### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Finger of God."

TEXT: "The finger of God."-Exodus

Pharoah was sulking in his marble throne roan at Memphis. Plague after plague had come, and sometimes the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague he was as bad as before. The necromancers of the palace, however, were compelled to recognize the divine movement, and after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series thay original extrinting plagues of all the series they cried out in the words of my text, "This is the finger of words of my text, this is the inger of God"—not the first nor the last time when bad people said a good thing. An old Philadelphia friend visiting me the other day asked me if I had ever noticed this passage of Scripture from which I to-day speak. of Scripture from which I to-day speak. I told him no, and I said right away. "That

is a good text for a sermon."

We all recognize the hand of God and know it is a mighty hand. You have seen a man keep two or three rubber balls flying in the air, catching and pitching them so that none of them fell to the floor, and do this for several minutes, and you have admired his dexterity. But have you thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds vastly larger than our world flying for centuries without let. our world flying for centuries without let-ting one fall? Wondrous power and skill of God's hand! But about that I am not to discourse. My text leads me to speek of less than a fitth of the divine hand. "This is the finger of God." Only in two other places does the Bible refer to this division of the omnipotent hand. The rocks on Mount Smai are basalt and very hard stone. Do you imagine it was a chisel that cut the ten commandments in that basalt? No; in Exodus we read that the tables of stone were "written with the finger of God," Christ says that He cast out devils with "the

only instance that Christ wrote a word He wrote not with pen on parchment, but with His finger on the ground. Yet though seldom reference is made in the Bible to a part of God's hand, if you and I keep our eyes open and our hearts right we will be compelled often to cry out, "This is the finger of God!" It is my intention before long to begin a series of sermons on "The Astronomy of the Bible, or God Among the Stars;" "The Ornithology of the Bible, or God Among the Bible, or God Among the Bible, or God Among the Orchards:" "The Lethtwology of the Orchards:" Pomology of the Bible, or God Among the Orchards;" "The Ichthyology of the Bible, or God Among the Rocks;" "The Waters of the Bible, or God Among the Seis;" "The Zoology of the Bible, or God Among the Beasts;" "The Precious Stones of the Bible, or God Among the Amethysts;" "The Conchology of the Bible, or God Among the Shells;" "The Botany of the Bible, or God Among the Shells," "The Botany of the Bible, or God Among the Flowers;" "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Flowers;" "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Flowers;" an il want this coming winter to get you and get myself into the habit of seeing the finger of God sverywhers and in everything; but this morning I want to induce you to look for the finger of God in your personal affairs.

The most of the gesticulation is natural. If a stranger accost you on the street and

If a stranger accost you on the street and ask you the way to some place, it is, as natural as to breathe for you to level your forefinger this way or that. Not one out of a thousand of you would stand with your hands by your side and make no motion with your finger. Whatever you may say with your lips is emphasized and re-enforced and translated by your finger. Now God in the translated by your finger. Now God in the dear old Book says to us innumerable things by the way of direction. He plainly tells us the way to go. But in every exigency of our life, if we will only look, we will find a providential gesture and a providential pointing, so that we may confidently say, "Inis is the finger of God." Two or three times in my life, when perplexed on questions of duty after earnest prayer, I have cast lots as to what I should do. In olden times the Lord's except out In olden times the Lord's people The land of Canaan was divided by lot. The cities were divided among the priests and Levites by lot. Matthias was chosen to the apostleship by lot.

Now casting lots is about the most solemn

thing you can do. It should never be done except with a solemnity like that of the last judgment. It is a direct appeal to the Almighty. It is a direct appear to mighty. If after earnest prayer you do not seem to get the divine direction, I think you might without sin write upon one slip of paper "Yes" and upon another "No," or of paper 'kes' and upon another 'ko, or some other decisive words appropriate to the casa, and then obliterating from your mind the identity of the slips of paper draw the decision and act upon it. In that case I think you have a right to take that indica-tion as the finger of God. But do not do that except as the last resort and with a devoutness that leaves absolutely all with

