HAPPINESS.

SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Christian Contentment Will Make the Darkest Places Radiant.

TEXT: - "Be content with such things as ye have." - Hebrews xiii, 5.

If I should ask some one: "Where is Brook-If I should ask some one: "Where is Brooklyn to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia:" "At the Sulphur Spriogs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Fethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But toga," the modern Fethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business of of beath is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city rail-troad employes, and ferry masters, and the police, and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent oircumstances, and the great multitude of well to do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Foo's that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Sarators. before the first spring was bored at Sara-toga, or the first deer shot in the Adiron-dacks. They made their wedding tour to the next farmbouse, or, living in New York, the celebrated they event by an extra walk on the Battery.

genuine American is not happy antil he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city who come not to the house of God, trying to give recople the idea that they are out of town; come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the door plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at minety! My friends, if it is better for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it be best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good condito stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with. ", obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading.

things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit devised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health and body, and the constitution of the second constitution to these constitutions. which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondied, and speiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a restor's extheof herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is healta. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Thileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout! "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with

which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens; What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, oh, man! oh, woman! that though you may be shut eh, woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxemburg or the Vatican—the royal

gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our hap piness is not dependent upon outward cir-cumstances. You see people happy and mis-erable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheefful confidence in God, while in a and a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitally, freezing to death in the cheeriess parlor 1 stopped one day on Brondway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they are start to make a second to the second to th ty of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in spiendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was inner than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judg-The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre.

I find Nero growling on the throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab toing to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, Prime Minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and ophel, one of the greatest lawyers of times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last

are of it. Byron declared in his last iours that he had never seen more than twelve suppy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough sat-sfaction. Napoleon I said: "I turn with staction. Napoleon I. said: "I turn with isgust from the cowardice and selfishness of ion: I. hold life. disgust from the cowardice has the strepose, men; I hold life a horror; death is repose, What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on eyond human comprehension." While, on he other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous cir-cumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Chrissteamer, singing to the tune of "St. Mar-tin's:"

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we re happy. The heart wrong toward God The near.

The heart wions are happy. The heart wions and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact th Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the and you culture, the places in which you sarter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the toor of the grave. A codin made out of pine

courds is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewool. Go down among the resting p'aces of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a greater difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the Senator, and the President, and the King is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the samufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies.

from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of charlot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil is the dust raked out from the sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. Oh the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Of how tauch worth now is the crown of Casar! Who bids for it! Who cares now anything about the Amphietyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus! Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats! Who fears because Nebuchainezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem! Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony! Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric! Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now! Is William, Prince of Orange, King of the Netherlands! No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold puts the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Boarbon, quarreling about everything elve, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have alled back! I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll to day of some of those mighty ones who have gone I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll of the Kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror: Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the roll of a the keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: M Robert Southey: Thomas Campbell: John Keats! George Crabbe: Robert Burns! No answer. I call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for such bandles!

Another reason why we should culture this Another reason why we should culture that spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that Gol knows what is best for His creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judg-ment is best for him. Now, Go I is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that be is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But chil-dren do not know as much as a father. I can tall you why you are not largely affuent. can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the tempful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but Goi roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses, but at the first howi of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward and wrapped around you the warm roboof a Soviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheatsheaf to the farmer; "what have I done that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the mow upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor understands why the farmer beat the wheatsheaf with the flail.

swer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame, reached down and picked up one of the fagots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born for this preforment." They who suffer with Him on earth shall be glorified with Him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have, Another consideration leading us to the

spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will be who holds the water in the hollow of his hand a low his children to die of thirst? Will be who owns the cattle on a thousand hills all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit. his children to starve! Go out to morrow morning at 5 o'clock in the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup: but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in th but hear the birds chant at a o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people, in Christ's time, went into the desert They were the most improvident people ever heard of. They deserved to starve. The might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his sachel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the seven thousand were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew until the provision that the boy brought in one sachel wa multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six sachels. "O," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that, what God did then has gone." I reply that, what God did then by miracle, He does now in some other way, and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm: It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O ye who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I comment you, this morning, to the warm hearted earnest, practical, common sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked." and as long as you are Jesus Christ. There is no peace, said by God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make Him your portion, and start for heaven, and you will be a happy

man-you will be a happy woman. Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a lawyer, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the standard and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be a seventy-four pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever were, and everbody has the greatest misfortune, and everything is upside down, or going to be. Ah! my friends, you never Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these

make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. And all this grating of tones I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment, let us therewith he content."

