

# DR. TALMAGE

## The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gospel of the Weather."

TEXT: "Hath the rain a father?"—Job xxxviii, 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others that it is an allegory; others that it is an epic poem; others that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived fourteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others David; others Solomon. The discussion of the Book of Job is a study in futility. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted several years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot I wade out. I used to wade in until I was over my head, and I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth, and instead of that, as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean, I keep East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my mind and feet I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. You know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the percentage of the showery, "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked of a poet or a dramatist, but by the head of the universe. To humiliate and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions: About the world's architecture, about the refracting of the rainbow, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightning, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has plenty enough he gets through in the first six months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help." You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven, a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative.

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountains, torrents, and makes the mountains implorers for shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the clouds. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the sky, and it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know it is the voice of God.

If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the winter was clear weather, but on the Sabbath the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a dimly lighted altar; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his travelers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their cash registers ringing on the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the weather probabilities with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store manager, "The weather is bad again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or to see all your wheat mowed down by a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments! The farmer who has his corn rot, or his wheat mowed down, or his wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They say, "The God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If you only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Walt," said his father, "instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, you do not like the weather given to you by your company and a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will be a pleasure to you. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the manner in which the sun pours plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that will be a pleasure to the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sir, I will not take one dollar of stock, or one share of company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervision. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spirit of carelessness, nor are they blown away by the wind. They are all shining princes of heaven. They are all the children of a king. They are all the rain of a father. I say, if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, will he take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worldly wisdom; how insignificant we feel!" We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand miles away." "Oh," we say, "if I take notice of every minute raindrop, will he take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me." We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worldly wisdom; how insignificant we feel!" We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand miles away." "Oh," we say, "if I take notice of every minute raindrop, will he take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me."

the hand of God than the globules on a blue bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutes. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can see more in Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I take it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

What Drayton, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadovva, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was beset at midnight and a drunken drummer came in, midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment, was it a mere accident?

When in one of the Irish was a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine of a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament in his last hour, cry out: "Hath the rain a father?"

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the middle and trappings of the condition he would allow no one better or equal to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we mortals exult in the fact that we are covered by a king? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a mystery to the ancients. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water gets through it, and it rains. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are full of rain, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says today as He said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not wonder at My dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while you, a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business, have such good health, while the Christian soldier, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother whose you think could not be spared on a household—why does she live and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, content to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make wrong of ourselves, let us stop stressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it through, and he will land in a wilderness of wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogations and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black and they are gored, and they are thunderous. They are more potent than Salvo or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us and they grow darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Obey, follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tears, and the clouds are gone, and there is a rain of tears. "Hath the rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lacrimal gland—nothing but a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and in Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a man in one of our public institutions, "I had a great sermon that started the tears. 'Do you see that tear? That is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain.'"

There are a great many in the grave who are troubled. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eyes dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there was no more anger in the cloud, but a rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God; would He have left me and my mother and children?"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when she was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes the fountain of tears, you find on her face a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the Father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to weep over tears." No, my friends, there are three or four kinds of tears that God counts, and bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They get over it. It is a mute of a small child who is the father of the tears. There is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan: "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of their parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountain of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you

