?

Does it belong to the North, or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the East, or does it belong to the West? Ah, there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not placed. act plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation?—every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family once the most affluent supporters of summer watering places. What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the reseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every itreet of every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong

To prove that this is a national evil I call ip two States in opposite directions—Maine and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to his. State of Maine says: "It is so great an evil up here we have anathematized it as a State." State of Georgia says: "It is so State." State of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil down here that ninety counties if this State have made the sale of intoxicaing drink a criminality." So the word comes in from all parts of the land. Either drunksuness will be destroyed in this country or he American Government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are com-

Ing into a death grapple.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last hirty years, and I will build for every workngman a house, and lay out for him a gar-len, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his ront door a prancing span of sorrels or hays, and secure him a policy of life insur-ince so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is he anarchist of the centuries, and has boyotted and is now boycotting the body and nind and soul of American labor. It ansually swindles industry out of a large per tentage of its earnings. It holds out its plasting solicitations to the mechanic or perative on his way to work, and at the toon spell and on his way home at evenide. On Saturday, when the wages are said, it snatches a large part of the money hat might come to the family and sacriness t among the saloon keepers. Stand the aloons of this country side by side, and it is arefully estimated that they would reach

rom New York to Chicago.

This evil is pouring its vitriolic and dammable liquors down the throats of hundreds if thousands of laborers, and while the adinary strikes are ruinous, both to em oloyers and employes, I proclaim a universal trike against strong drink, which strike, if tept up, will be the relief of the working lasses and the salvation of the nation. I vill undertake to say that there is not a sealthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will reuse all intoxicating beverages and be savng, may not become a capitalist on a small

Oh, how many are waiting to see if some-hing cannot be done for the stopping of in-emperance! Thousands of drungards waitng who cannot go ten minutes in any direcion without having the temptation glaring sefore their eyes or appealing to their nos-rils, they fighting against it with enfeebled rill and diseased appetite, conquering, then rill and diseased appetite, conquering, then urrendering, conquering again and surendering again, and crying, "How ong, O Lord! how long before these alamous solicitations shall be gone?" and how many mothers are waiting to see I this national curse cannot lift? Oh, is hat the boy who had the honest breath who omes home with breath vitiated or displayed. What a change? How quickly those uised? What a change! How quickly those abits of early coming home have been ex-hanged for the rattling of the night key in he door long after the last watchman has one by and tried to see that everything was

losed up for the night.
Oh! what a change for that young man, the we had hoped would do something in nerchandise or in artisanship or in a profesion that would do honor to the family name ion that would do honor to the family name, ong after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for tartied look when the door bell rings, lest omething has happened; and the wish that he scarlet fever twenty years ago had been atal, for then he would have gone directly o the bosom of his Saviour. But alast foor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said, "A foolish son is a territories to his mother."

eaviness to his mother." Oh! what a funeral it will be when that by is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy hat I used to fondle, and that I walked the loor with in the night when he was sick? Is his the boy that I held to the baptismal ont for baptism? Is this the boy for whom toiled until the blood burst from the tips of ny fingers, that he might have a good start nd a good home? Lord, why hast Thou let ne live to see this? Can it be that these wollen hands are the ones that used to wan-ler over my face when rocking him to sleep? can it be that this swollen brow is that I mee so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how ired he does look. I wonder who struck ilm that blow across the temple? I wonder the uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my on; don't you hear me? wake up! On! he an't hear me! Deadl dead! dead! 'Oh. Absalom, my son, my son, would God that had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son,

I am not much of a mathematician and T annot estimate it, but is there any one here juick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for somewhing to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the mareful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a irunken husband! O death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

The rum flend came to the door of that annot estimate it, but is there any one he

a will of this sort. "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine cup shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of al the applauding harples of hell."

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them this army is being augmented. And I am sorry to say that great many of the drug stores are abetting this evil, and alcohol is sold under the name.

I be low on the heart.

The run fiend came to the door of that below on the heart.

