...Thing That Gives Relief."

...E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss., ...breaking out on her skin, ...ds $1 for two boxes, saying: ...e is the only thing that gives ... This is strong language, ...ted and voluntary. It cures ...ases, tetter, itch, eczema, ...c, etc., and never fails. 50c. ...druggists or send stamps to ...trine, Savannah, Ga.

Double Speed.

...be—Dem automobiles go so ...d like two niggers to tell ... Sambo—How's dat? Uncle ...ter say "Here she comes." ...r say "Thar she goes!"

...s no worse enemy than self-

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss:
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the ...ior of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & ...g business in the City of Toledo, County ...resaid, and that said firm will pay ... HUNDRED DOLLARS for each ...se of CATARRH that cannot be ...d by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my ...ence, this 6th day of December, ...1886. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and ...s on the blood and mucous surfaces ... Send for testimonials, free. ...F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. ...ruggists, 75c.
Family Pills are the best.

...Office has heard of that lady ...reported missing. ...ld to be a Boer agency in Mon... ...d in circulating a dirty-looking ...which seeks to foster disloyalty ...Dublin.

Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All ...ists refund the money if it fails to cure. ...E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

...of Russia's army is the only one ...with feminine medical officers.

...Lloyd's Soothing Syrup for children ...thes the gums, reduces inflammation, ...ays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

...Baikal Railway, extending over ...1,084 kilometres is open.

...'s Cure for Consumption, both in ...and practice. Sold by G. W. PARTRIDGE, ...Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

...0 servants are attached to the ...hold of Great Britain.

Spring
ually Says Take
Hood's
rsaparilla

...spring those Pimples, Boils, ...s and General Bad Feelings ...that there are cobwebs in ...em. It needs a thorough ...e, and the best brush is ...Sarsaparilla, which sweeps ...ors before it. This great ...eradicates Scrofula, sub... ...lt Rheum, neutralizes the ...which causes Rheumatism—...t, purifies the blood and ...ly renovates the whole ...system.

...'s Sarsaparilla has been ...our family as a blood puri...spring medicine with satis...results." LENAH RICHARDS, ...West William street, Bath, ...Be sure to get Hood's.

...uil's Syrup Is the best remedy for bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough at once, effects an easy expectoration and cures in a few days. Price 25c. at all druggists.

...ed, Work and Sleep.

...great mistake it is to contend ...taken from toil for sleep and ...is time lost! There is no ...lucy, for sleep and recrea... ...as it were, the cement put in ...the joints in order to keep ...ather and preserve the edi... ...es, does not necessarily re... ...s, honor or office—although ...ty of us naturally have an ...o attain one of these desid... ...he does need food, work ...It follows therefore, that he ...every means to promote ...mong these there are three ...to be kept in mind. When a man ...self sleep, food and the exer... ...ives both to brain and body, ...ing his life of its full term. ...be cheerful also, for the body ...engine—it will run well and ...it well oiled. Contentment ...fulness are the oil which ...nerves from wearing out.

MOTHER'S STORY.

...ut Her Daughter's Illness ...r She was Relieved—...tters to Mrs. Pinkham.

PINKHAM:—I write to tell you ...daughter. She is nineteen ...and is sowing all the time, ...and has been for about ...three months. The doc... ...tor does her but very ...little good, if any. I ...thought I would ...try Lydia E. Pink... ...ham's Vegetable ...Compound, but I ...want your advice ...before beginning its ...use. I have become ...very much alarmed ...about her, as she is ...getting so weak."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., May 21, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my ...received from the use of Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. ...fore beginning the use of ...I began to mend ...now able to be at her ...menses are regular and ...I feel very thankful ...expect to always keep your ...Compound in my house. It ...medicine I ever knew. You ...liberty to publish this ...if it may be the means ...good."—MRS. MATILDA ...Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga.,

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

All Nature Joins in Singing His Praises—Everything Bright and Beautiful Suggests Him—Power of the Hymn as a Cradle Song is Remarkable.

