REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Bare Arm of God."

-Isaiah lii., 10. It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage upto preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm." What over-whelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The peo-

speech. "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering appare! and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside appare!, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you fill find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

sleeves rolled up.
Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of Him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of His robe rolled back to His shoulder, The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.

Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than He has ever flung, more light than He has ever distributed, more blue than with which He has overarched the sky, more green than that with which He has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which He has burnished the sunsets. I say it with rever-ence, from all I can see, God has never half

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumi-nation they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the rufflan-ism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artifi-cial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unre-buked; hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemisheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fireflies flashing their small lan-

terns across the swamp.

But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare His arm; He'did not even put forth His robed arm; He did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which He struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense had bid you by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing the father of flowers, and warmth and Out of a word building a fire-place he Nations of the earth to warm themseives by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of eivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnifi-cent fireplace, made out of the one word-Light. The sun 886,000 miles in diameter. I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if He had put forth His robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our

noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."
"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mighter wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are No : we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with His fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so-"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers.

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a Sween of embroiders of vest treasure. sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the allusion of the manipulated. That is the allusion of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broad going back and forth and in and or broach going back and forth and in and out : you were transfixed with admiration at atterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became a possession of the throne, and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers em-

broidered them with worlds. How much of the immensity of the heavens Dwid understood I do not know. Astronomy was born in China 2800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isalah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavers. Whether he understood the the heavers, whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and He would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached or Copernicus or Galilei or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so He decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sexillion tons and appointed for all worlds heir croits and decided their color—the white to Sizius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Androme-Aa," and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmatics are wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so He decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sexillion tons and appointed for all worlds heir orbits and decided their color—the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim. preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromebaa," and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under world variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim. preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromebaa," and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! So many that aritimatics are of no use in the calculation! But He counted them as He made them, and He made them

with His fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemon-strated! Now, I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God ac-complished so much with His fingers, what can He do when He puts out all His strength and when He unlimbers all the batteries of His omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text, of the bare arm of God. TEXT: "The Lord hath made bare His holy

My text makes it plain that the rectifica-tion of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at taking. first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered fore arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonthe length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the
cabin, the masts and all the appointments of
this great palace of the deep. The architect
flaishes his work without any perplexity,
and the carpenters and the artisans toil on
the craft so many hours a day, each one
doing his part, until with flags flying, and
thousands of people huzzaing on the docks,
the vessel is launched. But out on the sea
that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required origin-ally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaleal bowers, has been sixty centuries pounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the dry-dock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which, seem to require the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmans or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters, At the World's Fair in Chicago last summer the world's Fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chi-nese shoe torture, and the aggregated mas-sacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of

our poor old world.

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrideing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abomi-nations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or Eng-lish or Scotch merchants, whose loose beturning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the downtrodden of heathenism. Some of those mer-chants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the mis-sionaries, with their pure and noble house-holds, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expairiated, and he would write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of mor-als. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But not with-standing all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles

Arm of the Lord, awake, swake! Put on Tny strength, the Nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy a but the bare arm! d, the holy arm, the outstretched arm,

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testa-ment, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is these fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read to-day by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place seventy-two wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across conti nents and now proposes to set up its flithy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do It has done for Turkey it would like to do for our Nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhoodought neverto be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and not with standing all the splendid work done by the Jersente and the Growdelie.

stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of Nations

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obelsance and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson River, an Ohlo, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this Nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the Gulf this mightier flood of sickness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptcy and woe empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond 'all statistics to number or describe. All Nations are mauled and scarified with heleful stimulus or killing parectic. The baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil. the hasheesh of Persia, the opium of Chicagose guave of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, the all drinks of America, are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human Human power, unless re-enforced race. Human power, unless re-enforced from the heavens, can never extirpate the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of \$900,000,000 which rum put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been control or the program and widowheed or wrung out of orphanage and widowhood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws.
But we are all hoping for something from
above, and while the bare arm of suffering,
and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domes-tic desolation, from which rum hath turn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and suppli-cation and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grogshops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, that when with first that shall never be thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as havior in heathen cities has been reduked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning that heather the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning that heather the sea these falsehoods are the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning that heather the sea the sea these falsehoods are the sea t been accomplished has been only the skirm-ishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when He will rise from His throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant Nations, and flashing His omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put heak the sleeve of His right arm to the shoulack the sleeve of His right arm to the sho der, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare His arm. Who can doubt the result when acording to my text Jehovah does His best; when the last reserve force of omnig eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannons on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of ony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French Emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holliness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills.

Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valuant soldiers of the cross, but the Com-mander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the Commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surnder, and it will take eternity to fully cele rate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills."
It is so certain to be accomplished that Isalah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done. "Hallelulah, 'tis done." See! Those other without a tear! Look! Those condone. "Halielulah, 'tis done." See! Those citles without a tear! Look! Those conments without a pang. Behold! Those emispheres without a sin! Why, those serts, Abrabian desert, American des-, and Crest Sahara desert, are all ert, and Creat Sahara desert, are an irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was recking with called the earth, as when it was teeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, searleted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubeseent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land or Beulah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

Domestic Diamonds.

That the United States numbers the liamond amongst its many precious stones is an undoubted fact, and, although none of any size to compare with those from India, Brazil and South Africa have been found, yet from the many evidences of finds of undoubted specimens of merit, there is reason to hope that some gem of exceptional value may be eventually discovered, either accidentally or through systematic search.—New Orleans

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 4.

Lesson Text: "Beginning of the Hebrew Nation," Gen. xii., 1-9-Golden Text : Gen. xii., 2-Commentary.

1. "Now, the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." We have come down the stream of time over 400 years since the first lesson. After the deluge God began the race again with Noah and his sons, but as before, man left to himself proves a failure. Noah is drunken, Ham brings a curse upon Canaan, and iniquity consummates in an organized union against God. Lest they be scattered and to make them a name they will build a tower reaching to the skies. At the close of the nineteenth century we find ourselves in an age of tower building and man worship, but as the Lord confounded and scattered them in the plain of Shinar, so again when all Shinar panin of Shinar, so again when an islandar associations shall have had their consummation as in Zech. v., 11; Rev. xvil. and xviii., the Lord will humble all the pride of man, and He alone be exalted in that day (Isa. ii., 11, 17). After the Babel judgment it exercise from Josh xviv. 2 that the ment it seems from Josh. xxiv., 2, that the people fell greatly into idolatry, and from such surroundings in the land of Mesopotamia, the God of glory called out Abram (Acts vii., 2) to make of him a faithful witness unto the truth. A study of Gen. xi. will show that Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, Eber. Reu and Serug were all living when Abram and Terah left Ur of the Chaldees, but whether every one had become an idolator or not is not clearly stated. The new departure now is that instead of de-stroying or scattering them He will take out and separate one from them who will walk with Him as Enoch did. It was a mistake to take Terah along, for Abram was only hindered by him until he died at Haran

nindered by him until he died at Haran (xi., 31, 32; Acts vii., 3, 4).

2. "And I will make of thee a great Nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shall be a blessing." The people of Shinar wanted to make them selves a name (xi., 4), but Jebovah says to Abram that He will make him a name. Those who to-day try the Shinar plan will fail as they did, but those who, like Abram, prefer to obey God will have a name without seeking it. Abram was to be blessed in order to be a blessing, and Israel is destined yet to be a olessing to all Nations (Zeeb. viii., 13). Whe we are willing to be a blessing to others and forgetful of ourselves, then we shall indeed be blessed. But it must be the Lord's doing from first to last, and He must have the

'And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee, and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Here is a true idea of election as taught in Scripture—a choosing of one or more to make them a blessing to others— whosever will may be elected, for him that cometh will in no wise be east out (John vi.. 37). Who can possibly find fault with this? See also how God takes man into union with Himself. It makes us think of these words, "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me" (Luke x., 16). We shall find this covenant repeated four times after this to Abram and once each

to Isaac and Jacob, making seven in all. The fullness of its meaning seven to be seen.

