REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Astray, But Recovered."

TEXT "*All we like sheep have gone astray * * * and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*"—Isaiah liii., 6.

Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can you not drop the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point from where it started, when it says. "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways, either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams or under great oaks on the other side of some hill we might be better fed.

We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on and wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharpened rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up! wake up!"

So one little annoyance has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal.

What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man" It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil.
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man! that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God.

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress, and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet." But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything demeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does.

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to see us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and to glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime! Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder; put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until the day I got a letter saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

All may come; whoever will,
This man receives poor sinners still.

'And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim, 'On Him the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out; I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up, I came from the country to city life; I started well, I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Oh, my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone!" I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people."

And He kneels and He says: "Put on My shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house, and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst Thou bear more?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more!"

But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take away your sins to-day? Or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself; I will fight my own battles; I will risk eternity on my own account." A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it. I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied; "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I am a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

Extinct Birds.

"There are only four eggs of the great auk now in this country," says an oologist, "and they are valued at $500 each. It seems odd to think of a bird becoming extinct, but no one has seen a Labrador duck, either, since 1856. There are but five mounted specimens in existence, and none of the eggs are in existence. Kirtland's warbler is another bird that is rare. Until recently but seven had ever been captured, and these all were found in a region near Cleveland, Ohio, less than a mile square. Specimens were worth $100 apiece. But a little while ago a naturalist who chanced to visit the Bahama Islands came upon a colony of the birds, and knowing what a mine he had struck, shot about twenty and took them to this country. When he began to unload, the story came out and the market sagged, so that now you can get a Kirtland for $5 or $6. The Connecticut warbler is another bird of interest to oologists, because no one has yet seen its eggs. It passes upon the Mississippi River in the early spring and probably mates far in the interior of British North America, and goes south in the fall by the way of the Atlantic seaboard. If any one can find the nest of this little fellow with four eggs in it, it will be $200 in his pocket."—*Times-Democrat.*

The Tonic Effect of Bathing.

The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood vessels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath or ought to follow it, the free respiration and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush or a towel. The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean; for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and if it is clogged the lungs must do the work and they will be overburdened. As a rule the more rapidly a bath is taken the better will be its effect.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Home-Made Snow in His Hat.

La Nature, a French journal, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow.

It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snow storm of miniature proportions was produced upon his head.

DREAMS.

Dreams are the thoughts and fancies which take possession of our brain during sleep. In our waking moments the ideas which occupy our minds are governed by the people with whom we come in contact, or the work in which we are engaged, but in sleep, the brain, overwrought by mental exertion, or irritated by nervous excitement, lives over again the events of the day just passed.

The tired ledger keeper adds row upon row of figures which never will come right. The weary teacher hears recitations and explains difficult problems to the classes which her dream fancies have originated.

"A dream cometh through multitude of business." Eccl. V. 3., and it is doubtless this disturbed condition of our minds which gives rise to the many weird thoughts which are created in our brain during sleep.

Much importance was attached to dreams in days of old. We are told in Joel that the time would come when the old men should dream dreams. Joseph's visions came to pass, but, calling forth the jealous enmity of his brethren, would have proved his death warrant but for the intervention of God's purposes; while at another time they proved to be the stepping stone from captivity to a position of honor and power.

How many persons can date their conversion to some striking dream! God having spoken to them in "a vision of the night." Has He not said: "I will make myself known unto him, and will speak unto him in a dream?" Num. XII. 6.

With the possibility of the Day of Judgment in the near future, of which he has been warned in his dreams, the awakened soul cries to God for mercy, and joyfully accepts the free salvation offered him, and then, from a dream fraught with the horrors of death and judgment, he awakes to the realities of life in Christ and a glorious eternity hereafter.

In some families there are certain members noted for their prophetic visions. Events such as death or trouble in their immediate circle of friends will be foretold to them in what they term "a sharp dream." Among the ignorant and superstitious these dreamer's are looked upon somewhat in the light of oracles.

