REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Aromatics at Christ's Tomb."

TEXTS: "Bringing fie spices which they had prepared."—Luke xxiv., 1; "The trumpet shall sound."—I Corinthians xv., 52.

Enchanting work have I before me this Easter morning, for, imitating these women of the text, who brought aromatics to the mausoleum of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balm and attar of roses and frankincense and balm and attar of roses and cardamon from the East Indies, and odors from Arabia, and, when we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will talk of sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five sentences say: Christ was lying flat on His back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks, rocks over Him, rocks under Him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains over Him, rocks under Him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains of Joseph's country seat. Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a falling meteor, picks up the door of rock and puts it aside as though it were a chair and sits on it. Then Christ unwraps Himself of His mortuary apparel and takes the turban from His head and folds it up deliberately and lays it down in one place and then puts the shroud in another place and then puts the shroud in another place and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying around, pallid and in a dead swoon, their swords bent and useless. The illustrious prisoner of the tomb is discharged and five hundred people see him at once. An especial congress of ecclesiastics called, pay a bribe to the resuscitated soldiers to say that there was no resurrection and that while they were overcome of slumber the Christians had played resurrectionists and stolen the corpus. The Mary's tionists and stolen the corpse. The Marys are at the tomb with aromatics.

Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and nettles, for these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord? Why did they not bring some national ensign, such as that of the Roman cagle, typical of conversely No. they being some page, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics suggestive to me of the fact that the Gospel is to sweeten and decdorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and malodor that Christ going to roll over it waves of frankincense

and sprinkle it all over with sweet smelling myrrh. Thousands of years before this Solo-mon had said that Christ was a lily and Isaiah had declared that under the Gospel the desert would bloom like the rose, but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women of the text bring hands full and arms full of redolence and perhaps unwittingly confirm and complexic the losses of wittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth the last offense to the olfactories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparadised hemispheres. Sin is a buzand enparassed nemispheres. Sin is a buzzard, holiness a dove. Sin is nightshade, holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere and set a geranium or a heliotrope on the window sill; cleanse the air and you will help cleanse the six and you will help cleanse the six and you. will help cleanse the soul. How dare this world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy To prove how He Himself loves aromatics bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fast-nesses the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and He must have grown them there for His own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving Him a sepulcher in Joseph's garden He will yet make the whole earth a garden Yes, He expressed His delight with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when He said: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and He filled the six of the propert to the pair of the pa

with sweet incense; and there are small

bottles of perfume in heaven described in Revelation as golden vials full of odors.

I preach an ambrosial gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and

rancidity and the last noisomeness and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the magi put frankincense upon His cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for His grave. Notice also that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earth-quake that puts its twisted key into the in-volved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul and tomb of nations. Concussion between England and the thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion between France and Germany, and forth comes receptly approach of the Secretary of the Secr sion between France and Germany, and forth comes republicanism for France. Concussion among the rocks on Mount Sinai, and on two of them was left a perfect law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary and the crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country becomes ours. Concussion between England and France, and most of this continent west of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between iceberg and iceberg, between bowider and bowlder, and a thousand concusions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his enemies, and out came the psalms which otherwise would never have been written. Concussion between God's will and man's Concussion between God's will and man's will, and, ours overthrown, we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of miscreatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of mis-fortune and trial for many of the good, and out comes their especial consecration. Do not therefore be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations the great earthquakes, whether among the rocks or among the nations or individual ex-perience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consecrations. perience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all round the Lord's sarcophagus and see the glorious re-numation of its dead inhabitant. Concus-sion! If over a general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last the world has been expecting for the last awenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it now is. The nations of the earth are tired of having their Kings born to them, and they would after a while elect their Kings, and there would be an Italian Republic and a German Republic and a Russian Republic and an Austrian Republic, and out of the cracks and crevices and

Talian Republic and a German Republic and a Russian Republic and an Austrian Republic, and out of the cracks and crevices and chasms of that concussion would come resurrection for all Europe. Stagnation is deatheful; concussion is Messianic.

