Dr. Tainge Preaches to the Thirteen New York Regiment.

Text: Then ye shall rise up from the imbushed seize upon the city."-Joshua, ish'id seize upon the city." viii., 7.y

will. 7.)

Men the Thirteenth Regiment, and their friendere gathered, of all occupations, and profesins, men of the city and men of the fields are is a theme fit for all of us.

One Sabbath evening with my family arouy me, we were talking over the scene of the tall. In the wide-open eyes and the quic interrogations and the blanched ches. I realized what a thrilling drama it was There is the old city, shorter by name the any other city in the ages, spelled with twelters—A, I—Ai. Joshua and his men wat to take it. How to do it is the opstion. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face to face fight tay had been defeated; but now they are ping to take it by ambuscade. General oshua has two divisions in his army—the sne division the battle-worn commander will ead himself, the other division he sends of ead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Ai. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions, but 30,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clicking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of Ai discover it, and the stratagem be a failure. If a roysterior stratagem be a failure. If a roystering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets him-self, all along the line the word is "Hush!" Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Ai, and then spends the hight in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day, with something of the feelings of Weilington the night before Waterloo, or of Meade and Lee the night before Getty-burg. There he stands in the night and says to himself. "Vouder is the division in any burg. There he stands in the night and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in am-bush on the west side of Ai. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Ai. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the battle. Look! the morning already begins to tip the bills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry: "To arms! To arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come. the city of Al pour through the gates, an in-furiated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave: "Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage falling him!

The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer and cheer and cheer. But they huzza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glistening in the snu like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk-like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried: "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And, then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fatal city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush, which had taken the city marched down bush, which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled upon their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether milistones between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Wee to the city of

Ai! Cheer for the triumphs of Israel! Lesson the first: There is such a thing as victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiege-ment. And there are times in your life when was the first enapter in this survival life when ment. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshun. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life: Fall back! Fall back Run for your life! Run for your life:
from the drinking saloon. Fall back from
the wine party. Your flight is your advance. Fall back from Your refreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street! Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your allamits. your calamity? A snoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunk-enness, hurled into insbriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your reone of the best friends I ever had. Your re-treat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading! Bolingbroke! Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts! Tyndall's Glasgow Univers-ity address! Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a fool-hardy expe-dition in the presence of mighty and over-whelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as victorious retreat in the is such a thing as victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch Covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the Highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's Day mounted assassing rode the stream of Paris covening. when on St. Bartholomew's Day mounted assassins rode the streets of Paris, crying;
"Kill! Blood-letting is good in August!
Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!"
when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the
executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died
for the truth; when John Bunyan lay rotting
in Bedford Jail, saying: "If God will help
me and my physical life continues I will stay
here until the moss grows on my eyebrows
rather than give up my faith," the days of
retreat for the church were days of yictory. retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but Bow are marshaling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The Church

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christianization of the world. The Church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemburg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to day? Throe thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground; sixty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least two hundred millions of Christians on the earth. All nations to day kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true;

"The lon of Judah shall break the chair.

"The iion of Judah shall break the chain.
And give us the victory again and again!" But there is a more marked illustration of

the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice Him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bathlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until he walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God amid the Ahaba and the of Almighty God amid the Ahabs and the Jezebels and the Belshazzars. O men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling. Santa Anna with the fragments of his army flying over the pletour. this falling. Santa Anna with the frag-ments of his army flying over the plateaux of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army re-treating from Moscow in the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seemed to be pur-suing Christ as he fell back, until the body of him who came to of him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. M-thinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until hy seemed to strike the bottom of objurgation and scorn and torture. Oh! the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea! I hear the sheet inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua

quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending? What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back: the dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the directul overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal vitory. On his head be all trate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal vitory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hand be all the scepters. At his feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army

wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panie! There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. O, the gleeful and jubliant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua: But their exhibitarion was brief, for the tide of battle turnes, and these quondam conquerers left their miserable carcasses in the widerness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make \$20,000 at the the wicked is short. You make \$20,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For a while like the men of Ai they went from conquest to conquest, but after a whole disaster rolled back upon them and they were divided into three parts; misfortune took their property, the grave took their body, and the jost world took their soul. I am always interested in be building of theatres and the building f dissipating saloons. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made large, and to have the pillars made very firm. God is going to conquer them, and they will be turned into asylums. and art galleries and churches. The stores in which fraudulent men do business, the splendid banking institutions, where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives' names and then fail for \$200,000—all these institutions are to become to places where honest Christian men

do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill-gotten gains! The wicked do not live out half their days. For a while the state of the stat they swagger and strut and make splash in the newspapers, but after a while it all dwindles down into a brief paragraph: "Died, suddenly, July 22, 1888, at 35 years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence on Madison square. Interment at Greenwood," Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol Some of them spent their last days in a lunatic asy-lum. Where are William Tweed and his associates! Where are Ketcham and Swart-wout, absconding swindlers! Where is James Fisk, the libertine! Where is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and all the other mislemeanants? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness: Come up Hildebrand and Henry II. and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short!" Alas for the men of Ai when Joshua stretches out his spear toward the city.

Spear toward the city.

Lesson the third: How much may be ac-Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambu-h for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's
maneuver: Do you say that it was cheating
for him to take that city by ambuscale;
Was it wrong for Washington to kindle
camp fires on New Jersey Heights, giving
the impression to the opposing force that a
great army was encamped there when there
was none at all? Lanswer, if the war was was none at all? I amswer, if the war was right, then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambuscade captured the city of Ai. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambuscade, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument, and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their heart of the secretary and you will be defeated; but just and you will be defeated; but you wi wait until the door of their hearts is set alar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambascade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimetar flung into the heart of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been dis-comfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child, who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy neck and asked some simple question about God and

heaven. Oh, make a flank movement; steal a march on the devil; cheat that man into heaven. A five dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may ac-complish. Oh, for more Christians in am-buscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting buscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "twelve" and is going to sell it at "fifteen." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition "twelve." on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perfervid style to a phlegmatic, nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that tomorrow at 10 o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skillful, persevering, God directed ambuscade.

buscade.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are these people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop upon the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a con-

spicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear tip, that all around the horizon thay see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west. Surge up from the north. It is ours the city of Ai." God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday-schools and prayer meetings we want to get a reputation for saving pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers: or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the stars; or knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past: or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and to strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it what-ever you please: while there is the old world, proud, rebellions and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, and lift the old cross and of the eternal God, and lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's con-quest till the redeemed of earth march-ing up from one side, and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said: "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresistible." I ay: Look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh. for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordina-tion. Do you not feel the same considerahead the hands of Christ in a new ordina-tion. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure! There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward losse religion or what is called. Cliberal Christiant's Twister as drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian men, have to do, and in the strength of God, go to work and do it.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and hand clapping, and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas; but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with

ened with smoke, the uniform covered with the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces and yet the commander crying: "Forward, march." Then it requires old fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on a paradeday, and at the communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but put them out in the great battle of life, at the first sharp-shooting of skepticism they dodge, they great battle of life, at the first sharp-shooting of skepticism they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo! we find on our side a great many people that do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our own side a great many men who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo! we find on our own side a great many men who make about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and not quite sure about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg, we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambuscades. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvas back ducks and lemon custards. If they cannot have them they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets! I believe that the next treats months will

I believe that the next twelve months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail-track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the light-ning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be trie It will be preached in the pits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere, People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But a pose they do not accept the offer of merc what then? Then God will come with His judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the def deations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the money markets, and the ares will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubiles and of woe. Which side are you going to be on! With the men of Ai or the men of Joshua! Pass over this Saibath into the ranks of Israel. I would claim my hands at the joy of rael. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is your happiness and safety, on the other side is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

# NEWSY NOTES.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, has a plague of fish flies. Some Florida coast people are talking of a

THERE are 127 dividend paying gold and

silver mines in this country. A MINING claim on Douglass Island, Alaska,

has just been sold for \$2,500,000.

DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT, ex-Surgeon General of the Confederate army, is dead. CATERPILLARS are doing great harm in Maine towns on the upper Penolscot.

TWENTY-FIVE bushels to the acre is about the average of Kansas wheat this year SIR PROVO WALLIS, Senior Admiral of Great Britian, has just completed his 100th

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S cottage, at Nonquit, is one of the prettiest on the Massachusetts coast.

ADVICES from Havana, Cuba, state that murder and pillage are running riot throughout the island.

THOMAS PERFECT while eating dinner at Springfield, Ohio, choked to death on a mouthful of potatoes. A FRENCH weather prophet has been sent jail for six months for predicting a cold July and loss of crops.

THE annual copper production of the world is 275,000 tons, and the French syndicate is said to control 215,000 tons of it.

NEAR 500,000 parcels of vegetables were shipped from Charleston, S. C., to New York City between April 1 and June 1. THE Metropolitan Cattle Market, London is the largest of its kind, covering three and one-half acres and costing \$1,000,000.

DAVID ASHLEY, of Plattsville, Neb., has just died of hydrophobia from the bite of a rapid dog received twelve years ago. ANALINE, placed in some lemonade by young Robert Chenault, caused the death of James George, aged seven, at Lexington,

GLASGOW, Scotland, having taken in various outlying suburbs, is now the second city in Great Britain, with a population of

### SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SABBATH, JULY 20.

"The Tabernacle," Exodus xl, 1-10-Golden Text, xxi 3.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses." How often we read this sentence and how little we are apt to think of the meaning of it or of the "Thus saith the Lord" of the prophets, or the "I say unto you" of Jesus Himself, who was the Lord God of the prophets. We cannot give too much heed to the word of God, nor heed it too reverently; and unless we really hear God speaking to us in His word it will not profit us.

2. "On the first day of the first month." It was the second year (verse 17) and just a year since the great passover night on which they left the land of bondage (xil., 2; xiii., 4). That month was ever to be a memorable month to them because of the great deliverance. Although it was the seventh month of their civil year, they were henceforth to

ance. Although it was the seventh month of their civil year, they were henceforth to count it the first month, for it was the first month of the first year of their history as a redeemed people. Every Christian has two birthdays, the day of his birth as a child of God, when his life really began, for up to that time he had no real life. His first or natural birthday he can (L John v., 12) surely tell, but the exact time of his new birth. tell, but the exact time of his new birth, although he may not know, God knows.
"The tabernacle of the tent of meeting."
God has delivered the nation from the bond-

age of Egypt and brought them unto Him-self that they might be unto Him a peculiar treasure above all people, a kingdom of priests, a holy nation (xix, 5, 6), to make him a name (H. Sam. vii., 23) and now He will dwell among them by a visible presence in this tabernacle specially prepared for Him (xxv., 8). The tabernacle after some 500 years gave place to the Temple of Solomon, which, with place to the Temple of Solomon, which, with some rebuilding, continued until Christ came the true tabernacle (Heb. viii, 2); but He, being rejected by the nation, rejected them also for a time, and their temple and city and land became a ruin and desolate because of their rejection of their King. Whether we study the tabernacle or the temple, the past or future history of Israel, or ple, the past or future instory of israel, or the history of the present gathering out from the nations of a people for His name, or the personal dealings of God with an individual, we find that Jesus, the Christ, the Son of Man, the Son of God, is always in the midst, the first and the last, the foundation and the head corner stone, the center and circumfer-ence of all the work of redemption from be-

ginning to end.

