

REV. W. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Daily's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: Witnesses to the Truth Christian. Preached at High Bridge, Ky.

(Text: "We are witnesses."—Acts 13, 13.) Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, the ecclesiastics proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without a fire.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and he could not rise again. The lungs having ceased to perform their office, the limbs would be rigid by the power of friction, the heart would be stiff, and the body would be as cold as iron. The disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the witnesses of the day had proved to be impossible.

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was never raised from the dead, and the resurrection was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the masses. There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this thing there is a suppressed feeling which would like to break out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, 'We are witnesses!'

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth withologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. The truth is that the world is not won by logic and religion are beautiful mental disciplines, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church in such a spot, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapons in this conflict are, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith we must have testimony. And if you have ten men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound, as a fair-minded man, to accept their testimony. I want to put before you three propositions the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. We know that we were vanquished. We know better. We are witnesses. There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burma five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Burma today. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching in China for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion, yet in all these lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so confident that no earthly power could have melted us. Angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist picnic or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture or at a burial or on horseback, a power seized us and made us get down and made us tremble and made us kneel and made us cry for mercy and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were much changed as Georgia, the beautiful, went into a prayer meeting with a weaver and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great Saviour! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were intertwined with the vitals of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom a great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanity and made it a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here to-day who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with far more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses." And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymns they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line.

Abraham of Jerez, that dear friend whom you may have heard of, was a man who was in trouble in some way. "How get you lifted up this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it when everything is untried with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Way, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambitions, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

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I can build a Corlies engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air." Plunge deeper into business! No, there was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of his departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say, "It is right. His better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years, nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician and the little child was dead. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretting, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that the doctor gave me." In my distress, I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the forerunner of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a funeral nor a grave. Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to comfort the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widow, and orphan and childless ones, saying, "Aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I comforted a death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come and we saw the coffin, the wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? What's that? Why those black plumes at the top?" And after I had explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forget.

In our sermons and our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to one distinguished personage—go to John Knox or a Martin Newell. But I want you to witness. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit me that they demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my exhortation of you now, and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more tender. By the other, there was more veneration. In the other, you loved perhaps, in awe. In the other, you felt as if you would live to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? They were very much frightened. Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? 'Oh, no,' you say, 'no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for me, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how tired we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodly and went away as a child in a cradle. What made us so composed? Natural courage?"

"No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side she would cry out, 'she would cry out, she always rather weakly.' What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care such for you, and the pang of parting was too great? 'Oh, no,' you say, she showed upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled day and night until her strength gave out. What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. 'Oh, you say, 'it was because she was so good; she made the bed her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne.'"

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moment of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Discover your own heart, put your hands on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of a heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last extremity? The response comes from all—from young and old and middle aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you any abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then abstain!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by telegraph, and all the observatories were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of the night, can you see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vital frame, Death-bronchus! cease the title to stem, When suddenly a star arose, It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Mrs. Sontag began her musical career she was hired off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steining, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mrs. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother, that blind woman, and she is used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to your mother," said the child, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered for a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give sight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steining's death Madame Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what he queen of song did for her enemy. But she, a more far-seeing woman, when she was immortal, poor and lost; then who, when she died and Christ were rivals for thy heart would bid thee Lord away—Christ would not give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to thee, my need. With more than a Sontag's music, He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

On the following Sunday Gretch was again sent after the paper, and came back without it. This time, however, he was watched. He was seen to take the paper from the newsman and then sneak a few rods away from the path, dig a hole and bury the paper in it. When he returned he started in to lie about his mission in expressive pantomime. Mr. Jepson interrupted him with a warning forefinger and the remark that he, Gretch, ought to be ashamed of himself for his duplicity. Gretch seemed to have guessed what had happened, and ran off and got the paper, which he deposited at his master's feet with contrition.