out; having foo! and raiment, let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after a while, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow;" and the earth will say: "Come and sleep in my bosom;" and the winds will say: "Hush; while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

Arm for the Battle.

Arm for the Battle.

Arm for the battle of glory:
Strike for the cause of Truth;
Fathers with locks so loary,
Sons in the vigor of youth,
Mothers and sisters and daughters,
With prayers and blessings come!
Death! death! wherever he lurketh
To the serpent whose name is Rum!

Death! death! to the crested serpent! War! war! on the curse of rum! From mountain to valley the watchword Repeat, while our heroes come. Follow the trail of the monster— Trail him through forest and glen, Hunt him wherever he hideth—

Hath he not murdered our mothers— Brought their gray locks to the temb! Hath he not murdered our brothers, Yet in their manhood's bloom! Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,

Stab him to death in his den!

Hissing with Upas treath: Then on to the warfare, brothers! Nor cease till he writhes in death! -Temperance Advocate.

The International Liquor Traffic. Rev. Joseph Cook, in a recent article in Zion's Heraid, upon "The International Liquor Traffic," writes:

Liquor Traffic," writes:

'The vast magnitude of the rum trade now entering Africa and the Orient is a new peril to advancing civilization. In this matter the temperance cause has international opportunity and responsibility. Take the island of Madaganesar; hold it up before your conscience in the eye of God. That island lies under great heat, and yet not under the worst influence of the tropics. It had a temperate population not very many years ago, it became very largely Christian in the habits of its people. What happened! White men found that surar could be raised profitably in the classic island of Mauritius—ones, as you remember, the home of Paul and Virginia. The refuse of the sugar-mills was transformed into rum of coarse quantity. The liquor was too poor to go to England, it was soid to the natives of Madagascar soid to the natives of Madagasear very largely, and the result was that crime leaped up year after year until it attained enormous proportions. The King of the country paid the duty on the imported it nor, caused the heads of the the imported it door, caused the heads of the casks containing it to be staved in on the shores, and executed a royal prohibitory statute as well as he cold. What happened next! British officials interfered with the King. The merchants of Mauritius cemplained that their trade was in danger. Pounds, shillings, and pence triumphed over considerations of patriotism and Christian principle. Liquor was forced upon Madagascar as opium has been upon China. The King, who had endeavored to exclude liquor from his country, died. His son became a helpless drunkard and a criminal maniac, and was finally assassinated by order of his own privy council. Madagascar has given itself up to drunkenness through large circles of its population, and is to-day showing how a savage race, coming into cintact with how a savage race, coming into contact with the vices of civilized peoples, is gradually swept off the face of the earth.

"The day is coming, when, just as we now piracy and the slave trade on the seas, we shall prohibit this accursed traffic which ministers so fatally to the weakness, the ignorance, and the barbaric appetite of the African. Here is an internation the temperance reform that I, for one have not heard discussed as frequently as I could wish. It is high time that England and America should join hands to check the terrible desolation now occurring through the international tradic in the worst of

A Liquor Maker's Confession.

