REV DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Poor Investment "

(Preached at Topeka, Kan.)

TEXT: "Ye have sold yourselves for paught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."-Isaiah iii., 3.

The Lord's people had gone headlong into the Lord spectrue and gone neutrong into sin, and as a punishment they had been car-ried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, hterally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to your-elves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." When a man passes himself over to the

world he expects to get some adequate com-pensation. He has heard the great th ngs that the world does for a man, and he be-lieves it. He wants two hundred and fifty eves it. He wants two hubbred and http housand dollars. That will be horses and ouses, and a summer resort and jolly com-anionship. To get it he parts with his hysical health by overwork. He parts domestic enjoyment. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with oppor-tunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have more hard by the second and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lol his en-tire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says. "Good morning. I have world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hun-dred and fifty thous and dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and the second and the second and the second stand on the confines of eternity, your spirit-ual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "mony hundred and the second and the second and the second and hundred and the second and hundred and the second and hundred and hundred and hundred and hundred and hu ual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught.'

I tell you the world is a liar. It does not I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it flaeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to worthless scrip-so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand liars in that shape which will not be worth dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a sec-ond after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations. Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world and if all

pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to

conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out the officer gener-ally leaves a few chairs and a bod, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful wendue in which you have been engaged the auction-eer's mallet has come down u won body, mind and soul-going! gons! "Ye have sold yourseives for naught." How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pannies you could buy in a toy snop? Did you think that your soul, if ones lost, might be found again if you want out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that panting, you would soon ile down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your foredingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not known that after leaving? Have you not known that after leaving the boly, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of Gol's universe, and that it will not dis until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naugat."

azainst you

hat second!

But have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recov-ery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been chested out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, and that the workly under such deed from you; and if you will join me Ishall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you in the possession of your soul. "On," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expansive, and I can-not pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold

the last haif of my tax? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be re-deemed without money." Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and poun is steriing mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great specula-tion, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

the king? I see a great many thrones and a great I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be com-ing down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Betalehem strikes 13, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across thesky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and He descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until He touches the sheep cov-ered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial bloot.

and imperial blood. We have in this day professe I Christians who are so rarefled and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Yo are redeened not with cor-ruptible things, such as silver and gold, but your lancelet into the arm of our holy relig-lop and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Way bop and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a more corpse, fit only for the grave. Way did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming arrange of the lamb? think of the coming caraage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement. I think that God intended to impress us

"Now, crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of My Son. It is the blood of the immacu-late. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands or blood found in his found on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if I tit be found that we have recrucified the Lord of Glory and have never repeated of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood "Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it blood sickens ma." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Cal-varian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those im-plements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this deicide, confees your guilt to-day. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty! Pre-pare to die or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fing away your Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance. It seems to me as if all heaven were try-ing to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Laza-rus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's mar-tyrdom, the blood on His templa, the blood on His cheek, the blood on His chin, the blood on His knea, the blood on His che, the blood on His knea, the blood on His che, the blood on His knea, the blood on His che the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that we the tips of the soldiers' speara, the blood that plashed warm in the face of His ensemies." one chance. enemies." Glory to God, that bid wins it! The high-est price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is brought back. Take it. "You have sold yourself for naught; and ye shall be re-deemed without money." O atoming blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctify-ing blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not Durst into tears at the thought that for thee He shed it—for thee the hard hearted, for thee the lost? for thee the lost? "No," says some one; "I will have noth-"No," says some one; "I will have noth-ing to do with it except that, like the ene-mies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry. "His blood be on us and on our children?" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and blok at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends. cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends. * ao nos anow now you will get a way from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you today-God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one more nent for your sal-vation. You will not take up arms against the triune God, will you! Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm is hell. I beg you look out, Unless you allow Christ to carry away you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offer-ing, bearing your transgressions. Christ icle.

the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish SOME SAFE RECEIPTS AS TO Would you not like to be free? Hero is DIET EXERCISE AND MEDICINE.