For much that concerns us we have no responsibility, and we need not make appeal to the Lord for direction. We are not responsible for most of our surroundings. We are not responsible for the country of our birth, nor for whether we are Americans or Norwegians or Scotchmen or Irishmen or Englishmen. We are not responsible for the age in which we live. We are not re-sponsible for our temperament, be it neryous or phiegmatic, bilious or sanguine.
We are not responsible for our features, be
they homely or beautiful. We are not responsible for the height or smallness of our stature. We are not responsible for the fact that we are mentally duil of brilliant. For the most of our environments we have no more responsibility than we have for the moltisus at the bottom of the Atlantic

Oh, I am so glad that there are about five hundred thousand things that we are not responsible for! Do not olame us for being in our manner cold as an iceberg, or nervous as a cat amid a pack of Fourth of July firecrackers. If you are determined to blame somebody, blame our great-grandfathers, or great-grandmothers, who died before the Revolutionary war, and who may have had habits depressing and ruinous. There are wrong things about us all, which make me think that one hundred and fifty years ago there was some terrible crank in our ancestral line. Realize that, and it will be a relief semi-infinite. Let us take ourselves as we are this moment, and then ask "Which way?" Get all the direction you can from careful and constant study of the Bible, and then look up and look out and look around,

and see if you can find the flager of God.

It is a remarkable thing that sometimes no one can see that finger but yourself. A year before Abraham Lincoin signed the proclamation of emancipation the White House was thronged with committees and associations ministers and layeren advising associations, ministers and laymen, advising the president to make that proclamation. But he waited and waited, amid scoff and anathema, because he did not himself see ger of Go1. After awhile and at just right time he saw the divine pointing signed the proclamation. The distinthe right time he saw the divine pointing and signed the proclamation. The distinguished Confederates, Mason and Biddell, were taken off an English vessel by the United States Government, "Don't give them up," shouted all the northern States. "Let us have war with England rather than surrender them," was the almost unanimous ery of the north. But William H. Seward saw the finger of God leading in just the opposite direction and the Confederates were given up, and we avoided a war with England which at that time would have been the demolition of the United States Government.

United States Government, United States Government.

In other words, the finger of God as it dilacts you, may be invisible to everybody
slase. Follow the divine pointing, as you
see it, although the world may call you a
fool. There has never been a man or a
woman who amounted to anything that
has not sometimes been called a fool.
Nearly all the mistates that you and I
have made have come from our following
the pointing of some other finger, instead
of the finger of policy. But, now, suppose

all forms of disaster close in upon a man. Suppose his business collapses. Suppose he buys goods and cannot sell them. Suppose by a new invention others can furnish the same goods at learning the same goods at pose by a new invention others can furnish the same goods at less price. Suppose a cold the same goods at less price. Suppose a cold spring or a late autumn or the coming of an epidemic corners a man, and his notes come due and he cannot meet them, and his rent must be paid and there is nothing with to pay it, and the wages of the employes are due and there is nothing with which to meet that obligation, and the bank will not discount and the hardess rejunds to whom he count, and the business friends to whom he goes for accommodation are in the same predicament, and he bears up and struggles on, until after awhile crash goes the whole

He stands wondering and saying, "I do not see the meaning of all this. I have done the best I could. Golknows I would pay my debts if I could, but here I am hedged in and stopped." What should that man do in and stopped." What should that man do in that case—go to the Scriptures and read the promise about all things working together for good and kindred passages? That is well. But he needs to do something beside reading the Scriptures. He needs to look for the finger of God that is pointing toward better treasures; that is that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot, and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something is the matter that foot and I believe something that foot and I believe something the formation and I believe that is the foot and I believe something the formation and I believe that the foot and I believe pointing toward eternal release; that is urging him to higher realms. No buman finger ever pointed to the east or west or north or south so certainly as the finger of God is pointing that troubled man to higher and better spiritual resources than he has ever enjoyed. There are men of vast wealth who are as rich for heaven as they are for

this world, but they are exceptions.

