REV DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Corncrib of Egypt."

TEXT: "*Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.*"—Genesis, xliii., 3.

This summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States, North, South, East and West, I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests, we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will I fear be uttered, the cry for bread. I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field, and grist-mill, and oven; the price of sweat, and anxiety, and struggle—Bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour-bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons: "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egyyt, and get us some thing to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about—those who were famished—some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread had arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was, that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview: "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these older sons: "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these older ones keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young man to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. These corn-cribs are filled with wheat, and barley, and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers, and says: "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers, and poulterers, and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens, and orchards, and acquariums, and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for this prime minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or as the Bible quaintly puts it: "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day: 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And, yet although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satiating his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow-bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everbody that looked at it was in ecstasy; but one day, after all that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn-crib. The Lord built it. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase, that corn-crib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corn-crib there comes his word, saying: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without Him, we shall fall before we reach the corn-crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul, and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the King and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from His own table to other tables He will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches and honor, and glory, and power."

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corncrib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says: "Are you alone?" The sinner replies: "All alone." The voice from within says: "You shall not see My pardoning face unless your Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." Oh, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with Him, we are accepted. Coming without Him, we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." Oh, anxious sinner! Oh, dying sinner! Oh, lost sinner! all you have got to do is to take this Divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the store-houses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was nothing compared with the struggle of God when He gave up His only Son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see Him standing at the right hand of God? And does not not Paul speak of Him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that pomenclature. In your prayers plead His tears, His sufferings, His sorrows and His death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn-cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement: "You shall not see My face, except your Brother be with you."

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib, or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart. I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say: "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet these loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is a sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet, and every book, and every picture, and every room calls out their name? Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence: "God is wise." "Oh!" you say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I come to you and say: "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say: "that does me no good." Then I say: "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corncrib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say: "Lord, help me; Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let His wounds pay for my wounds. His bereavements for my bereavements. His loneliness for my loneliness. His heart-break for my heart-break. O God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the Man, the Benjamin, the Brother—deliver my agonized soul. O Jesus of the weary foot, ease my fatigue. O Jesus of the acning head, heal my aching head. O Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead, they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature, and the name of Matilda Hoffman and a memorandum of her death, and the remark something like this: "The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

How many unuttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sorrow. Oh, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the Divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see My face again unless your Brother be with you." Oh, that you might understand something of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and immensity, and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the departing spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert, we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our Divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregation, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said: "Oh, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-bye. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. Oh, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said: "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance, and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying: "Depart, I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had, expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the storehouses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger, and faint, and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corncribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at His table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from His table to ours, and then while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if He has seen of the travail of His soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our Divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between oratorios, you might say: "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah.'" But here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. Oh, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see My face, except your Brother be with you."

Natural Shaving Strops.

There are now blooming in St. Augustine, Fla., sixteen plants of the agave Victoria regina species, or what is commonly called the century plant. A towering column rises out of the centre plant to the height of sixty feet, but it is often relegated to the rubbish heap as worthless, for the reason that as a thing of beauty it has no further charms for the eye. Yet many thousands of the shaving people of the old world utilize this shaft of the plant. They make use of it as a razor strop. W. Chambers, Auditor of of the East Coast railway line, has had one in use for many years, and it shows not the slighest defect from wear and tear. The strop is made by taking the shaft of the agave and cutting it into lengths of twelve inches; these are split into four, or as many "quarters" as possible, allowing to each piece a sufficiency of the pulp or heart of the stalk to present a surface of not less than one inch on which to strop a razor. The heart hardens in time and presents a fine, soft and naturally lubricated surface for stropping a razor.—*New York Telegram.*

An Immoral Flock.

A pigeon-flying experiment at Tours has ended in a most remarkable manner, proving the shocking fact that the useful birds, in addition to being excessively greedy, are also given to an over-indulgence in strong drinks. Four hundred and twenty-nine pigeons were conveyed by train from Tours to La Behalle, and there let loose. To the astonishment of the various societies interested in the experiment, only forty returned home, and these were in a dazed condition and quite incapable of finding their respective quarters.

An inquiry resulted in the discovery that at a roadside station a large consignment of black currants had been put in the same van as the birds. The inebriating qualities of the currant juice proved too much for the little travelers, and they were quickly in such a condition that only a small proportion were sober enough to find their way back to Tours.—*London Times.*

Coughing and Sneezing.

