REV DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: Invitation to a Wedding."

TEXT: "*Come, for all things are now ready.*"—Luke xiv., 17.

Holy festivities to-day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of Heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's Son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest.

The doors of the great banqueting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Fourteen hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands and torches and the thunders of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy and from excitement to excitement and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the king of England, and then to the health of the emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banquester. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood, and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Illustrating my text I go on, and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered, booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, witing with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting!

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say, "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out." No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled his brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill, and mountain hunger, and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry. I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear into one groan. I take one drop of sweat on his brow, and I put it under the glass of the gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you, and he says to me, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

But there is one word of five letters that I would like to write, but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, J-E-S-U-S, Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long he waited for me! How long he has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and the beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, nigh as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say he is waiting as only an all sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse, "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible dissipations? It was that one verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Christ? It was the one passage, "Now unto him be glory forever and ever."

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the gospel by reading of the Syro-Phœnician's cry to Christ, where he said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and, weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told perhaps by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, He is here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say, "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer, and you say, "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton street prayer meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The church is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it, "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism; give him full right to all the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ."

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all. All! All! But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels in Heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus's soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay 180,000 of Sennacherib's troops?

Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come on sulphurous wing and they shackle him, and try to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to Heaven, and when others gather like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice.

Look! There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air, "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitfield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves, they had better stay home in glory. But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in heaven are in sympathy with our redemption.

Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say, "I am done with the sins of this world. Ple upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever." Why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with the message for thy soul would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels posing in midair would cry upward, "He is coming!" all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward till it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with the emphasis of my soul the question, "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the king's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arm stretched out soaked with blood from elbow to finger tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while he says, "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? Come, all the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not till thy heart gets hard. Come, the farthest away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, to-day, and get his pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to him this day. He will wash away thy sin, and he will throw around thee the robe of his pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee.

And the one farther off, farther off than I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned, self-righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servants at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come. Come to the feast. Come, repent of thy sin. Come, take Christ for thy portion.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching farther and farther over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the king has his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now it is three-fourths shut. Now, it is just ajar. After awhile it will be forever shut!

Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While in the endless round of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

THE granddaughter of Charles Dickens, Miss Mary Dickens, has gone on the stage. She has lately made a provincial tour in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

A street car at Atchison, Kan., has been painted black for funeral purposes.

THE RED SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL.

PHIL. A. MACDONALD.

To a happy vale a stranger
Idly roving, chanced to come;—
One whom crime had made a ranger
From his distant Eastern home.
Pallied with pleasure's wanton dances,
From the scenes he turned away;
And in an evil hour his glances
Chanced to rest on Mary Gray.
Good and pure she'd always been,
No cares her life did fill;
And happy were the days she saw
In the red school house on the hill.

O, how lightly, pleasure-laden,
Danced the sunny hours along!
While he lured the simple maiden
With sweet tales of love and song.
Steeped each sense in bliss entrancing,
Every thought with passion rife,
Every pause with rapture dancing,
Life was love, and love was life!
But there came a dreadful waking
No more should her glad pulses thrill,
As when a child her glad way taking
To the red school house on the hill.

Then they wandered off together
From her simple country home
Where he had wooed and lightly won her,
On the world the frail flower thrown.
None to sooth her tearless anguish,
No confiding bosom nigh;
Naught was left her but to languish
Out her weary life and die.
Then one May morn the church bell tolled,
The birds their song did trill;
They found poor Mary dead and cold,
In the red school house on the hill.

FOR THE FLOWER-LOVERS.

"The Spring comes slowly up this way."

These sunny may days, we all want to be at work in our gardens, the warm air tempts us forth, and we can scarcely wait to get our seeds and plants to growing.

In late March and early April, when we were preparing the seeds for pansies, and other plants that do so much better for early starting, we would look up and see the ground covered with snow, or sleet and wind driving against the window panes, and it seemed premature to be putting in the seed so early.

The sunniest days had a chill in the air, and not a green bud showed itself on shrub or tree.

One day in late March a bright-eyed maiden suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, there is a butter-fly on the window-pane!" And all looked to see, there was the little fellow in between the double panes of glass in the conservatory window, where it had probably been in a chrysalis state all winter, the first sunny days bringing it forth from its dark casket to the light and warmth of the sun. We opened the window and he fluttered in and alighted on a cactus, which stood near the window, opening and shutting his tiny golden wings as if glad to be alive. Willing hands prepared nectar from a bit of sugar dissolved in water, to tempt the little stranger's appetite, and welcome the dainty harbinger of Spring. Creature of a day, he soon breathed out his brief existence, and still rests with folded yellow wings, looking as if ready for a flight, on a green basket plant hanging in the window.

