The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Vacant Chair."

TEXT: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."—I Samuel xx., 18. Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my sen-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of fur-niture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You re-member who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn book—wou rememit. And that hymn book-you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read qutof it. And that bed—you remember who read qutof it. And that bed—you remember who read qutof it. And that bed—you remember who read qutof it. sept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at

Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams's vacant chair in the house of representatives, and at Wilson's vacant chair in the vice-presidency, and at Henry Cisy's vacant chair in the American senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor castle, and at Thiers' vacant chair in the pouncils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

when they first addressed us?

First I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room you jump up suddenly and say, "Here, father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little debair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and ald fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandather never had much admiration for new

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners, he preferred the old way of soing things, and he never looked so happy as when with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what he is the set of what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impa-tient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not

get very much in the way.

Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in much cases children ground the old expenses of the cases of t such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most ificant part of it was the letter 'embroidered into the back of the chair "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroided into the back of that old chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced?

Speak out; old armchair.
History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Oiv artic games, and when they came back these ree sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the vic-tories of his three children that he fell deal

and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulnes and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out, old armchair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go a little further on in your house and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to the a rocking chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well; it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaki noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more contlemes. There was about this chair more cantlemes. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were way ward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake; that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. The chair knew all the old Juliables and all thosa wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children. sion children songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influence are combined.

combined.

That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the left or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said, "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of siniul amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother &, if she knew you were here?" And you was protokid with yourself, and you whatged forweif with mouration and fa-

naticism and your head got hot with your swn thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayeriess pillow? Man! what is the matter?" This, You are too near your trather workers that.

matter? I have not are too hear your mother's rocking-chair.
"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that, I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born. I'm three hundred miles waere I was born. I'm three hundred miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that. You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say. "there can't be anything in that. That chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that. It is all the mightler for that. It is our that you can't be that. It is all the mightler for that. It is our property that you can't mother. that. It is omnipotent, that vacant motherer's chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders A young man went off and proke his mother's heart, and while he was broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and that telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Ob, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall effect! This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair, With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "Oh! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world, but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preach-ing, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh!" she replied. "I have been this way fifteen years." I said. "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes." she said, "I suffer very much? "Oh, yes." she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time: part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it, She looked the happiest of any one on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world, the invalid chairs. On that field of homan suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson, the invalid, and Richard Baxter, the invalid, and Robert Hall, the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom the world has never heard. sand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. Oh, these men and women who are always suffering, but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the martyr's palm.

and will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage and the cataplasm and the prescription.
That invalid chair may be folded up or
taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power, it will always preach of trust in God and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now, With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.

I pass on and find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied I think it is the otent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saurs bangs rate it makes more racket. That is a strange rate it makes more racket. With a child David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place and keeps you young to sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. If you have no child of your own adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them. The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble Him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band, and while the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with home-sickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair and there is desolation all about

In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing up-ward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children floathe going to do with his dead children float-ing about him and hovering over his every-wayward step. Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. 1 am watching you. I am waiting for you."

am watching you. I am waiting for you."
With respect to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning. "Time is short. Eternty is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh! when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, shaken hands all around for the last time, and to and all our chairs in the home circle and in time. the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshiping God in that place from which

washall go out no more forever. I than't God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heart-breaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heart-aches. The lone-liness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of empy cradle and a little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams I than't God there will be no vacant chairs

when you thought the departed had come, back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrew, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the cast they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tome of the dead, and then they open the deer of the caga, and the birds, flying out, ang. And I would to-day bring a cage out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your level ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music

of their voices. Of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness, Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaz; on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands they serving it into this particularly. lands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbreis, and then all the lovel ones gather in a great circle around the throne of sod—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to han!, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Beth-

## CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

Of all the charming surprises that await the traveller in Japan, the durchin of Japan. There are tops, also, but the American schoolboy has never quaintest, the most picturesque, the most captivating will be found in the by-streets, where the little kimonoed children romp and play as children must all the world over. Here we find them playing games varying but little from those we see in our streets at home-battledore and shuttlecock, bounce ball, hop-scotch, &c. The games are familiar enough. But the children! Nothing short of actual acquaintance can convey any correct idea of the charm attached to them.