A manufacturer of liquers with an experi-ence of twenty years has declared in New York that a man has about as good a chance of being struck by lightning as he has to be served with a pure brandy in that city. Re-tified whisky, he says, can be used as a base

of an imitation of any style of brandy. And here are some more of his confessions which are not altogether revelations slace the same or similar statements have been made and published repeatedly. They have importance, however, which justifies their publication again and again. The liquer

manufacturer says: "We make champagne which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufac-ture \$4 a basket. We sell ii for \$10 to dealture \$4 a basket. We sell if for \$10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it into our own bottles; make a fac-simile label of the genuine article; Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them in. When we want to imitate a genuine imported wine we buy a barrel of it. Our cooper takes the barrel as a pattern and makes one by it. They are new and bright. We put them through a steaming process, and they come out old and musty and worn just like the genuine importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty sold here ever saw France. We send thousands of gallons of whiskey to France to have them come back something else. Of all the poisonous liquors in the world Bourbon whisky is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture eight dress of which will kill a cert in eight respectively. drops of which will kill a cat in eight min-utes, and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the whole-

A Sunday Scool on Beer Kegs.

lealers. They dare not drink the stuff

Great difficulty is often experienced by missionaries of the American Sunday-school missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union in securing rooms in which to hold meetings in Dakota. One who has had great success in planting schools during the past four years writes of working two or three days in removing freight in a depot, so as to secure it as a place for organizing a Sunday-school. At one place he secured of a saloon-keeper the use of an upper room in his building, in which to organize a Bible school—the saloon-keeper kindly aiding the missionary in carrying up beer kegs, which were used as supports for the seats. That school grew into a church, and the influence of the church closed up the saloon.

One year after organizing the Sunday-school in the freight house, the missionary was called to the dedication of a new church and the installation of a minister in that

was called to the dedication of a new church and the installation of a minister in that place. Often he must lie on the floor of a "Shack" or "Dugout" in families which have not heard preaching or prayer in years, wrapped in his buffalo skin robe with his buggy cushion for a pillow, but through all the privations and hardships be is glad to carry the gospel to the destitute.

The public school, the church and the home are the conservators and generators of intel-ligence and virtue. Whatever neutralizes or destroys their influences is hostile to our form

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 22

Free Gifts for the Tabernacle, Exodus xxxv., 20-21-Golden Text, II. Cor. ix., 7-Explanatory Notes.

"All the congregation...departed from the presence of Moses" (v. 20). They had been listening to the words of God as Moses repeated them in their hearing. They had learned what God wanted them to do. They had heard the appeal for gifts and offerings for the building of a tabernacle for the Lord. Now the words cease, the sermon is over, and the people depart. But is that the end of it! What becomes of the sermon! A great many congregations assemble every Lord's Day to hear what God has to say to them. Faithful men set apart to speak for great many congregations assemble every Lord's Day to hear what God has to say to them. Faithful men set apart to speak for God, come from communing with Christ and utter the messages they have been commissioned to deliver. The people listen respectfully, and then bowing to receive the benediction, they depart to their homes and back again to their workilly work. What becomes of the sermons! Do the people take them seriously to heart as expressions of the will of God and set about living them out! That is what this congregation in the wilderness did with their sermon. They did not satisfy themselves with discussing its literary merits, or its theology, or the mannerisms of the preacher, but set about at once obeying the word of God they had heard. It was a sermon on giving—they had been told what the Lord wanted them to give—and in a little while Moses looking out with the conditions of the preacher. them to give and in a little while Moses looking out saw the people flocking toward him from all directions with gifts and offer-ings. That sermon had its proper effect. "They came, every one whose heart stirred

"They came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing" (v. 2h). The appeal had been made to the whole congregation. All were asked to give, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. Yet the offerings must be voluntary. There was no taxing of the people. Each one must decide whether or not he would give and what he would give. So we find here the first element in the giving. It would give and what he would give. So we find here the first element in the giving. It was willing hearted. The people's hearts stirred them up and their spirits made them willing to give what they brought. Nobely came rejuctantly or with complaint about the burden of having to give so much. All came cheerfully, gladly outlying to give. cheerfully, gladly, enthusiastically with their offerings. We get a lesson in giving. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He wants no unwilling offerings brought to His altar. He may use a stingy man's money, given re-luctantly, but the stingy man gets no blessing

in his giving.