Not long after, when the covers were being raked from the garden beds, what should we find but waxen snowdrops blooming away under the straw. These were quickly gathered and sent to cheer an invalid's weary chamber, but crocus buds were beginning to show, and soon the bed was all abloom, as they lifted their bright heads, yellow and white and blue; they graced the Sunday morning service on Easter day. Then came on the hyacinths, and each, in their turn. These early blossoms braved the wet, and cold and sleet of capricious April. Now comes sunny May, heralded with singing of birds, and flowers springing wherever her dainty feet shall tread, and green leaves and warm breezes, and the budding of the flowers, invite us into our gardens to care for the plants, and bring health to systems jaded with the long Winter's confinement. We will push the work now as fast as the ground can be made ready, for this is the busiest season with the flower-lovers, and the trees must be pruned, the beds kept free from weeds, and a succession of bloom provided for. Later the geraniums and other plants which do better for being kept in the open ground through the summer, must be taken out, and there is constant work and watching to be done.

Tools should be kept in order ready for work, and materials at hand for fighting insects.

On poor soils, well-rotted stable manure should be worked in where attainable, or if that cannot be procured, good commercial fertilizers must be used instead. Nitrate of soda is one of the best fertilizers for early crops, and only well-worked soil will give the best results.

If a good top-dressing is given the lawn, it will result in a greener and more velvety turf, and every flower-bed will respond with brighter bloom, if a weak liquid manure is prepared and used occasionally for watering the plants.

BORDER PLANTS.

A fine, compact little plant for edgings, is the low-spreading Lobelia, with abundant, small, azure-blue flowers. "Crystal Palace" is one of the best varieties for borders, carpet bedding etc. and is of a deep, intense blue. L. Erinus compacta alba has, as its name indicates, a white flower and the two sorts are very pretty grown together. Lobelia is also very fine as a basket plant and will soon form a mass of delicate, green foliage, starred with the tiny blossoms.

The summer-blooming oxalis is fine for borders and requires a light, rich soil and plenty of moisture. Oxalis Lasiandra and O. Deppii are among the best varieties for borders. O. Ortgeisi is a novelty from Peru, the upper side of the leaf being olive green while the underside is purple. It is a free bloomer and the plants grow like little trees, a foot or so high.

Sweet alyssum is too well-known to need description. When the plants begin to look straggling they may be improved by close trimming, when a new growth will begin at once and the young shoots will soon commence to bloom again.

Nycterinia, with pink and white sweet-scented flowers is another desirable border plant, as is also thrift or sea-pink, with its narrow-leaved foliage and tiny, pink blossoms.

The curled varieties of parsley make excellent edgings and are very beautiful and useful for garnishing and also for bouquet green. "Beauty of the parterre" is by far the handsomest variety. Parsley seed germinates slowly and the seed should be placed in hot water and left in a warm place to soak for twenty-four hours before sowing.

GLOXINIAS.

These flowers of gorgeous colorings are not as yet very well known, but as a summer bloomer for window or conservatory culture are most desirable. The plant is very simple in its demands; it will not bear much water and blossoms freely with but little sunshine. It blooms from early spring until late autumn, the flowers lasting from one to two weeks.

The flowers are most exquisite in form and color with their "velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine." Some of them are dark with golden pits; some are light above with throats of dark, rich colors. They may be raised from seed or cuttings, but the beginner will do well at first to secure good, strong plants from the florist, when he may experiment to his heart's content. The seeds are exceedingly fine and require great care in their propagation. They do not come true to the flower but show most beautiful changes in color and markings, scarcely two flowers being alike.

If the leaves are placed in water and allowed to remain for some time they will frequently throw out leaflets, which will grow bulbs if properly cared for. The foliage is very pretty and the plant is altogether desirable..

CALIFORNIA ROSES.

The climate of California seems to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of the queen of flowers. In relation to this peculiarity Charles Howard Shinn says in *Vick's Magazine* for February: "The Rose cottages of California are counted by the thousand and increase every year. Twelve months of growth under favorable conditions is enough to change a newly built house to a Rose cottage."

Our illustration this week is kindly furnished us by Wm. H. Maule, of Philadelphia, whose mammoth seed catalogue we have just received. Maule prides himself on his Jumbo melons and other vegetables and has many fine specialties in new varieties of flowers. His catalogue is sent for 25 cents with packet of Marguerite Carnation seeds and Bush Lima Beans.