3. "The ark of the testimony. "The ark, table 3. "The ark of the testimony, "The ark, table and altar of incense were each made of acacia wood, covered with gold, reminding us of the incorruptible humanity and divinity of Christ. The ark was the only vessel in the Holy of Holies, a room ten cubits long and wide and high, three sides of which were boards covered with gold; the fourth was the veil, a type of the body of Christ (Heb. x 20); the ceiling was the beautiful curtains, and the floor was the earth. The cover of the ark, called the mercy seat or propitiatory (Heb. ix, 5, R.V., margin), was of puregold, and out of it was beaten at each end a cherub overshudowing it. Over the mercy seat, between the cherubim, in this Holy of Holies, was the place of the manifest presence of God. (Ex. xxv, 17-22.) The ark was made to contain the tables of testimony, and there they were kept. The people could not keep that holy law, but Christ, the true ark, kept it perfectly, and of Him it is writnot keep that holy law, but Christ, the true ark, kept it perfectly, and of Him it is written: "A body has Thou prepared for me." (Heb. x, 5.) "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within my heart." (Ps. xl, 8.) For us He kept the law, and then died to atone for our sins: by His precious blood propitiating or effectually covering all our transgressions; becoming "the end of the law for righteomiess to every one that he

our transgressions; becoming "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that be lieveth" (Rom. x, 4), in order that as His redeemed cass we may delight to keep His commandments.

4. "The table," on which was placed every week—every Sabbath day—twelve cakes of bread in two rows, with frankincense upon each row. (Lev. xxiv., 5-9). The table and the bread and the incense all speak of Him. He is the bread of life, the true bread which came down from Heaven; there was no leaven in Him. and all His thoughts. no leaven in Him, and all His thoughts, words and deeds were as sweet incense to God. He is the living word, and the Scriptures which are the written word become a living word to all who by the spirit see Him and eat Him as their bread of life. He himself said: "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." (John vi., 57).

"The candlestick" was made of a talent of pure gold (xxv., 39), and would therefore be worth about \$25,000. It was more like a lampstand than what we understand by a candlestick. Each of its seven branches held a lamp which every day had to be trimmed and filled with oil so as to burn continually before the Lord. Christ is the light of the world, the true light, and He is pleased to say tous: "Ye are the light of the w bread corn was crushed, and gold beaten, and incense burned, so Christ was made a perfect. Saviour, our bread and light by His sufferings for us, and only as we are willing to be bruised and suffer with Him can we be a light to others. There could be no light without oil, and that too was obtained by beating. (Lev. xxiv., 1-1.) Every word and work of Christ was by the Sprint and only by the same Spirit can we do anything ac

ceptable.

5. The altar of incense. On this the priest was to burn incense every morning and evening while he trimmed the lamps (xxx., 7, 8), teaching us that although nothing that we do can be acceptable in itself because of our sinfulness, yet whatever is heartily done in His name with a sincere desire for His glory is made acceptable by the incense of His morits, which is ever a sweet perfume to God. This should greatly encourage us in all our work for God not to look at our imperfect service, but at Him who is all

These three vessels, the table, the candle-stick and the altar of incense, were in the holy place or first room into which the high priest went every day, but into the holy of

holies he went only once a year.

6, 7. "The altar of burnt offering and the 6, 7. "The altar of burnt offering and the laver." These were the only two vessels in the outer court of the tabernacle: the first was made of wood covered with brass, and was just inside the gate of the court; it speaks to us of the God-man, our sacrifice for sin, and tells us that if we are unwilling to accept the blood of the Lamb as our ransom, there is no possibility of our coming to God. The laver was made out of the brazen mir-rors of the women (xxxviii., 8), and contained water with which the Priests washed their hands and feet reminding us that he that is washed (in the blood) needeth not, save to wash his feet (with the water of the world). but is clean every whit (John xiii., 10); and that it is better to look into the perfect law

of liberty and continue therein than to look at one's self in the glass (James i., 25-25.)