The indolent man who sits with folded hands waiting for Fame or Fortune to pour into his lap the honor or wealth, visions of which fill his every waking or sleeping hour, lives in a very Eden of dreams,—"air castles" otherwise termed. He imagines himself an author of great renown: he is congratulated on every side for the success which has attended his latest literary effort. He sees himself the possessor of golden store, and in fancy he is bestowing alms on the poor, who call down Heaven's richest blessings on him, while with grateful tears they thank him for his noble generosity.

Thus he dreams, while his more practical brother, with wide-awake energy, paves the way to success, the realities of which only exist in the dreamer's fancies The hungry are fed and clothed; honors are sought and won by the worker; and while he reaps the reward of patient, earnest effort the dreamer wakes to the stern reality that he must work or pay the penalty of his sinful indolence.

How often, when tired and weary with our daily toil, and fainting neath the burden which our feeble strength can scarcely sustain:—

We close our eyes in sleep, while peaceful dreams
Dispel our doubts and fears.
Could we but keep the joy which always seems
So transient, and soon ends in tears.
In dreams attain we to the longed for height
Our waking steps ne'er climb.
No sorrows come, our days are always bright,
We make no count of time.
The pain, the grief, the aching, lonely heart,
In sleep are all forgot.
'Tis God who gives this rest to his beloved,
The Lord who slumbers not.

IDA H. WILSON.

A 'S EYES.

The boy of whom I write is never at a loss to find something to observe, says Forest and Stream. Last year a heavy shower caught him while he was fishing. From his retreat he kept his eye out to see whatever there was to be seen, and shortly observed the dragon flies, great and little, settling in the tall brook grass for shelter from the rain. Before the shower was fairly over he saw the cedar birds come and drive the dragon flies from their covert, hunting them down in all their lace-winged finery. The great three-inch dragon flies, pointed with black and yellow, were too strong for the birds, but the the little slender fellows done up in fancy colors—brown, green, blue, and dusky—became meat for the hunters.

This fall, when paddling up Caucomgomac stream, we saw cedar birds sitting out on the rush beds near the middle of the stream. This was just after a shower. Had they been catching dragon flies? The boy was not there to tell us.

Some time ago I remonstrated with him for throwing stones at a kingbird, but I was told that he was doing it only to please the bird. True enough it did please the bird. From his perch on a high tree the kingbird calculated the curve of each stone, chattering his defiance as the missile whizzed by, rising a few feet when he saw that it came too near, only to settle again in the same place.

As it amused both bird and boy I allowed it to continue, and for several days the kingbird returned daily to enjoy the sport.

A Practical Illustration.

"Dearest, you have made me the happiest man in the world," said the fond lover after his sweetheart's consent. "We are from henceforth one," said he.

"Oh, isn't that lovely!" she cooed. "All one, oh? Just as if you were I and I were you?"

"Yes, dear, we shall know each other's thoughts and feelings and—why, what's the matter, love?"

"I felt something bite us—didn't you?"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1891.

Christ's First Disciples.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 1 : 29-42. Memory verses: 40-42.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Son of God.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER *These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*—John 20 : 31.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son Manifested to Men.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. By Divine Attestation, vs. 32-34.
2. By Faithful Declaration vs. 29-31, 35, 36.
3. By Personal Fellowship, vs. 37 42.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Behold the Lamb of God, which taken away the sin of the world.*—John 1 : 29.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—John 1 : 29-42. The Son manifested to men.
T.—John 1 : 43-51. Further manifestations.
W.—Matt. 3 : 13-17. Jesus endorsed.
T.—Mark 1 : 1-11. Jesus endorsed.
F.—Acts 1 : 1-14. Waiting for the promise.
S.—Acts 2 : 1-21. The promise fulfilled.
S.—Acts 10 : 34-48. The fulfilment enlarged.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. MANIFESTED BY DIVINE ATTESTATION.