If a man grows in grace it is generally before he gets \$100,000 or after he loses it.
If a man has plenty of railroad securities and has applied to his banker for more; it the lots he bought have gone up fifty per cent. in value; if he had hard work to get the door of his fireproof safe shut because of a new roll of securities he put in there just before looking up at night; if he be speculating into falling market or a rising market and things take for him a right turn, he does not grow in grace very much that week. Do you know what made the great revival of 1857, when more people were converted to God probably than in any year since Christ was born? It was the defalections and bankruptcy that swept American prosperity so flat that it could fall

I am speaking of whole souled men. Such men as are so broken by calamity that they are humbled and fly to God for relief. who have no spirit and never expect any-thing are not much affected by financial changes. They are as apt to go into the kingdom under one set of circumstances as another. They are deadbeats wherever they anc. The only way to get rid of them is to lend them a dollar and you will never see them again. I have tried that plan and it works well. But I am speaking of the effect of misfortune on high spirited men. Nothing but trial will true. ing but trial will turn such men from earth to heaven. It is only through clouds and darkness and whirlwind of disaster such a man can see the finger of God.

A most interesting as well as a most useful study is to watcu the pointing of the finger of God. In the seventeenth century South Carolina was yielding rosin and turpentine and tar as her chief productions. But Thomas Smith noticed that the ground page his house in Charleston was not because the second of the control of near his house in Charleston was very much like the places in Madagascar where he had raised rice, and some of the Madagascar rice was so wn there and grew so rapidly that South Carolina was led to make rice her chief production. Can you not see the finger of God in that incident?

Rev. John Fletcher, of England, many will know, was one of the most useful ministers of the Gospel who ever preached. Before conversion he included the acceptance of the description of the most useful ministers of the Gospel who ever preached.

fore conversion he joined the army and had bought his ticket on the ship for South America. The morning he was to sail some one spilled on him a kettle of water, and he was so scalded he could not go. He was very much disappointed, but the ship he was going to sail on went out and was never heard of again. Who can doubt that God was arranging the life of John Fletcher? Was it merely accidental that Richard Rodds, a Cornis's miner, who was on his knees praying, remained unburt, though heavy stones fell before him and behind him and on either side of him and another fell on the top of these so as to make a roof

A missionary in Jamaica lost his way and in the night was wandering about, when a firefly flashed and revealed a precipics over which in a moment more he would have been dashed. F. W. Robertson, the great preacher of Brighton, England, had his life work decided by the barking of his dog. A neighbor, waose daughter was ill, was dis-turbed by the barking of that dog one night. This brought the neighbor into communica-tion with Robertson. That acquaintance-ship kept him from joining the dragoons and going to India and spending his life in mili-tary service, and reserved him for a pulpit the influence of which for Gospelization resound for all time and all eternity.

Why did not Columbus sink when in early nanhood he was affoat six miles from the beach with nothing to sustain him till he could swim to land but a boat's oar? I wonder if his preservation had anything to do with America. Had the storm that diverted the Mayflower from the mouth of the Hud-son, for which it was sailing, and sent it ashore at Cape Cod, no divine supervisal? Does anarchy rule this world, or God?

St. Felix escaped martyrdom by crawling through a hole in the wall across which the spiders immediately afterward wove a web. His persecutors saw the hole in the wall, but the spi-ler's web put them off the track. A boy was lost by his drunken father and could not for years find his way home. Nearly grown he went into a Fulton street prayer eting and asked for prayers that he might and rose and recognized her long lost son.

Do you say that these things "only happened so?" Tell that to those who do not believe in a God and have no faith in the Bible. Do

I said to an aged minister of much experience: "All the events of my life seem to have been divinely connected. Do you sup-pose it is so in all lives?" He answered, "Yes, most people do not notice the leading." I stand here this divine divine leading? I stand here this morning to say from my own experience that the safest thing in all the world to do is to trust the Lord. I never had a misfortune, or a persecution, or a trial, or a disappointment, however excruciating at the time, that Gol did not make turn out for my good. My one wish is to follow the divine leading. I want to watch the finger