8. "The court and gate." Curtains of fine linen hanging upon sixty wooden pillars standing in brass sockets, and kept upright standing in brass sockets, and kept upright by cords fastened to brass tent pins, formed a fence five cubits high around the court, which was 100 cubits long by 50 broad (xxvii., 16-18. The linen fence, the court gate, the pillars with their brass sockets, silver chapiters and books, the cords and pins, all speak to us of the righteousness,

atonement and power of our Lord Jesus, and atonement and power of our Lord Jesus, and how we may become partakers thereof.

9-11. "The tabernacie and all its vessels anointed." A full description of the holy anointment oil is found in xxx., 22-33, and speaks to us of the varied graces of the Holy Spirit found in divine fullness in Christ, fully confirming that every vessel and every whit of the tabernacie uttereth His glory.

12-15. "Aaron and his sons anointed."

First washed, then clothed and then anointed; our sing foreigne, then clothed with the garour sins forgiven, then clothed with the gar-ments of salvation, and then anointed with power to minister unto Him. If we realized our need of this power and waited upon Him more earnestly for this anointing we would

be holier and happier people and more used by Him.

16. Notice the seven fold or perfect obe-dience recorded of Moses in the rest of this

chapter, and then notice how in verse 34 it is said "the glory of the Lord filled the taber-pacle." Only let us be willing and obedient and He will fill us with His glory even now. -Lesson Helper.

## TEMPERANCE READING.

Found Dead.

"Found dead by the roadside. Augustus Hall, With a bottle clasped to his frozen breast He died from drink, where he chanced to

fall"— Ran the coroner's verdict—and this was all: God only knows the rest. Where was the soul, once brave and strong

As he staggered along the broad highway!
Where was the Mentor of right and wrong.
As he babbled a stave of the drinking song Heard in a den that day!

"Vire la ric" as the maudlin swell
Went trembling out on the startled air,
An echo marked, from the frozen dell,
"La ric—la ric" he reeled and fell,
Where to, he did not care. The wind, in the leaders treetons, heat The onward march of a wintry scorm.

But the snow came down with silent feet And tenderly spread a winding sheet Over the human form. They found him there, when the morning

Shone over the woodland far and free, Still and stark, in the shinomering light With his lips apart as, yesternight, He sung, "Vire la vie."

This human wreck in his rags and grime, The lowest and least of his fellow men, Had never committed a penal crime— Was followed and flattered, in manhood's prime. For eloquent tongue and pen.

He had led the van for truth and right, But, alas' he fell, where thousands yield; Fell, with the goal of his hope in sight, Fell, in the strength of his mind and might—

And sleeps in Potter's Field. The terrible sin, may God forefend,

Of the man who never stops to think He may dig a pit, and shape the end Of a ruin life, when he asks a friend To take a social drink.

Sarah T. Bolton, in Youth's Companion.

John B. Gough on Two Cups John B. Gough, the great temperance lec-arer, did more perhaps than any other onthe collected the public sentiment against the rum traffic. In one of his lectures he used the following language, referring to a cup of cold water as the cup of blessing, and to the wine cup as the cup of herrors:

THE CUP OF BLESSING. "There is no poison in that cup, no flendish spirit dwells beneath these crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no face; no widow's play upon its waveless sur-face; no widow's grown nor orphan's tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchesness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme—pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhoot, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful, and bright, and pure everywhere. In the moonlit fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep, tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the Land of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

THE CUP OF HORRORS.

"Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smilling surface a flend-ish spirit which for centuries has been wanish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of
desolation and destruction against mankind,
blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart and corrupting with its
foul breath the tide of human life, and
changing the glad, green earth into a lazar
house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you
gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and or mans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not, and the

fire that is not quenched, are in that cup.

"Peace and hope, and love and truth, dwell not within that flery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum, cor rupt now as when it left its native hell, giv ing firs to the eye, madness to the brain and rum to the soul. Hum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it, in its hery glow, to the dames that flicker around the abode of the dannest. The theo-logian would point you to the drunkard's life, and thunder in your ears the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past, and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms, lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and seep-ing now in cold obscurity—the wrecks of what was once great, grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile, and deadly and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption

blance of all earthly corruption:

"Hase art then yet, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us dee thy enchantment. Vile art then yet, as when then first went forth on thy unboly mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, was and auguish. Deadly art thou yet, as when thy envenanced tooth first took hold on human hearts, and thy scrpent tongue first drank up the warm life blood of immortal son's. Accursed art thou yet, as when the hones of thy first victim rotted in when the bones of the briefs either in a similar grave, and its shriefs eithed along the caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shall be

shall be, ACCURSED EVERYWHERE.