No doubt at first much of this charm is connected with picturesque costume: with the variety of coloring in their fly-away kimonos and broad obis or sashes, and it may, perhaps, lie in the fact—and it strikes one humorously at first-that each child is in appearance a miniature adult; for, with the triffing exception of the broad tucks at the shoulders, its dress is the same as tla of a grown person. And it is odd and delightfully quaint to see these chubby little men and women, many with still smaller and chubbier samples of humanity on their backs, frolicking in the hearty enjoyment of children's

But there is also a charm in the little

creatures themselves, apart from their butterfly sleeves and little pitter-patter clogs; their plump cheeks show a ruddy glow beneath the olive skin-a striking contrast to the sallow Chinese. Their mouths are almost invariably well shaped, often exaggerating the admired Cupid's bow, and their slanting black eyes, sparkling under lid, give a delicious piquancy to the Piccadilly, at the opera and ish of the human races. I am sure the Japanese boys and girls are the most childlike of all children; and how surprisingly good they are! Naughtiness is almost unknown. I have spent hours watching them in the streets, in school, at work, or at play, and very rarely have I seen a quarrel. Some dissension may arise, and for a moment one expects chubby fists to come in contact with chubby heads; but an innate sense of humor is with them a stronger passion than pugnacity, and the threatening thunder-clouds burst in a rain of laughter.

By what golden spell do the Japanes) parents control their children? By what magic do they command the willing obedience which is a noticeable characteristic in these little people? Certainly not by coercion nor by punishments. I have been for over a year in all parts of Japan, and never once have I seen a child slapped or shaken, and I have been told by European teachers in native schools that punishments are very rare and discipline very easy to maintain. The accompanying sketches show some characteristic types of Young Japan in their national costumes. These present a striking contrast to the hideous foreign fashions now frequently seen in the streets of Tokio and Kioto. Oh, the pity of

Rapidly, cheap German clothing is driving away the classic kimono. Imported boots are cramping the little toes which through generations have known no further constraint than the padded cords of sandal or clog. And, worse than all, the little round heads, which for thousands of years have required only an oiled paper parasol to protect them from sunshine and shower, are now thrust into every variety of European cap and hat, from the hard felt "bowler" to the unadorned

straw shape. There are no people so fond of toys as the Japanese. About one day out of three is a holiday in their country, and even their pilgrimages to temples of worship are performed in gala costume, with dancing and sports by the wayside. Play is from their point of view the object of existence, work being the means to the end, because it is necessary to earn pleasure in order to find it enjoyable. Americans, of course, know better than this, having ascer-tained that the purpose of life is labor and that fun in any shape is waste of

The Japanese have the most perfect kindergarten system in the world. In fact, they originated this method of instructing by entertainment instead of punishment inflicted. Their play ap-paratus for such purposes is elaborate, but all of it is adapted to the infant mind, which it is designed at once to amuse and to inform. The little ones of that nation even become somewhat interested in mathematics by seeing and feeling what a pretty thing a cone, A Lon a sphere or a cylinder is when cut out \$35,000.

of wood with a lathe. They make out-

fication are expected to be inculcated. Another set embodies a collection of old Japanese parables, by which the syllabary of the language and moral maxims at the same time are to be taught. Another set is of Natural History cards to give instruction in the names and forms of animals, and still another set, especially intended for 20:31. girls, affords examples of women who have been celebrated for their virtue and noble qualities.

All these things can be seen in the museum of the Bureau of Education, at Eighth and G. streets, of the existence of which few people in Washington are aware. In the collection there, which includes all the educational appliances of civilized countries, is a most interesting assemblage of Japanese toys. Many of them are types of play-things which the youth of western civilization has adopted from the East. For example, there are kites, but no Yankee boy can fly such kites, in the shape of birds and monsters, as can the urchin of Japan. There are tops, also, got further in this lay art than "pegin the-ring," whereas his Japanese contemporary is acquainted in the science of spinning many tops together, of whistling tops, and so on. So far as both kites and tops are concerned the young Caucasian is an ignoramus compared with his oriental rival.