I. The Descending Spirit:

I have beheld the Spirit descending ....it abode upon him (32).
He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove (Matt. 3 : 16).
He saw the heavens rent asunder, and the Spirit....descending (Mark 1 : 10).
The Holy Ghost descended in a bodily form (Luke 3 : 22).
John ....hath borne witness unto the truth (John 5 : 33).

II. The Approving Father:

He that sent me ....said, ...The same is he (33).
The Lord said unto me, Thou art my son (Psa. 2 : 7).
My chosen, in whom my soul delighteth (Isa. 42 ; 1).
This is my beloved Son;....hear ye him (Matt. 17 : 5).
He received from God the Father honour and glory (2 Pet. 1 : 17).

III. The Supreme Gift:

He....baptizeth with the Holy Spirit (33).
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost (Matt. 3 : 11).
Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost (Acts 1 : 5).
They were filled with the Holy Spirit (Acts 2 : 4).
The Holy Ghost fell on all them (Acts 10 : 44).

1. "And John bare witness." (1) What John knew; (2) What John said; (3) What John accomplished. —John as a witness; (1) Competent; (2) Clear; (3) Convincing.
2. "The same is he." (1) What was expected of the Messiah; (2) What was realized in Jesus.—(1) An appointed token; (2) A clear demonstration.
3. "This is the Son of God." (1) The lowly Jesus; (2) The divine token; (3) The complete demonstration.

II. MANIFESTED BY FAITHFUL DECLARATION.

I. Exalting Jesus:

The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world (29).
It is he that shall save his people from their sins (Matt. 1 : 21)
In none other is there salvation (Acts 4 : 12).
Christ died for our sins (1 Cor. 15 : 3).
The unsearchable riches of Christ (Eph. 3 : 8).

II. Humbling Self:

After me cometh a man which is become before me (30).
Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear (Matt. 3 11).
I have need to be baptized of thee (Matt. 3 : 14).
The latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose (John 1 : 27).
He must increase but I must decrease (John 3 : 30).

III. Continuing Steadfast:

Again on the morrow John....saith, Behold the Lamb of God! (35, 36).
He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved (Matt. 10 : 22)
Ye....have continued wih me in my temptations (Luke 22 : 28).
Be ye stedfast unmoveable (1 Cor. 15 : 58).
Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier (2 Tim. 2 : 3).

1. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (1) John's comprehensive theme; (2) Jesus' unapproachable character; (3) Jesus illimitable work.
2. "He was before me." Jesus before John (1) In existence; (2) In rank; (3) In authority; (4) In influence.
3. "He looked upon Jesus as he walked." The walk of Jesus (1) As a matchless exhibition; (2) As a worthy study; (3) As a faultless pattern.

III. MANIFESTED BY PERSONAL FELLOWSHIP.

Following After Jesus:

Two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus (37).
Follow me. And he rose, and followed Matt. 9 : 9.
Let him deny himself....and follow me (Matt. 16 : 24).
He forsook all, and rose up and followed him (Luke 5 : 28):
My sheep hear my voice;....and they follow me (John 10 : 27).

II. Communing with Jesus:

Jesus....saith unto them....And they said unto him (38).
Our heart burning within us, while he spake to us (Luke 24 : 32).
They marvelled that he was speaking with a woman (John 4 : 27).
Speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God (Acts 1 : 3).
I will....sup with him, and he with me (Rev. 3 : 20).

III. Abiding with Jesus:

And they abode with him that day 39).
They came....and saw where he abode (John 1 : 39).
Abide in me, and I in you (John 15:4).
If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth (John 15 : 6).
We know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit (1 John 3 : 24).

1. "They followed Jesus." (1) The initial influence; (2) The decisive act: (3) The resulting life.
2. "Come and ye shall see." (1) Invitation; (2) Assurance.—(1) The call; (2) The response; (3) The result.
3. "We have found the Messiah." (1) A blessed discovery; (2) A wise proclamation; (3) A saving message.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

SYMBOLISM OF THE LAMB.

