REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "What Trouble is For."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.,

preached to an overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Tefore I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8000 I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a \$100,000 if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it will be done.

Text: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."-Rev. vii., 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Mary's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the cloude that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble

what is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation: but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and time and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't

looked at vet.

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a flery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water illy, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-

tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the list part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipp his spectacles. That book of Bevelations is a prospectas now of the country into which he has lots already is and out, and avenues opened, and trees planted and mansions built.

planted and mansions built.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on beard it, and one hand could launch that ship into the giories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the large that he wanted to go to his Father's

house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth

more.
Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shews them they do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God

comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said: "Certainly."

said: "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road, of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautifully tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remem-

ber.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been awearing and biaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "O God, save us" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lieu on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

asks for help?

Well, having falled everywhere, completely falled, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by horalds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

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Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe.

Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12

Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night abe goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up het pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

And w -u she lifted her spectacles agains her wrins -d forehead, so she could look closer at the wound; it was three-fourth

although you may have been men and women thirty, forty, fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age. O man, praise God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrifleing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and ir semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha: then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron after made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wips all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed fears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well Haven de these

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great wesper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief, Gentle! Why, dis step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get burt and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her: I am of no account.

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So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Mosss, or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven: the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to Huger in the wild. When Thou art wailing, Father, to receive Thy child?

If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven. "God shall wipe away all tears from their

Have you any appreciation of the go.d and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between emharkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphial march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Barah. Standing there in the village cometery, I looked around and said:

"There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole ciwles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in giory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this worsd to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, on, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in

posing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 1sth of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you, These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhibitation it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Os, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah," and at the third shout of "Hallelujah," their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Bfitons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appropriate the glories that are to come, we would see so filled with enthusiasm that no power cearth or hell could stand before us; and sour first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout the would begin to fall back, and at our thir

Thouse they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halle-

lujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rojoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR

Lesson Text: "David's Rebellious Son," II Sam, xv., 1-12—Golden Text: Ex. xx., 12—Commentary.

After the everlasting covenant made with David concerning his son and kingdom, as accorded in our last lesson in this book (chap. vii.), we read of David's great prosperity, subduing all his enemies round about and reigning over all Israel, executing judgment and justice unto all his people (viii., 12-15). Then, in his prosperity, comes his awful sin, by which he gave great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; which is followed by the record of his son Amnon's sin and his death at the hands of his brother Absalom, followed by the flight of Absalom to his maternal grandfather, the King of Geshur, where he abode three years in banishment from his father and his home (chaps xl., xiii).

home (chaps. xi., xiii).

1. "And it came to pass after this, that Absalom prepared him chariots and horses and fifty men to run before him." The words "after this" seem to refer to the events of the chapter immediately preceding. If Absalom's chariots and horses and men were intended in some way to do honor, or show gratitude to his father, the King, it would seem but right and natural; but that they should be tokens of rebellion against and ingratitude to this forgiving father seems almost incredible; yet such was the case.

should be tokens of rebellion against and ingratitude to this forgiving father seems almost incredible; yet such was the case.

2. And Abzalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate." The gate of an eastern city was a place of public resort and deliberation, and also a place for the administration of justice, and of audience for Kings and rulers and ambassadors. "Rose up early" is an expression signifying great earnestness; it is about the same as "putting one's shoulder to it;" it is used ten times in Jeremiah concerning God's unwearied earnestness in urging His people to repent and turn to Him. In, Isa. v., 11, it is used concerning the earnestness of the wicked, and in that sense it is used in this verse of our lesson, for here we see Absalom in the gate of the city cordially greeting every one who came with any matter to the King for judg ment, telling them that there was no one appointed by the King to hear them, and assuring them that if he was a judge he would see that every, one had justice.

