REY. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: " Baleful Amusements."

Text: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."—II Samuel, ii., 14.

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made de-

structive?
What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more yictims? I have no sympathy with a straightjacket religion. This is a very bright world
to me, and I propose to do all I can to make
it bright for others.

I never could keep step to a dead march.

A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and feeling in need of recreation, puts on his slippers, and goes into his garret and walks lively round the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us he implanted this

But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the church of God has, for the main part, ignored it. As in a riot, the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street, and has it fired off so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their bat-teries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But my Bible commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figures we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds ween, but they never yet shed a tear; and the winds sight, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm hows, but

it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland. rose, and the universe a garland.

I am glad to know that in all our c'ties there are plenty of places where we may find elevated, moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst plagues of these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusement by the Sodomic pictures on board fences and in many of the show windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. These pictures were exhumed from Pompeii and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in handing out improper advertisements of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooklyn.

by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooking will beat not only Pompeii, but Sodom.

To help stay the plague now raging I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is worse.

"Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?"

Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grog shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police.

What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog shop if ght. Carry him home to his father's house.

reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than the coloring of the coloring and twist them into a chaplet for the silent of the wayward boy, and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride, and the air will be rent with the agony. The great dramatist says: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

I go further, and say these are unchristian amusements which become the chief business nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laugh-ter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job of it.

is a song an anthem, a pman of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the sort air of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now it is these exhibitant and sympathe-tic and warm hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In pro-portion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay, it wants a stout driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so that you cannot sieep, and you rise up in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloods to the bucket outsof the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is ouly the bower where way to stirring achievements. Amusement is ouly the bower where way to stirring achievements. Amusement is any limited to stirring achievements. Amusement is any limited to stirring achievements. Amusement is ouly the bower where way to stirring achievements. Amusement is ouly the bower where way to stirring achievements. Amusement is ouly the bower where way to stirring achievements. Amusement is any limited to their way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up lounging places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gas lighted follows. that send a man next day to his work blood-shot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of anusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with off as the greyhound that runs by his side, or the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena.

If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure,

love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

imnuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back, with his hat on and his coat collar up, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat earlier and puts his coat collar down. The biast that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consummate destruction. The stars of hope will go out one by one until you will be left in utter darkness, Hear you not the rush of the maeistrom, in whose outer circle your boat now dances, making merry with the whirling waters? But yot are being drawn in, and the gentle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for help. In vain! You pull at the oar to put back, but the struggle will not avail! You will be tossed and dashed and shipwrecked and swallowed in the whirlpool that has already crushed in its wrath ten thousand hulks.

Young men who have just come from country residence to city residence will dewell to be on guard and let no one inducy you to places of improper amusement. It is mightily alluring when a young man long a citizen, offers to show a new comer all around.

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Still further. Those amnsements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond you means. Money spent in recreation is no thrown away. It is all folly for us to compared to the englaming cup and the house of from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transactions that yielded you hum the transactions that yielded you have the property of the englaming cup and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction of the stocks.

I was summoned to his deathbed. The property of the englaming cup and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction of the stocks.

the city of Fulladelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide one of these men plied me with his internal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk—I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me and with a his chair round in front of me, and with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all en-compassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! ob, young man. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth in the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping:" large bets on horses have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mans on and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the

mans on and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the whopping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

I saw a beautiful home, where the bell rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgencies. His comrades were bringing him home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at 1 o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades as wandering son, and then the comrades, as soon as the door was opened, threw the prodigal headtong into the doorway, crying:
"There he is, drunk as a fool. Ha, ha?" When men go into amusements they cannot afford they first borrow what they cannot earn and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into lying and then into theft; and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there

are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchants of Brooklyn or New York, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did not the last account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by the first that which you have a sinful indulgence in which he has entered, and he takes by the first het which was decided. takes by theft that which you do not give

him in lawful salary.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens. The young man says:
"Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a

is right or whether it is wrong.