4. "So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken unto him, and Lot went with him, and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. He went out, not knowing whither he went (Heb. xi., 8). He only knew that God knew and that 8). He only knew that God knew and that the end of it all would be a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Heb. xi., 10), and with implicit confidence in God he went on. He believed the gospel, and all who believe to-day will be blessed with him (Gal. iii., 8, 9) and made a bless-

"And Abram took Sarah, his wife, and Lot, his brother's son, and all their sub-stance that they had gathered and the souls that they had begotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Cansan, and into the land of Cansan they came." Haran was but a partial obedience. This is now full of obedience, which, it is to be feared, the Lord gets from very few of us. Many are content to be hindered by the affections of those who will go part of the way that the content of the way to the state of the way. but not all the way to the promised land of whole hearted surrender to God. Yet Jesus says, "He that loveth father or mother, son

or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me" (Math. x., 37).

6. "And Abraham passed through the land into the place of Sichem, unto the plain (or oak) of Moren. And the Cansanite was then in the land." To the neighborhood of Ebal and Gerizim he came (see Deut. xi., 29, 30) full half way down through the land, and he saw the land filled with people, yet believed that God would give it to him as He had said. He walked not by sight, but by faith, and was fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able to perform (Rom. iv., 20, 21). If we think more of the

(Rom. iv., 20, 21). If we think more of the Cananites than of God, we will be discouraged, like the ten spies. The only way is to see no man save Jesus only (Math. xvii., 8).

7. "And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land. And there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appearance at Haran and no new communication for Abram there had not done as he cation, for Abram there had not done as he had been told. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (Jas. iv., 17). Therefore if we are not living up to the light we have and are consciously disobedient we cannot expect any fresh revelation of God to our souls, but to every obedi

tion of God to our souls, but to every obedient soul there will be growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II Pet. iii., 18).

8. "And he removed from thence to a mountain on the east of Bethel and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east, and three he builded an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord "He is a nilgrim and a stranger. the Lord." He is a pligrim and a stranger, just a sojourner (Reb. xl., 9); bence the tent is sufficient. He lives with God, and hence the altar. His whole life, when in fellowship with God, might be designated "the tent and altar."

9. "And Abram journeyed, going on toward the south." Because of a family toward the south." Because of a famine he goes into Egypt, but this is evidently a misstep, for we read of no altar in Egypt, and not until he gets back to Bethel, where he again calls on the name of the Lord (xill., 3, again calls on the name of the Lord (xill., 3, 4). We might with profit take the phrase in this verse—going on still—and make it a good daily motto, provided we avoid all going down to Egypt. Put it with II Sam. v., 10, "David went on and grew great (margin, going and growing), and the Lord God of Hosts was with him," and it will be very heipiti.—Lesson Helper.

The Rat Saved Their Lives.

Two miners of Wilkesbarre, Penn., owe their lives to a pet rat. The animal lived with them in the mine, and they were ac-customed to feed it from their dinner pails. It became so tame that it would run around It became so tame that it would run around their feet when they were at work and allow them to handle it. One day while they were at work recently the rat seemed greatly excited. It would run up to the men, scratch their feet with its paws, and then dart away down the passage. When they did not follow it repeated the same tactics. Finally they consided that the animal wanted them to follow and did no Shoeth after they had o lollow, and did so. Shortly after they had mitted the room in the mins where they forked the roof caved in, killing two other nen who were at work there.

Sea Island Cotton Crop. The Savannah News has sufficient data to place the Sea Islands' cotton crop at 52,000 bales, against 45,400 bales in 1892. It says this is the largest yield in the history of cotton-growing on the islands,



Uncle Sam has 110 women lawyers, Queen Victoria speaks ten languages

Sixty-eight Mary Smiths are students

his year in Smith College, New York. The Duchess of York has set up a wing for the amusement of her guests in wet weather.