Among the babies' toys from Japan at the National Museum is a mouse that feeds from a bowl when a little bamboo spring is touched, lowering his head and long tail in quite a lifelike manner. Another is a small cylinder, into which one blows through two small reed tubes, three balls of pith being kept bobbing in a bit of a cage over the aylinder by the breath, while a cut in one of the tubes produces a shrill whistle. Another is a lutle man that is made to jump up a long stick by a bamboo spring, and still another is a wooden gentleman who rides along between two wheels, being attached to the axle with a heavy base. A toy jinrickisha is one of the more expensive playthings, showing a foreigner being drawn in a hand buggy by a native between the shafts. Further devices for to draw water (7). toy purposes are kaleidoscopes, boxes with glass tops filled like cupboards with various household utensils in miniature and bags filled with shot for tossing, - Washington Star.

## THE IRREVOCABLE PAST.

Every year, I am told, there are the peculiarly sharp fold of the upper seen in Bond Street, the Park, and the baby face. The masses of black hair theatres, on the race-courses and in the are often elaborately arranged, and hells, and wheresoever the profligate ornamented with wisps of spangled resort, two or three young men, who colored crepe and sprigs of artifical appear for a time, dazzle the beholders flowers, when they adorn the heads of and then vanish, and are no more seen. little girls; while the boys are either No one knows what becomes of them, shaved as fancifully as any poodle, or or where they hide their heads when trimmed to something like a mop, their little flight is finished. Mostly, Their little faces are brimming over it is believed, they languish in the with fun and good temper. The King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the with fun and good temper. The King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the Japanese are said to be the most child- Fleet. They are the dragon-flies of Society, not its butterflies. I do not suppose that there was ever a dragon with a previous history such as Richard Archer's. Yet no one knew it-no one would suspect such a history; they might believe that for his own reasons Lord Aldeburgh had brought up his son in the country; no one certainly could possibly suspect the truth. It might be urged that the Court was crowded during the trials of the four men charged with high treason for belonging to an obscure little club, and for being concerned in a petty riot which led to nothing. Some one may have remembered the face of the informer and King's evidence; but consider, his new dress had so altered the Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy man that nobody could possibly recognize him. Nothing of the grub was left in this splendid dragon-fly. Nay, I suppose that he thought him elf quite safe from discovery. St. Ka'harine's is a most obscure place. The world of fashion finds not its way there; one trembles to think what would become of a Beau, Jessamy, Maccaroni, Smart, or Dandy (the creature changes his name yearly) were he to stand alone and unprotected among the tarpaulins and mudiarks at the head of St. Katherine's Stairs. And if the world of fashion never gets as far east as the Precinct, never do the residents of the Precinct get as far west as the l'ark, or

even Vauxhall. But a man can never escape his past. From his birth and the station to which he is ordained and called into being, unto his death, the whole of his history is always ready to be unfolded and disclosed. He can count upon hiding nothing, principally because there are few things which a man does absolutely alone and nanoticed. His past clings to him; it follows him; it is like a lengthening shadow; it is like a chain which he drags after him; it takes shapes. To some it becomes an angel of light to lead him upward; it cuts out a way for him through the wood and lays low the thorns; it strengthens and supports him. To others it lies as a net about his feet to trip him up and lay him low; it may become a devil with a scourge; it may take shape of an executioner with a torture-chamber and a gibbet. Physician and philosopher have held that every moment of a man's life is remembered, and may be recalled by a trick of memory or some sudden association of ideas. Thus may we understand how a man may be udged by his own memory, by his own mind, and out of his own mouth,-Walter Besant in "St Katherine's by the Tower."

Lightning destroyed an Iowa icehouse.

Hungary's railway cars have electric lights.

waiter.

A London pair of earrings is worth II. As to Worship:

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, AUGUST 2 1891. Christ at Jacob's Well.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 4:5-26. Memory verses: 13-14.)

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

LESSON TOPIC: The Son and the Sinner.

1. Approaching the Sin-LESSON OUTLINE: 

1. Approaching the Sinner, vs. 59.
2. Interesting the Sinner, vs. 10-15.
3. Enlightening the Sinner, vs. 16-26.

GOLDEN TEXT: Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely .-Rev. 22:17.

### DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.-John 4:5-26. The Son and the sinner. T. - John 4: 27-42. Sinners saved. W.-Luke 9: 42-62. Samaritan selfishness,

T .- John 7: 28-44. The water of life offered. F.-Acts 10: 1-23. The Gentiles called. S .- Acts 10: 24-48. The Gentiles

blessed. S.-Gal. 3: 15-29. One in Christ.

#### LESSON ANALYSIS. L APPROACHING THE SINNER.

I. Awaiting Opportunity: Jesus,....being wearied,....sat thus by the well (6). Then I said, Here am I; send me (Isa.

What then must we do? (Luke 3:10). I ask ... . with what intent you sent for me (Acts 10: 29). I am ready to preach the gospel to you

II. Improving Opportunity: There cometh a woman of Samaria Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do

also (Rom. 1:15).

it (Eccl. 9:10). He ... . saw a great multitude, ... and he began to teach them (Mark 6: 34). The multitudes . . . . followed him and he

welcomed them (Luke 9:11). As we have opportunity, let us work (Gal. 6:10) III. Surmounting Barriers:

Jews have no dealing with Samaritans (9). Preach the gospel to the whole tion (Mark 16: 15).

They went forth, and preached everywhere (Mark 16: 20). perceive that God is no respecter of persons (Acts 10:34). We are more than conquerors through

him (Rom. 8:37). 1. "Jesus therefore, being wearied, ....sat thus by the well." (1) Wearied; (2) Willing; (3) Watch-

ing; (4) Waiting. 2. "There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water." The woman's errand (1) From the human standpoint; (2) From the divine stand-

point,—(1) A trivial purpose; (2) A omentous result. 3. "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me?" (1) Human barriers; (2) Divine triumphs --(1) Alienated in society; (2) One in

# II. INTERESTING THE SINNER.

I. God's Gift Presented: If thou knewest the gift of God (10). will give you rest (Matt. 11:28). Ghost (Acts 2:38). The free gift of God is eternal life

(Rom. 6:23). Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift (2 Cor. 9:15).

II. Man's Blessedness Described: Whosoever drinketh....shall never thirst (14).

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him (Psa. 2:12). Let your soul delight itself in fatness (Isa, 55: 2).

He that believeth on me shall never thirst (John 6:35). They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more (Rev. 7:16).

III. Human Desire Aroused: Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not (15). Wash me, and I shall be whiter than

snow (Psa. 51:7). O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy (Psa. 90:14). Lord, evermore give us this bread (John 6:34).

Sirs, what must I do to be saved? (Acts 16:30). 1. "If thou knewest:....thou wouldest have asked ... and he would have given." (1) A peerless gift; (2) A waiting giver; (3) A fatal ignorance.—(1) Knowledge; (2) De-

sire; (3) Blessedness. 2. "The water that I shall give him." Water (1) Quenching, spiritual maker. thirst; (2) Meeting all wants; (3) Whos Satisfying for eternity; (4) Enrich-

ing without price. "Give me this water." A petition (1) Sincerely uttered; (2) Imperfectly comprehended; (3) Generously answered.

IIL ENLIGHTENING THE SINNER. As to Sinfulness:

He whom thou now hast is not thy husband (18). He . . . will convict the world in respect | that sit among the stalls. of sin (John 16:8).

When they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts (Acts 2:37).

Through the law cometh the knowledge

of sin (Rom. : 20). The Tichborne claimant is a still I had not known sin, except through the law (Rom. 7:7).

They that worship him must wo ship

in spirit and truth (24), Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God (Matt. 4:10). In vain do they worship me (Matt.

15:9). If any man be a worshipper of God, and do his will (John 9:31). Who worship by the Spirit of God (Phil. 3:3).

III. As to the Saviour: I that speak unto thee am he (25). Behold, the Lamb of God (John 1:29). This is the Son of God (John 1: 34), We have found the Messiah (John 1 We have found him of whom Moses

... did write (John 1:45). 1. "Jesus saith unto her, Thou saidst weil." (1) The sinner's hidden life; (2) The Saviour's thorough knowledge.