Grocer Johnson is the leading Ocean County bird, dog and fossil fancier. When anybody has a dog that he doesn't want, the grocerman is always ready to take him on trial. Chas. F. Neathing, the Fulton street caterer, who has a winter cottage here, had a bulldog of which he grew weary. Grocer Johnson had seen Sporty's number of times. He greatly admired the dog's pit fighting mouth, which opens well back of his ears, and agreed to relieve Mr. Neathing of his burden. Sporty took to his new home kindly, and as he only took a few of the neighbor's chickens, one at a time, for which the grocer willingly and handsomely paid, he became a general favorite. Sporty, in an endeavor not long ago to capture a pullet, severely injured one of his jaws by sudden contract with a shovel in the hands of the owner of the fowl. Sporty beat a hasty retreat. He had two lady friends on Second Street, and to them he repaired for treatment and consolation. They gave both so generously that he daily visited his friends, when his wound was dressed and he was fed. Sporty soon recovered, and for a time conducted himself with becoming propriety. But his appetite for chicken got the better of his department a few days ago, and he again fell into the groove. This time, attempting to clear a barbed wire fence, he badly tore the muscles and flesh of one of his hind legs. He had not been to see his lady friends since they had mended his lacerated jaw, but he brought his game leg to them before it was done bleeding.

They gave him their best attention, and he came as frequently as on the former occasion to receive it. After having his leg dressed and his appetite satisfied he disappeared, but in less than hour he returned, bringing with him a fine broiler, which he laid carefully on the dog mat, and then informed his friends of his gratitude for what they had done for him by calling them to the front door in the dog manner of running backward and forward until his purpose was accomplished.

The ladies picked up the chicken, tied it firmly about Sporty's neck, turned him loose and he has not been seen at their home since. He keeps close to his kennel, and is the picture of sham and despair. The ladies, who are expert in dog intelligence, say that Sporty's liking for game suppers will be effectually cured.

Treat Them Like Gentlemen. It is the wisest thing in the world for a woman travelling alone to regard all the men she meets as gentlemen, and to display the presence of that conviction in her mind directly she is approached by them in any way. A cad will usually take great pains to avoid disturbing the illusion when he finds himself taken for a gentleman. A gentleman would break his neck rather than perill your evident good opinion of him. Men have a beautiful regard for womanhood in the abstract. They may be quite capable of abusing the particular woman dependent upon them, but they all of them are just full up of courtesy and kindness for the woman they meet on the streets, in camps and depots. Also they are likely to treat with every consideration the damsels whom chance of travel throws upon them for protection.

Is there anything brilliant about Prozer's writings? "Yes—the stars between the paragraphs." A Hope (Ind.) cow gives fifteen gallons of milk a day.

Lodgings in Colorado Desert. There are many queer experiences to be met with in traveling through the Colorado Desert," said a railroad man who spent some time at a survey in that country to a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "While camping out near Lone Palm I was awakened one night by a sick feeling in the stomach. When I arose, to my surprise the tent was filled with gas, and under my pillow I discovered a hot spring, that night the country is dangerous about Volcano Springs. There are four springs there, which seem to be filled with boiling mud. Some parts of it are as cool as ice. Then you may walk on parts of it as if on firm ground. It would not be safe to venture out on it, for it may sink in at any moment and throw one into boiling mud sure enough. I had a narrow escape on one of the springs one day, and shall never forget it."

Two Dog Stories.

Engene Jepson, the actor, has a big, shaggy dog of Newfoundland and collie ancestry, which has recently exhibited unsuspected traits that have led his master to surmise that there may be something in the theory of metempsychosis after all. The animal is named Gretch, after the detective in "Fedora," which role Mr. Jepson once assumed. Gretch is a very domestic and emotional creature.

He is usually allowed to sit in the dining room of Mr. Jepson's home at Fort Lee while the family eat. He was unintentionally excluded not long ago by the blowing of a door. After a little while his absence was noted by his master, who went out to look for him. Mr. Jepson found the dog in the yard sobbing like a child, with big tears trickling off his black muzzle. He refused to be comforted, and would not be persuaded to enter the dining room that evening. He brooded over the fancied slight for several days.

One Sunday morning he was sent after the paper. After an absence of fifteen minutes, Gretch, with a peculiar cunning expression in his eyes returned without the treasured paper. He wagged his tail, shook his head, and tried to indicate in various other ways that the newsman from whom he usually received the paper had not shown up. It could not be found along the path leading to the gate where the newsman and Gretch exchanged Sunday salutations. Mr. Jepson had to go to church without his breakfast.