Air and Light in Bedrooms.

Air and light in bedrooms are essential to health. Yet a great many people seem to be of opinion that both should be excluded as much as possible, especially during all the hours of sleep. Night air is considered by some as quite unwholesome, yet night air is all we have at night to breathe.

If our bedrooms were constructed to sleep in, the questions involved as to air and light would be much easier of solution than they are. There would be in the architectural plan of the bedroom a place for the bed, out of draughts, and so that the eyes could not open directly on a window. The free admission of air and light would be provided for, so that if one were compelled to occupy the bed all day no inconvenience would follow to the eyes or the lungs. but as average houses are built the bedrooms are as suitable for sitting-rooms as for sleeping-rooms, and in many bedrooms there is no suitable place for a bed.

But, however domestic architecture may be at fault, the ingenius housekeeper will contrive a way of making the best of her advantages to profit. Draughts of air may be kept from the sleeper by curtains properly disposed about the bed, and screens may be so placed with respect to windows as to protect the eyes from the light without excluding the air. If light in the room interferes with sleep, a thin silk handkerchief of some dark tint tied over the eyes will shield them from the light and not interfere with the comfort of the sleeper. This last method was tried by a lady who found it impossible to sleep after the dawning of the day. To prevent waking at this hour, she was accustomed to close her shutters tightly before going to sleep. This, of course, excluded air as well as light, and her sleep was heavy and unrefreshing. A thin, dark silk bandage over her eyes sufficed to protect them from the light, and permitted her to keep her shutters wide open. Then her sleep was refreshing.

It is difficult to have too much air and sunshine in bedrooms when the beds are tenantless. The beds should be opened freely, and so left till thoroughly aired. It is not the neat housekeeper who has all her beds made as soon as the sleepers are out of them. Robes worn at night should be hung up during the day where the air can have free access to them; not folded and laid under the pillow or in a case made for the purpose. Such part of "our dead selves" as we leave absorbed in the bed-clothes and in garments worn during sleep, air and sunshine will, if permitted, remove to a great extent, and give us to lie down at night to pleasant dreams.—*N. Y. Cristian Advocate.*

PERSONAL.

MISS VIDA D. SCUDDER, who contributed a short prose poem, "A Modern Legend," to *Harper's*, is a niece of Horace Scudder, and was born in Southern India, where her parents were missionaries. She is now a teacher in Wellesley College.

MISS HELEN P. CLARK, an Indian girl who was educated at Carlisle, has been sent to Montana, as a special agent of the Government. Her mission will be to superintend the allotment of lands to the Indians.

VILMA PARLAGHY is the most noted portrait painter in Germany, and has lately received an order from the Empress, though she usually has excelled most in portraits of men. Miss Vilma has just finished a painting of Count Moltke, the old Field Marshal, in uniform with all his decorations.

MLLE. JULIE GOURAUD, who recently died at the age of eighty-one, was the founder in France of a school of literature for young girls, and the editor of the *Journal des Jeunes Personnes*. Although her income had been very large for some years, she had given so generously to philanthropic objects that she left but a very small fortune.

AMONG unique doings of women in America, which find their way to the press one reads of Miss Lizzie Regan of Birmingham, Conn., the first woman member of a Fire Department; of two deaf mute sisters in Texas who edit a newspaper; Miss Kate Chute, the first travelling saleswoman for a shoe house; Miss Cora V. Diehl, Recorder of Deeds for Logan county, Ala., and Miss H. S. Gould, of Georgia, one of the main instruments in the creation of the Covington and Macon Railroad.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHAMPNEY has written her ninth Vassar-girl book. The scene is laid in Switzerland.

MISS SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, whose "A Social Departure," and "An American Girl in London" are now so much read, served her literary apprenticeship on the *Toronto Globe* and other Canadian journals under the name of "Garth Grafton." The "Social Departure" is the story of her own adventures in a trip round the world with a woman friend.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1891.

Captivity of Israel.

LESSON TEXT.

2 Kings 17 : 6-18. Memory verses: 15-18.

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: *Forsaking and Forsaken.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Forsaking the Lord, vs. 7-11.
2. Serving False Gods, vs. 12-17.
3. Forsaken of God, vs. 6, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you.*—2 Chron. 24 : 20.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—2 Kings 17 : 6-18. Captivity of Israel.
T.—2 Kings 18 : 1-12. Cause of the captivity.
W.—Lev. 26 : 14-33. Captivity foretold.
T.—Deut. 28 : 58-68. Captivity foretold.
F.—Deut. 29 : 10-29. Captivity foretold.
S.—Psa. 137 : 1-9. The psalm of captivity.
S.—Isa. 35 : 1-10. Return from captivity.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. FORSAKING THE LORD.