3. 4. "Absalom said moreover, Oh that I were made judge in the land." The title of our lesson is, "David's rebellious son," and his name is mentioned thirteen times in our lesson. Everything seems to go by contrast

3. 4. "Absalom said moreover, Oh that I were made judge in the land." The title of our lesson is, "David's rebellious son," and his name is mentioned thirteen times in our lesson. Everything seems to go by contrast in reference to him; his name signifies "Father of Peace," but what a father of lies and disturber of peace he proved to be; then as to his personal appearance, there was not a finer looking man in all Israel (xiv., 25); but God, who looks on the heart and not on the outward appearance, saw anything but beauty there. His hair, which he must have been very proud of, and which he had cut only once a year, weighed when polled about seven and a half pounds Troy (a shekel being about nine pennyweights) (xiv., 26); but this, his pride, was the cause of his death (chap. xviii., 9).

5. 6. "So Absalom stole the hearts of the

5, 6. "So Absalom stole the heat of them of Israel." By fair words to every man who came to the King for judgement, by taking them by the hand and kissing them, he thus won their hearts to himself. David's kiss to Absalom was of the same nature as the father's kiss to the prodigal son (Lu. xv.. 20); but these kisses of Absalom were more of the nature of the kiss of Judas when he betrayed our Lord Jesus Christ, for every one of them was a stab at his father's heart.

7. "Let me go and pay my yow, which I

7. "Let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed unto the Lord, in Hebron." Thus said Absalom to David, the King, probably after four years instead of forty as in this verse (see R. V. margin); but what a liar he was and how desperately wicked; there was murder in his heart and that against his own father, but he seeks to hide it under a pretense of paying a vow unto the Lord, while all his vows must have been to the devil rather than to the Lord; and that he should select Hebron for his base purpose where lay buried the bodies of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob indicates only more fully the extreme hardness of his heart.

andness of his beart.

6. "If the Lord shall bring me again indeed to Jerusalem, then I will serve the Lord." This, he said, was the vow which he had made to the Lord while in his banishment in Syria. Let any father or mother who have ever rejoiced over the conversion of a wayward son say what must have been David's feelings on hearing these words from his much loved but heretofore erring Absalom. Oh, that he had only meant it, but alas that the heart can become so lard that it can put on religion for a cloak and think to deceive even God Himself.

to deceive even God Himself.

9. "And the King said unto him, Go in peace," Believing him to be sincere he gives him a father's blessing and bids him go in peace; but there was no peace in that foul heart, covered by so fair an exterior and such plausible words, for "There is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked" (Isa. Ivil., 21).

10. "Absalom reigneth in Hebron." No sooner does he leave his father's presence, with that father's last words to him as words of peace, than he sends spies through all Israel who at a given signal are to cry: "Absalom reigneth in Hebron," which was virtually saying: "I hereby rebel against my father and drive him from his throne;" so David understood it, for he said unto all his servants: "Arise, and let us flee, for we shall not else escape from Absalom," and the servants said: "Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the King shall appoint" iverse 14, 151. Contrast the conduct of the King's son "71th this repay of David's servants, and the conduct of Itai, a stranger and exile (verses 19-21), and does it not remind you somewhat of the conduct of those of whom it is written: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John I., 11, 12).

power to become the sons of 11, 12.)

11. "They went in their simplicity and they knew not anything." This is written of the two hundred men out of Jerusalem who went with Absalom. If we would follow Jesus in this spirit, simply trusting, not knowing nor desiring anything but His will, what blessed people we would be and what grory are would get through us; but to follow a leader like Absalom thus blindly is sure

perdition.

12. "The people increased continually with Absalom." How thoughtlessly the crowd will follow a popular leader. How multitudes turn away from the God of truth and His dear Son to listen to an Ingersoll. If a railroad company will run its cars to some mountain park or seaside resort on the Lord's day, what multitudes will turn away from the God of the Sabbath and His loving commandments to do evil. If a city will tolerate Sunday baseball what thoughless crowds will lock thither. And so in all directions an increasing multitude is ever following the one whom Absalom followed, and who would love to destroy Jesus, the King of Kings, and all His followers.—Leason Helmer.