I remark in the first place that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of the composition of the composit

amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them
by contract and made a bungling job of it.
But, blessed be God, there are people in the
world who have bright faces, and whose life
is a song, an anthem, a pean of victory.

Even their troubles are like the victory. its last chant and the mountain shall have come down in an avalanche of a rock, you will live and think and act, high on a throne where scraphs sing, or deep in a dungeon where demons how. In a world where there is so much to do for yourselves, and so much to do for others, God pity that man who has nothing to do.

Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toll is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleassporting jacket, ready to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no A man who does not work does not know how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing but laugh He would not have given us shoulders with which to lift, and hands with which to work, and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an external world.

eternal world! I go further, and say that all those amuse-There is nothing more depraving than attendance upon amusements that are full of innuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back, with

would go home and take his little girl of eight years, and embrace her convulsively, and cover her with adornments and strew around her pictures and toys and every thing that could make her happy; and then, as though bounded by an evil spirit, he would go out to the enflaming cup and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction of the stocks.

dre is or thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide one of these men plied me with his eventide one of these men plied me with his where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no dejusion in the matter. I saw her just as piainly as I see you. Wife, I wish you would take those strings off of me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off of me." I saw it was delighter.

take them off of me." I saw it was delirium.

"Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there." He went on, and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Taimage, my mother sat. She said: 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed, put my arms around her, and said, 'Mother, I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help me.' No mistake about it. No delusion. I saw her—the cap, and the apron, and the spectacles, just as she used to look twenty years ago; but I do wish you would take these things away. They annoy me so. I can hardly talk, Won't you take them away?" I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said, "Good-by; I hope your will be better soon." He said, "Good-by, good-by."

That night his soul went to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the

That night his soul went to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequics. Some said, "Don't bring him in the church; he was too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him n.w that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

the church."

As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body coming up through the aisle I feit as if I could weep tears of blood. I told the people that day: "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them. He had his faults, and a good many of them, but if there is any man in this audience who is without sin let him. in this audience who is without sin let him cast the first stone at this coffin lid." On one side the pulpit sat that little child, rosy, sweet faced, as beautiful as any little child sweet faced, as beautiful as any little child that sat at your table this morning, I warrant you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full sorrows of an orphan child. Oh, her countenance haunts me to-day like some sweet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit were the men wao had destroyed him. There they sat, hard visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of them flusted until it seemed as if the fires of injouity flamed. it seemed as if the fires of iniquity flamed through the cheeks and crackled the lips. They were the men who had done the work. They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that orphan's cup. Did they weep? No. Did they sign repentingly? No. Did they say: "Whata pity that such a brave man should be slain?" No, no: not one bloated hand was lifted to wipe a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vul-They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out! I cried in their ears as plainly as I could: "There is a God and a judgment day!" Did they tremble? Oh, no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their victim lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I was told that they blaspherned, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the houses of iniquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in physical strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines of evil companionship dug his Philistines of evil companionship dug his eyes out and threw him into the prison of eyes out and threw him into the prison of evil habits. But in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two pillared curses of God against drunkenness and un-cleanness, and threw himself forward, until down upon him and his companions there came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe. came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe.

Again, any amusement that gives you a
distaste for domestic life is bad. How many
bright domestic circles have been broken up
by sinful amusements! The father went off,
the mother went off, the child went off,
There are to-day the fragments before me of
blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." ou not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conhave now? Death will break in on your con-jugal relations, and, alas! if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished

from your neglect!
I saw a wayward busband standing at the deathbed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger, and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, 1 see it." "Well," said she, 'do you remember who put is there?"
'Yes," said he, 'I put it there," and all the
past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, is the presence of men
and angels, you promised to be faithful in
joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health;
by the memory of these presence of the presence of the property of the presence of the p by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when our life was spared and another given; by that sick bed, when the little one lifted up the voice and called for help, and you knew he must die, he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in Greenwood that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where, amidst stones of heavenly love, is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects record or births and deaths; by the neglects of the past and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment day, when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups, will stand to be caught up in shining array or to shrink down into darkness; by all that, I beg you to give to home your best

Ah, my friends, there is an hour coming An, my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will some upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining pound of desh, and the remaining drop of blood, and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven the curtain will forever drop.

