### ENDURANCE.

#### OR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

"The Martyrs of Everyday Life." De livered at Lakeside, Ohio.

TRXT: Thou, therefore, endure hardness.
-II. Timothy, ii., 3.

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no critics, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the mations; and scraph, and capt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust Historians are not slow to acknowledge the

fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vice, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick-room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was feebler than and she became weaker and weaker, and
every "good night" was feebler than
the "good night" before—yet never
sad. The children looked up into
her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who
suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and
shall were not a much the sufference. shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign forever and ever.

They shall reign forever and ever.

Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain."

Bless God for that.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplaisingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will appland the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when, in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks, you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over ment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-fields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals and in the shores and in thrown back on you to be done over were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral culogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines.

Bless God for them.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injus-tices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes, Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he en-ters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartthe exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men, who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tensof thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the oposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggering home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the factories. compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martydom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress, Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now!" and rallying her trembling some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well. I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but the statement of the secrets of her lifetime, tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shont: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered

with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven! You say: "The throne of the Lord tool Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven! While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dol ars to good objects.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people; one of them, writing to the Secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you

The same of the sa

sionaries at the West, who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people; one of them, writing to the Secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terriby. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to somebody else, and of that mother who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher set in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that Abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house. The inscription most signifi many years in his house. The inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes. The epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh: when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything, we have done for first or the of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us! God grant

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claver-eouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house, John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here!" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Cleverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you! I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, suivelling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the King, the council and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and three helpput this poor widow woman and three help-less, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to

while, but how we must look
a better meeting in heaven, and as
for these poor creatures, blindfolded
and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place vert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this ionely place on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow-creature—may they, in the Last Judgment, find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord?" "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire:" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—zathering them up for hurial—Claverhouse looked into her in-z and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel about your bonnie man?" "Oh!" she said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now. Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the Last Day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandisement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe!

But there is great excitement in heaven.
Why those long processions! Why the
booming of that great bell in the tower! It
is coronation day in heaven.
Who are those rising on the thrones, with
crowns of eternal royalty! They must have
been great people on earth, world renowned
people. No. They taught in a ragged school!
Is that all! That is all. Who are those waying sceptres of eternal dominion? Why, they Is that all? That is all. Who are those waying sceptres of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heart-broken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulchre. God watched them. God laughed deliance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroina. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there he no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to

get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you grows the cotton of the South will let you grows the cotton of the grain field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat. Do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O! troubled soul, O! sewing woman, O! man kicked and cuffed by unjustemployers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

Independence Day. This is Independence Day!
Who is independent!
Who can raise his hand and say,
Truth is my defendant!
A slave is he who takes his toddy!

A slave to rum in soul and body How the guns do crack and roar, Across the continent.

Over mountain, lake, and moor
The crackling flash is sent;
Tis followed fast by freedom's thunder,
And grape-shot knocks its victims under

Filled with stars the banner flies, Unhindered everywhere; Copied from unclouded skies Coqueting with the air. A million throats greet with hosannas Our clean, cold-water, shining banners,

All hail to the whitest day In fair to the whitest day
In freedom's history!
We'll keep it, unstained for aye,
Sacred to Liberty.
And temperance and peace forever,
Deserting from our army never!
— George W. Bungay, in the Banner,

The Occasional Drinkers

United States Senator O. H. Platt, says in the New York Independent: The most diffi-cult phase of the problem is that those who-drink least most effectually hinder temper-ance progress. Is this proposition a harsh-one! I believe it to be true, and I state it for the sake of truth and of temperance. When I assume that three-fourths of our male adults drink, I do not mean to be understood that three fourths, or even one fourth of them are intemperate or excessive drinkers, them are intemperate or excessive drinkers, in the popular meaning of those terms. The drunkards, the hard drinkers, and the liquor sellers combined could not hinder temperance progress for an hour if their efforts were not supplemented by the influence of the occasional drinkers. The great majority of those who drink are occasional drinkers only—men who do not drink enough, in their own estimation or the estimation of the general public, to do any harm, but who drink just enough to array their influence, as well as their example, on the side of drink instead of on the side of temperance. If it be known that a man drinks champagne once a month, that is sufficient to destroy his influence for temperance. If a man drinks fluence for temperance. If a man drinks beer once a week, and it is not publicly known, he does not usually assume the role of a temperance advocate. He scarcely feels of a temperance advocate. He scarcely feels like asking others not to drink; he does not think it exactly consistent to rebuke the man of whom he buys the wine or beer for liquor selling. The most he feels like doing is in a

selling. The most he feels like doing is in a silint way to wish the cause of temperance success, and in a quiet way to deplore what he calls the evils of intemperance.