On the following Sunday Gretch was again sent after the paper, and came back without it. This time, however, he was watched. He was seen to take the paper from the newsman and then sneak a few rods away from the path, dig a hole and bury the paper in it. When he returned he started in to lie about his mission in expressive pantomime. Mr. Jepson interrupted him with a warning forefinger and the remark that he, Gretch, ought to be ashamed of himself for his duplicity. Gretch seemed to have guessed what had happened, and ran off and got the paper, which he deposited at his master's feet with contrition.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

FUNDAY, JULY 26, 1901. Christ and Nicodemus.

LESSON TEXT. John 3:1-17. Memory verses: 14-17.

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 Matchless Teachings.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. Essential Things, vs. 14-17. 2. Spiritual Mysteries, vs. 18-37. 3. Wonderful Love, vs. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT: For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

DAILY HOME READING: M.—John 3:1-17. The Son's matchless teachings. T.—John 1:13. Born of God. W.—Rom. 8:1-17. The spirit of adoption. T.—Gal. 4:1-31. Not servants, but sons. F.—1 John 3:1-24. Privileges of sonship. S.—Num. 21:1-9. The serpent lifted up. S.—Rom. 5:1-21. God's wondrous love.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. ESSENTIAL THINGS. I. An Approach to Jesus: Nicodemus...came to him (1, 2). Come ye to the waters (Isa. 55:1). Come unto me (Matt. 11:28). Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out (John 6:37). The Spirit and the bride say, Come (Rev. 22:17).

II. A Teacher from God: Thou art a teacher come from God (2). Go, and I will...teach thee what thou shalt speak (Exod. 4:12). Go ye...teaching them to observe all things (Matt. 23:13, 20). The Holy Spirit shall teach you (Luke 12:12). He gave some to be...teachers (Eph. 4:11).

III. A Birth of the Spirit: Except a man be born of...the Spirit, he cannot enter (5). Them...which were born...of God (John 1:12, 13). That which is born of the Spirit is spirit (John 3:6). Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit (Rom. 8:9). Through the...renewing of the Holy Ghost (Tit. 3:5).

I. "The same unto him by night." (1) The comer's wants; (2) The comer's fears; (3) The comer's decision; (4) The comer's success. 2. "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (1) A superlative blessing; (2) An inevitable requirement.—(1) Seeing God's kingdom; (2) Receiving a new birth. 3. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (1) Natural generation and its product; (2) Spiritual generation and its product.

II. SPIRITUAL MYSTERIES. I. Similar to Nature's Operations: The wind bloweth where it listeth (5). Canst thou by searching find out God? (Job 11:7). I was made in secret, and curiously wrought (Psa. 139:15). Thou knowest not the work of God who doeth all (Eccl. 11:5). The things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God (Cor. 2:11).

II. Beyond Mere Human Comprehension: Nicodemus answered,....How can these things be? (9). Flesh and blood hath not revealed it,....but my Father (Matt. 16:17). How can a man be born when he is old? (John 3:4). How can this man give us his flesh to eat? (John 6:52). He cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged (1 Cor. 2:14).

III. Dealing with Heavenly Things: How shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things? (12). Ye shall see the heaven opened (John 1:51). I look...at the things which are not seen (2 Cor. 4:18). We walk by faith, not by sight (2 Cor. 5:7).

I. The Uplifted Son: Even so must the Son of man be lifted up (14). Moses made a serpent,....and set it upon the standard (Num. 21:9). When ye have lifted up the Son of man (John 8:28). I, if I be lifted up,....will draw all men (John 12:32). How sayest thou, The Son of man must be lifted up? (John 12:34).

II. The Loving Father: God so loved the world (16).

Like as a father,....so the Lord pitied (Psa. 103:13). He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good (Matt. 7:45). God commendeth his own love toward us (Rom. 5:8). God is love (1 John 4:8).