## MOSCOW.

Moscow and Livadia—or, more properly speaking, the Crimea—yield two representative glimpses of the extremes of life in Russia. Moscow brings up commercial activity and wintry weather; the Crimea, aristocracy, pleasure, and the balmy south. Moscow in the winter is not without its delights, though the ground be frozen so as it seems beyond hope of ever thawing, though the snow lies deep in the fields around. The beauty of the sights around you, of common everyday incidents on a winter's day—that is, of a good hard winter—in this quaint fantastic city, is not to be forgotten. There is hardly any other place like it. For Moscow is the meeting place of the East and the West, and of the spirit of old times with that of the new. Around the embattled Kremlin—a fortress—the girdled enclosure, which on its tabled heights protects the core of the empire most sacred to the patriotic Russian; where are found the most ancient holy churches, and the old wooden palace of the Dukes of Moscow, you find nothing of the wondrous Palace of Treasures, where so many crowns of conquered countries, such as Kazan, Astrakhan, Poland, &c., signs of Russia's aggressive growth and power, are gathered together;—around this embodiment of conservatism it is something startling to find that your journey is performed on the most modern of conveyances, a tram-line. Its rails intersect the city in all directions, reinforced in number at the foot, drawing the loaded cars up such hills as would not be dreamt of nearer home. It was with a curious feeling that we sallied forth on our first expedition in Moscow by daylight (the very first to see the Kremlin by moonlight, a scene of weird beauty). The snow lay thick upon the ground, many degrees of frost in the still air compelled the weary traveler to come into use, but the slight difficulty of breathing once overcome, the bright sun and the clear atmosphere made it joy to be out. The ringing of the car upon the metals came near, in we jumped, but lo! all the windows were covered with hoar-frost, which completely shut out the passing view; only the horses with their rough, rime-besprinkled coats, smoking all the way, could be seen when the hoar-frost, which occasionally opened. We suddenly seemed to come into full life on alighting, finding a busy street, with the broad snow-covered sidewalk, and many-colored light wooden wares under the lofty white wall of the outer line of fortification; on the right the handsome front of the new Natural History Museum, the street a little further opening out into one of the open squares or *Places* which are one of the beauties of the city. A few steps more and there was a brilliant vision; just over the shoulder of the white curving wall appeared the many-colored or gilt towers and cupolas of a picturesque old church bathed in sunshine, while the buildings stretched away into the gray street beyond formed a varied background.

As you pass along the busy streets how much there is for the new-comer! Do you want a sleigh to carry you to your parcels home?—"Ivorobik!" you call out, naming where you want to go. Up comes a little contrivance of the driver, in fur cap and sheepskin-lined coat, girl with a soft-colored girdle, from his seat offers you a price. Indignantly you reply with a figure reduced by one-third, or whatever experience has taught you is fair, and walk on as though you did not care the least. Perhaps some other comes up, and presently you hear voice behind cry, "*Pajoulet!*" (if you please), and the bargain is made; you may get in, wrap your *shuba* about you, and are carried off on your own terms. Look as you go along at the strange sign-boards; every man puts out pictures of the wares he has to sell. Thus the green-grocer's carrots and turnips, with apples skilfully disposed about a cabbage, may hang next to the stiff felt boots and the cutter will depict his knives and scissors, a tailor his garments he makes, and so on. These signs are all considered of such importance as to be under the strict supervision of the police. We pass these and are struck by the variety of color all around. One moment it is a church in scarlet and white, the cupolas of a deep blue, sprinkled with silver stars, emulating the sky by night; another, a salmon-colored building topped by its green iron roof all flecked with snow; a rosy wall succeeds a brown or yellow house, while a bright blue church with golden cupolas is round the corner. Together with unevenness, the hills and the dales on which the town is planted, the stark-looking trees in the numerous gardens and boulevards—all these, softened by the veil of powdery snow under the clear sunshine, compose a set of pictures of a most unusual interest and winter beauty.

When a man gets old enough to know himself thoroughly he begins to entertain cynical opinions of the whole human race.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The oldest building in Boston has just been sold. It is a wooden structure on Salem street and was built in 1627. This building is now used for stores, with tenements above them. It is intended to tear down the present building and erect a brick structure for business purposes.

In Southern Oregon there is a forest 16,000 miles in extent, with an estimated amount of merchantable timber of 400,000,000 feet. At \$10 per 1,000 feet the proceeds would pay our National debt twice over.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly 200 are planted with trees.

Physicians of this country are paid annually nearly \$1,500,000 for medical examinations for life insurance companies. Three companies pay over \$500,000 each.

Some English electricians have introduced an electric light apparatus for illuminating the face of a watch at any hour of the night. It is a mute of a small divided case, with a minute of a small lamp and reflector fixed in the rim and made hollow, so that the watch may be laid inside the case, and upon pressing a small stud the face of the watch is brilliantly illuminated.