The run fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those same way againton a many large those daughters into proflighous. Cursed be bread tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these froats of the wives are there waiting to see if something its evil, and if it refuse to do so God will will be their and the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door of that the low of the story of the story of the story of the seal that the bloom and opened the door of that the low of the beautiful home, and opened the door of that the low of the story of the peutiful home, and opene The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a manlac, I curse that mother into a payment. cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yes, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as He did Phænicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon

Babylon

Ay, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did

the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side, with an impotent looz, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 300,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but this evil may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the human race.

souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomina-tion. Resolutions—oh! yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that or-ganized nastiness two thousand miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign in-dustries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national

I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest an i most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenaccomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshaled?

No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New Yors, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts.

I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of that to-day—not in

never have thought of, that to-day-not in the millennium, but to-day--the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday-schools in Christian debauchers had sunday-schools in Christian debauchers and sin—in the sunday tendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this wil, if all the churches of God, transatiunic and cisatlantic, were armed on

this subject? this subject?
Young men of America pass over into
the army of teetotalism. Whisky, good to
preserve corpses, ought never to turn you
into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young
men have been dragged out of repectability
and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff
called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do
not touch it!

In the front door of our church in Brooklyn, a few summers ago, this scene occurred: Babbath morning a young man was entering Sabbath morning a young man was entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said, "Joe come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too strong, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, In his intorication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one seat to another and fell and was crushed.

to another and fell and was crushed. Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his com-rade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys tomorrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath breaking aid this for me. And John, while you are telling them I will be in hell, and it will be your fault." Isit not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's word, with many banks of keys, the tremolo stop? "Look not upon the wine when is is red, when it moveth

itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Pickton fallen. Sabers broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent?" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. The name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension, that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his dieasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of de-

and alcoholism, which has had its Austeritz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup in which to re-mount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish."

Big Crop From Two Kernels of Corn. A Kansas paper says the entire supply of Jerusalem corn in that State came from two kernels. These produced the seed from which five bushels were raised the following season, and the next crop amounted to 500 bushels.

The plant grows to the height of about three feet, and resembles broom corn or sorghum. The grain is white and answers every purpose which is served by Indian corn. It makes sweeter and better bread, and is delicious when boiled, after the manner of oatmeal. In wet weather it kilos and placed in a wooden box, runs to stalks and grows six feet high, without any grain to speak of.

It produces best when the season is dry, and after the plant gets a start it is said to be absolutely impervious to the influence of drought and hot winds. The farmers of Western Kansas are preparing to engage in its culture next season to a large extent .- New York Daily Conti-

A New System of Lighting.

me of the large railroad stations in Lona large tank containing the oil, 'm the Memphis Avalanche. which pipes run to the various lamps, carrying the oil by gravitation, as needed. Each lamp has a small reservoir for holding sufficient oil to saturate the wick, the flow of oil being regulated by an auto-trifle worn, though his blue eye is still matic valve. The joints in the pipes are keen and his back flat. You may sealed by a material not affected by oil, know him ordinarily by his broad, The wick is lowered or raised by a wire determined face, blue frock coat, and outside of the lamp, and when the wick slouch hat, exchanged for a broadis lowered a flash light continues to burn, brimed straw hat in summer. He so that the entire wick can be lighted lives in Brooklyn with his second wife. The soul that staneth, it shall die when required .- Boston Transcript, and a family of young children

Gen. Grant's Neck.

One of President Harrison's most enthusiastic and faithful admirers is Senator Paddock, of Nebraska. He has known the President personally for many years, and, having a wide experience in public life, is able to compare him with a high degree of intelligence with other men who have occupied the first political position of the land.

"President Harrison reminds me very much of President Grant in one respect," said Senator Paddock to your correspondent a few days ago, "and this respect is his refusal to gush and make promises. It is true that President Grant would promise an intimate friend that he would make an appointment, or would tell him that he could not give him a position, but he always did this on the spur of action, at a time when it was too late for him to run any risk of breaking his word.