Brain Workers Are Often Misled as to . the Physical Exercise They

Half the secret of life, we are persuaded, is to know when we are grown old, and it is the half most O Lord God of the judgment day! avert hardly learned. It is more hardly Anat calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimeter that slays the sin but saves the learned, moreover in the matter of sinnar. Strike, ornalootaat God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal see! with all thy waves against the barren beach exercise than in the matter of diet. to the ailing man of middle age as the 20 :31. I that rocky spul and make it tramble. Oh the oppressive less of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny advice to take more exercise, and there is perhaps none which leads him into quivers, and this is that hour, that minute. so many pitfalls. This is particularly the case with the brain workers. The Some years ago there came down a fierce Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoust, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the peo-ple on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They come on and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a rafe; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook man who labors his brain must spare his body. He cannot burn the candle at both ends, and the attempt to do so will almost inevitably result in his lighting it in the middle to boot; the waste of tissue will be so great that he will attempt to repair it by the use of a too generous diet. Most men who use their brains much soon learn for One man was saved by having the boathook out in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pall away now, pull?" The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and wo-men on the pier head sand on the beach wring-ing their hands; and while they waited and watched they saw so nething loo ning up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speak-ing distance the people on the shore cried One man was saved by having the boathook themselves that the sense of physical exaltation, the glow of exuberant health, which comes from a body strung to its full powers by continuous and severe exercise, is not favorable to study. The exercise such men need is the exercise that rests, not that which tires. They need to wash their brains with the fresh air of heaven, to bring into gentle play the muscles that have been lying idle while the head worked. Nor is it only to this class of laboring distance the poole on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the ing humanity that the advice to take exercise needs reservations. The time through the boiling surf and came to the pler head the captain wavel his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bot-tom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!" Bo it may be to-day The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospei hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the of violent delights soon passes, and the efforts to protract it beyond its natural span is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. Some men, through nature or the accident of fortune, will, of course, be able to keep touch of it longer than others; but when once the touch has been lost the struggle to reto see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Young and old, Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land." gain it can add but sorrow to the labor.

Of this our doctor makes a cardinal point; but, pertinent as his warning may be to the old, for whom, indeed, he has primarily compounded his elixir vitæ, it is yet more pertinent to men of middle age, and probably it is more necessary. It is in the later period that most of the mischief is done. The

Here is a little story about Whitelan old are commonly resigned to their Reid that is going the rounds of the lot; but few men will consent without clubs. There is a saying in Paris that a struggle to own that they are no it is not necessary for a great man to longer young. make bonmots, since the wits are sure And specially is this friend of man

to make and attribute them to him. to be thanked for his warning against Whether this is the case or not, it is that most pestilential of modern libercertain that though heretofore the ed- ties, the bicycle or tricycle, or whatsoitor of the Tribune has not had the ever its accursed name may be. Elderreputation of a wit, since his appoint- ly men, he says, should eschew this ment as Minister to France, he has unnatural mode of progression. Most beeen quoted as the author of some of | cordially we hope that this warning is the most delightfully clever of speeches, superfluous. The spectacle of an old Is not the life more than the food? as this, for example: He was intro- man, writhing in the ungainly contorwith a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled an i aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, catch, but who filled him with admir- indeed, one to make angels weep. We ation by her ripe and rosy loveliness. have ouselves no great passion for seeing even the young take their exercise ing-faced man passed by whom Reid in this fashion. They had far better knew well, but knew nothing to his trust to their own legs, if a horse is credit; who, in fact, he heartily dislik- beyond their means. No doubt they ed, and feeling his presence jar upon can cover more ground that way, and the amiability of his mood, he exclaim- to do the most possible in the shortest. ed, in an undiplomatic impulse: "Now possible space of time appears to be there is a man I loath." His handsome one of the necessities of the age. But companion flashed her eyes upon him, we are well persuaded that the counand cried, sharply, "But that is my try-walk that was found good enough husband!" and Reid answered, calmly, for our forefathers will serve their without an instant's pause or the turn- sons' turn better than this insane caing of a hair, "And that is why I loath | reering over hill and dale. The former

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, AUGUST 23. 1891. Christ the Bread of Life.

LESSON TEXT. (John 6 : 26-40. Memory verses: 83-35.)

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 There is no advice so commonly given have life through his name .- John

> LESSON TOPIC: The Son Man's Food.

7. The Meat which Per-LESSON OUTLINE: 2. The Bread of Life, vs. 2. The Blessedness of Par-

takers, vs. 35-40.