The National Plant.

There have been laudable efforts lately o elect a national flower by voting; but, however dear, and rightfully dear, to the American heart is universal suffrage, it cannot decide this question, the answer to which should be by acclamation. And how could a fair vote be obtained without an organization almost such as is found necessary for choosing a President for the great Republic-which in this case is clearly im-

Of all the plants selected by this republican caucus, the one that is already national has been strangely neglected. The stately sunflower, the fragrant arbutus, the gay golden-rod, the beautiful mountain laurel, the grand magnolia, the gorgeous cardinal flower, have each and all had their adherents, and been voted for; but when a few out of what should have been many millions of votes have been recorded, the thing comes to

a dead stop.

The American Garden may speak of "our national flower the golden-rod;" but when nothing has been the choice of the whole people, or a representative part of the people, nothing can come of it. But the maize, the Indian corn, has a strong though unacknowledged position as our national plant.—New England

AN OLD LETTER.

Darkened and stained is the paper—
Stained as by many a tear;
Feded and dim is the writing
Traced in a long-past year.
Yet oh! how vivid and visal.
How bright with love's purest ray
Is every page of the letter
We read with moist eyes to-day!

As the sun-ripened fruit of the vintag'
Lives in the sparking wine,
So the soul of the vanished write
Glows in each eloquent line.
His noble and kindly emotions,
His sentiments tender and true
Archere, like remembered music
That thrilled us when life was new.

How sweet are the fond recollections These faded leaflets enclose!
Sweet as the lingering fragrance
That clings to a withered rose,
Yet sweet with a tender sadn-ss
That tells of summer gone by,
Of loys that bloome i but to perish
And hopes that dawned but to die,

Dear record of days departed! We read you o'er and o'er;
You are now like a voice of greeting
From some fair sunlit shore.
Over the surges of sorrow—
Over a sea of gloom
This voice says—"Love is immortal
And lives beyond the tomb."
meline Sherman Smith, in Home Journal,

FAMILY JARS.

They are not useful, scarcely even ornamental, yet no home is complete without them, and we encounter them everywhere. High and low, rich and poor, all have them alike, though all do not display them with equal gener-osity to the vulgar gaze The un-sophisticated masses usually stand them, as it were, on the table or the mantel-piece with the other bits of crocker, -the "Present from the Crystal Palace," and the mug "For a Good 5:24. Boy or Girl," etc .- and point out their chips and cracks with a certain rueful complacency to every passer-by. "He was that aggravating," she will tell my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.you, if you chance to look in upon her Zech. 4:6. just after she has scolded him out of the house; and "She has such a tongue as there's no putting up with; fie h and blood can't stand it," he will say, in ample explanation of the black eye he has given her. Family jars, these, of the rudest and crudest description; do-

mestic pottery in its simplest, least who healeth all thy dis ases .- Psa. artistic form. But let us ascend a step or two on the social ladder, and we find that both the design and the workmanship improve considerably. The language becomes more polite, and the provocation is given and received with less simple directness of manner; delicately veiled sarcasm takes the place of open brutality, and terms of endearment not infrequently speed the stinging word on its way, just as soft feathers wing the sharp arrow on its dead y course. "My dear, it is strange that after all these years you do not yet know the value of money," he says to his youthful wife of fifty fair summers; and she replies with a sweetness that has something of acidity in it: "How should I, my love, when you let me see so little of it?' Wrangling this, but of a superior order; the family jars are improving in style, but the material is the same, and so are the tools employed in their manufacture. Satire, covert or open, as the case may be; criticism, more or fall (Prov. 16:18). less candid, according to the temperament and training of the critic; the "retort courteous," and the "lie direct;" these are some of the tools that, working on hyper-sensitiveness, ill temper, and general dissatisfaction. produce these family jars, and other amszing results such as envy, hatr d. malice, and all uncharitableness, that sometimes end in battle, murder, and sudden death. If there had been no family jars in the home of the patriarch Jacob, Joseph would never have been lowered into the pit by his angry brethren, and, humanly speaking, the Israelites would never have been re duced to making bricks in Egypt.