"I remember a call I made upon Gen. Grant during his last term in the White House," continued Senator Paddock, "and with me was my colleague, when a fair example was given of the President's peculiar traits of character. We wanted very much to have one of our constituents appointed, and we persisted, with the greatest fervor, to urge the good qualities of our man. While we talked for half an hour or more about the fitness of the candidate presented and the political advantages which would accrue from his appointment, Gen. Grant sat far down into his chair and pulled his neck into his chest like a turtle. He never said a word, but drank in every syllable and read every expression on our faces. Finally we tried to get from him some kind of an utterance which would show what he thought of our case; but the greatest possible effort was of no avail.

"We concluded that it would be best to change our tactics; so we began to I. Willing to Give: talk about the siege of Vicksburg. My colleague knew all about that confield when every man's life was carsentences were spoken about the fight before Vicksburg, Gen. Grant's neck began to grow. It just crawled right out of his chest like the neck of a giraffe. His eyes brightened, and in less than thirty seconds his tongue was II. Refusing to Accept: wagging at both ends. He grew eloquent, and I never was more charmed fused (16). conversation ran along in this vein for about a half an hour, when finally my colleague and I concluded that we would come back to the object of our visit and see if we could not, with the cockle burs of the President warm, get some kind of a promise about the appointment we sought. Gen. Grant anticipated us, and before our words told him that we were going to resume sitting low down on the small of his back again, and his neck was dropped out of sight."

Wolves a Plenty in Missouri.

Missouri is one of the few States in the Union in which bounties are paid on wolf scalps and the only one in which there is a price put on the head of a rat. The State law outlawing these animals permits county courts to authorize their extermination, but fixes the price of wolf scalp at \$3, to be paid by the county. There are counties in south central Missouri, sparsely settled and very poor in many ways, that are always referred to as "Wolf Scalp Counties." Before the war the settlers during the six years of fighting all the men in the southern counties were in one army or the other and during these years these wolves multiplied to such numbers that the 1. Covetousness: sheep-raising industry of that section never has been restored. In the five paid out by the State for wolf scalps. embarked in the business of raising wolves as a means of a livihood. This is not; however, true, for it will take more than another million and a half to exterminate the wolves from South Missouri.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Cremation in Paris.

Everything is being done in Paris to induce people to have their dead bodies burned. A new crematory has just been constructed, according to the plans of M. Geuilard, a municipal counsellor. This furnace is entirely of brick, and its partition-walls have in their entire length a series of holes which give passage to large metallic tubes through which gas is let in by force, having been pumped into the furnace by means of compressed air. The temperature under such conditions is as high as 1,300 deg. to 1,400 deg. The results obtained have been satisfactorily convincing. In thirty-five minutes an entire sheep weighing fifty was reduced to ashes, without the lightest smoke or smell.

Reckless Shooting.

One of the funniest things that has happened in Greenville for some time was the shooting of a negro last night by a policeman. The cop blazed away at the man and shot him in the elbow, the ball glancing and striking the negro in the cheek. As he spit the ball out A new system of lighting by means of he said: "Look heah, white man, you petroleum lamps has been introduced in quit dat shootin' at me; fus' thing yuh knows yuh gwinter brake some 'specdon. The system consists in the use of table pusson's winder glass."-From

> Brick Pomeroy Grows Old. "Brick" Pomeroy looks old and a

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 189L

Gehazi Punished.

LESSON TEXT.

@ Kings 5 : 15-27. Memory verses: 25-27.)

LESSON PLAN.º

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Sinning and Serving. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Godliness is profitable unto all things.

LESSON TOPIO: Secret Sins Ex-

1. Favoring Opportunity, Vs. 15-19.
2. Secret Sins, vs. 20-24. 3. Fearful Punishment, vs.

GOLDEN TEXT: Be sure your sin will find you out -Num. 32:23.