The Queen of Italy is bringing out a volume of folk lore, the result of her summer holiday.

It is said that fencing is to be the ashionable exercise for ladies this season in London. Within a year Eleanor E. Greatorex

has become one of the best-known of American illustrators. The English Queen's favorite wall paper has a bright blue ground

sprinkled with white stars. Miss Clay, of Lexington, Ky., will be a candidate for the office of City

School Superintendent of that city. It is a point of honor that Moorish women never know their own ages.

They have no birthday celebrations. Miss Green, a young lady from Cardiganshire, is the present English governess to the Emperor of Germany's children.

Ornithologists are quoted as esti-mating the number of birds "annually sacrificed to the vanity of the women of America" at 8,000,000.

Miss Herbert, the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, has a characteristic mode of dressing, and is said to design most of her own gowns.

Katherine Lee Bates, Professor of English literature at Wellesley College, has lately brought out a volume on "The Early English Drama." Mrs. John Clay, the widow of a

Kentucky stock breeder, left directions in her will that each superanuated animal on her stock farm should be cared for at a yearly expense of \$50 to the estate.

Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, is three years old, and greatly resembles her charming mother in appearance. She is the editor of "Wee Willie Winkle," a paper for children. The youngest Queen Consort of

Europe, the Queen of Portugal, was born at Twickenham in England. She was the favorite child of the Comte de Paris, and is a brave and graceful horsewoman. She has two little sons. Women organizations are becoming

so numerous and popular in New York City that "I saw you at the club the other day" is a remark frequently to be heard among women as they meet in the shops and on the streets. One of the greatest authorities on pomology in the West is Mrs. F. C.

Johnson, of Hastings, Neb. She is described as "very charming in manners and stylish in figure." She is a fascinating talker, and has made a fortune raising apples.

The widow of Frederick L. Ames has presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in memory of her husband, two life-size portraits by Rembrandt valued at \$40,000 each. One is a portrait of Dr. Tulpp, dated 1634, and the other of his wife bears the

Mrs. John Sherwood, of New York City, has undertaken a crusade in behalf of servant girls. Within ten days, she says, she succeeded in persuading eighteen shop girls to take positions as domestics in the country. She then adds, "What could one hundred women accomplish in twenty days?"

Next to Mrs. Cleveland's fondness for quaint, old things comes her fondness for clocks, which is fully gratified, as more than twenty hands me ones and many small ones came as wedding gifts. The clocks are in every room, and are placed so that they harmonize with the other furnishings.

Boston boasts of two young women who are composers -- Miss Helen Hood and Miss Margaret Lang. The Apollo Club, one of Boston's musical societies, has set the seal of its high approval upon the compositions of these young women, and musicians praise their work. So far they have both confined themselves to song writing.

The first woman to be appointed up-on the Illinois State Board of Charities is Miss Lathrop. In the course of her visits to charitable institutions, fully or partially supported by the State, she has found many abuses, and has appealed to the Women's Clubs of Chicago and other cities to aid her, through their individual members, in the work of discovering and correcting defects of managements.

Miss Catherine Hogan recently passed the second highest examination in a class of fifty law students in Brooklyn, and will open a law office in New York, where she hopes to work up a practice among women who need assistance in managing their property. She is the second woman to be admitted to the bar in Brooklyn, and is a graduate of the New York public schools. The first honor in the law class was taken by a blind man.

Miss Sara M. Pollard has been farming with much success for nine years near Dugdale, Polk County, Minn. She conducts her farm without the aid of hired help except during harvest, doing her own plowing, seeding and harrowing. When working on the farm Miss Pollard wears a bloomer suit, short skirt falling just below the knees, with trousers to match. At all other times she wears the ordinary dress of women.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BROILING MEAT.

To brail properly there must be a bed of clear coals. The meat must be placed in a double broiler and held near the clear coals for about one minute, then be turned and cooked on the other side. Continue this until the meat is well seared on both sides. Lift the broiler a few inches away The Czar of Russia's typewriter is from the great heat. Keep turning antil the meat is cooked. - New York

RAW MEAT JUICE.