(Copyright 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters; text, Psalm cxviii., 14. "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. So, when in the summer time I pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the everarching heavens drop upon you their benedictions, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell how much oftener the little ones would be gathered and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the seathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at nightfall, with no one to put to bed. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely, anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful. But would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of Him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put it there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep me from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star. Domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is coms and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished ones, "O, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharpshooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out to a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others blowing on his own until the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus!" Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

This Sabbath day came. From the altars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel preached in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and sailors' bethel and king's chapel and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it and the factory girls and the children in the Sabbath class and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day has gone. It rolled away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches are lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

I say once more Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will after a while go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that day will be there.

Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire, and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied and others of the Jesus for whom they died.

Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos. It came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them sing. How very sweetly they sing."

Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder—and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service—will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there.

The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Jullien in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming.

But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the harmony with His wounded hands and His wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen!"

Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces.

Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him to-day, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!"

Gen. Butler's Ready Wit.

I see that Watkins Grant of Boston, has lately been telling some stories about Gen. Butler. I have in mind several good ones which he didn't tell. Once when Gen. Butler was in congress he rose in his place and gently insinuated that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing the limit of debate. "Why, general," said the member, in reproachful tones, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined the grim old warrior "but I did not divide eternity with you." But perhaps Butler's most savage retort was made in a political convention, in which a distinguished Unitarian divine, I think it was James Freeman Clarke, sat as a delegate. While the subject of candidates was being discussed this clergyman announced that if a certain nomination was made he would bolt it. "Very likely," Butler blurted out. "You are good at bolting; in your religion you bolt two-thirds of the Trinity." The convention broke into a roar of laughter in which the clergyman joined.—New York Mail and Express.

HOW THEY CUT DOWN BIG TREES.

The Method Employed in Felling the Giant Redwoods of California.

It is a most interesting sight to behold one of these giant redwoods fall. The process of cutting is effected through the use of the axe and the saw. All axes are double-faced, through which much time is saved in sharpening. Sometimes the axes start the cut on both sides of the trunk and at places about opposite each other through the thickness of the tree. After the chopping has penetrated to the depth of about two feet on each side, the saw is started in the line of the incision and the job completed with that instrument. Generally, however, the direction in which the tree is to fall is determined, and the cut is made in that side to the depth of from one three feet. Then the choppers pass to the opposite side and begin sawing at a point several feet higher than the place of the incision. As the saw moves through the heart of the giant he begins to sag down on the side where the wound is gaping. In doing this he lifts apart the cut and opens the section which the saw is making, thereby keeping free play for the saw. This is aided at times by driving wedges at the place where the saw entered.

Presently it is apparent that the section is opening wider and wider and that the tree is beginning to lean away from the cutters. They continue with their work a moment longer, then is heard the cracking of the wood fibres in front of the saw teeth. Another swish of the saw and these increase. They give a report like firing pistols and the rapidity of detonation of a Gatling gun. The sounds, getting more rapid, presently merge into a continuous roar. Then, if you are standing near by and the tree is large, you will get the impression that everything above is coming to earth; that the whole forest is falling. The great mast starts slowly to topple, cracking and exploding ever louder at its base, until with a frightful momentum, it comes sprawling down, cracking and crushing and roaring and hitting the earth with a clump and thump as if a whole broadside of thirteen-inch bombs had simultaneously struck a bastion.

The choppers quickly run over the trunk with their axes and cut away all the branches. Almost before you can recover yourself the long stalk is bare of limbs, and then the men begin cross-cutting it into logs or sections of from twenty-four to thirty feet, as long as it is desired that the boards into which it is to be reduced at the mill shall be. This done the logs are peeled of their bark, the crowbar being used to pry off the thick integument, which is sometimes a foot in depth, the log being turned with jackscrews, when such is practicable, to get at the under side.—San Francisco Call.

Mountain Rats in Colorado.

H. P. Ufford, writing in the Century of "Out of Doors in Colorado," describes the mountain rat as the only plague worse than the Canadian jay, popularly known as the "camp-robber." Of the rat he says:

This fierce rodent is nearly twice the size of the Norway species, and is always ready for a fight. Besides his bellicose propensities, he is an arrant thief. The miners have a saying that he will steal anything but a red-hot stove. He does not steal to satisfy hunger alone; he appears to be a kleptomaniac. Provoked by the depredations of one old graybeard who haunted our cabin, I one day assisted in harrying his castle, where I found the following articles: Four candles, one partly burned, three intact; two spoons, one knife, two forks, twenty-seven nails, all sizes; one box of pills; one coffee-pot lid and one tin cup; two pairs of socks; three handkerchiefs; one bottle of ink; three empty phials; one stick of giant powder with ten feet of fuse; beans, rice and dried apples galore. His spirit of mischief is as strong as his passion for stealing, and the honest miner solemnly avers that if you leave open a bag of beans or one of rice, he will not rest till he has made a clean transfer of all the beans to the rice-bag, and vice versa. I know that more than once he has, during the night filled one or both of my boots with the cones of the spruce tree. I have heard, also, of a veracious prospector who, returning from a trip without coffee pot, frying pan and bake oven, accounted for their absence by declaring that the mountain rats had carried them off, and emphasized his assertion by shooting through the leg a skeptic who was so injudicious as to doubt the fact.

Not a Legal Pound Weight.

A farm laborer went to a small shop kept by an old woman, and asked for "a pound o' bacon."

She produced the bacon and cut a piece off, but could not find the pound weight.

"Oh, never mind t' pound weight," said he, "my hand weighs just a pund, so put ther bacon on ther scales."

The woman confidently placed the bacon into one side of the scales, while the man put his hand into the other side, and, of course, took good care to have good weight.

While the woman was wrapping the bacon up the pound weight was found, and, on seeing it, the man said:

"Now, you see if my hand don't just weigh a pund."

The pound weight was accordingly put into one scale and the man's hand into the other, this time only just to balance. The old woman, on seeing this, said:

"Wha, I niver seed aught so near afore! Here's a red herrin' for thee honesty, mason."—Pearson's Weekly.

What's In a Name.

There is more truth than poetry in the following: Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer. If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He don't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too.—St. Paul Globe.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 8.

Subject: Precepts and Promises, Matt. vii., 1-14—Golden Text, Matt. vii., 12—Memory Verses, 7, 8, 13, 14—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "Judge not." Rash, harsh, uncharitable judgments; the thinking evil, where no evil seems, and speaking it accordingly. Unkind, condemnatory, uncalled-for judgments, which are neither dictated by duty nor prompted by love. "That ye be not judged." It is the prerogative of God to judge men. If we judge others we must expect to be judged by others and our acts will also be judged by God. "No mercy shall be shown to the reputation of those who show no mercy to the reputation of others."

2. "It shall be measured to you again." In the moral order of things an unjust blow will recoil on him who has dealt it. With your measure shall it be measured to you. Our judgment of others frequently condemns ourselves. Rom. 2:1-3. What would become of us if God should be as severe in judging us as we are in judging others? When we endeavor to raise ourselves above others by severely judging them, we only lower ourselves in the estimation of God and all good people.

3. "The mote, etc." The "splinter" as opposed to the "beam." On one side self-love blinds us to ourselves; and on the other, envy and malice give us piercing eyes in respect to others. When we shall have as much zeal to correct ourselves, as we have inclination to reprove and correct others, we shall know our own defects better than now we know those of our neighbor.

4. "In thine own eye." That man is wholly unfit to point others to the way of life who is himself walking in the way that leads to death. Those who blame others ought to be blameless and harmless themselves.

5. "Thou hypocrite." Our Lord tears off the mask and gives people their right name. A hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not; who claims to be a devoted Christian, while his heart is vile. But in this case a person is called a hypocrite because he does not apply to himself the measure by which he judges his brother. He appeared to have a care for others, but his zeal was only a pretence, a mere show for the purpose of exalting himself. "First cast out." We should attend to the interests of our own souls first. Let us seek to know ourselves, and get ourselves right, and then it will be our duty to look after the souls of others.

6. "That which is holy unto the dogs." Do not give the sacrificial meat that has been consecrated to God to the dogs. Give not the holy ordinances, which have been instituted for the true followers of Christ, to unholy and sinful men who try to destroy the characters of others by evil-speaking, backbiting and slandering. Dogs allude to that which is low, unclean and ill-natured; swine to stubborn resistance, sensual gratifications and impurities. "Your people." Precious things "Trample them." They will reject and despise them, and turn them to an unholy account.