'In the flery foundations of the still, in the seething bubbles of the cauldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens, and in the blaze of gilded salcons; in the hand of beauty, and on the lip of manhood; runn is vile and deadly and accursed every-Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed in

fluence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee the child of perdition, the base born progeny of sin and Satan, the mur-derer of mankind, and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I this night will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the rum power; and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth: Dash it down! And thou, rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among nand not alone shall my tongue utter it, the greans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall pro-claim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance, cold water!

All Can Understand.

Here is a temperance lecture all can under-and. It is a copy of a placard hung up in a Kirkville, Mo., grocery store, and reads:
"Any man who drinks two drams of
whisky per day for a year, and pays ten
cents a drink for it, can have at our store
thirty sacks of flour, 250 pounds of granulated sugar and seventy-three pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get \$2,50 premium for making the change in blo expenditures.

Rev. Joe: Swartz, D.D., of Gettysburg. Pa., proves by the testimony of the biogra-phers of Luther that he was not the author of the familiar couplet: "Who loves not wine, wife and song, remains a fool his whole life ong," but that it originated in 1775, two tundred and ninety-two years after Luther's

of 3000 convicted criminals exam ned by French medical man, M. Marambet, more than half were drunkards—that is, seventy-aine per cent of the vagabonds and mendi-tants, fifty por cent of the assassins, fifty-seven per cent, of the incendiaries, and eventy-ene per cent, of the robbers,

Christian Union.

[The following hymn was sung at the reception of the New England Baptists at Richmond, Va., May 22. It was written for the occasion by Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D.]

Blest be the holy bands, Uniting hearts and hands, One chain of love; One chain of love;
One life, one hope, one aim,
One faith in one blest Name,
Our rock, our God the same,
Below—above.

Cleansed by atoning blood, Washed in one heating flood, One God we own; rs to accept his word, Ours to accept his work Ours to obey our Lord, Making, with glad accord, Our hearts his throne.

The whispering pine and palm Shall blend in one sweet psalm Dear Lord, to thee; We seek the world to save-We form one army brave— As thousand drops—one wava All streams one sea,

Glory to God, our King; Saviour, thy kingdom bring, Thy will be done; Exert thy glorious might, Fut all thy fees to flight, Triumphant, c aim thy right And wear thy crown

#### The Cross of Christ.

Let the cross of Christ teach us to look calmly on this suffering world. Life is full of trials, and it is a perplexing thing to look around us and see the race of men groaning under their burdens. We know but one satisfactory explanation of this strange mysistactory explanation of this strange mys-tery,—thoroughly satisfactory,—which calms all doubt. The cross of Christ is the explan-ation. The cross is the distinct announce-ment tous, of that wonderful law which fills all life, -that "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven."
Perfection through suffering,—that is the doctrine of the cross. There is love in that law.—[F. W. Robertson.

### Work of Mothers.

It is the mothers of today who have in hand, as no others can have the making of the rising generation. Hence they, more than any or all others put together, hold in their hands the world's immediate future. They really make that future what it must be through what they make their children. It is they who mold society, choose rulers, set up or pull down thrones and dominions, rule the world. There is no power on earth like that of the mother in the home. She is always the rein the power behind the throne. She uncrowns and dethrones herself when she goes outside this really vast realm, though seemingly so mail, to seek a larger sphere, to grasp, if she may, the reins of visible power and authority—to assert and maintain her rights and prorogatives among men as equals, to whom, in her own place and whole who is a larger to with sphere, she is already the superior—for with her rests the making of men in a large degree. Oh, that the mothers of our day her rests the making of men in a large degree. Oh, that the mothers of our day would only strive to be like the mother of our blessed Lord, who sought simply to be her own sweet end lovable self by being that which was well pleasing in the sight of the Lord; who asked for no higher place or wider sphere than her humble home in Nazarchigave her, nor even drenned that there was a greater or grander work possible to her than that allotted her in the motherly care and nurture of the holy child Jesus.— [Golden Rule.]