It is just these occasional drinkers who constitute the barrier over which the temperance reform does not, and in the nature of things cannot pass. If there were but two classes, if there were only the intemperate and hard drinkers in one class and all others were total abstances. and all others were total abstainers, the temperance problem would be settled at once. We would pass prohibitory laws and enforce them. We would practically suppress the sale and latter them all when the press the sale, and better than all, when the present generation of intemperate and habitual drinkers died out we should have no more forever, for the drunkard is an evolution; he is envolved from the occasional drinker. There is no missing link; the process of evolution is apparent. Now we pass prohibitory laws, if at all, with mighty struggle; we enforce them only partially by the most strenuous effort; and, worse than all, the process of drunkard development goes on unchecked.

Does any one doubt that we could pass and easily enforce prohibitory laws in Con-necticut if a clear majority of our citizens were true total abstainers! Add to the present total abstainers the occasional drinkers, and does any one doubt that there would e such a majority! Would to God it might

Who then stands in the way; who are most responsible for failure I sorrowfully re-peat my conviction that it is the men who drink but occasionally and who are considered "temperate" men; the men who only drink wine at dinners or receptions, bee drink wine at dinners or receptions, beer when asked, whisky when it seems awkward to refuse. To such drinkers I appeal to become total abstainers. They can easily abstain if they will; abstinence would involve no sacrifice; would require no great moral struggle; but oh, what an uplifting of human them would be as a result of such apmanity there would be as a result of such ab stinence!

Hereditary Incbriety.

In the International Congress of Anthro-cology, held in this city last month, among the papers read was one contributed by Dr the papers read was one contributed by Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, Fresident of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, upon hereditary inebriety. The paper, which was read by Dr. Lewis D. Mason, of Brooklyn, awakened much interest. Heredity, it was affirmed, was the most potent cause of those leading to ine riety. "Fully one-half of inebriates," says Dr. Kerr, "have had this fatal inheritance handed to them." Again he says: "A morbid state of organ or tissue may inebriates," says Dr. Kerr, "have had this fatal inheritance handed to them." Again he says: "A morbid state of organ or tissue may descend. Thus, the first child of inebriate parents may be an idot, the second an epileptic. the third a neurotic, and a fourth an inebriate. The heredities are so powerful that the health history of inebriates should be carefully traced, so that proper allowance could be made for the physical inability under which many suffer." The lesson of this paper emphasizes very strongly the wisdom and duty of total abstinence, especially for all those who would assume parental responsibilities.—National Temperance Advocate.

Diseases of Wine Tasters.

The diseases of wine tasters were studied by Donnet, of Bordeaux, and Dr. C. Marandon, of Dijon. Wine tasters are frequently suffer-ing with disturbances similar to alcoholism, although the claret tasters do not swallow the wine, but, on the contrary, eject it, and even rime their mouths afterward. In one case of Dr. Donnet's, a man 32 years old used to taste every day 30 or 40 samples of wine, occa-sionally liquors and rum, without ever swalionally fiquors and rum, without ever swal-lowing any part of them. After two years he became very excitable, lost his appetite, did not sleep well, and suffered with disturb-ances of sensibility, pains in the breast, a feeling of weakness, difficulty in breathing. He improved after abandoning his profes-sion, although a nervous debility still re-mained, as noticeable by the facility with which he was set in tears.

mained, as noticeable by the facility with which he was set in tears.

Another statement made by Dr. Donnet is the great number of apoplexies in Bordeaux, where many persons drink one and a half litres of wines with each meal. This number exceeds the number of apoplexies in any altry of the world.

A bushel of corn, costing forty cents, makes four gallons of whisky worth \$16. That isn't enough profit, however, and so they make four gallons of whisky out of acids and drugs which cost only twenty-eight cents.

A convention of the W. C. T. Unions of Minneapolis has declared officially againss holding religious banquets in hotels where liquors are sold.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 5.

"The Burnt Offering," Lev. 1. 1-9-Golden Text, IIII. 6-Explanatory Notes.