2. "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." (1) The Lord's communications; (2) The woman's convictions.—(1) Conduct; (2) Conviction; (3) Confession. 3. "I that speak unto ye am he." (1 Messiah as expected; (2) Messiah as revealed.—(1) The woman's expectation; (2) The Lord's avowal

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE WATER OF LIFE,

Prefigured in the wilderness (Exod. 17: 1-7; Num. 20: 1-11; 1 Cor.

10:4). Proffered by Isaiah (Isa. 55:1). Promised by Jehovah (Isa. 41:17, 18; 44:3; Ezek. 36:25). Fulfilled by the in dwelling Spirit (John 7: 37-39). Bestowed by the Lord (John 4:10).

Received by faith (John 6:35). Abides eternally (John 4: 14). Offered freely (Rev. 22: 1, 17).

#### LESSON SURBOUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS. -Shortly after the first passover, our Lord began a ministry in Judea, outside of Jerusa-lem, which is referred to only by the evangelist John. It seems to have occupied seven or eight months, but did not lead to any marked results. John was baptizing in Aenon, the site of which is disputed; and in consequence of a discussion which arose between his disciples and a Jew about purifying, tidings came to John of the work of Jesus. The Baptist renews his testimony, and acknowledges his own sub-ordinate position. There is no record of our Lord's public teaching, nor of any further miracles. His disciples were not yet organized, but they were baptizing as well as John. Their success at length aroused enmity among the Pharisees, and our Lord left Judges for Galilee. On the way through Samaria, the incidents of the lesson occurred.

PLACE.—At Jacob's well, which still exists, the locality being undisputed. It is about a mile and a half south-east of Nablous, which is the present name m. Sychar is possibly another name for Shechem. The well is not far from the main road from Jerusalem to Galilee. The mountain referred to is Gerizim,-the mountain of blessing. Shechem lies in the valley between Gerizim and Ebal. On the former, the Samaritan sect at Nablous still sacri-

fices the paschal lamb every year. Time.-The only note of time is in verse 35 of this chapter. This points to December, four months before the early harvest. The year is A. U. C. 780,—A. D. 27. The interview probably occurred at and after noon ("about the sixth hour"); although it has been thought by some that John uses the Roman mode of reckoning time, which would make the "sixth hour" six o'clock, in the evening or in the morning.

Persons .- Our Lord and a Samaritan woman; the disciples (how many is not stated) who had "gone away into the city to buy food." INCIDENTS .- The arrival at Jacob's

well, on the journey through Samaria to Galilee; our Lord rests at the well; a Samsritan woman comes to draw water, and is asked by Jesus for a draught of water, the disciples being absent in the city. The woman expresses surprise at the unusual request, for Jews have no dealings with Samaritans." Our Lord intimates that he can give her living water. She replies that he cannot draw water out of the well, how then can he obtain living water; but further implies that he thus puts a slight upon Jacob. Jesus tells of the unfailing supply of water he can give. The woman finds in this a promise of relief from her toil. Bidden she to call her husband, says she has none; and Jesus reveals his knowledge of her past life. Acknowledging him as a prophet, she diverts the conversation from herself to the question of worship, about which Jews and Samaritans differed. Our Lord explains the spiritual character of true worship, while claiming that salvation is from the Jews. The woman responds by saying that Messiah will surely come, and that he will make known all the truth. Jesus answers, "I that speak unto thee am he." There is no parallel passage.

A New Chapter of Proverbs.

As a pink pearl in a scullion's ear, so is a fair woman without a good dress-Whose telleth the truth concerning

his neighbor is not unfrequently liable to heavy damages. Better is a chop with a peer than a seven-and-sixpenny dinner with a per-

son of no position. What is sweeter to a soured woman than the failings of her dearest friend? My son, when thou writest a play,

know that thy pathos will be under-stood by the pit, thy wisdom by the dress circle, and thy innuendo by them MESSES, PARROT ET CIE., of Paris, are reproducing in chromo-lithography about sixty of the finest specimens of Wedgwood's artistic pottery now to be

found in English collections. The plates will be accompanied by an Engish text, written by Mr. Rathbone, wao is well known as an authority upon