Dr. Brown-Sequard in one of his lectures dwells with great emphasis on the importance of general knowledge in the matter of checking coughing and sneezing. He states that coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, and sneezing may be stopped the same way. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is so also of hiccoughing, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the roof of the mouth is also a means of arresting a cough, and the will itself is often found to be a wonderful preventive.

SEPTEMBER.

"Summer heard a hidden locust whirring;
Stooped she to the mowers with a sigh,
Darlings, come, she said; we must be stirring,
Hear the Herald! Autumn draweth nigh!"

Autumn has come and we have but little more time to enjoy our flowers and to prepare for winter; everything should be kept trimmed and free from rubbish; bedding plants watched and watered so as to be in good order for transplanting. Gladioli that are done blossoming should have the flower stalks cut down and the plants left in the ground so that the bulbs may get a vigorous growth to insure strong plants for next summer's blooming. In fact, this is true of nearly all bulbous and tubulous plants, they needing to get a good top growth each year after they are done blooming.

Flower-pots for winter use should be brought out and given a good washing with strong soap suds, to destroy all germs of mould and must be perfectly clean and sweet for use.

The window garden should also be planned, just as we plan for summer seeds and flowers and any necessary preparations made therefor.

Bulbs for early blooming in the Spring should also be procured and set out in beds prepared for them. Crocuses, snowdrops, snow flake, hyacinths and lilies of the valley may be had much earlier than otherwise if procured in the fall. Many of the florists issue full catalogues for this purpose.

Plan for your winter garden so that a succession of blossoms may be had from October until April, as may easily be done by proper study of the matter.

The National Encampment of the G. A. R. met in Detroit during the month of August and visitors to the city found it gayly bedecked for the occasion. Imposing arches and unique designs in bright colors were seen on every hand. At Belle Isle, the beautiful pleasure resort of the city was a green arch with dark purple edges around the base, there being a circular green plot with the names of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Logan, Garfield and Williams in red letters. On the front of the arch was the word "Welcome" with "The Union Forever" on the reverse. Here, also, the landscape designs displayed on the smooth rolling lawns were indescribably handsome. On the sloping hillside at the head of the miniature lake was a large and magnificent G. A. R. badge in brilliant colors; on the left an unrolled scroll with gold and yellow borders and "Welcome" on a background of light green shading into yellow; on the right, an artillery piece in bronze. Near the bridge were circular pyramids bearing various patriotic emblems, while the badge of Sheridan's army corps, "Army of the Potomac" was one of the most beautiful designs seen. Other floral ornaments at Belle Isle were: a large, blood-red cross of flowers in a circular field of light green, and a golden star with purple centre.

Superb creations of the landscape gardeners' art were also seen at the Grand Circus Park which is intersected by the main avenue of the city. The name "Woodland Avenue," was seen in large letters extending along one side in immense floral letters.

At the left of the fountain was a large, triangular pyramid, bearing on one side a large shield, on another, the monogram G. A. R. and upon the third a huge portrait of the Father of his Country, in itself a triumph of the floral art.

The badges of the different army corps, Maltese cross, clover leaf, Greek cross, six-pointed star, square with "40 rounds" green and purple crescent, etc., were displayed in different parts of the grounds. The G. A. R. Badge was also seen and an immense spread eagle, said to measure thirty feet from tip to tip and composed of three thousand plants.

Floral decorations on such an immense scale are seldom seen and formed a great attraction to visitors.

The outlines of the designs were first traced in a white powder made of pulverized oyster shells, shaded with fine charcoal and the plants set along these markings. The many colored coleus with other foliage plants were freely used, and the florists must have reaped a rich harvest. J. V. N.

DAISIES.

"—Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most these floures withe and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our town."
Chancer.

There is scarcely a flower more loved than the daisy. Wordsworth calls it the "Poet's Darling and it is everywhere accepted as the emblem of Innocence. Children weave their "daisy chains" and the society belle does not hesitate to use them for her corsage-bouquet. A writer in the *Mayflower* gives some hints on this cultivation and also speaks of certain troublesome garden weeds, which should not be allowed to go to seed in our gardens making trouble for another year:

English Daisies may be sown in September and will winter nicely if protected with evergreens, etc. Use them for a border for beds in the spring, as they bloom very early and lasting most of the summer. The next fall they should be divided if the plants are very large, else they might die out. Sometimes they come single the first year, but are usually double the second year. Some of the divided plants, when double and choice, make good house plants if kept where it is quite cool. Weeds differ as much as plants; what will thrive in one place will not thrive in another. Some weeds will always be found where the land is rich and other grow on soil too poor to raise anything good. Chickweed and Shepherd's Purse both thrive on the fat of the land, taking from the soil that food which is needed for plants and vegetables. Chickweed is the bane of my lawn and flower beds. It grows and flourishes and I pull, pull, pull till I am tired out. Every year it is the same thing over again, and I make but little headway after all. I try to prevent any of it from going to seed, but it is certainly most prolific in spite of my wondrous propensities.