III. The Saved Sinner: Saved through him (17). I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save (sa. 63:1). It is he that shall save his people (Matt. 1:21). While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Rom. 5:8). Christ as Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1:15). 1. "Even so must the Son of man be lifted up." (1) To save the sinner; (2) To save so freely; (3) To save so completely; (4) To save so permanently. 2. "God so loved the world." (1) So sincerely; (2) So helpfully; (3) So persistently. 3. "Saved through him." Salvation (1) For whom? (2) By whom? (1) Sin; (2) Christ; (3) Salvation.

LESSON BIBLE READING. THE UPLIFTED CHRIST. Foreshadowed in the wilderness (Num. 21:4-9). Pointed out to Nicodemus (John 3:14, 15). Anticipated by the Lord (John 8:28). Drawing all men (John 12:32, 33). Misapprehended by many (John 12:34). Beheld at Calvary (Luke 23:33-37). Preached to the world (1 Cor. 2:1, 2). Glorified in by the saints (Gal. 6:14).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS. INTERVENING EVENTS.—After the marriage at Cana, our Lord, with his mother and brethren and disciples, went down to Capernaum, remaining there for some little time. It is not like y that he preached there, or that he had as yet made it his home. Soon after, at the passover, usually called the first passover, Jesus cleansed the temple, and, when asked for a sign of his authority, predicted his resurrection. This saying, however, was not understood; and, indeed, the charge of blasphemy made against him before the sanhedrin was based on this saying. Some signs were probably wrought at this time, but, while many believed, there seems to have been no real faith, except in the case of Nicodemus. PLACE.—In Jerusalem, or some place, at the immediate neighborhood, nothing is definitely stated. TIME.—Probably about the close of the passover festival, which closes the year during the week April 11-18. The year was A. U. C. 780—A. D. 27. PERSONS.—Our Lord and Nicodemus, a Pharisee and a member of the sanhedrin, in which he defended Christ at a later time. He joined with Joseph of Arimathea in the burial of Jesus. MESSAGES.—The coming of Nicodemus by night; his confession that Jesus is a teacher come from God; the reply, stating the necessity of the new birth; the further question how this can take place; our Lord's explanation as to being born of the Spirit; the surprise of Nicodemus; our Lord's comment on this ignorance, and his affirmation of his own true witness, of his having yet greater things to reveal, because of his coming out of heaven; the lifting up of the serpent, sent in the Son of man, with the results of faith. The love of God for the world shown in the gift of his only begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life"; he is sent, not to judge, but to save.

There is no parallel passage. False. At a Russian fair, a German merchant discovered that the turquoises offered for sale by the traders in those stones were nearly all false. These rogues have been imposing paste upon their customers for the last six or seven years; and it is estimated that, out of about one hundred thousand turquoises which have been sold during the period, not more than ten thousand were genuine stones. The imitations are described as marvelously clever. One mode of selling turquoises at Nishni is curious. A person, on payment of a fixed sum, is allowed to plunge his hand into a bag full of them and to become a possessor of the handful.

The Names of American States. The State of Maine was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I., who was born in the province of that name in France. Few people are unaware that Pennsylvania is called after the great Quaker, Virginia after Queen Elizabeth, and Louisiana after Louis IV, of France. But it is less generally known that Florida received its pretty name from the fact that on the Spanish Pasqua de Flores, or feast of Flowers, Ponce de Leon discovered, in 1519, this lovely shore. The State of Delaware was so designated after Lord De La Ware, who called there in 1610; and the name Rhode Island was adopted in 1671 from the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, the two islands being supposed to resemble each other.

And Yet She Wasn't Tired. "I'm awful tired," Dusenberry said, as he hung himself into a chair after supper. "What did you do to-day?" meekly asked his wife. "Filled a large order, wrote three letters, went twice to the bank, and higgled with Branson until he threw nine dollars off his bill." "And that made you tired, eh?" Well, I prepared three meals, baked six loaves of bread, got the children ready for school, mended all your clothes, cleaned the stair rods, stoned three pounds of raisins, picked five quarts of berries, weeded the flower bed, white-washed the selling, and chased an impenetrable tramp off the premises. And I don't say that I'm tired, either!"