But, to turn from these high matters to the commonplace experiences of every-day life, it is strange to remark the different treatment to which we see these family jars subjected amongst our own friends and acquaintances. general way we find that the higher we ascend in the social scale, the greater is the reserve with which domestic dissension is treated; a respectable cloak of mystery is thrown around it, and in the end it is not infrequently locked up with the family skeleton in the cupboard. Many an ignoble jar is disposed of in this way-to fall with a crash at some most inopportune moment, when a well-meaning passer-by chances inadvertently to open the cupboard door. Have we not all been present on such unhappy occasions as these; most unwilling witnesses of the consternation and dismay with which the horror-stricken owners gazed on the wreck that revealed their jealousyguarded secret to the public gaze? What sympathetic soul but must feel deeply for the sufferers thus exposed world; and, alas! what proud and sensithe more reserved of us that feel them | 18: 38, 39). so acutely-at least, in this connection

with others. Family jars, we have said, are neither useful nor ornamental in a general way; at least, we can seldom discover any practical purpose that they serve, unless it be a bad one. But doubtless they are necessary—a necessary evil, it may be, and as such we must endeavor to make the best of them. Let us ignore them as long as we can, and, in any case, let us beware how we take the world into our confidence with regard to them, thereby making our private dissensions public property, for then they will pass to a great extent out of our control, and often assume an importance we have never dreamed of according to them.

The population of Toklo, the capital of Japan, is rapidly increasing, while that of other cities and towns in the 24). Empire is decreasing.

There is now an exceptional opening for American oysters in England in consequence of the danger of an oyster famine. Genuine "natives" are a dol-

The publicdebt was increased in Febuary nearly three millions.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29. 1891. FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW HOME READINGS.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER; Godliness is profitable unto all things. - 1 Tim. 4:8.

I. THE KINGDOM DIVIDED. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fal.—Prov.

IL IDOLATRY IN ISRAEL. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. - Exod. 20:4.

III. GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH. They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.—Psa. 34:10. IV. ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him. -1 Kings 18:21.

V. ELIJAH AT HOREB. Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless the .- Gen. 26:24.

VI. AHAB'S COVETOUSNESS. Take heed, and beware of covetousess.-Luke 12: 15. VII. ELIJAH TAKEN TO HEAVEN,"

And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him. - Gen. VIII. ELIJAH'S SUCCESSOR.

Not by might, nor by power, but by

IX. THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON. The Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them .- John 5:21.

X. NAAMAN HEALED. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; 103:3.

XI. GEHAZI PUNISHED. Be sure your sin will find you out .-Num. 32:25.

XIL ELISHA'S DEFENDERS. Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. -2 Kings 6:16.

REVIEW BIBLE LIGHTS.

Lesson 1. - Superintendent: And when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not unto them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritsnce in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David. So Israel departed unto their tents (1 Kings 12:16).

Scholars: Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a

Teachers: God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble (Jas.

All: Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God (1 Pet. 5:6).

Lesson 2 .- Superintendent: Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold; and he said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold thy gods, Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And he set the one his chariot to meet thee? . . . The lepin Beth-el, and the other put he in Dan. And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan (1 Kings 12 :

Scholars: Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image (Exod, 20:4). Teachers: Little children, guard yourselves from idols (1 John 5:21). All: The Lord, he is God; the Lord. he is God (1 Kings 18:39).

Lesson 3. - Superintendent: And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah; and she, and he, and her cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah (1 Kings 17: 15, 16).

Scholars: They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing (Psa. 34:

Teachers: Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things (Matt. 6: 42(. All: Give us this day our daily bread

(Matt. 6: 11). Lesson 4. - Superintendent: Then

to the scorn and cold derision of the the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt offering, and the wood, and tive spirit but must fremble lest its the stones, and the dust, and licked up own treasured boards be in like man- the water that was in the trench. And ner made the laughing-stock of the when all the people saw it, they fell on vulgar crowd! For we all have family their faces; and they said, The Lord, he jars, though it is only the prouder and is God; the Lord, he is God (I Kings

> Scholars: How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God follow him (I Kings 18: 21).