"They brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle (v. 2b. The command was: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering." God wanted the people to build the tent of meeting out of their own hearts, with their own gifts. God is ever asking his people to bring the offerings for the work he wants done in ing out of their own hearts, with their own gifts. God is ever asking his people to bring him offerings for the work he wants done in this world. He wants His Gospel sent everywhere and He asks for money to send it abroad. He wants sanctuaries built everywhere and asks for money for this. He has poor people all about and little ones in need, and He wants us to minister to them, to feed and He wants us to minister to them, to feed and clothe and shelter them. The message is ever ringing from our Lord's lips: "Speak unto my people that they bring me an of-fering."

unto my people that they bring me an offering."

They came, both men and women—and
brought bracelets, and earrings (v. 22). One
beautiful thing about this great enthusiasm
of giving was that everybody had a share in
it. Here we find that the women as well as
the men brought offerings. They took their
personal ornaments, their jewels, and gave
them to the Lord. From the whole passage
we learn that both rich and poor gave, rulers
and common people. No doubt the children
also brought their gifts. One of the great
lessons here to be learned is that everybody
should have a share in giving to support the iessons here to be learned is that everybody should have a share in giving to support the church and send the gospel to the heathen. In some churches a few rich people do all the giving and the poor are not expected to help. This is a great wrong to the poor. It is not a favor to people to withhold from them the privilege of giving to God's cause, for a blessing comes with all true giving, which even the poorest cannot afford to miss. Husbands and wives, parents and children, old and young, rich and poor, should have old and young, rich and poor, should have the opportunity of giving to Christ's cause. "Every man, with whom was found lidue and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair . . brought them" (v. 25). The great variety of the offerings, and the variety of their values must be noticed. The rich rulers brought costly precious stones. Others brought rich varns, fine linen, seal

skins, gold, silver, bronze, rich spices; but we find also the gifts of the poor—goats' hair and logs of wood cut down in the camp. We get the lesson that there is a place in God's work and service for every kind and grade of gift, The poorest have something which they can give and which God can use. No one can say "I have nothing that will be of any use in my Mester's work." We are to bring of what we have. Christ asks no impossibili what we have. Christ asks no impossibili-ties. One who has only a little goats' hair or a beam of wood is not asked to give gold or

All the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands (v. 25). And it didn't soil their hands a bit, either. Some dainty women 'toil not, neither do they spin."
They keep the r hands soft and white. They think any kind of work would mar the delicate beauty of their fingers. But they make a great mistake. The hands that are beautiful in heaven's sight are not the dainty hands that are never roughened or hardened by toil. Anything is beautiful just in the measure in which it fulfills the mission for

These ancient women were not afraid of spoiling their hands by work. They had learned to spin, and now they spun for God, Here we see how everyday gifts and occupations may be turned over into God's serpations may be turned over into God's service. The young women of to-day do not spin much—many of them never saw a distaff or a spinning wheel—but they have other common acquirements which they may consecrate to Christ.

"And brought that which they had spun" (v. 25). That is, they brought it to the Lord to be used in the making of the tabernacle for his dwelling place. Agreet many young

for his dwelling place. A great many young ladies make many beautiful things with their ladies make many beautiful things with their hands, but they do not bring them to the Lord. They keep them for their own adornment, or perhaps present them to their friends. But these women brought their fine handiwork to the Lord. They spun beautiful threads to be woven into curtains and embroideries of the tabernacle. American Christian girls and women may help a great many ways in building and preparing dwelling places for God. Christ has work for them, each one. Let them consecrate theming-places for God. Christ has work for them, each one. Let them consecrate them-selves to Him and be ready for whatever He gives, and every day some service will be as

LESSON POINTS,

1. When we hear what God wants us to do we should hasten away to do it. v. 20.

2. The true test of preaching or teaching is the way we carry out the divine will. v. 21. 3. God wants us to give devoutly-bringing

4. God wants us to give heartily and cheerfully, not grudgingly. v. 21.
5. God wants all to give, men and women, rich and poor. vs. 22, 27.

6. God wants us to give according to our ability, of what we have, vs. 23-27.
7. God wants us to give things that are valuable and precious to us. vs. 23-27.