7. "Ask—seek—knock." This verse contains very important directions. In everything, by prayer and supplication, we are to make our requests known unto God and then we are to "seek"—continue to ask and knock at the door of His mercy. Our approaches to God should be in earnestness and sincerity. These three words include the ideas of wants and loss. We are destitute of all spiritual good, and have lost God, and are in danger of losing eternal life; be in earnest; be importunate; ask with confidence and humility; seek with care and application; knock loudly and long.

8. "Every one that asketh receiveth, etc." Christ binds Himself to hear and answer. No soul can pray in vain that prays as God has directed. If we bring Christ's words and Christ's sacrifice with us, not one of heaven's blessings can be denied us. But our asking must be in harmony with the will of God, and in faith. James 4:2, 3.

9. "What man is there of you." No one is so wicked as to give his child a stone if he should ask bread. The child is here represented as asking what is necessary and wholesome. The Lord does not answer our requests unless they will be for our good.

11. "If ye then, being evil." Sinful people are ready and anxious to give good gifts to their children. From natural affection they are ready to provide everything necessary to their support and comfort. "How much more." How much more will One whose nature is love and who is infinitely holy and good give good things to them that ask Him. The world often gives stones for bread and serpents for fish, but God never does. "Good things." The Father, through Christ, gives "good things." Christ, gives the Holy Spirit (Luke 11:13); His words of admonition and command; His peace and joy (John 14:27, 15:11); His love (Rom. 5:5); in a word, He gives Himself. 1 Cor. 1:30; Col. 3:11.

12. "That men should do to you, etc." This is the Golden Rule. The principle here stated is the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Place thyself in the condition of thy neighbor and act accordingly. 1. It is fundamental, and underlies government, society and religion. 2. It is reasonable. 3. It is universal. 4. It is equitable. 5. It is portable; we can carry it with us. 6. It is evangelical. In order to carry it out fully, we need the grace of God in a large degree. "The law and the prophets." This is the sum of all that is contained in the Old Testament, pertaining to men's conduct toward each other. It is brief, yet comprehensive, and cannot be improved upon.

13. "Enter ye in at the strait gate." Or, by this strait gate, referring to the precept just laid down. But, in general, this is the narrow gate of humility, repentance and true conversion. It is the entire absence of sin that makes this gate narrow. And we are told to "enter in." Luke says, "Strive (or agonize) to enter in." The entrance is difficult, 1, because it is narrow. 2. The gate must be diligently sought. 3. The devil, the allurements of the world, the inspiration of the crowd and the desires of our own wicked heart will all tend to draw us away from the narrow gate, and these must all be resisted and overcome before we can enter in. "Wide is the gate." The gate of unbelief, of carnal affections, of fleshly lusts has many allurements, and is open to all. "To destruction." The end is eternal death. "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own destruction." Prov. 11:19. The way of sin leads to ruin. "Many ....go in thereat." The way is easy of access. It is broad, and popular, and requires no effort. The train will run down an incline without steam.

14. "Leadeth unto life." Spiritual life consists in being united to Christ. Without Christ the soul is dead. Eph. 2:5, 6. The sin of which we are guilty (John 5:40) is rejecting Christ, our life. "Few there be." Few care to renounce their sinful pleasures. "That find it." Although the narrow way must be sought, yet it is possible to find it. All mankind may be saved if they will meet the conditions.

How Sicilian Carts Are Decorated.

In the rural districts of Sicily the people, though poor, take the greatest pride in the decoration of their carts and the mules that draw them. The carts, which are only roughly constructed, are remarkable from the fact that almost without an exception the woodwork of each is elaborately carved and painted with scenes from Bible stories, each panel having its picture with a portion of the scenes represented. The paintings cannot be said to possess much artistic merit, the hot Sicilian sun playing havoc with the brilliant colors, which are applied unsparingly and without much regard for harmonious blending. The Bible characters represented are invariably in Oriental or Arabic dress, which is one of many facts that are held by Sicilian history to point to Arabic occupation of the island in former times. Some of the cart-owners decorate the shafts of their vehicles and even the spokes of the wheels. The rim of the wheel is always painted or carved.

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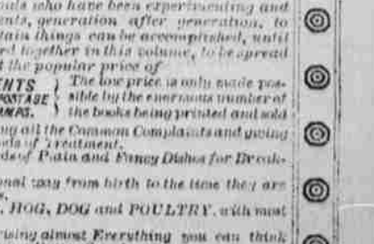

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