The example of a godly man is a living, standing memento to all around him of Christ, death and eternity. Piety of a high grade not only removes objections, but wins esteem. The irreligious sometimes talk as if exteem. The irreligious sometimes talk as if they considered Christians over-scrupulous when they stand upon their principles and refuse to yield a sinful compliance with the spirit and practice of the when really they think no such the in they see a Christian truly consist to in als conduct, their hearts are constrained to do him homage; yet to do homage to the religion he professes. In consistent, personal religion there is something so intrinsically loving and winning that the most wicked profoundly respect and venerate it. However far men may, in heart and life, depart from God, their reason and conscience will always condemn their course, and with awe and admiration approve the conduct of these who follow Christ fully. Would you then inspire the unconverted, with the highest appreciation of your religion! Would you win hearts for the Master! Then away from the dust of self-seeking, and put on the shiving garments of salvation. In this way your piety will become converting, because it is attractive. Personal religion not only removes objections, but is the most powerful appeal to the consciences of the unis-lieving. winning that the most wicked profoundly appeal to the consciences of the unbelieving. The consistently religious man says to the ungestly, more eloquently and argently than all others: "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it o you. Come thou with us, and we will do thee good,"-|Chicago Watchman.

The useless man is worthless mentally, and the worthless man is morally useless. A life addicted to worthless pursuits begets re-morse and self-upbrankings, which, however angry and stinging they may be selden lead to amendment. A life addicted to a useless pursuit so weakens the mind as to make it in-capable of vigorous, much less of sustained, effort.

Bishop Heber, the author of the famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's ley Mountains," had a brother whose learning and talents would have secured him fame and influence but for his persistence in misusing them. He was a bibliomaniac, and spent one-half his life-thirty years-in traveling over Europe to collect rare books. His learning and fortune enabled him to make such an immense collection of rare and valuable works that when he died he

sweet four large libraries in Englant and seven or eight on the continent.

He cared little to read his books, and seldem visited his libraries, except to place newly acquired volumes on their shelves. At his dath there were found in warehouses scores of boxes filled with books, which he scores of toxes filled with books, which he had not found time to unpack. His life was useless, except in saving other hibliomaniacs labor and expense. After his death, at the sale of his libraries in London, which occupied several weeks, rival book collectors rought what they wanted without the trouble of traveling over Europe to find them.

Charles Greville tells of a Mr. Gregory, who early in life determined to make a for-tune, in order that he might build a magnificent house. He lived, worked and traveled for no other object. Wherever he went he sought out useful and ornamental objects for his projected palace. When he had ac-cumulated the fortune which gave him an income of £12,006 (\$60,000) a year, he began to build. He built so slowly and with so much magnificence that his friends suggested much magnificence that his friends suggested that the completion of the palace and his own death might be about the same time. His answer was: "It is my amusement, as hunting or shooting or feasting is the amusement of other people. In pursuing it, I am led into all parts of Europe and mix with all sorts of people that I may obtain articles to adorn my house or to make it more comfortable. If I never live in it. I don't care. I never live in it, I don't care. I am carry-ing out the object of my life." A man living solely to build a palace for the purpose of his own gratification.

These incidents represent inferior aims in

life. It is every man's duty to do the best work of which he is capable, and to exert his best influence. His spiritual influences are his highest interests and the only ones that will last; if he cares for his soul, his conscience will care for his intellect and body. Seek first and above all "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." A true life lives in the happiness it creates, and derives its joy from the service of God and of others.

—[Youth's Companion.