8. God accepts the work of our hands as well as our money and property. v. 25, 26.—
Westminster Teacher.

All forms of intoxicants, however mild, should be avoided in the hayfield. A pitcher of lemonade or cool out water is relished, but perhaps the best drink to be thought of is the sweetened water of the old time days, livened by a little ginger. Some prefer cool tea or coffee, but no drink should be furnished that is heating to the blood or very sweet.

RELIGIOUS READING.

March. The hand of the Lord is gone out against me. -Ruth 1: 13.

The hand of God against thee! No: The hand of God against thee? No;
Ob, say not, Christian this is so.
To stay thy doubts when winds are rough,
The past survey, 'tis sure enough;
'Tis He who lei thee all along,
'Tis He who filled thy mouth with song,
His kindness gleams in all thy way;
The hand of God against thee? Nay,

Because the hour is dark with gloom, Is that fair reason to assume That He in anger turns away From thee He loved but yesterday? The treasure thou mayst not obtain Doth He withhold for greater gain; His love is just as strong in wee As when the fount of joy doth flow,

If thou couldst only understand, Against thee never is His hand: The winds and storms, He gives them force drive thee homeward in their course; If sun and mildness blend all day They might becalm thee on thy way, Thy ve-sel tossed upon the tide Has still a pilot, port and guide. His chastisements are sure no sign That He's forgot His love divine; Thine eyes with sorrow He makes dim, That thou mayst grope thy way to Rim; In all His dealings thou mayst trace His love, His mercy and His grace; If thou canst only understand, Against thee never is Itis hand. - Anna D. Walker.

Sins Blotted Out, "I connot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother," said a little fel-low one day, as he took his favorite seat on his mamma's knee.
"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yes

day?" "I washed them all out, mother." "And where are they then?"
"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone,"
said Charlie.

"Just so it is with our sins, if we believe in the Lard Jesus Carist; they are gone— blotted out—to be remembered no more. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us,' "

Try to be Young.

Don't grow old and rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follos and crudities of youth. Gray hairs you cannot escape but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside you will win your age is only on the outside you will win confidence from the young and find your life all the brighter for confact with theirs. But you have too many great thoughts too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolsh in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time.

Yes, It Is All True!

A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition of the text from Isaiah I, "The exposition of the text from Isaiah I, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider," was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word! This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to him for everything. What a sinner I am?" The lesson had found its way to his heart, and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

Words of Wisdom.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is greater. Possession pampers the mind; rivation trains and strengthens it. Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man: labor sharpens the ap-petite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess,

It is only in that freshness of our youth that the choice is possible which gives unity to life, and makes the memory a temple where all relics and all votive offerings, worship and joy, are an unbroken history, sanctified by one religion.

We all love pleasure and abhor sorrow.

No one will choose a cloudy sky and a rough path; but these evils have their good parts, and these who really long for pence and hap-piness will try to find out and extract them, stend of hurrying along resentfully or with

forced gayety.

Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the suns of many years; take one of the pictures away and it leaves a definite blank which our eyes can never turn without a sensation of discomfort. Nay, the involuntary loss of any familiar object almost always brings a chill as if from an evil omen; it brings a chill as if from an evil omen, it seems to be the first finger shadow of approaching death.

The Sight of God.

The Sight of Cod.

Do we not sometimes occupy so low a plane of spiritual living that a view of God is absolutely impossible? We look intellectually unto the hills "whence cometh our help," but all in vain. How are we to make the discovery of God? for it can not be that we are destined always to live without this sight.

Jesus has shown us how God may be seen. "Blessed," he says, "are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He does not make reasoning about God a condition of seeing. He does not tell us that it depends upon some grent work on our part, nor upon any remarkable strength of intellect, upon one single attainment—heart ity. How important that this power to see shall not be impaired. If the smallest dust of human passion or prejudice is per-mitted to remain how quickly will the interior eye grow dim. Anything that tends to evil-the love of the world, the pride of life, sinful anxiety about temporal things, the similar anxiety about temporal things, the irritating particles of envy or ill-will, self-case and sloth, all these will bring the soul into a moral celipse. Happy indeed is every one who really enjoys this experience. Let all such remember that it is only retained by humble trust in the merits of Christ and a corresponding life of obedience to His will.—
[Selected.]