In this first chapter of Leviticus we have the burnt offering as a bullock, a lamb or kid, and a turtle dove or pigeon, but in each case it is said to be "a burnt sacrifice, an ofkid, and a turtle dove or pigeon, but in each case it is said to be "a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord." (Vs. 9, 13, 17.) These different grades (so to speak) of offerings were to suit the ability of the person offering; and in the case of the sin offering, if the person was not able to bring doves or pigeons, he might bring a little fine flour, and his sin was atoned for as if he had brought a lamb or two turtle doves or pigeons. (Lev. v. 7-13.) Does not this teach us that, though a person may but very feebly apprehend the meaning of the sacrifice of Christ, yet if with true penitence for sin they look to Jesus as their substitute with ever so feeble faith, forgiveness is theirs as much as if they understood more fully?

1. "The Lord called unto Moses and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation." As He dwell in the Holy of Holies above the mercy seat between the cherubim (Ex. xxv., 22), so He spake from off the mercy seat; not as He had spoken the words of the law from the burning, quaking Mt. Sinai, but from the propitiatory, a type of Christ (Compare Rom. III., 25, and Heb, ix., 5, R. V., margin.) He speaks of mercy and forgiveness and acceptance of Christ.

2. "If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord." No one is compelled to come, but "whosever will" may come, and "him that cometh" in the appointed way is assured that he will in no way be cast out; and not only that, but Jesus also said: "By me if any man shall enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." (John vi., 37; x., 9.)

3. "A male without blemish." Whether it

shall go in and out and find pasture." (John vi., 37; x., 9.)

3. "A male without blemish." Whether it were of the herd or of the flock this it had to be; type of the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot (I Pet. i. 19., who will in due time present faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeling joy all who put their trust in Him. (Jude 24). Although sorely tried by men and demons, even Judax Iscariot had to say. "I have betrayed innocent blood, and the demons testified that He was the Holy One of God. Truly of Him, and of Him only, could it be said. "In Him is no sin, He knew no sin, He did no sin. He was without sin." (I John iii., 5; It Cor. v., 21; I Pet. ii., 22; Heb. iv., 15). He had no sin of His own to suffer for, but He became our substitute, our sin bearer; "the Lord laid sin of Hisown to suffer for, but He became
our substitute, our sin bearer; "the Lord laid
upon Him the iniquity of us all," and "His
own self bore our sins in His own body on
the tree," (Isa. liii., 6; I Pet. ii., 25).

"Of His own voluntary will," Concerning
the laying down of His life He said: "No
man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of
Myself." (John x., 18.)

4. "He shall put His hand upon the head of
the burnt offering." Thus, fully identifying

4. "He shall put His hand upon the head of the burnt offering." Thus fully identifying Himself with it, as if to say: "I deserve to die for My sin, but this sinless sacrifice takes My place, to suffer in My stead for My sin which I have committed." It was not a question of what the man was, the priest did not examine him, he was confessedly a sinner; but the acceptance and atonement depended upon the perfectness of the sacrifice. If we would only remember this and consider more constantly our perfect sacrifice, and be-

If we would only remember this and consider more constantly our perfect sacrifice, and believe that all who truly put their trust in Him are accepted in Him, and in Him have redemption (Eph. i., 6, 7), what peace and joy we would have.

5. "And he shall kill the bullook \* \* and sprinkle the blood." Without shedding of blood there is no remission (Heb. ix, 22); and although it is not possible for the blood of bulls or of goats to take away sin (Heb. x, 4) she blood of Jesus Christ can and does cleanse from all sin (L. John 1, 7) all those to whom it is applied, that is, all who become identified with Him by faith in Him. 6. "He shall flay the burnt offering and cut it into pieces." C. H. M. says on this that "it was no mere surface work with Christ; the more the depths of His being were explored, the more clearly was it made mani-

plored, the more clearly was it made mani-fest that pure devotion to the will of His

plored, the more clearly was it made manifest that pure devotion to the will of His Father and earnest desire for His glory were the springs of action in the great antitype of the burnt offering; not only as a whole, but in all its parts, was the offering seen to be without blemish."

7. "Fire upon the altar, \* \* \* wood in order upon the fire." We think of the story of Isaac in Gen. xxii., and see Isaac carrying the wood, while Abraham carried the fire and the knife; then, a little later, we see the altar built, the wood laid in order, and Isaac bound and laid upon the wood ready to be slain and consumed; but the knife descends not upon Isaac. He is spared, and in his stead the lamb is slain and consumed. God spared not his own son: he carried the wood of the cross, was nailed to it, and actually died both as a sin offering and burnt offering. The fire on the bracen altar speaks to us of Goa's holiness accepting the sacrifice as a sweet savor unto Him (the burnt offering, meat offering and peace offering were sweet savor offerings); but the fire without the camp which consumed the sin offering (Heb. iv., 12) speaks to us of the warmth of God against sin. Jesus was both our sin offering, suffering for our sins, and also our burnt offering, making us acceptable to God.