The electricity is supplied by a small dry battery, which may be attached to any part of the bed or in any part of the room and connected with the watch-case by a flexible cord.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Chicago's Unique Scheme. Unless negotiations which are now all but completed should fall through, and of that there is very little prospect, Chicago will soon add to her commercial enterprise one which will startle all creation. A syndicate has raised \$4,000,000 for the establishment of a vast clearing house to be used by wholesale merchants. The site selected is at the intersection of Twelfth street and the Chicago River. The plan contemplates the erection of 150 brick buildings, each six stories high, all alike and all connected. L. W. Yaggy, of Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb, conceived the idea of this enormous undertaking. In these buildings wholesale merchants may receive goods from all railroads entering Chicago, store them in floors rented for the purpose and reship them at will. From the North Pacific Railroad have been leased thirty-two acres for ninety-nine years.

It is understood that the promoters of the scheme are to receive \$1,000,000 in stock for their services, and that amount has already been paid in cash. Of the other \$3,000,000 capital stock, \$2,000,000 has been subscribed, the principal holders being wholesale merchants. Chicago. Railroad cars will reach the various stores of the 150 buildings by inclined tracks, and the goods can thus be unloaded direct from the cars where the consignee has secured space. A circular railroad upon which small and specially built cars will run will be used to remove the goods. The building will be perfect for construction and every demand of business will be met.

The thirty-two acres leased has a quarter of a mile frontage on Twelfth street. This frontage is alone worth \$850,000 and the entire property is conservatively estimated as being worth \$1,500,000. The Northern Pacific charges nothing for the lease, expecting to be sufficiently remunerated by freight charges over its line. From a real estate standpoint it is the greatest transaction in the history of Chicago. The company has not been incorporated and the name of those in the syndicate are yet kept secret. H. L. Cobb is the architect employed by the syndicate and General Sooy Smith is to be the chief engineer. It is expected that the buildings will be completed in about a year.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Light to Tell the Time. Some English electricians have introduced an electric light apparatus for illuminating the face of a watch at any hour of the night. It is a mute of a small divided case, with a minute of a small lamp and reflector fixed in the rim and made hollow, so that the watch may be laid inside the case, and upon pressing a small stud the face of the watch is brilliantly illuminated.

The electricity is supplied by a small dry battery, which may be attached to any part of the bed or in any part of the room and connected with the watch-case by a flexible cord.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1891.

### Christ's First Miracle.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 2: 1-11. Memory verses: 1-5.)

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's Wonderful Works.

1. Need Discovered, vs. 1-4.

2. Means U. S. U. S. vs. 5-8.

3. Success Attained, vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.—John 2: 11.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—John 2: 1-11. Christ's first miracle.

T.—Isa. 35: 1-10. Christ's miracles foretold.

W.—Isa. 42: 1-16. Christ's miracles foretold.

T.—Matt. 11: 1-15. Import of Christ's miracles.

F.—John 2: 13-23. Effects of Christ's miracles.

S.—John 5: 1-16. Opposed because of his miracles.

S.—John 5: 17-38. Witnessing power of miracles.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. NEED DISCOVERED.

1. Jesus in Social Life: Jesus also was bidden, and his disciples (2).

In the house of Simon the leper, . . . he sat at meat (Mark 14: 3).

Martha received him into her house (Luke 10: 38).

He had sat down with them to meat (Luke 24: 30).

They made him a supper there: and Martha served (John 12: 2).

II. WANTS DISCLOSED TO JESUS: The mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine (3).

Only say the word, and my servant shall be healed (Matt. 8: 8).

Save Lord; we perish (Matt. 8: 25).

Send them away, that they may go . . . and buy (Mark 6: 30).

Rabboni, that I may receive my sight (Mark 10: 51).

III. JESUS BIDDING HIS TIME: Jesus saith, . . . mine hour is not yet come (4).

My time is not yet come; but your time is always ready (John 7: 6).

I go not up; because my time is not yet fulfilled (John 7: 8).

No man took him; because his hour was not yet come (John 8: 20).

Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son (John 17: 1).

1. "There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee." (1) A marriage feast; (2) A notable company; (3) A marvelous deed; (4) A beneficial result.

2. "The mother of Jesus saith unto him." (1) The mother's freedom; (2) The Son's frankness.—(1) The mother and her suggestion; (2) The Son and his response.

3. "Mine hour is not yet come." (1) Consciousness of appointed destiny; (2) Patient under appointed duty.

II. MEANS USED.

I. WISE COUNSEL: Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it (5).

The tongue of the wise is health (Prov. 12: 18).

A word in due season, how good is it! (Prov. 15: 23).