GOLDEN TEXT: Lord, evermore give us this bread.-John 6:34.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.-John 6: 26-40. The Son man's fool. T.-John 6: 41-53. Jesus the living bread. W.-Exod. 16:1-15. Bread from heaven. T.-Exod. 16:16-36. Bread from

heaven. F.-1 Kings 17:1-16. Fed by the Lord. S.-1 Kings 19 : 1-8. Miraculous food.

8.-1 Cor. 11:17-34. In remembrance of Jesus.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. THE MEAT THAT PERISHES.

I. Greatly Desired:

Ye seek me because ye ate of the loaves, and were filled (26). All that a man hath will he give for his

life (Job 2 : 4). Soul,....take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry (Luke 12 : 19). Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die (1 Cor. 15 : 32).

Whose god is the belly (Phil. 3 : 19). II. Wrongly Pursued:

Work not for the meat which perisheth (27).

Be not anxious ... what ye shall eat (Matt. 6 : 25).

After all these things do the gentiles seek (Matt. 6:32).

Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required (Luke 12:20). Set your mind on the things that are above (Col. 3 : 2).

III. Wholly Secondary:

This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent (29).

(Matt. 6 : 25.) Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness (Matt. 6:33).

answer.

Come, buy wine and milk without money (Isa. 55 : 1). Come unto me,....1 will give you rest (Matt. 11:28). Come, ye blessed of my Father (Matt. 25 : 34). He that will, let him take the water of

life freely (Rev. 22 : 17). Iii ster cat Life: Every one that beholdeth the Son ...should have eternal life (40). The righteons into life eternal (Matt.

He that cometh to me I will in no

II. Welcome:

wise cast out (37).

25:46). Verily, verily He that believeth hath eternal life (John 6:47).

He that eateth my flesh hath eternal life (John 6 : 54).

The free gift of God is eternal life (Rom. 6:23.

1. "I am the bread of life." (1) A necessity assumed; (2) A character disclosed; (3) A want met.

2. "Him that com th to me I will in no wise cast out.', (1) The comers; (2) The Host; (3) The reception; (4) The results .- (1) Action demanded; (2) All invited; (3) None refused.

3. "I will raise him up at the last day." (1) From subjection to sin; (2) To triumph in holiness .-- Raise him (1) By divine power; (2) From sin and death; (3) To holiness and heaven.

LESSON BIBLE READING. BREAD.

The staff of life (Gen. 3 : 19 ; 39 : 6 ; Psa. 104 : 15).

A token of favor (Lev. 26:5; Isa. 33 : 16).

A gift of God (Ruth 1 : 6 ; Matt. 6 : 11).

A symbol of Christ (John 6 : 33, 35, 48, 50, 51).

A symbol of Christ's body (Matt. 26 : 26 ; 1 Cor. 11 : 23, 24).

A symbol of oneness (Acts 2:46;1 Cor. 10 : 17).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS. - The multitude, after the miracle of the leaves, desired to make our Lord a king. He sends the disciples away by boat to the other side, but probably instructing them to take him up at the eastern Bethavida. He dismisses the multitude, and retires to the mountain. Meanwhile the disciples meet with a storm, and, rowing against the wind, are carried out into the lake. In the early morning Jesus comes to them walking on the water. They deem it an apparition, but he reassures them, Peter attempts to walk on the water to Jesus, but, losing courage, begins to sink. Our Lord rescues him; they enter the boat and straightway come to land on the west side of the sea. Here they are met by multitudes with their sick, who were healed at once. The multitudes on the other side, perplexed by the disappearance of Jesus, took the boats that afterwards came, and went to Capernaum, seeking Jesus. Their first inquiry is when he came thither. The lesson begins with the