Notice also what the angel did with the stone after he had rolled it away from the mouth of the Saviour's mausoleum. The book says he rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. All of us ministers have preached a sermon about the angel's rolling away the stone, but we did not remark upon the sublime fact that he sat upon it. Why? Certainly not because he was tired. The angels are a fatigualies race, and that one could have shouldered every rock around that tomb and carried it away and not been besweated. He sat upon it, I think, to show you and to show me that we may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph. The young men who get their colucation easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pine-knot lights and reading while the mules of the towpath were resting and of going hungry and patched and barefoot and submitting to all kinds of privation to get scholastic advantages. But the day of graduation came and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study and put their academic degrees in the pocket of a threadbare coat. Then starting for another career of hardship they

entered a profession or a business where they found plenty of disheartment and no help. Yet saying: "I will succeed; God help me, for no one else will," they went on and up until the world was compelled to acknowledge

The fact was that the obstacle between The fact was that the obstacle between their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock of fifty tons, but by resolution, nerved and muscularized and re-enforced by Almighty God, they threw their arms around the obstacle and with the strength of a supernatural wrestler rolled

back the stone, and, having become mere than conquerors, they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in propor-tion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon your fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great posts, great patriots and great Christians who never had a struggle. That angel that made a throne of the bowlder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven, and I warrant that, having been born in heaven and always had an easy time, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter in all his angelic lifetime. O men and women with obstacles in the way, I tell you that those obstacles are only thrones. I tell you that those obstacles are only thrones that you may after a while sit on. Is the obstacle in your way sickness? Conquer it by accomplishing more for God during your invalidism than many accomplish who have never known an aliment. Are you persecuted? By your uprightness and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of the Lord and Master, who in all His life owned but sixty two courts and that He was found for the contractions of the lord and master, who in all the life owned but sixty-two cents, and that He got from a fish's sixty-two cents, and that He got from a fish's mouth and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor, and who would have been buried in a potter's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place, for He who had not where to lay His head during His life had a borrowed pillow for the last slumber. There is no throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanguished throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanquished obstacles. An ungrateful Republic at the ballot box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the National Capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of a New York printing office on which he sat one chilly morning waiting for the boss printer to come that he might get a job, until he mounted the highest throne of American journalism. He rolled back the stone and sat upon it. A poor orphan boy, picking up chips at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea Cappelland in the chips and starts right away and is tossed the chips and starts right away and is toss from port to port and homeless and friend-less, wanders one day along Tremont street, Boston, and sees Park Street Church open

and, speaking of it afterward on a great oc-casion and using sallors' vernacular, as was usual with him, he says: "I put in, I up helm, unfurled sail and made for the gallery and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. Then I have to and came to anchor. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming text. Pretty soon he unfurled the mainsail, raised the topsail, ran up the pennants to free breeze and I tell you the old gospe ship never sailed more prosperously. The sait spray flew in every direction, but more especially did it run down my cheeks. Satan had to strike sail, his guns were dismounted or spiked, his various crafts by which he led sinners captive were all beached and the captain of the Lords's hosts rade forth, conquering and the Lords's hosts rode forth, conquering and to conquer." Before that sailor boy was poverty, but he conquered it; and orphanage, but he conquered it; and ignorance, but he conquered it; and the scoff of the world, but he conquered it; and he rose till every sail-ors' bethel in the world blessed him and great universary platforms invited him, and Daniel Webster and Charles Dickens and Frederika Bremer, and poets, and orators, and cenators sat electrified at his feet and his gospelizing influence will go on until the last jack tar is converted and the sea shall give up its dead. All the obstacles of his life seemed gathered into one great bowlder, but Edward T. Taylor, the world-renowned sailors' preacher, rolled back the stone and sat most it.

do of sitting on it before it is rolled away.

It is bound to go if you only tug
away at it. If not before, then I think
about 12 o'clock noon of resurrection day you will see something worth day you will see something worth seeing. The general impression is that the resurrection will take place in the morning. The ascent to the skies will hardly occur immediately. It will take some hours to form the procession skyward and we will all want to take a look at this world before we leave it forever and see the surroundings of the couch where our bodies have long been sleep-ing. On that Easter morning the marble, whether it lay flat upon your grave or stood up in monument, will have to be jostled and shaken and rolled aside by the angel of resurrection, and while waiting for your kindred to gather and the procession to form your resurrected body may sit in holy intempth upon that chiscled stone which marked the place of your extracted the place of the procession to the procession to the procession to the procession to the place of the plac marked the place of your protracted slumber.
On that day what a fragile thing will be
Aberdeen granite and column of basalt
and the mortar which will rattle out of the wall of vaulis that have been sealed a thousand years, and the Taj, built for a queen in India, a sepulcher two hundred and seventy-five feet high, and made of jasper seventy-live feet high, and made of jasper and cornelian and turquois and lapis-lazuli and amethyst and onyx and sapphire and diamond, and which shall that day rain into glittering dust on groves of banyan and bamboo and palm. And all under what power? Ponderous crowbars wielded by giants? No. Thunderbolt cleaving assurder the granite? No. Battering rain by giants? No. Thunderbolt cleaving asunder the granite? No. Battering ram swung against the walls of cemeteries? No. Dynamite drilled under the foundations of cenotaph and abbay? No. It will be done by music. Nothing but music, sweet but all penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! You say that is figurative; how do you know? But, whether literal or figurative, it means to make any low. The trumpet that there is the same trumper trumper that there is the same trumper But, whether interal or light atter, it means musicanyhow. The trumpet, that stirring, incisive, mighty instrument, with a natural compass from G below the staff to E above, blown above Sinai when the law was given, blown around Jerieho when the walls tumbled, blown when Gidson discomfited the Midianitea, blown when the ancient Israelites were gathered for vorship, to be blown for the raising of the deed in the last great Easter. The mother, who, when the child must be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does well.