Tectotaters the Longest-Lived.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter notes the fact that the great insurance companies of Great Britain have, by their official ac-tion, "pronounced testotalers longer-lived than those who make even a moderate use of spirituous liquors, and savs: "One of the largest and oldest of these companies, which has kept separate registers for twenty years, declares that among the strictly abstanning class the real mortality has fallen short by 20 per cent, of the ordinary expectancy, while fully 50 per cent, of moderate drinkers have attained this expectancy. It also invites public attention to the fact that there are now insurance companies and societies for mutual aid in England designed exfor mutual aid in England designed ex-clusively for total at stuence men, "and that the taking of even an occasional glass of any intoxicant vitiates their policy." Life in-urances teaches the lesson of total absti-nence, not upon moral or sentimental grounds, but strictly economic. It is teach-ing thus a timely and valuable lesson even to many doctors.

Brewing beer is more lucrative than brewing books. Coupled with the announcement that Matthew Arnold's estate amounted to only about \$5000, we find the announcement that the will of Mr. George Henty, brewer, of Northlands, Chichester, puts the value of his personal estate at over a million and a

The Baby Anarchist,

Around the house all day he goes, By baby funcies led; He sometimes stands upon his toes, And sometimes on his head.

He takes the flower, pot and all, And puts it in his lap: He spiles the syrup in the hall— This naughty little chap.

Your silk umbrella, spick and span, He sticks in deep rat-holes; And with his mother's rarest fan Hammers your frailest bowls,



He ties the pendulum with a string While singing baby songs; He's always sure to put one thing Where something else belongs.

He'll take a match and light the cat, He'll paint the poodle's head. And pour frail era kers in your hat And leave them in your bed

Adown the register he'll throw The spools with nimble wrist; He's often wished in dericho— The Baby Anarchist;

But never war upon him wage, Nor whip him till he roar— Suspend him in a roomy cage, Five feet above the floor.

At Her Tongue's End. we

He-"Of course, you are interested in politics?"

She "Intensely." He "Which side is going to win?"

She—"Well, judging from what I heard papa say last night, Mr. Delegate has got a run on his ahead ticket, and Mr. Convention, of Illinois, if he can carry the Chairman of the gavel-box by a constituent, will-

He-"Just watch Gordon play tennis!" - Times.

In Montana.

Poet (to editor of the Blacing Wild Cat)-"Do I interrupt you sir? I have a poem-

Editor—"Interrupt! No. stranger, Only for a minute!" (Shoots him and goes on with an editorial.)—Times.

A Cheap Letter Scale,

A cheap but sufficiently accurate scale for weighing letters can be made out of the cheapest materials.

Take a piece of breomstick about a foot long, and cut off the ends square and smooth. Square and smooth. Give a card to one end: to the other fa-ten a weighta stone will do-

so that when that end is placed in water about two-thirds of the wood will be submerged, and the stick will stand upright.

Now put the whole in water, and lay upon the eard anything which you know weighs just an ounce. Mark the point to which this weight sinks your broomstick scale; then load it with two ounces, and mark that point. In this way you can graduate the scale so that you can eigh any light article.

An Excellent Housekeeper.

"Well, Bingley, they tell me you are married ! "Yes, I am. Pinest wife in the world.

"Good housekeeper!"

"A marvel, Good in every way, Never have to eat any adamantine broad or celluloid pies. Perfect banquet three times a day. "So she's a cook, also?"

"No, but she buys everything at the bakery."—N. braska State Journal.

A Weak Effect.

She (gazing at the elephant)-"What majesty, George! Such massive dignity and conscious power !" He-"Ye-es; but don't you think,

dear, that the one small peanut he has just put into his huge body with such a childish relish somewhat weakens the general effect!- Harper's Bizar.

When Smoking is Pleasant.

"Is smoking offensive to you, sir?" he said to a strauger. "Well-er-I don't like it second hand." "Have a cigar?"

'There's Music in the Heir."

"Thunks!"-New York Sun.



-Life.