A CARELESS female reformer, who was aroused in her room at the Arlington Hotelin Petoskey, Mich., the other night, by an alarm of fire, took time to dress and pack her trunk before she ran down stairs, but forgot to wake her husband.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SHOULDER OF LAMB.

A shoulder of lamb cooked as follows is a very cheap and excellent dinner: Have the butcher cut out the shoulder blade, and the first length and half the second of the foreleg, taking care not to mangle the meat. Stuff with a forcement made of bread crumbs with one boiled and mashed onion, seasoned with salt, pepper and sage. Truss it up something in the shape of a duck and sew shut. Lay in a dripping pan on a few sliced vegetables, pour over a gill of hot water, and bake twenty minutes to the pound. Garnish with new, small carrots, onions and new potatoes, strain and thicken the gravy, pour it over all and serve.

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HINTS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING. No facings are used on the bottoms of æsthetic house dresses. A wide hem, which must be lined with a crinoline, is turned back about six inches and a side plaiting of India linen or mull in the same side as the gown is set underneath as a balayense, not showing below the hem of the gown. A little tin machine for making side and knife plaitings can be purchased at a trifling cost, and is almost as valuable as a sewing machine in a house where much of the sewing is done at home. Knife plaitings are used on everything, but are not sewed on in the old-style fashion; the plaits must be fine and the entire plaiting gathered on. If for a jabot it is left more full at every turn, as if it were rounding a corner.

An easy way to get a pretty effect in a sleeve is to gather an outside onto a fitted lining, end it at the elbow with a knife-plaited frill about six inches wide, gathered extremely full at the back.

In making over a bodice for a house gown get mull or crepe like the material in color for sleeves, no matter whether other trimmings of mull are used. This gives a dressy effect.—Chicago Herald.

WAYS OF BAKING GRAHAM FLOUR.

By this !time everybody knows how to

make graham "gems" by the usual method, which is simply to stir the batter just a little stiffer than griddle cake batter, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. This thing is certain, the thinner the batter the hotter must be the oven. It is also the case that gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk. So, if you cannot have a very hot oven, either make the mixture of simple graham flour and water quite thick, or mix the flour with milk. Skimmed milk is good enough, though new or creamy milk makes the bread more "short," of course. Have the gem pans very hot, and then a scrap of cloth with the least bit of butter on it, rubbed over the irons, will prevent the gems from sticking. Housekeepers who have no gem pans can make very nice warm graham bread for breakfast in several ways. Make a dough of flour and sweet milk, skimmed or creamy, as you prefer, or find convenient still enough to roll out easily. Knead this a little, roll it an inch thick and cut it into diamonds; or cut off strips and make it into rolls with the hand; or roll it into balls two inches in diameter, flattening them a littie, er not at all, as you choose, or roll the dough very thin and cut it into square crackers, pricking them well to prevent their puffing. Crackers are best with some cream in the mixing, and crackers require more kneading than diamonds and rolls, which are expected to be soft inside.

Any of these kinds of bread, diamonds, rolls, balls and crackers are baked upon the grate in the oven, which should be wiped off very clean. They will not stick to it, and will bake very fast.

RECIPES.

Light Biscuit—Sift three and one-half pounds of flour into a lowl; make a hole in the centre, and stir in one pint of lukewarm milk and half a pint of yeast, stir in just flour enough to make a thin batter, cover and let stand till light; melt one-half pound of butter in one pint of warm milk, let it stand till luke warm, and with a tablespoonful of salt sift in the other ingredients; knead and let stand one hour; roll and cut into biscuits, lay two inches apart, let stand till light, then bake.

Molasses Cake—Four teacupfuls of flour, one and one-half teacupfuls of sugar, one teacupful of molasses, one teacupful of butter, five eggs, half a teaspoonful (level) of soda, half a pound of raisins or currants. Cream the sugar and butter, add the egg yolks, and beat until light, then add the molasses. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir in alternately with the flour and fruit. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of water and add last. Flavor with lemon or mixed spices. Bake as a large cake, or in snowball pans.

Cottage Pudding—One cup of sugar.