But the trumpet, which when the dend are to be accused kisses the ear greater does But the trumpet, which when the dead are to be aroused kisses the ear fiwake, does better. Be not surprised if the dead are to be awakened by music. Why, that is the way now we raise the dead. Take the statistics, if you can, of the millions of souls that have been raised from the death of sin by hymns, by psalms, by solos, by anthems, by flutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. Under God what hosts have been resurrected by Ira D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by William D. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by motherly lullables, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If we raise the dead now by music, be not

If we raise the dead now by music, be not surprised that on the last day the dead are to surprised that on the last day the dead are to be raised by music.

The trumpet shall sound! And that instrument shall have plenty of work to do on the day mentioned. It will have to sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepulchers, and liberate the buried kings. And through hypogean graves which were built in mounds and the hypogean graves which were dug in rocks, and through the nine hundred winding miles of catacombs under and around the Roman Campagna, where over seven million human beings sleep. And through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific and Mediteranean and Caspian and Black Sea deeps. And over all the moops of the English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Italian and German and Russian and Italian and German and Russian and Italian definition fields and swer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt come up! Blankeim, come up! Agrae. be raised by music. the world's battle fields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agin-court, come up! Blauleim, come up! Acre, come up! Hobenlinden, come up! Setan, come up! Gettysburg, come up! Near Sharpsburg during our Civil War, when I was with some others under the auspices of the Christian commission, looking after the wounded, Federal and Confederate, one moon-light night I was where I could look deserved.

what an imposing spectacle! But my subject calls as to look down upon a mightier host of soldiers slumbering their last sleep in the bivouac of the dust: the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean war, the eight hundred thousand slain in our American war, the fifteen million slain in the wars of Sesostris, the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, the thirty-two million slain in wars of Ghengis Khan, the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Ro man wars. Aye, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground, would make enough graves to reach four hundred and forty-two times around the

The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms, a basement, and a room above ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their war and death have been stacking their larvests for nearly six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphal march to Kenilworth, or William, Prince of Orange, land, or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome, of Prague, burned at the stake, or Tamerland found his empire? Gone! Gone! But the trumpet shall sound. Music to raise the dead. Oh, how much the world needs it. You take a torch and I will take a torch and we will go through some of the

torch and we will go through some of the aisles of the Roman catacombs and see the ex-pectant epitaphs on the walls and right over where the departed sleep. You know that these catacombs are fifty or sixty feet under-ground, and if one loses the guide or his torch is extinguished, he never finds the way out. So let us stay close together and with our torches, as we wander along a small part of these 900 miles of underground passages, see the inscriptions as they were really chiseled there on both sides the way. On your side you read by the light of your torch: "Here rests a handmaid of God who out of all her riches now possesses but this one house. Thou will remain in eternal repose of handmass. A. D. remain in eternal repose of happiness. A. D. 380." On my side I read by the light of the h: "Aurelia, our sweetest daugh-she lived fifteen years and four months, ter; she lived fifteen years and four months, A. D. 325." On your side you read: "Here hath been laid a sweet spirit, guileless, wise and beautiful. Buried in peace. A. D. 388." On my side I read: "You well deserving one, lie in peace. You will rise. A temporary rest is granted you. Plaucus, her husband, made this." On your side you read: "Nicephorus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment." On my side I read: "In Christ, Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his dead body rests in this tomb." On your side you read: "Here, happy, you find rest bowed down with years." "Irene sleeps in God." "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Arethusa sleeps in God." "Navira in peace, a sweet soul who lived sixteen years, a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made by her parents."