Nations also would do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say it means that the plagus will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful. Cholera never starts from where it stopped the season before, but always starts in the filth of Asia, and if it starts next summer, it will start there again—it will not start from New York quarantine. But it is evident to me that the inger of Go1 is in this cholera scare, and that He is pointing this Nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrate i as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come to our very gates and then that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. plague to come to our very gates and then

The quarantine was right and necessary, but, oh, how easily the plague could have leaped the barriers lifted against it! Thanks to the president of the United States, and thanks to the health officers, and thanks to the Thirteenth regiment, and thanks to all who stool between this evil and our national health, but more than all, and higher than all, thanks to God! Out of that solemnity we ought to pass up to something better than anything that has ever yet characterized us as a nation. We ought to quit our national sins, our Sabbath breaking, and our drunkenness, and our impurities, and our corruptions of all sorts as a people. The tendency is in self gratulation at our prosperity to The quarantine was right and necessary,

the finger of Go i in this protecting mercy?
If we love the Lord and trust Him—and
you may all love Him and trust Him from
this moment on—we no more understand
the good things ahead of us than the child
at school stuaying his A B C can underat school studying his ABC can under-stand what that has to do with his reading John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or Dante's "Divina Commedia," Th satisfactions and joys we have as yet had are like the music a boy makes with his first lesson on the violin compared with what was evoked fro n his great orchestra by my dear and illustrious and transcendent but now departed friend, Patrick Gilmore, when he lifted his baton and all the strings vibrated, and all the trumpets pealed forth, and all the flutes caroled, and all the drums rolled, and all the hoofs of the

that is ter with my heart, and I cannot stand as buman much as I used to." Well, I congratulate you, for that shows you are getting nearer to the time when you are going to enter mortal youth and be strong enough to hurl off the battlements of heaven any bandit who by unheard of burglary might break into the Golden City. "But," says some one, "I feel so lonely. The most of my friends are gone, and the bereavements of life have multiplied until this world that was once so bright to me has lost its charm.

I congratulate you, for when you go there will be fewer here to hold you back and more there to pull you in. Look ahead! The finger of God is pointing forward. We sit here in church, and by hymn and prayer and sermon and Christian association we try to get into a frame of min' that will be acceptable to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it all is compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond psalmbook and sermon and Bible, and we stand, our last imper-fection gone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have Him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. There is your mother now-she is coming to greet you-and there is your father, and there are your children. Sit down under this tree of life, and on the banks of this

this tree of life, and on the banks of this river talk it all over."

I tell you there will be more joy in one minute of that than in fifty years of earthly exultation. Look ahead! Look at the finest house on earth, and know that you will have a finer one in heaven. Look up the healthiest person you can find, and know you will yet be healthier. Look up the one who has the best eyesight of any one you have ever heard of, and know you will have better vision. of, and know you will have better vision. Listen to the sweetest prima donna that ever trod the platform, and know that in heaven you will lift a more enrapturing song

than ever enchanted earthly au litorium.

My friends, I do not know how we are gong to stand it-I mean the full inrush that splendor. Last summer I saw cow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The emporor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes, and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what I meant. After examining nine hundred the seen was relied to the seen as the seen was a state. dred brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top all the bels underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and tur-

Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a swest tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens-sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so ripping, so re-verberating -and they seemed to wreathe and whiri and rise and sink and burst and roll and mount and die.

When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests, and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning sties, and the green of rich meadows, and the foam of tossinz seas.

The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves, or human eyes, or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equalit until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven a-ring, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpsts that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many onation. Anthoms like the voice of many waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Thrones of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! The finger of God points that way. Stop not until you reach that place. Through the atoning Christ all I speak of and more may be yours and mine. Do you not now hear the yours and mine. Do you not now hear the universe? Do you not see the shimmering of the towers? Good morning.