PLACE - Capernaum, our Lord's usual residence. Identified by some with Tell-Hum, by others with Khan el Minyeth. The whole discussion may have been uttered in the synagogae (v. 59), but this is not certain. TIME .- The day after the miracle of the loaves; at the close of March or be ginning of April, A. U. C. 782,-A. D. PERSONS .- Our Lord and a multitude, most of them apparently of the number fed on the other side of the Bea. Meat that perisheth; (2) Meat that INCIDENTS.-The lesson consists of four dialogues, forming the first part of a longer discourse, which leads to dissatisfaction, dissension, and finally believe on him whom he hath to defection among the disciples. First dialogue: In answer to the question when he came thither, our Lord tells them the real reason of seeking him, bidding them work for the true food. Second dialogue: They ask what they must do to work the works of God, and are told that the work of God is to believe on him whom he hath sent. Third dialogue: They now ask for a sign, referring to the manua; the answer points them to the true bread out of heaven. Fourth dialogue: They say, "Lord, evermore give us this bread;" and our Lord declares himself to be the bread of life, insisting upon faith, asserting his power to save, in accordance with the will of his Father, and to raise believers at the last day. There is no parallel passage.

would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not be-cause I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for im-mortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that be-lieveth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideta on him." In the inset day, iff you now releast Christ every Require. the wrath of Gol abideth on hill. In the iast day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial olool, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead

midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world ex-pecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has every put his trust in it. History tells us of one who resolved that

ells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thou-sands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful induland there was a soft couch of sinitil indui-gence on which he reclined, and the man de-clared afterwurd that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul he it! his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was mak-ing a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this ritiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus, I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher. The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, think-

does he say? "I walk up and down, think-ing I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I are afraid I shall some day get crazy.". Will-iam Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I arn sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over moun-tains covered with snow, and through val-leys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Mollere, the popular dramatic author! Hap py? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned spirt."

spirit." I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting given forty years to the world-his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no? The world does not like sick and dying people, and heaves them in the lurch. It ruined this eat funeral. "All the ministers wore sourfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not until the second of the setting."

row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies. I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent, nor twenty per cent, nor two per cent, nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no pence when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your bad on it. head on it.

Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? Mon "Xe have sold yourselves for naught" Your

While they were conversing a lowerhim."

An Embarrassing Situation.

Killed a Rattler with Her Tin Pail. ville, had a rather thrilling experience staggering on, with a rattlesnake . recently, which she will probably remember during the remainder of her life. She was picking raspberries in her garden when she suddenly heard a peculiar rattling to find our friend leaving untouched. by an ominous hiss, and, glancing into the bushes close at hand, she saw

a big rattlesnake already coiled and about to spring at her. Mrs. Keen had a large tin pail partly filled with raspberries in her hand, and without a moment's hesitation she let the snake have a taste of the berries and the big pail at the same time. The pail must have fallen with a terrific whack on the reptile's head, for when Mrs. Keen went closer to examine into the injuries done to her pail, as well as to how the snake liked its berry bath, she found the head had been nearly severed from the body. Mrs. Keen says she feels assured the snake would not have attacked her if she had kept a respectable distance from its quarters. The snake measured four feet in length and had nine rattles.

A Distinguished Huntress Coming.

Among the guests at a dow 1-town hotel was Countess Maria Edle von Ameline, who arrived here on the Belgic from India. The Countess has been traveling for the past three years, and for the past year has been amusing herself by hunting tigers and other large game in the jungles of India. The Countess is but 35 years of age, is worth a million or more, and carries with her diamonds and jewels of great price. She left last night for the Yosemite, where she will sojourn for a week or longer.—San Francisco Chron-

chine which bends tubes without the ing material to preserve an accurate section.

A farmer in the Cherokee nation was sentenced recently to imprisonment in the penitentiary for three years and to pay a fine of \$3000 for calling a man a hog-thief.

refreshed mind as well as body; but what of all the pleasant sights and sounds of our fair English landscape do Mrs. Frank Keen, of Chichester- these young Titans enjoy, as they go With deaf

Ears and labor-dimmed eyes, Regarding neither to right Nor left?

There is one point we are surprised noise. She continued her work for a minute or two, when she again heard warning that no hard and fast miles warning that no hard and fast rules the same noise nearer by, accompanied for diet can be laid down; but he might have done well to be a little more explicit. We allude to the necessity for frequent changes of diet. All things are not good to all men.

and all things are not always good to the same man. This was a point much insisted on by the wise minds of old. Bacon especially commends the advice I will rain bread from heaven for you of Celsus (whom he somewhat sarcastically observes, must have been a wise man as well as a good physician) that "one of the great precepts of health and lasting" is "that a man do vary and interchange contraries." The man who confines his studies within one unchanging groove will hardly find his intellectual condition so light and nimble, so free of play, so capable of giving and receiving, as he who varies them according to his mood, for (John 6: 35). the mind needs rest and recreation no

less than the body; it is not well to keep either always at high pressure.