By wise guidance thou shalt make thy way (Prov. 24: 6).

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold (Prov. 25: 11).

II. FULL OBEDIENCE: Fill the waterpots . . . They filled them up to the brim (7).

To obey is better than sacrifice (1 Sam. 15: 22).

He that is wise hearkeneth unto counsel (Prov. 12: 15).

We must obey God rather than men (Acts 5: 29).

Ye became obedient from the heart (Rom. 6: 17).

III. FAIR TESTING: Draw out now, and bear unto the ruler of the feast (8).

O taste and see that the Lord is good (Psa. 34: 8).

Ask for the old paths, where is the good way (Jer. 6: 16).

Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord (Mal. 3: 10).

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good (1 Thess. 5: 21).

1. "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." (1) Command anticipated; (2) Obedience directed.—(1) Instructed of Jesus; (2) Submissive to Jesus.

2. "Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them." (1) Explicit command; (2) Implicit obedience.

3. "Draw out now, and bear unto the ruler of the feast." (1) The worker of the miracle; (2) The bearers of the wine; (3) The ruler of the feast.—(1) The workers; (2) The work; (3) The Judge.

III. SUCCESS ATTAINED.

1. Securing a Good Gift: Thou hast kept the good wine until now (10).

That every man should . . . enjoy good things of God (Ecol. 3: 13).

Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money (Isa. 55: 1).

How much more shall your Father . . . give good things (Matt. 7: 11).

God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy (1 Tim. 6: 17).

II. Manifesting the Lord's Glory: This . . . did Jesus . . . and manifested his glory (11).

## The glory of the Lord shall be revealed

(Isa. 40: 5).

He was transfigured before them (Matt. 17: 2).

And we beheld his glory (John 1: 14).

Said I not, . . . thou shalt see the glory of God? (John 11: 40).

11. Confirming the Lord's Disciples; And his disciples believed on him (11).

His disciples remembered; . . . and they believed (John 2: 22).

And himself believed, and his whole house (John 4: 53).

Many . . . which . . . beheld . . . believed on him (John 11: 45).

By reason of him many . . . believed on Jesus (John 12: 11).

1. "But the servants which had drawn the water know." (1) The proffered wine; (2) The knowing servants; (3) The ignorant ruler. (4) The impartial judgment.

2. "This beginning of his signs did Jesus in Cana." (1) Cana the favored spot; (2) Jesus the mighty worker; (3) Good the grand result.

3. "His disciples believed on him." (1) As the Messiah; (2) Because of his works; (3) With all their heart.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

MIRACLES.

Wrought by the Father (Acts 15: 12; 19: 11; Heb. 2: 4).

Wrought by the Son (Matt. 10: 1; Acts 14: 3).

Wrought by the Holy Ghost (Matt. 12: 28; Rom. 15: 19).

Wrought in Jesus' name (Mark 16: 17; Acts 3: 16).

Display God's power (John 3: 9, 31).

Display the Lord's glory (John 2: 11, 14).

Prove divine commission (Exod. 4: 1-5; Mark 16: 20).

Prove the Lord's Messiahship (Matt. 11: 2-6; John 5: 36).

Should produce faith (John 2: 23; 20: 30, 31).

Should produce obedience (Deut. 11: 1-3; 25: 2, 3, 9).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERESTING EVENTS.—On the fourth day, referred to in John 1, Jesus prepares to go into Galilee. Finding Philip of Bethsaida, he bids him follow him. Philip finds Nathanael, and tells him that Jesus of Nazareth is the one predicted in the Old Testament. Nathanael answers, "Can any good things come out of Nazareth?" Philip tells him, "Come and see." Jesus, seeing Nathanael coming, talks with him in a way that shows his superhuman knowledge, and Nathanael utters his belief in him as the Messiah. Jesus tells of what greater things shall yet be made manifest. The departure to Galilee probably took place on that day.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, the home of Nathanael (John 21: 2). Robinson identifies it with Kana-el-Jellil, or Khurbet Kana, about nine miles north of Nazareth. The traditional site is Kefr-Kenna, about four and a half miles north of Nazareth. Still another locality, nearer Nazareth, has been suggested by Captain Conder.

TIME.—"The third day" is probably to be reckoned from the day of the departure into Galilee; that is, the fourth day spoken of in