### A Bear's Natural Bathtub.

H. N. Price, a Washington State land 'cruiser," who has just returned from a trip through the unsettled parts of Clarke and Cowlitz Counties, reports bears quite plentiful in the wilds of those counties. He and his brother ran into a regular bear's bathtub on the top of a ridge several miles back from the Cowlitz River. A great fir tree fully six feet across had burned within two feet of the ground, and the centre had also been burned to a depth of two or three feet and the rains of winter had filled it with water. Leading up to this natural bathtub was a well-beaten bear track and the animals must have made frequent visits to the tub, for its bottom contained the settlings of dirt washed off by Bruin during his many baths. When the Price brothers saw the trail it was still wet from a recent visit of old Bruin, -- San Francisco Examiner.

### Buttons and Combs Made of Blood.

There is a large factory at a small town near Chicago employing about 100 to 150 workers, which is wholly given over to the manutacture of useful articles from waste animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of useful articles, such as combs, buttons, carrings, belt clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year from this Sucker State manufactory .- St. Lor's Republic.

## SABBATII SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 6.

Lesson Text "Peter Delivered From Prison," Acts xii., 1-17-Golden Text: Psalm xxxiv., 7-Commentary.

1. "Now about that time Hero !, the king, 1. "Now about that time Hero I, the king, stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church." Herod represents the world, and the world is always at enmity with God and the people of God. If the people of God are not found suffering more or less persecution from the world it must be because that are greatly endowed to it. cause they are greatly conformed to it. Set Jas. iv., 4; Rom. xii., 1, 2; II Tim. iii., 12 John xv., 18-20.

2, "And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." James was one of the first to follow Jesus, and with Peter and John had been His special companion on several occasions, as on the Mount of Transfiguration and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and now he is first to see his Lord in glory—the first of the twelve. Jesus had taught them to be ready for this (Math. x., 28; John xvi., 2.

them to be ready for this (Math. x., 28; John xvi., 21.

3. "And because He saw it pleased the Jews, He proceeded further to take Peter also." Being passover time city would be full of people, and Herod by pleasing them would have opportunity to make himself popular. He did not know that it is God that putteth down one and setteth up another (Ps. lxxv., 6, 7). Like Pilate, he saw only the people or Crear. only the people or Cresar.

4. Peter in prison and guarded by sixteen soldiers, four on duty at a time, is surely in solders, four on duty at a time, is surely in safe keeping, humanly speaking; but when men take counsel against God He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh (Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11; ii., 4). God may allow Peter to be slain, as He did John the Baptist and Stephen and James, but if He purposes otherwise not all the soldiers on courth as held Hisson all the soldiers on earth can hold Him.

5. Peter remains in prison, but the be-lievers cease not to pray for him. According to the margin, "Instant and earnest prayer was made for him." Not knowing whether it might be will of Goi to spare him or not, while he lived they covid spare him or not, while he lived they could earnestly ask that if it could be for the glory of God he might be delivered. Compare it. (Sam. xii., 22, 23) 6. The saying that man's extremity i

God's opportunity is often illustrated. The last night of Peter's life seemed to have come, for on the morrow Herod would bring him forth to be slain. There seems no pos sibility of escape; chained to a soldier on either side, and all doors and gates securely

puarded—but ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for Thee (Jer. xxxii., 17).
7. Read Ps. clii., 20, and behold here one of those servants of God to whom storm and tempest, fire and flood, walls and bars are as nothing. The soldiers sleep on while Peter's chains fall off and be arises at the word of the angel. Read how just such a messenger smote 185,000 men, while another shut the lions' mouths, and another found Paul in the storm on the sea (Isa, xxxviii, 36; Dan, vi., 22; Acts xxvii., 23).

8. Without unnecessary haste and yet quickly, Peter at the word of the angel girds himself, puts on his sandals and also his outer garments and prepares to follow his deliverer. God will leave nothing be-longing to His people in the hands of the enemy. When Israel came out of Egypt they left not a hoof behind (Ex. x., 26); when we come forth on that resurrection morning it shall be seen that not a hair of our heads has perished (Luke xxi., 18).