But let us come out from these catacombs

and extinguish our torches, for upon all these longings and expectations of all nations the morning of resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound! And the sooner it sounds the better. Oh, how we would like to get our loved ones back again! If we are ready to meet our Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a good thing if this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like and reveroerating blast; would you not have to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again and all your departed kindred again? Roll on sweet day of resurrection and reunion. Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would it not be grand if we could all rise to it not be grand if we could all rise to-gether? You know that the Bible says shall not all sleep, but we shall e changed. What if we should be among the favored ones who never have to see death, and that while in the full life of our body we should hear, that trumpet sound and these mortal bodies take on immortality. Oh, how I would hasten to two places before the close of such a day—peaceful Greenwood and the village cemetery back of Somerville. And I would cry aloud: "The hour has come, the trumpet has sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group, now lead the way?" The earth sinks out of sight Clouds under foot. Other worlds only mile stones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! to be forever with the Lord and forever with each other. May we all have part in that first resurrection.

In this dark world of sin and pain.
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore.
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.

"A SHOE manufacturer in Portland." relates the Brunswick, Me., Telegraph, being asked to assist in providing bread for the suffering poor, said that he would contribute to the extent of 100 sacks of flour and 100 bushels of meal, one sack of flour and one bushel of meal to be given to each man who might be found in Portland who neither kept a dog, drank rum nor used tobacco, and was in need of bread. The first man has not appeared yet to claim the gift."

SAYS F. D. Mussey, in the Cincinnati Commercial: "Mr. Harrison is certainly showing the effects of the pressure and tear and anxiety he has been subjected to. In the glaring sunlight you can observe it, if you were formerly familiar with his appearance. His face is whiter than it was before, and he looks weary, and is certainly thinner than he used to be."

Burns, used in making veneers with remarkable eccentricities of grain, are excrescences that grow upon various trees, such as the walnut, rosewood, mahogany, oak and ash. They weigh from 1,000 to 6,000 pounds, and the largest and best come from Persia and Circassia, and cost in the rough from 15 to 40 cents a pound.

PORTLAND, Maine, has more Odd Fellows in proportion to its population than any other town in the world. One out of every four of the citizens over twenty-one belong to the order, and the seven lodges of the city have a fund of \$149,615.74. The richest lodge is the Unity, which has \$34,430 in the

THERE is a superstition among miners that every ten years rich diggings will be discovered somewhere. The record so far is California, 1849; Pike's Peak, 1859; Nevada, 1869; Leadville, 1879. Some of the Southern California boomers will try to make the country believe that the 1889 discovery is at hand.

A cincus elephant who attacked a barbed wire fence in New Jersey the other day will spend the next two months in wondering why it wouldn't let go when he had enough and was willing to make it a draw fight.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 28.

Lesson Text: "Destruction of the Temple Foretold," Mark xiii., 1-13-Golden Text: Matt. xii., 6-Commentary.

1. "And as He went out of the temple, one of His disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings." He was leaving the temple to return no more to that building; lovingly and patiently had He presented Himself to the rulers of the people again and again as their Messiah, only to be rejected by them; many parables had He spoken to them descriptive of their conduct and its consequences; and in the eight woes of Matt. xxiii. 13–32 (sad contrast to the eight blessings of Matt. v.) He had told them plainly what they were in the sight of God. He assures them of the doom that awaits them because of their sins, and because they would not let Him deliver them from the imwould not let Him deliver them from the in pending wrath so long in grace restrained, and then utters His last word to them: "I say unto ye, ye shall not see Me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt. xxiii., 33-39), As He leaves the building, sad at heart and deep-ly grieved for them, His people, for whom Ho was about to lay down His life, His disciples, lmost as blind as the rulers concerning true condition of things, try to call His attention to the building and the great stones of the temple, but a heart that could see and feel what He saw and felt had no eyes for

stones or costly gifts.

2. "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." The Holy Spirit had said through Micah, the prophet, 700 years before this, that Zion should be plowed as a field and Jerusalem become heaps (Mic. iii., 12); but the same prophet also said by the same Spirit that the same Zion and Jerusalem should in the last days rise from their rules that all nations days rise from their ruins, that all nations should flow thither, and that in those days the nations should learn war no more. (Mic. iv., 1-4). After so many centuries of God's long

1-4). After so many centuries of God's long suffering the same spirit that had testified through Micah now testifies through the greatest of all prophets, the Son of God, that it should be as it had been forcitoid.

3. "He set upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple." As we see this great and glorious God-man, Israel's true though rejected Messiah who shall yet be manifest as the glory of His people Lexcel and a light to rejected Messiah who shall yet be manifest as the glory of His people Lagaci and a light to lighten the nations (Luke ii., 32), thus lingeringly leaving His people and the Holy City, we are reminded of the visions of Ezekiel in which he saw the glory of the God of Israel slowly and lingeringly leave the Holy of Holies, and the temple, and the city, and stand for a last farewell upon this same mount on the east of the city, driven away by the sins of the people. (Ezek, viii., 3, 4; ix., 3; x., 4, 18; xi., 22, 23). But we must also remember the later visions of Ezekiel in which he saw the glory return from the way of the east, causing the earth to shine, entering the east, causing the earth to shine, entering the house of the Lord and filling it, pointing us forward to the time when the Lord shall re-turn with His saints to dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever. (Ezek. xliii., 1-7; Zech. xiv., 3-5.)