I. Jehovah's Goodness to Israel:
The Lord,....which brought them up out of....Egypt (7).
The Lord brought thee out of Egypt (Exod. 13 : 9).
I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out (Exod. 20 : 2).
Thou broughtest a vine out of Egypt (Psa. 80 : 8).
With a high arm led he them forth out of it (Acts 13 : 17).

II. Israel's Sins Against Jehovah:
Israel did secretly those things that were not right (9).
Clear thou me from hidden faults (Psa. 19 : 12).
Their course is evil, and their force is not right (Jer. 23 : 10).
They know not to do right (Amos 3 : 10).
Thy heart is not right before God (Acts 8 : 21).

III. Israel's Provocation of
They....wrought wicked things to provoke the Lord (11).
Hearken unto his voice; provoke him not (Exod. 23 : 21).
How long will this people despise me? (Num. (14 : 11.)
How oft did they rebel against him! (Psa. 78 : 40.)
Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? (1 Cor. 10 : 22.)
1. "Israel had sinned against the Lord their God." (1) Jehovah's relation to Israel; (2) Israel's conduct to Jehoveh. — (1) Israel's gracious God (2) Israel's grievous sins.
2. "Israel did secretly those things that were not right." (1) Sinning seriously; (2) Sinning secretly.
3. "Wrought wicked things to provoke the Lord to anger." (1) Man's wicked deeds; (2) God's righteous anger.—(1) Men provoking God; (2) God provoked at men.

II. SERVING FALSE GODS.

I. Idols Served:
They served idols (12).
He did very abominably in following idols (1 Kings 21 : 26.)
He....served the idols that his father served (2 Kings 21 : 21.)
They forsook the house of the Lord, ... and served the....idols (2 Chron. 24 : 18.)
Ashamed be all they that serve graven images (Psa. 97 : 7).

II. Jehovah Disregarded:
They would not hear, but hardened their neck (14).
The Lord spake to his people; but they gave no heed (2 Chron. 36 : 10).
My people hearkened not to my voice (Psa. 81 : 11).
They said, We will not hearken (Jer. 6 : 17.).
They rebelled against me, and would not hearken)Ezek. 20: 8).

III. Commandments Rejected:
They rejected his statutes, and his covenant (15).
Thou hast rejected the word of the Lord (1 Sam. 15 : 23.)
Ye have set at nought all my counsel Prov. 1 : 25.)
As for my law, they have rejected it (Jer. 6 : 19).
He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings (John 12 : 48).
1. "They served idols." (1) In disobedience to God's commands; (2) To the neglect of Jehovah; (3) To the debasement of themselves.
2. "Turn ye from your evil ways." (1) Israel's evil ways; (2) Jehovah's gracious call; (3) Jehovah's wise direction.
3. "They forsook all the commandments of the Lord." (1) God's commandments; (2) Israel's abandonment. — (1) Commands; (2) Abandonment; (3) Penalty.

III. FORSAKEN OF GOD.

I. Israel Carried Away:
The king....carried Israel away into Assyria (6).
The king of Assyria carried Israel away (2 Kings 18 : 11).
Behold, the Lord will hurl thee away (Isa. 22 : 17).
The wind shall carry them away (Isa. 41 : 16).
I will carry thee away beyond Babylon (Acts 7 : 43).

II. Israel in Captivity:
The king....placed them in Halah, and in Habor (6).
And you will I scatter among the nations (Lev. 26 : 33).
Among these nations shalt thou find no ease Deut. 28 : 65.)
The Lord....cast them into another land (Deut. 29 : 28).
We wept, when we remembered Zion (Psa. 137 : 1).

III. Out of God's Sight:
The Lord....removed them out of his sight (18).
This house... will I cast out of my sight (1 Kings 9 : 7),
I will remove Judah also out of my sight (2 Kings 23 : 27).
He....shall not be established before mine eyes (Psa. 101 : 7).
Cast them out of my sight, and let them go forth (Jer. 15 : 1).
1. "The king of Assyria took Samaria." (1) God directing; (2) Assyria acting; (3) Samaria suffering. —(1) Samaria captured; (2) Assyria triumphant; (3) Jehovah vindicated.
2. "The Lord was very angry with Israel." (1) Israel's sins; (2) Jehovah's anger; (3) Israel's penalty. —(1) Sin in man; (2) Anger in God.
3. "There was none left but the tribe of Judah only." (1) Judah's fidelity rewarded; (2) Israel's iniquity punished.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FORSAKING GOD.