Not Encouraging.

A traveller who recently returned from Pekin, China, asserts that there is plenty to smell in that city, but very little to see. Most of the show places, such as the temple of heaven and the marble bridge, have one by one been closed to outside barbarians, who cannot even bribe their way. The houses are all very low and mean, the streets are wholly unpaved and are always very muddy or dusty, and as there are no sewers or cesspools the filthiness of the town is indescribable. He adds that the public buildings are small, and in a decayed and tumble-down condi-

tion, and the nearest one can get to the emperor's palace is to climb to the necessity of filling them with some yield- top of some building outside the sacred inclosure and surreptitiously peep over he wall through an opers glass.

Even then he does not see much. A boy in Wshington State caught fifty-four wild pigeons with one swoop of his net.

Godliness is profitable for all things (1 Tim. 4:8). Accounting the reproach of Christ

greater riches (Heb. 11 : 26). 1. "Ye seek me because ye ate of

the loaves." (1) Hungry men; (2) Satisfying loaves; (3) Selfish seeking; (4) Pointed rebuke.

2. "Work not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which abideth." (1) Perishable meat; (2) Forbidden toil; (3) Enduring meat; (4) Commended toil.-(1) abides; (3) Toil that damages; (4) Toil that ennobles.

"This is the work of God, that ye sent." (1) The sent of God; (2) The faith on him; (3) The work of God.

IL THE BREAD OF LIFE.

I. Manna in the Desert: Our fathers ate the manna in the wilderness (31).

- In the morning ye shall be filled with bread (Exod 16.12). Israel called the name thereof Manna
- (Exod. 16:31). Israel did eat the manna forty years
- (Exod. 16:35). Neither had Israel manna any more
- (Josh. 5 : 12).
- II. God the Great Giver: It was not Moses that gave; but
- my Father giveth (32).
- (Exod. 16 : 4). It is the bread which the Lord hath
- given you to eat (Exod. 16 : 15). And gaveth them bread from heaven
- for their hunger (Neh. 9:15). He rained down manna upon them to
- eat (Psa. 78:24).
- III. Christ for the World:
- The bread of God giveth life unto the world (33).
- I am the bread of life (John 6 : 48). I am the living bread which came down
- out of heaven (John 6 : 51). He that eateth me, he also shall live because of me (John 6 : 57).
- 1. "What then doest thou for a sign?" (1) The Lord's claims; (2) The people's demand.—(1) Claims made; (2) Signs demanded.
- 2. "He gave them bread out of heaven to eat." (1) Hunger in the wilderness; (2) Manna from the Lord.—(1) Needy men; (2) The gracious God; (3) The satisfying
- 8. "Lord, evermore give us this bread." (1) A gift desired; (2) A Giver at hand; (3) A gift requested. (1) Conscious of need; (2) Assured of supply; (3) Importunate in re-
- quest. III. THE BLESSEDNESS OF PARTAKERS.
- I. Satisfaction:
- He that cometh to me shall not hunger (35).
- Eat ye that which is good (Isa, 55 ; 2). My servants shall eat, but ye shall be
- Lungry (Isa. 65 : 13). They shall be filled (Matt. 5 : 6).
 - They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more (Rev. 7 : 16).

Easily Won.

Nothing is more embarrassing to Its possessor than a reputation which he has not deserved; a laurel wreath awarded by chance becomes absurdly heavy, and the unfortunate wearer, though he may long to toss it into the nearest thicket, is usually unable to tug it from his brow. When the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps was a student at New Haven, he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics. Professor Newton, according to his usual habit, began the discussion of an abstruse problem. As he went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last his attention was recalled by his companion's remark, "Which, you see, gives us x." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, think-

ing that in common politeness he ought to say something.

"Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detect. ed in his calculations.

Quickly his mind ran back over his work. There had been a mistake.

"You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" 'he shouted. "It doesn't give us x, it gives us y."

From that hour he looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever

caught the professor napping. "And so," Mr. Phelps ased often to add, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It is the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

A recent English invention is a ma-