2. Thus far it was all like a dream to Peter.

He had already seen wondrous things in a vision (chapter x., 10, 11) and supposed he was now enjoying another revelation from heaven. It was as when the captives re-turned from Babylon and they said they were like them that dream (Ps. cxxvi., 1). Safely through the wards, and by the guards, and through the outer iron gate that pened of its own accord, and along through

one street, and then the angel left him, and Peter finds himself alone -- a few moment before in an inner prison securely chained but now a free man by the mighty power of d. The same power sets free the sinner om satan's bondage and will soon tring forth the body of every saint from the prison house of the grave.
11. How Peter convinced himse'f that it

was no vision, but a waking, a reality, we are not tood. We can imagine him in various ways proving to himself that he is really awake, and as he walks about he finds no chains, no soldiers and no prison walls; it dawns upon him that again he has had as angel's visit. See chapter v., 15, 19.

12. Finding it all gloriously real, he at once turns his steps to where he knew he would find some fellow believers. This Mary seems to have been a sister to Barnabas (Col. iv., 10) and her home a headquar-ters for the saints. Biesse 1 are the homes where the saints are welcome to meet for

13. 14. As Peter knocks Rhoda comes to answer (R. V.) and is so overcome with gladness that she forgets to let him in, and ran back to tell than Peter was at the gate. Great joy does make some people act strangely; sorrow and trial humble them and bring them near to God, while prosper-ity sets them wild. Had the soldiers been after Peter they would have got him while she was saying he was there. But God was caring for him.
15. "And they said unto her, Thou art

mad. But she constantly affirmed toat it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel." The prayer meeting gives place to angel." The prayer meeting gives place to a discussion, while the answer to their prayers is kept waiting outside the door. Is it not possible that answers to prayer are still kept outside while discussion instead of manasquing is going on in the church? Consider the following texts in reference to people who are accounted mad: Iss. lix., 15, margin; Hos. ix., 7; John x., 26; Acts xxvi. 24. How slow we are to expect or ac-

knowledge answers to prayer!

16. "But Peter continued knocking, and when they had opened the door and saw him they were astonished." How gracious of our God to have the answers to our prayers continue knocking! Perhaps there are some at your door even now waiting to be received. your door even now waiting to be received and acknowledged. Answers often come, not as we expect, but in some unlooked for form and way. Let us pray that we may recognize the answers when they come and quickly

acknowledge them.

17. "Noisily they chattered, but by his hand he stilled them and then told how the Lord had brought him out of prison." Why Lord had brought him out of prison." Why do we not hear more testimony as to what the Lord has done for His people (Ps. kxvi., 16.) or is He not doing much these days because of our unbelief? Having given the testimony he would have them pass it on to James (son of Alpheus, Math. x., 3) and the brethren. All good tidings of the grace of God are to be passed on to others as fast as possible. He departed and went to another place, so that when Herod sought for him in the morning he could not be found. There is a morning coming when believers shall not be found, but the enemies of the Lord shall be found and slain (verses 19-23; compare Heb. xi., 5; Il Thess. i., (-10).—Lesson Helper.

DON MIGUEL, the Portuguese pretender, who has long been an exile in Austria, has made up his mind to work for his alleged rights. Owing to the financial troubles prevailing in Portugal, and believing that a repub lic is imminent, his old party is being reorganized. Don Miguel was the Don Carlos of Portugal, but, owing to his long retirement and that of his party, their existence has almost been forgotten.

A LICK in time sometimes disappoints the town cow and saves the shrubbery. - Galveston News.

### A Tideless Sea.

For practical purposes the Mediterranean may be accepted as being what it is popularly supposed to be, a tideless sea, but it is not so in reality. In many places there is a distinct rise and fall, though this is more frequently due to winds and currents than to lunar attrac-

At Venice there is a rise of from one to two feet in spring tides, according to the prevalence of winds up or down the Adriatic. In many straits and narrow arms of the sea there is a periodical flux and reflux, but the only place where the tidal influence, properly so called. is unmistakably observed is in the Gulf of Gabes, where the tide runs at the rate of two or three knots an hour and the rise and fall varies from three to eight feet.

A man in Boston has a Mexican bee still alive, thou h it has eaten nothing for a year.

A son of the late King of Abyssinia is in jail in London.

### Just Think Of It!

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