ONE of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies, called lascars, is the putting of a ring on their great toe when they marry.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1891.

Christ the Good Shepherd.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 10 : 1-16. Memory verses: 14-16.)

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 the Good Shepherd.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. The Shepherd's Fold, vs. 1-3. *I. c.*
2. The Shepherd's Flock, vs. 3-10.
3. The Shepherd's Care, vs. 11-16.

GOLDEN TEXT: *The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*—Psa. 23 : 1.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—John 10 : 1-16. The Son the good shepherd.
T.—John 10 : 17-30. Safety of the sheep.
W.—Luke 15 : 1-7. The shepherd's care.
T.—Ezek. 34 : 11-19. The shepherd's work.
F.—Matt. 18 : 1-14. The flock's safety.
S.—Matt. 25 : 31-46. Sheep and goats.
S.—Psa. 23 : 1-6. The shepherd Psalm.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

I. The Guarded Fold:

The door into the fold of the sheep (1).
Build you....folds for your sheep (Num. 32 : 24).
The children of Gad built....folds for sheep (Num. 32 : 34-36).
Sharon shall be a fold of flocks (Isa. 65 : 10).
Upon the mountains....shall their fold be (Ezek. 34 : 14).

II. The Wicked Intruder:

He that....climbeth up some other way,....is a thief (1).
False prophets,.... sheep's clothing, ravening wolves (Matt. 7 : 15).
There shall arise false Christs, and false prophets (Matt. 24 : 24).
All that came before me are thieves and robbers (John 10 : 8).
False brethren privily brought in (Gal. 2 : 4).

III. The Vigilant Porter:

To him the porter openeth (3).
They came and called unto the porter of the city (2 Kings 7 : 10).
The porters were at every gate (2 Chron. 35 : 15).
Commanded also the porter to watch (Mark 13 : 34).
God....had opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles (Acts 14 : 27).

1. "The door into the fold." (1) The secure fold; (2) The legitimate entrance; (3) The cunning intruder; (4) The vigilant porter; (5) The welcome shepherd.
2. "The shepherd of the sheep." (1) The shepherd's qualifications; (2) The shepherd's possessions; (3) The shepherd's purposes; (4) The shepherd's acts.
3. "To him the porter openeth." (1) Guarding the flock; (2) Excluding the intruder; (3) Admitting the shepherd.

II. THE SHEPHERD'S FLOCK.

I. Hear his Voice:

The sheep hear his voice (3).
This is my beloved Son....hear ye him (Matt. 17 : 5).
The people all hung upon him, listening (Luke 19 : 48).
The sheep follow him; for they know his voice (John 10 : 4).
My sheep hear my voice (John 10 : 27).

II. Follow his Steps:

He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him (4).
He leadeth me beside the still waters (Psa. 23 : 2).
He....shall gently lead those that give suck (Isa. 40 : 11).
I know them, and they follow me (John 10 : 27).
The Lamb....shall guide them unto fountains of waters (Rev. 7 : 17).

III. Live by Him:

I came that they may have life (10).
Whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life (John 3 : 15).
I will give....my flesh, for the life of the world (John 6 : 51).
I give unto them eternal life (John 10 : 28).
Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. 5 : 21).

1. "The sheep follow him." (1) The Leader; (2) His attractions; (3) The followers. — (1) Who? (2) Whom? (3) Whence? (4) Whither? (5) Why?
2. "They know his voice." The Shepherd's voice (1) Uttered how? (2) Commanding what? (3) Leading whither?
3. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." (1) The sheep without life; (2) The Shepherd bringing life; (3) The life abundantly bestowed.

III. THE SHEPHERD'S CARE.

I. Redeeming the Sheep:

The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep (11).
He was wounded for our transgressions (Isa. 53 : 5).
The Son of man came....to give his life a ransom (Matt. 20 : 28).
I lay down my life, that I may take it again (John 10 : 17).
He laid down his life for us (1 John 3 : 16).