8. "The head and the fat." Even the fat

ble to God.

8. "The head and the fat." Even the fat ble to God.

8. "The head and the fat." Even the fat of the sin offering was burned upon the altar as a sweet savor (Lev. iv., 31), teaching us God's appreciation of the excellency of Christ even while suffering for our sins. The head indicates the intellect, fully surrendered to God and appreciated by Him.

9. "His inwards and his legs shall be in water." The washing with water made taem ceremonially what Jesus Christ waz his reality.

reality.

"The priest shall burn all on the altar."

Part of the meat offering and the peace offering was eaten by the priests, but not so in the burnt offering; it was all burnt upon the altar, all for God. One thing in which we cannot have fellowship with God is the true estimate of the excellence of Christ as our sacrifice. That which was constructed as our sacrifice. That which was consumed on the altar signifies that which only God can fully appreciate.

fully appreciate,

"A sweet savor unto the Lord." The
phrases "Unto the Lord and "Before the
Lord," in verses 2, 3, 5, 9, tell us how we
ought to seek to estimate all things, and how
we ought to perform all service.

In connection with this lesson we ought
also to study the law of the burnt offering in
Chron. vi., 8-13. Let me quote two sentences
therefrom, trusting you will inquire further;
"It is the burnt offering, because of the burning upon the alter all night unto the morning upon the alter all night unto the morning. \* \* \* The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." In Chron. ix., 9-24, we learn that the fire came Chron. ix., 9-24, we learn that the fire came in the first place from before the Lord, and here we learn that it was never to go out. May our eyes be opened to see the Lamb of God ever before the Father, a sweet savor, making acceptable to God all who trust in Him, through all the time of this world's dark night until the dawn of that blessed resurrection morning when He shall return without sin unto salvation. Let every heart say, and continue saying: "Unto the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made me accepted in the beloved."—Lesson Helper.

Pleasant but Plain.

He-"I met your cousin yesterday, She-"Oh, did you? We are said to look very much alike. Did you not find her very pleasant?"

He—"Yes, she is pleasant but she isn't very pretty."—Epoch.

Literal. Smith-"What! moving again, Jones?" Jones (gloomily)-"Yes." 8 .- "Had a fire in the house!" J .- "No; a fire out of the house." Boston Courier.

### RELIGIOUS READING.

"He Leadeth." Not always dot's Christ lead His flock

Beneath a sunny sky;
Not always among p stures green
Makes He His sheep to lie;
Not always by the waters still
Doth he their needs supply.

O'er rugged paths they oft must climb With aching, weary limb;
Through lonely deserts they must go
Though light is growing dim;
He trod a dreary path, and they
Must follow after Him.

Sometimes he turns their joy to pain, Their sunshine into gloom,
And oft the things they cherished most
He hides within the temb, That they within their hearts may have

He fears lest, loving earth too well, Their hearts be turned astray
From Him, who with such tender love
Has led them all the way,
And who will surely lead them on
To everlasting day.

If only they will follow Him
Where He has gone before,
Though narrow may the pathway be,
And low and dark the door,
He'll guide them to the fold above,
To dwell for evermore. Nor thirst nor hunger there they'll know, For Christ Himself doth feed

His own; and wipes all tears away,
Supplies their ev'ry need,
And where the living fountains flow,
His blood-bought flock doth lead
—[London Christian.

Dancing.

One evening in a parlor at a summer wa-One evening in a parlor at a summer watering place the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. "Does not your daughter dance ?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother. "No," was the reply. "Why, how will she get on in the world?" "I am not bringing her up for the world?" "I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer. That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests. quiet answer. That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is feit in many of the Christian interests of a great city. But for what are you bringing up your daughters, dear mothers of other young girls! What aim have you for them! You brought them and gave them to God in baptism. Were you sincere! Did you mean that they should indeed be "lent unto the Lord" as long as they live! Are you bringing them up for the Lord or for the world! What are your dreams and ambitions for them! What do you want them to become! Do you want them to shine in society, to "marry well," to live in wealth! Is that the vision that fills your soul when you think of them! Look on a little further. Life is short. Suppose your dream is fulfilled—is it anything more than a dream! What lies beyond! The curtain is drawn, and there is the hushed chamber of death. What do you want for your child, then! The curtain is drawn again and eternity opens. What would your fond affection choose for her then! It is botter to think matters of this kind through to the end.—[Westminster Teacher.