Any cherished object (2 Sam. 12 : 1-6).
Weak believers (Isa. 40 : 11 ; John 21 : 15).
Believers at in the world (Luke 10 : 3).
Believers generally (Isa. 5 : 17 ; 11 : 6).
God's foes (Psa. 37 : 20 ; Jer. 51 : 40).
Christ's purity (Exod. 12 : 5 ; 1 Pet. 1 : 19).
Christ's patience (Isa. 53 : 7 ; Acts 8 : 32).
Christ's sacrifice (John 1 : 29, 35, 36 ; Rev. 5 : 6).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERESTING EVENTS.—Jesus comes to the Jordan to be baptized by John ; is recognized by him; then after baptism there comes a divine attestation in bodily form, and by a voice out of the heaven. Jesus is led by the Spirit into the wilderness; he fasts forty days, and is tempted by Satan, three specific attacks being narrated by Matthew and Luke. He returns to where John was baptizing. Priests and Levites are sent from Jerusalem to inquire of John, "Who art thou?" After several negative answers, he declares himself to be "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," the forerunner of the Messiah. He justifies his baptism, but tells that there is one standing among them far more worthy than he. The lesson begins with what happened on the day after this declaration was made.

PLACE.—In Bethany (or, Beth-abara). beyond Jordan. See last lesson surroundings.

TIME.—Probably about seven weeks after the baptism of Jesus; that is, at the close of February, A. U. C. 780,—A. D. 27.

PERSONS.—John the Baptist and Jesus; two disciples of John, one of them Andrew, and the other almost certainly John the evangelist, who never names himself; Simon, the brother of Andrew.

INCIDENTS.—John sees Jesus coming, and points him out as the Lamb of God, declaring that this was he of whom he had spoken, and that his own mission was to make him manifest. He repeats the story of the divine attestation at the baptism of Jesus, bearing witness himself that this is the Son of God. The next day John repeats his testimony about Jesus as the Lamb of God in the presence of two of his disciples. These follow Jesus, who turns and questions them. They go with him to where he abode. Oone of them, Andrew finds his brother Simon, and tells him they have found the Messiah. When brought to Jesus by Andrew, he is given the new name Cephas, which is, by interpretation, Peter; that is, "rock," or "stone."

There is no parallel passage.

How Raisins Are Made.

California is now making extensive experiments in the grape-growing districts to ascertain the best methods of drying grapes for raisins. Two methods are now practiced. In one the bunch stem is cut about half through and the grapes allowed to dry on the vine; in the other, the bunch is removed from the vine and the grapes dried in a drying house or in the sun.

The former, produces the best raisins, but a great many are lost through the breaking of the stem by wind, when the bunch falls and is damaged; by the latter a quality of raisins is produced which will compare favorably with any European or Asiatic product. When the bunches are quite dry they are dipped in a weak solution of lye made of wood ashes, a little salt being dissolved in the solution; they are again dried and packed. Such success has been attained in the drying that not many years will elapse ere California will supply this country with all the raisins it needs.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Sailor in Church.

One of the old sailors on the receiving ship Wabash tells the following story about a chum of his: "Jim, here, was drifting along by a church one quiet Sunday, and desiring to keep up an acquaintance with his early boyhood friend, he dropped in to hear the 'sky pilot' spout. He hadn't done a great deal of snoozin' for twenty-four hours before that, and it was not long before he was asleep and dreaming. He was at sea, in his dreams aloft. Presently the preacher talked louder and louder. He was describing the end of the world. "The end has come!" he cried, striking the pulpit with his fist. The words aroused Jim, who started up and shouted: "Then make a knot, you lubber; make a knot!" The parson afterwards accepted Jim's apology for the interruption."—Ocean.