DATLY HOME READINGS:

1 Tim. 4 : 8.

M.-2 Kings 5: 15-27. Gehazi punished. T.-Exod. 4: 1-9. A leprous hand.

leprosy. leprosy. F.-2 Chron. 26: 16-23. Uzziah's Achan (Josh. 7: 21-26).

leprosy. S .- Josh. 7:1-26. Secret sins exposed. S.-Rom. 2:1 16. Secret sins judged.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

L FAVORING OPPORTUNITY. I pray thee, take a present of thy

servant (15). test, and had often met Gen. Grant on The king ... . said, ... . Take the goods in the fifth or eleventh year of Joram to thyself (Gen. 14:21). ried in his hand. Before half a dozen For the full price let him give it to me or 885. Those who assign this period (Gen, 23:9). The field give I thee, and the cave C. 850 or 849.

(Gen. 23:11). Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy (1 Tim. 6:17).

He urged him to take it; but he rein my life with war narratives. Our I will not take a thread nor a shoelatchet (Gen. 14:23).

The king said, .... Nay; but I will verily buy (2 Sam. 24:24). Ye will not come to ne, that ye may have life (John 5: 40). Seeing ye thrust it from you, ....lo, wo turn (Acts 13:46).

III. Out of Observation: way (19).

from .... God (Gen. 3: 8). Like Adam I covered my transgres- away. Elisha tells him that he knows sion (Job 31: 33). Whither shall I flee from thy presence? (Pss. 139: 7).

Can any hide himself ... that I shall not see him? (Jer. 23: 24). 1. "Now I know there is no God, ... but in Israel." (1) Naaman's earlier beliefs; (2) Naaman's con-

vincing experiences; (3) Naaman's final convictions.—(1) Formerly; (2) Now. 2. "He urged him to take it; but he refused." (1) Naaman's urgency:

(2) Elisha's firmness.—(1) Proffer; (2) Declination. 3. "He said unto him, Go in peace.

(1) His troubled coming; (2) His peaceful departure.— (1) Coming with burdens; (2) Going with peace. IL SECRET SINS.

I will run after him, and take some what of him (20). years of 1870 to 1875 \$1,500,000 were Thou shalt not covet ... anything (Exod. 20: 17).

One would think that parties had I coveted them, and took them (Josh. 7: 21). Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it (1 Kings 21: 2). Bid my brother divide the inheritance with me (Luke 12: 13).

II. Falsehood: My master hath sent me (22). Thou shalt not bear false witness (Exod. 20: 16). Lying lips are an abomination to the

Lord (Prov. 12: 22). Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie? (Acts 5: 3). All liars, their part shall be . . . . the second death (Rev. 21: 8). III. Theft:

he took them, ... and bestowed them in the house (24). Thou shalt not steal (Exod. 20: 15).

They...have also stolen, and dis-sembled (Josh. 7, 11). Lest I be poor, and steal (Prov. 30: 9). Let him that stole steal no more (Eph. 4: 28).

1. "My master hath spared this Naaman: ... I will run after him, and take somewhat." (1) Naaman's gratitude; (2) Elisha's generosity; (3) Gehazi's cupidity.

2. Naaman said, "Be content, take two talents." (1) Gehazi's falso-

hood; (2) Naaman's response.-(1) The false servant; (2) The confiding general; (3) The generous gift, 3. "He took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house. (1) The princely gift; (2) The fraudulent reception.

III. FEARFUL PUNISHMENT.

I. Sin Exposed: Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned? (26), Be sure your sin will find you out (Num. 32: 23). God shall bring ... into judgment .... every hidden thing (Eccl. 12:14).
There is nothing...hid, that shall not be known (Luke 12:2). God shall judge the secrets of men (Rom. 2: 16). II. Sin Denounced: Is it a time to receive money, ... and garments? (26).

(Ezek. 18: 4).

Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee (John 5: 14). Evil company doth corrupt good manners (1 Cor. 15; 33). These things write I unto you, that ye may not sin (1 John 2: 1).

III. Sin Punished: He went out ... a leper as white as snow (27). So he drove out the man (Gen. 3: 24).

A fugitive and a wauderer shalt thou be (Gen. 4: 12). Through one man sin entered, ... and death through s'n (Rom. 5: 12). The wages of sin is death (Rom. 6: 23). 1. "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?"