### What Must I Give Up.

"But where," it is asked, "does this common ground end, and the realm of the world begin?" We may be helped to an answer if we look first at the opposite boundary, and ask where the common ground ends and the domain of the church begins. what is the gate through which every one passes who enters the church? Is it not the passes who enters the church? Is it not the passes of subjection to Christ? Within passes who enters the church? Is it not the confession of subjection to Christ? Within that inclosure Christ is recognized as supreme. His word is law. His authority is paramount. His sovereignty is undisputed. The man who enters there pledges himself to honor Christ everywhere; and so long as he is where he can be recognized and understood as being loyal to Christ, everything is well. Now with that thought in mind, pass to the other side, and where now do you find the world begin? It commences at the point where another than do you find the world begin? It commences at the point where another than Christ is recognized and acknowledged as ruler. Call it fashion or pleusure or whatever else. The moment you pass into a place where, not Jesus, but another, is recognized and reputed as the sovereign, you are gainty of conforming to the world. Wherever the world is acknowledged as ruler, there, even though in the abstract he might think the place indifferent, the Christian should not enter. Gester's cap in the abstract was nothing at all—a mere thing of cloth and feathers; and, in the abstract, it was a small matter to bow to it; but bowing to that cap meant acknowledging allegiance to Austria, and edging allegiance to Austria, and William Tell showed his patriotism by refusing so to honor it. The question, therefore, is not whether in other circumstances the things done in the world's inclosure might not be done by the Christian without sin, but whether he should do them there, where his doing them is recognized as homage to the world. Whose flag is over a place of amusement! Whose image and su perscription are on a custom or practice!

-Christ's or the world's! these are the testing questions. That which a Christian renounces when he makes confession of Christ is the supremacy of the world, and every time he goes where he is understood as ac knowledging that, he is guilty of treason against the loyalty of Christ,—¡William M. Taylor, D. D.

# Seeking God,

Men have lost sight of God. Even the knowledge of God has vanished from whole nations and from continents. The sight of the nations covered with gross darkness, sit-ting in the shadow of death, and groping blindly in the dim demain of nature for a touch of their lost God, "if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us " (Acts 17, 21), is most pathetic. But that search after God is the source of Pagen religions, and their one redeeming feature. Religion with-out reveation. their one redeeming feature. Religion with-out revelation would have perished from the earth were it not for this unquenchable de-sire that remains in the sad heart of despair-ing humanity, to feel after God, if haply it may find him. Sin has robbed us of God, ing humanity, to feel after God, if haply it
may find him. Sin has robbed us of God,
but not of the sense of Divine power to help
us. We may feel as if we could manage
without God in this life, but when the
thought of death and beyond overshadows
the soul, we feel like orphans in need of a
protector and guide. So long as that sense
of want remains, the altar to the "Unknown
God" will not be torn down and when that God" will not be torn down, and when that altar once disappears, then all other altars and fanes and idols of Paganism will crumble and decay. The heart that feels no de-sire for God, at any time, is dead. The disciples spoke more wisely than they knew when they told the Saviour, "All men seek for thee," Mark 1, 37.

But God can be found. He is not far from

every one of us. His presence, though un-seen, and often unfelt, wraps our little being round like the soft, unconscious enswathe-ment of air and light on this glorious May ment of air and light on this glorious May day. True, by our sin we have wandered away from him, and the bridges and arches of the road have been broken and destroyed behind us, but Christ has opened "a new and living way, whereby we may come to God." A highway is there, cast up for the redeemed of the Lord, that leads from every soul to the throne and to the heart of God. Yea, if we but reach out the hand of trust, we may touch Him, and in that touch is life. He has said, seek, and ye shall find; they may touch Him, and in that touch is life. He has said, seek, and ye shall find; they that seek me early shall find me; seek ye my face; draw nigh unto me and I will draw face; draw nigh unto me and I will draw face; draw nigh unto me and I will draw nigh unto you; come unto me, ye weary, I will give you rest. And many more are the great and exceeding precious promises of His Word, whereby we are made partakers of the Divine nature. And should anyone be so utterly lost and helpless that he cannot find God, like the lost sheep, God will 2nd him; He will find him though the road be rough and steep and thorny, and though he must go to the wildest desert. Blessed be His holy name!