II. Defending the Sheep:

He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd,....fleeth (12).
I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it (1 Sam. 17 : 35).
Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them (Psa. 5 : 11).
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me (Psa. 23 : 4).
We are more than conquerors through him (Rom. 8 : 37).

III. Gathering the Sheep:

Them also I must bring;....and they shall become one flock (16).
He shall gather the lambs in his arm (Isa. 40 : 11).
I will....gather them from the countries (Ezek. 34 : 13).
I pray....that they may all be one (John 17 : 20, 21).
Ye .... are now returned unto the Shepherd....of your souls (1 Pet. 2 : 25).

1. "I am the good shepherd." A title (1) Assumed by the Lord; (2) Justified by his life; (3) Enjoyed by the saints; (4) Honored by the Father.
2. "I know mine own, and mine own know me." (1) What the Lord knows of his people; (2) What his people know of the Lord.
3. "One flock, one shepherd." The church's destiny: (1) One flock; (2) One fold; (3) One Shepherd; (4) One career.—(1) Divisions ended; (2) Unity realized.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

Foretold (Gen. 49 : 24; Ezek. 34 : 23; 37 : 24).
Described (Micah 5 : 4; John 10 : 14; Heb. 13 : 20; 1 Pet. 5 : 4).
Typified (1 Sam. 16 : 11)
His sacrifice of self (Zech. 13: 7; Matt. 26 : 31; John 10 : 11, 15; Acts 20 : 28).
His knowledge of the flock (John 10 : 14, 27).
His care of the flock (Psa. 23 : 1-3; Isa. 40 : 11; Jer. 31 : 10; Zech. 9 : 16; John 10 : 3, 4, 9, 11, 14, 15, 27).
His supreme gift (John 10 : 28).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The only recorded event is a brief discussion with some Pharisees who were with Jesus when he found the cured blind man. Probably this discussion occasioned the discourse of the lesson.

PLACE.—In Jerusalem, but at what place is uncertain. If this passage is connected in time and place with verse 22, then Solomon's porch may have been the scene of all the events narrated in John 9 : 35 to 10 : 39. Some have thought the imagery of the lesson was suggested by proximity to the sheep-gate.

TIME.—Immediately after the last lesson, probably on the same day, either in October, A. U. C. 782,—that is, A. D. 29,—or in December of the same year. The former date is that of the feast of tabernacles; the latter, that of the feast of dedication.

PERSONS.—Our Lord and his auditors, who were Pharisees, though others were doubtless present.

INCIDENTS.—The parable of the good shepherd, who is contrasted with thieves and robbers.—In his way of entering the fold, in the following of him by his own sheep. The figure of a door is then used to bring out a further contrast with the thieves and robbers. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep, but the hireling deserts the sheep when in danger. The good shepherd knows his sheep, and they know him, as the Father and the Son know each other. The lesson closes with a prediction that other sheep shall become part of the one flock of the one Shepherd.

There is no parallel pas-age.

The Irrepressible Chinese.

The Chinese seem to be irrepressible. They manage somehow or other to go into the country along the boundaries.

Already it is calculated some 200,000 Chinese are located in the United States, and with unrestricted emigration it is feared the country would soon be overrun by them, as they are glad to escape from the wretched conditions under which they have to live in some of the provinces at home, where they have a constant struggle for existence against over-crowding, famines and other devastating causes.

The Chinese are detested because they never enter the brotherhood of citizenship as other foreigners do. Western civilization recedes as the Chinese gain a footing.

This experience is not confined to America. It is said to prevail in all countries where the Chinese are found in large numbers. In the Philippine Islands, which they have inhabited for the past three hundred years, they show no signs of change. They retain all the habits and vices of their own land. Not only have they maintained their social characteristics, but in nearly every instance they have proved themselves stronger so far as the acquisition of material wealth and advantage is concerned.

Even the young Chinese born on American soil have all the habits, superstitions, vices, and customs of their fathers. Any advantage which may be gained from their cheap labor must be more than lost by the evils they bring upon the country by the spread of the opium habit, gambling, and other vices peculiar to the Mongolian.

In San Francisco the Chinese have so far become masters of the situation that they are governed by secret tribunals, and have a regular organization for thwarting the operations of the law by "removing witnesses," enforcing perjury, and other methods.

Even after a new variety has been obtained in a scientific manner there is a tendency to revert to one or both of the parents, and experience has proved that under the most favorable conditions three years of careful selection is needed to fix permanently the cross.