(1) Gehazi's base errand; (2) Elisha's searching question; (3) Gehazi's quick exposure.
2. "Is it a tree to receive money?" (1) Peculiar circumstances; (2) Ap-

propriate duties. 3. "He went out from his presence a leper as white as so ow." (1) Aggravated sin; (2) Extreme penalty. -(1) Sin;(2) Exposure; (3) Penalty.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

SPECIAL PENALTIES FOR SIN. Adam's expulsion from Eden (Gen. 3; 22-241.

The sons of Ham (Gen. 9: 24-27). Nadab and Abihu (Lev. 10:1, 2). W.—Num. 12: 1-16. Miriam's The unbelieving spies (Num. 14:36 Miriam's leprosy (Num. 12: 1-10).

T.-2 Kings 15: 1-7. Asariah's Korah and his comrades (Num. 16: 23-35).

Uzzah (2 Sam. 6:6, 7). Nebuchadnezzar's soldiers (Dan. 3: 19-22). Jonah (Jonah 1: 12-15). Ananias and Sapphira (Acts 5:1-10).

Herod (Acts 12: 20-23).

LESSON SURBOUNDINGS.

There are no intervening events. Places .- Samaria, and a place on

the road to Damascus, not far from Samaria, in a northerly direction. TIME. - As in the last lesson, either (or, Jehoram, king of Isral), B. C. 891 of the history to a later date, accept B.

PERSONS .- Naaman and two of his servants; Elisha; Gehazi, the servant of

INCIDENTS .- Naaman, being healed, returns to E isha, and begs him to accept a present. He refuses. Nasman asks for ea th, promising to worship Jehovah only, and desiring pardon for attending his master in heathen worship. Elisha sends him away in peace. Gehazi runs after Naaman, and, inventing a story about two guests unexpectedly arrived, asks for a grief. Nasman gives Gehazi more than he asks, and sends two servants to carry the treasure. Before coming to the house So he departed from him a little Golazi sends the servants away, and, after disposing of the gift, ap ears beour conversation about politics, he was The man and his wife hid themselves fore Elisha. When asked where he had been, he denies that he has been what has been done, and pronoun as a punishment that the leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto him and his seed. Gehazi at once becomes a leper.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

"The sun sheat will give out in ten million years more,"
And he worried about it:
"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before."
And he worried about it:
"It would surely give out, so the scientists

In all scientifical books that he read, And the whole mighty universe then would be dead," And be worried about it; 'And some day the earth will fall into the

And he worried about it:
"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun,"
And he worried about it:
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps,
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"
And he worried about it.

The earth will become much too small for the race,"

And he worried about it;
"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"
And he worried about it;
"The earth will be crowded so much, without That there'll be no room for one's tongue to

and no recen for one's thoughts to wander about,"

And he worried about it: The Gulf Stream will carve, and New Eng

Ind grow torrider."

And he warred about it:

"Than was ever the climate of southtrnmost Florida."

And he warred about it:

"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crecodles block up our mowing machines. And we'll less our fine crops of potatoes and beans."

And he worried about it.

"And in less than tea thousand years, there's no doub!,"
And he worried about it;
"Our supply of lumber and coal wil! give out,"
And he worried about it;
"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching the general thaw,"
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day), He didn't worry about it; His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to Pay.

He didn't worry about it:

While his wife bear her tircless rub-a-inb-dub.
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub.

He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub.

He didn't worry about it.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blads.

LONG AGO.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Isreassland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a spleader that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not Of a life lived somewhere, I know not I a what diviner aphere.
Of memoires that stay not and go not, I ke music once heard by an ear.
That cannot forget or reclaim it—
And something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both malder and lever,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have i eeu, once again,
Ouild I but speak and show it;
This pleasure, more sharp than pain,
That haffles and lives me so.
The world should not lock a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad
Longage!