Teachers: Choose you this day whom ye wil serve (Josh. 24: 15). All: The Lord our God will we serve (Josh. 24: 24).

Lesson 5 .- Superintendent: Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time. And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life (1 Kings

Scholars: Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee (Gen. 26:

Teachers: If God is for us, who is against us? (Rom. 8:31). All; If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence (Exod. 33:

Lesson 6.—Superintendent: And Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased because of the word which

Naboth the Jezreelite had spoken to him: for he had said, I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers. And he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread (1 Kings 21: 4).

Scholars: Take heed, and beware of covetousness (Luke 12: 15).

Teachers: Be... content with such things as ye have (Heb. 1. 5). All: Godline s with contentment is great gain (1 Tim. 6:6).

Lesson 7 .- Superintendent: And if came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, t at, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horse of fire, which parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven (2

Scholars: And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him. (Gen. 5: 24).

Teachers: Before his translation he hath had witne s borne to him, that he had been well-pleasing unto God (Heb. 11:5).

All: And without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing unto him (Heb. 11:6).

Lesson 8. - Superintendent: He took up also the mautle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan. And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord, the God of E ijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they were divided hither and thither; and Elisha went over (2 Kings 2:13, 14).

Scholars: Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts (Zech. 4:6). Teachers: Be strong in the Lord,

and in the strength of his might (Eph. 6: 10). All: I can do all things in him that

strengtheneth me (Phil. 4: 13). Lesson 9 .- Superintendent: Then be returned, and walked in the house once to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunsmm te. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son

(2 Kings 4: 35, 36). Scholars: The Father raiseth up the dead, and quicken th them (John 5: 21). Teachers: All that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth (John 5: 28, 29).

All: Some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt Dan. 12: 2).

Lesson 10. - Superintendent: My father, is the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean? Then went he down, and dir ped bimself seven times in Jordan, acording to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was

clean (2 Kings 5: 13, 14). Scholars: Who forgiveth all thine aiquitie : who healeth all thy diseases

Teachers: Though your sins be as carlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool)Isa. 1: 18). All: Wash me, and I shall be whiter

than snow (Psa. 51: 7). Lesson 11 .- Superintendent: And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from rosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow (2 Kings 5:

Scholars: Be sure your sin will find you out (Num. 32; 23),

leachers: There is nothing covered up, that shall not be revealed: and hid, that shall not be known (Luke 12: 2). All: Clear thou me from hidden faults (Psa. 19: 12).

Lesson 12.—Superintendent: And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray house, did eat many days. The barrel thee, open his eyes, that he may see, of meal wasted not, ne ther did the And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha (2 Kings 6: 17). Scholars: Fear not; for they that be

with us are more than be with them (2 Kings 6: 17). Teachers: 'The angels of the Lord

encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them (Psa. 34: 7). All: O keep my soul, and deliver me (Psa. 25: 20).

KISS HER AND TELL HER SO.

You've a neat little wife at home, John. As sweet as you wish to see; As faithful and gentle-hearted, As fond as a wife can be: A genuine, home-loving woman, Not caring for fuss and show: She's dearer to you than life, John, Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptl served, John. As, likewise, your breakfast and tea; Your wardrobe is always in order, With buttons where buttons should be, Her house is a cozy home nest, John, A heaven of rest below; You think she's a rare little treasure; Then kiss and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John. Let fortune be foul or fair; Of whatever comes to you, John, She cheerfully bears her share; You feel she's a brave, true helper, And perhaps far more than you know Twill lighten her end of the load, John,

Just to kiss her and tell her so. There's a crossroad somewhere in life, John Where a hand on a guiding stone Will signal one "over the river," And the other must go on alone.

Should she reach the last milestone first, John Twill be comfort amid your woe To know that while loving here, John, You kissed her and told her so. Conklin's Dakotian