1-7; Zech. xiv., 3-5.)
4. "Tell us, when shall these things be?
And what shall be the sign when all these
things shall be fulfilled?" Matthew adds:
"What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and
of the end of the world or consummation of
the age?" (Matt. xxiv., 3, R. V. margin).
Whether there was any conversation by the
way as they walked from the temple out of
the city and up to the Mount of Olives we are
not told, but now that He is scated on the
mount over against the temple, these four mount over against the temple, these four came to Him privately, or rather asked Him privately these questions. They were expecting that He would redeem Israel and restore ing that he would redeem is an restore to her the glory of the son of David (Luke xxiv, 21; Acts i., 6); and this their prophets had taught them to expect; take Jer. xxiii., 5-8, as a sample of what all the prophets had everywhere foretold. But they overlooked the prophecies concerning the sufferings and rejections of their Messiah, such as Isa, lii.; Ps. xxii.; Dan. ix., 26, etc.

And Jesus, answering them, began to 5. And Jessis, answering them, began to say, Take heed lest any man deceive you." Four times in this chapter we have the admonition: "Take heed" (vs. 5, 9, 23, 33); on other occasions He had said: "Take heed other occasions He had said: "Take heed what you hear and how ye hear" (Mark. iv., 24; Luke viii., 18), but now it is: "Take heed lest any deceive you." If it was so in John's day that many deceivers had gone forth into the world (II John vii.), it is much more so to-day, and the child of God who would avoid being deceived must be well world in the being deceived must be well versed in the Word which is the Truth.

6. "Many shall come in My name, saying I am Christ, and shall deceive many." Two of these are mentioned in Acts v., 36, 37, who had many followers; and in I John iv., 1, it is written: "Belovel, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gome out in-to the world." Ever since the devil deceived Eve in the Garden of Eden (I Tim. ii., 14) he has been constantly at it and will o until his masterpiece, the Antichrist of the last days, has been produced, whose destruction shall be by the Lord at His coming (II Thess. ii., 8, 9); and then shall come to pass what is written in Rev. xx., 3, the deceiver hall deceive no more till the thousand years

"When we shall hear of wars and 7. "When we shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for such things must needs be; but the end shall not be yet." Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the seas; though the waters roar and be troubled, and the mountains shake, there is no need for any one to fear or be troubled who can truly say: "The Lord of Host is with me; the God of Jacob is my refuge." (Ps.

S. "These are the beginnings of sorrows or travail." That is the wars, earthquakes, famines and troubles of this verse and the last to which Luke adds "fearful sights and

great signs from heaven."
9. "But take heed to yourselves, ye shall be beaten * * * for my sake

9. "But take heed to yourselves, " by eshall be beaten " * " for my sake, for a testimony against them." This they actually experienced many a time. (Acts iv., v., xii., xiv., etc.) It has been true in greater or less degree in all times since, and shall be fearfully true again in the last years of Israel's history ere the Lord returns for their national redemption.

10. "And the gospel must first be published among all nations." Matt. xxiv., 14, says: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." Ere Jerusalem was destroyed, Israel scattered, and the end of that dispensation fully come, the gospel had been preached in all the world and all Irrael had heard (Col. i., 23), and might have received the Messiah if

they would.

11. "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, * * * for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." Luke xxi., 15, adds: "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." See how this was literally fulfilled in the case of Stephen (Acts vi., 10); and in the case of the Apostles, no doubt every time they were placed in such circumstances, and relied upon His promise.

such circumstances, and relied upon His promise.

12. "The brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son." Compare the similar sationnests in His instructions to the twolve when He sent them forth (Matt. x., 34-36). This too was foretold by the prophets (Ps. Ikie., 8; Mic. vii., 6), and actually experienced by the Lord Jesus Himself; and if we are His faithful followers we must not expect to be better treated than our Master.

13. "Ye shall be hated of all for My Name's sake." The word of God separates us from the world, and causes us to be hated by the world, when it is clearly manifest that we are not of the world John xvii., 14; but He has passed through it all, and feels for us, and sympathizes with us and encourages us by these words: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you * * * for the Son of Man's sake; rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven" (Luke vi., 23, 23).—Lesson Helper.

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