Warned against (Josh. 24 : 20; 1 Chron. 28 : 9).
Repudiated (Josh. 24 : 16)
Practiced (Deut. 32 : 15 ; Isa. 65 : 11).
For other gods (Judg. 2 : 12 ; 10 : 13 ; Jer. 1 : 16).
Is sin (1 Sam. 12 : 10 ; Jer. 2 : 13).
Brings wrath (Ezra 8 : 22 ; Isa. 1 : 28).
Brings suffering (Deut. 31 : 17 ; 2 Kings 21 : 14).
Brings shame (Isa. 1 : 29 ; Jer. 17: 13).
Brings chastisement (Psa 89 : 30-33).
Brings abandonment of God (Jer. 23 : 33, 39).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The decline of the kingdom of Israel (from Jeroboam II. to Hoshea) has been sketched already, in connection with the prophets, of whom Hosea lived until just before the siege of Samaria. The Assyrian kings made several attacks upon Israel. An Assyrian inscription claims that Shalmaneser I. took tribute from Jehu. The first scriptural record of an Assyrian invasion is in 2 Kings 15 : 19, where Paul is named as invader. Menahem paid him an immense sum, and thus secured his support against some faction in the Israelitish kingdom. The rival is not named, but the briefer chronology permits the view that Pekah had already conspired against Menahem. The next invasion was by Tiglath-Pileser II. (2 Kings 15 : 29), who attacked Pekah, and took a large part of the kingdom. Schrader and other Assyriologists identify this monarch with Pul. The shorter chronology allows of this identification, but the usual view makes the reign of Menahem earlier than the reign of Tiglath-Pileser II. Pekah and Rezin, king of Syria, became allies against Judah; hence Ahaz, king of Judah, purchased the help of Tiglath-Pileser, who subdued Syria. It is probable that Hoshea was encouraged, in his revolt against Pekah, by the Assyrians. He became a tributary to the Assyrian king, Shalmaneser IV., yet soon attempted to free himself by seeking alliance with So (Shebek I.) king of Egypt. This led to a new invasion, and Hoshea was imprisoned. The siege of Samaria was begun, continuing for three years. Toward the close of this siege, according to an Assyrian inscription, Sargon became king.

PLACES.—Rawlinson identifies Halah with Chalcitis, near the river Khabaur, which empties into the Euphrates. Habor he supposes to be the name of this river, and Gozan the name of the district on the upper part of the river (Gauzanitis). The cities of the Medes would be in a district east of this. Others identify Halah with Calah, south of Nineveh, once the capital of Assyria. But others place all these localities farther to the north-east, on the borders of Media.

TIME.—The fall of Samaria is usually assigned to B. C. 721. If Sargon completed the capture, this date is allowable, since he usurped the throne in B. C. 722. But if, as others hold, Shalmaneser lived to the close of the siege, then B. C. 722 is preferable. In 2 Kings 18: 10 it is not asserted that Shalmaneser took the city. The Assyrian inscription of Sargon is defective, but seems to assert that Samaria fell at the beginning of his reign.

PERSONS.—There is no person named except Hoshea, the last king of Israel. The king of Assyria referred to seems to be, not Shalmaneser, but Sargon (comp. Isa. 20: 1), who reigned from B. C. 722 to 705.

INCIDENTS.—The capture of Samaria and the deportation of the inhabitants of Israel into Assyria; the reason for this calamity the sin of idolatry, which the people committed repeatedly and in many ways; this was done in spite of the command of God, the repeated warnings of prophets and seers. They left the Lord their God, and followed after the gods of other nations, made molten images and other idols, committing other abominations, provoking the Lord to anger. Therefore the Lord in his anger removed them, and Judah only was left.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—2 Kings 18: 9-12.

The Presbyterian church has in the State of Pennsylvania 1,186 Sabbath schools, 18,294 teachers, and 175,230 scholars.

Since the establishment in 1802 of West Point military academy, 3,384 men have received diplomas from that institution.

Just above Vienna, on the Danube, is the convent and school of Melk, which has recently celebrated its one thousandth anniversary.

There are in the United States, 4,980,240 Methodists, 4,292 291 Baptists, 1,229,912 Presbyterians, 1,086,048 Lutherans, 480,176 Protestant Episcopal, 491,985 Congregationalists.

Two Chinese coins are attached to every roll of straw matting imported.

Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina have planted over 70,000 acres of watermelons this year.