Raw meat juice is prepared by mincing the best rump steak very fine and then adding cold water in the proportion of one part of water to four of meat. Stir the mixture thoroughly and let it stand in a cool place half an hour. Press through muslin or a course napkin. This process is recommended by a physician, who gives it as a result of many experiments for obtaining meat juice that has the greatest nutritive value. It is one of the foods often found excellent for children four or five years of age, who have not yet learned the art of chewing well enough to get the nutriment from meat.—New York Post.

BITS OF LAMP LORE.

Lamp wicks should have the charred part rubbed off with a rag kept for that purpose. They should very seldom be cut. They should not be used so long that the webbing becomes tight and non-porous.

Lamps should be kept filled with oil. It is bad for the wick and burner when the oil is left over from one evening's reading and is made to do duty s second time.

The tank should be filled again. About once a month the wick should be removed, the burners unscrewed and boiled in a little water in which common washing soda has been dissolved. This will remove the almost imperceptible coating of dust and grease that forms on the brass.

The lamp chimney should be washed in warm, soapy water each day, a mop made especially for such work being used. When dried it should be polished with soft newspaper or chamois.

THE ART OF PATCHING.

How many patch clothes, particularly children's clothes, with little regard to the stripe and check, and sometimes to the shade of the gar-ment patched. Then some seem to think the larger the patch the better. Of course the thinness of the cloth near the hole will have something to do with the size of the patch, but when a three-cornered tear is mended take a piece exactly matching the check or stripe of the garment, and just large enough to leave a space equal to the fell taken on the other side between the hem and the run; then on the right side make a cut in each corner equal to the depth of the fell, and a much squarer, neater patch is made. If a woolen garment, it should be dampened and the fell thoroughly pressed with a moderately hot iron. A patch should never be put on the right side of a garment. If the rent or wear is near a seam insert a side of the patch into this, and sometimes two seams are so near that the patch can scarcely be noticed. Generally people fasten the patch on the wrong side by running a thread along near the edge. A better way is to catstitch the patch on to the garment,

POTATO COOKERY.

It seems a pity to the New York World that when there are so many delicious ways of serving potatoes, they are ever sent to the table in the unappetizing lump form which is most prevalent. Here are a few substitutes for the everlasting "boiled" potato.

Potatoes in Jackets-Bake as many potatoes as are needed. Cut a small piece from one end and a larger one from the other. Remove the inside and rub through a sieve. Put on the fire with half an ounce of butter and one onnce of grated cheese for every four potatoes. Add boiling milk, salt and pepper as for mashed potatoes. Fill the skins with this paste, sprinkle tops with grated bread crumbs and cheese and put in the oven to brown.

Potato Souffle-Boil six good-sized mealy potatoes. Rub through a sieve. Scald a teacup of sweet milk and three teaspoons of butter. Add a little salt and pepper and mix with the potatoes. Beat to a cream. Add one at a time the well-beaten yolks of six eggs. Beat the whites to a froth and stir lightly into the mixture. Pour into a wellbuttered baking dish and bake for about half an hour in a quick oven.

Potato Balls-Mash some potatoes with salt, pepper, butter and a little chopped parsley. Roll into balls, dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry for a few minutes in hot but-

Texas Baked Potatoes-Mash and season with pepper and salt some good Irish potatoes. Mince a large onion fine, mix thoroughly with the potatoes and bake in a brisk oven.

Transparent Leather.

According to the Magasin Pittoresque, transparent leather can now be made. Before the hide is absolutely dry it is placed in a room which the rays of the sun do not penetrate, and is saturated with a solution of bichromate of potash. When the hide is very dry there is applied to its surface an alcoholic solution of tortoise shell, and a transparent aspect is thus obtained. This leather is exceedingly flexible. It is used for the manufacture of toilet articles, but there is nothing to prevent it from being used for footgoar, and perhaps, with fancy stockings, shoes made of it would not prove unpleasant to the sight. They would, at least, have the advantage of