Cottage Pudding-One cup of sugar, one spoonful butter, one cup of milk, one pint of flour, ten eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat the butter, eggs and sugar to a froth, then add the milk, and lastly the flour in which the baking powder has been thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon and bake in a shallow dish or tin half an hour. Serve with lemon sauce made as follows: Beat to a froth one spoonful butter, one cup sugar, one spoonful cornstarch and two eggs. When very smooth and light add one cup of boiling water. Set the basin into boiling water and stir five minutes. Season with lemon.

Soup Stock—Take all the bones of joints, etc., that are available, bones of poultry and game that are sweet, chop them into a saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or the saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or the saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or the saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or the saucepan of cutlets, etc.; add a couple of carrots, one onion, a bunch of parsley, salt to taste, a small quantity of white pepper and allspice mixed and two or three cloves. Fill up the saucepan with cold water until it covers the contents by one inch, and set it on the fire to simmer slowly for about four or five hours. Strain the liquor through a cloth into a basin, and when cold, the cake of fat on top being removed, the stock will be ready to use.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Peat fiber is coming into considerable use in the manufacture of brown paper, being about fifty per cent. cheaper than wool pulp.

According to Dr. Ozeretskofski, hysteria exists among Russian soldiers, and presents as various diversities of form as it does among women.

The British Government has yielded to popular clamor so far as to assent to a new and thorough investigation of the merits of vaccination. While assenting to this, it allows it to be given out that it sees no necessity, in any new facts that have been discovered, for such an investigation.

While the electric light is gradually taking the place of illuminating gas in Germany, the latter article is to be extensively used on account of its considerable evolution of heat. In comparison with the electric light, it is this property which is, apart from minor brightness, considered to be in principal deficiency.

Mr. A. B. Griffiths states that the process of converting iron into Bessemer steel results in the elimination of a basic slag, containing from fourteen to twenty per cent. of phosphoric acid. Reduced to an impalpable powder, this slag is a valuable plant food; and as manure the 350,000 tons of the slag obtained yearly in England should produce at least 4,000,000 tons of hay, or sufficient for feeding 750,000 head of cattle.

The drainage area of the Yang-tse-Kiang River in China is equal to one-sixth of the area of our country, including Alaska. It is estimated that the enormous amount of sediment poured down by this river amounts to the denudation of the entire basin by one foot in 3000 years. No wonder that with this mass of five billion cubic feet of solid matter emptied into the ocean every year the people of Shanghai are able to see that the coast line is rapidly advancing.

Admiral Akamatsu, of the Japanese Navy, has invented a new floating fort for coast defense. This fort is to be built on a kind of vessel made of steel, and 150 feet in length. The armor is to be twelve inches thick, and the bridge will be specially protected with a steel bulwark of three inches. It is to have a double screw and engines of 200 horsepower, capable of attaining a speed of three miles an hour. On the first bridge will be placed twelve fifteen-centimetre cannon, and on the second eight twenty-six-centimetre. The crew will number 250 men.

Formerly engineers estimated the strength of ropes by the old rule: "Four times the square of the girth in inches gives the breaking weight in hundred-weights." Commenting on this rule an engineer says: "Apparently ropes are three times as strong now; and to get near the tabulated strength take the square of the girth in eighths of an inch and divide by 1000, or point off the last three figures as decimals. The answer will be the safe working load in tons. This is an error of about ten per cent. on the safe side. The breaking strain is from five to seven times greater than this."

Inquiries sent to thirty-five English coast towns which had been using sea water for watering streets showed that twenty-three towns had abandoned its use for various reasons. Ramsgate and Folkestone stated that it destroyed all kinds of road material except wood. Some towns advised its use in sewer flushing in sufficient volume, but others thought it produced gases when brought into contact with the sewage. The testimony is in favor of sea water preventing dust on roads of flint or gravel; and Berwick-on-Tweed highly commends it for this purpose. It is there found that one cart of sea water is equal to two loads of fresh water in lasting effect.

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