#### CURIOUS FACTS.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches, It is said that Turkish women who wish to be plump eat roses with butter. Othman I. founded the Turkish empire, and was its first emperor, A. D. 1289.

As early as 325 the council of Nice ordered the foundation of hospitals in the principal towns.

Hosea H. Lincoln, a school teacher of Boston, has been ordained a minister at the age of sixty-seven.

William Wilson, of Pittsburg, Penn., thirty years old, is to marry a widow thirty-two years older.

Wagons bearing immense advertising signs are permitted to follow Chicago funeral processions through the streets, The Inspectors of Butcheries in Paris

report that the consumption of horse flesh has increased to an extraordinary extent. The Alaska mosquito bites only in cold

weather, and can be found thickest where the snow has drifted five or six feet high. The one-story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprentice-

ship as a tailor is still standing at Columbia, Tenn. The art of making glass bottles and drinking glasses was known to the Romans before the year 79. Bottles were

made in England about 1558, Minstrels were protected by a charter of Edward IV., but by a statute of Elizabeth they were made punishable among rogues and vagabonds and sturdy beg-

Bread was known in the patriarchal ages, and the baking of it became a profession at Rome 170 B. C. Bread was made with yeast by English bakers

The crown of King Alfred the Great, had two little bells attached, according to an ancient chronicle dating A. D. It is said to have been long preserved at Westminister, and may have been that described in the Parliamentary

inventory taken in 1649. The novelty of pink pond lillies gives way just now to surprise over the blue ones, the color range of which ites between that of a fringed gentian and a forget-me-not. The manufacture of these pond-lily tints remains as yet a

profound professional secret. A new fire escape in England is a sort of a chair that slides down ropes, and the host of a house possessing it often entertains his guests by permitting them to take a ride. At the Italian ex-hibition in London it is expected to prove a great rival to the switchback

The oldest newspaper in the whole wide world is the aing Pau, or Capital Sheet, published in Pekin. It first ap-peared A. D. 911, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1351, however, it has been published weekly and of uniform size. Now it appears in three editions daily .- Call.

In the Royal Library at Windsor, England, there is to be seen a work of great magnificence, a copy of the "Psalterieum," from the press of Faust and Schore Wibinted in 1457. It is the earlies a known with a date and is superbly bound in garter blue velvet, and on the sides of its covers are the yal crown and cypher in solid gold. with embossed gold cornices and loops.

Some years ago Franklin Muller, of Sugar Creek Township, in Pennsylvania, agreed to take care of an old couple, his neighbors, with the understanding that at their death he should inherit a farm of eighty-six acres owned by them. After their death, which occurred five years later, Miller discovered oil on the farm and has already received \$25,000 in royalties from it.

It is said that the oldest man living anywhere is James James, a colored man of Santa Rosa, Mexico, who was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was with his master in the Revolutionary war, was forty years when Washington was elected President, went to Texas when 101 years old, moved into Mexico five years later, and now, at the ripe age of 1:06, lives in a little but, to which he is confined by rheumatism, and is supported by contributions from the citizens of Santa Rosa.

### An Elaborate Entertainment.

When Queen Elizabeth of England paid her second visit to the Earl of Leicester in 1575, a temporary bridge of seventy feet in length and twenty feet wide was thrown across a valley to the great gate of the castle, and on each side stood columns hung with the offerings of seven of the deities to her Majesty. Sylvanus offered two cages of wild fowls, Pomona two large silver bowls filled with apples, pears, oranges, lemons, pomegranates. Ceres presented two silver bowls containing barley, wheat, and oats: Bacchus gave "two silver lyvery pots" filled with wine, and grapes in clusters - both white and red -as his offering. Neptune presented a large plate strewed with fresh grass, and containing various sorts of sea fish. Mars offered the habiliments of war, and Phybus gave musical instruments of various descriptions. During the seventeen days of the Queen's stay at Kenilworth, to prove the Earl's hospitality "the clok bell sang out a note while her highness woz thear; the clok stood also still with all; the hands stood firm and fast, always pointing at two o clok,' which was the banquet hour. It is impossible to describe all the festivities, but it may be added that the quantity of beer drunk amounted to 320 hogsheads.

### Chinese Inhumanity.

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continually upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually failing overboard, and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible, and a child is drowned. China is an overpopulated country, and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection, and are usually left to drown.

The Vendome Hotel, New York, has its dining room in the ninth story. The guests go up to meals in an elevator.