DOB'S COMFORTERS.

RMON BY DR. TALMAGE

People Who Annoy One Who is it Trouble, Instead of Sympathizing With Him.

TEXT: "Miserable comforters are ye all." Job xvi., 2

The man of Uz had a great many trials— the loss of his family, the loss of his prop-erty, the loss of his health; but the most ex-

erty, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have symunthized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world! It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parent had not sinned in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the earth—Europe. Asia, Africa. North and South America—so many flower gardens, or arth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—so many flower gardens, or sechards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I sechards that when Gol poured out the Gihon orchards of fruit, resolvent and hiscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured out at the same lime the Hudson and the Susquehanna, the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jublice of sinless men and sinless wolong jublies of sinless men and sinless wo-men! God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns! He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour! He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids! Why, not have for our whole race perpetual leaves. can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids! Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tu-sile for a livelihood! I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such myster. River of freath. That is the pioce where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and in competency. All I know is one great fact, and that is that a know is one great fact, and that is, that a herd of wees have come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The grave-yards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more sears than the six winters have made more sears than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands, and pinehed it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your very best friends who wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are yeal."

I remark, in the first place, that very volu-I remark, in the first place, that very volu-ble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these volu-ble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own constant. ble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel bad now, but they will feel worse after a while. Silence! Do you expect with a thin court plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul! Step very gently round about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole distionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up, "Now,"he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say: "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says: "What does all this mean! You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souis broken down insorrow. What they wast want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say: "Show us now the ment or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say; "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Re-hen's now the whole scene. How did you feel when you for the loss of the words." feel when you found you were an orphan Testing of the bandages here, and pullithem off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with over ratilling tongu s, go into the homes of the distressed!

'Again I remark, that all those persons are D'Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philo others. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of infure must have their way;" and then they get elo-quent over something they have seen in post-postern a computation. mortem examinations. Now, away with all laman philosophy at such a time? What difference does it make to that father and

erence does it make to that inthe other what disease their son died of t Ho is other what disease their son died of the other the dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control," an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye, A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now eyoking strains of joy, and now strains of saciness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emo-tions were made to play on it. Now an tions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No, that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry! David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus, and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a wordly philosopher.

Again I remark that those persons are in-competent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There

are those who have the idea that you must group over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning on a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gos-pel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearses through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone, do not take enst iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again, I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a

snowflake; and those people who have al-ways lived in the summer of prosperity can-not talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which coothes. People who have not had trials themselves

People who have not had trials themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is a perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door mat, where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door and clapped her hands—the odd figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no; you must have trouble yourself before you can confort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been be reft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very serrow myself. God comforted me, and He will comfort you," and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

ence and good, sound common sense.

Again, I remark, there is comfort in the

Again, I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomp ish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great handlers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken, it would have said: "Why all this beating! Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said: "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to have down the forest and brill the shire and hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out: "Oh. Lord, what does all this mean?" God says: "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more toors with which to drill; we have too many with; we have enough of these. Not more bores with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnaces and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you use Do not sit down discouraged and say: have no more reason for living. I wish vere dead." Oh, there never was so much

reason for your living as now! By this or-deal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From, Scotland, or Eng-land, or Ire and, a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting but he comes, after a while writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, as sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and after a while the father comes, and now they are all here, and father comes, an I now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families, they are emigrating to a better land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after a while go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that! "Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you be-lieve that? "Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-teaths your trouble off your heart. heaven to many of us is a great fog away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about, but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—this heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not affoat. The resi dence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are affect, you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed: "Poor child! "Poor father:" Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the widle! If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so intidel as to say three. Say four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is un-friendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where you go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come

Gape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwool; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the same some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens and you say, "I have overslept and I must be up and off," So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say: "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was—good old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments: old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments:
"I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see I remark once more: Our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul-from the slippery transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall—from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition it will be for you—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said: "What means this brightness in the room! Have you lighted the candles!" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he: "Welcome heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the thrones.

out radiant, radiant mortality having be-come immortality. Oh, how much condol-ence there is in this thought! I expect to see my kindred in heaven: I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home to-

day. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the graveyard

back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China;

and another will come up from the sea off

Ho! ye who are sick now, no medicine to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill. you with immertal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave digger's spale that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with haim, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies roseate with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angeis! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters.

There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

#### TEMPERANCE READING.

Charlie's Story. The family pledge bung on the wall,
And on it you could see
The names of mamma. Mary Jane,
And Charife—that a me.

We didn't dare to ask papa To write upon it too. So left a space for him to fill; 'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw the pledge as soon as he Came in the door that night: And when we saw him reading it, It put us in a fright.

He didn't say a word to us
About the pledge at all.
But oft I saw him look at it.
While hanging on the wall.

And every night when he came home, He stopped and read it through. We all kept still about those words, Although we knew them true Four weeks had passed, and then one night

When pa came home to tea. He took the pledge down fr m its nail, And then he turned to me "Go get the pen and ink, my boy, And let me fill that space." It looks so hare." he slowly said,

A queer look on his face. And then mamma sat down and cried. (She said it was for joy), And Mary Jane she cried some too, I didn't-I'm a boy.

But papa says he did not deink o that first night when we Had hung that ple ige upon the wall Where he our nam's could see.

And ever since that space was filled, Mamma just said to night.
Though dark may be our little room, One corner now is light.

- A. H. Hatchinson. Saloons Spread the Drink Habit.

"The Siloon creates a demand where none efor existed, that it may profit by supply ing that demand. It artificially stimulates an evil habit, that it may thrive by panderan evil habit, that it may thrive by latery, ing to it, it in the dically bree is debauchery, poverty, anarchy and crime for pay. It poverty, anarchy and crime for pay. nkers, and bence of drunkards. It invades every new community, demands trib-ute from every home, and desin wait with fresh enticements for each new generation of youth. Each one of our two hundred thouyouth. Each one of our two huntred thou-sand drinking places forms a distinct center of aggressive forces and skillful de-vices for spreading the drink habit among men. Every plausible temp-tation and solicitation that trained talent can suggest are used to entran the young, the ignorant, the toiling and the houseless, with the knowledge that a customer once se-cured is usually a customer for life. Expe-rience indicates that four-fifths of American drinking and drunkenness is due in the first instance, not to any natural appetite of our people, but to the presence and sleepless efforts of this gigantic enginery, working seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day, unrestrained by any scruple and everywhere contemptants of public and private right,"-Clinton B. Fisk.

Drinking Among English Women. It seems that the women of England are in a bad way as regards frink. Dr. Imiach has informed the British Medical Association nat women drink to excess as much as men, the other sex. They drink, as a rule, be cause they have some worrying allment, and keep on until the halot is settled upon them. With narcotes the beginning of the abuse is generally traceable, says Dr. Imlach, to medical prescriptions. Most Broadbeat, the well known inssionary of the Church Temperance Society, gives the interesting fact that though women often drink heavily, the most confirmed drankards among their are seldom attacked with delirium tremen She declares that she has not seen a single instance of this disease among women dur-ing the last twelve months, although she has visited many cases of drinking women. - New York Sun,

## "Drink, Drink, Drink,"

The following extract is from a sermon delivered by a Firmingham. England, ciergy-

non brink, drink, drink, It is the echo of the dungeon wells; the blight of each aban-doned home; the dirge of each procession to the gallows foot. 'Drink, drink, drink!' It is the felon's fortifide; the gambler's goad; the coward's courage; the assassin's inspiration. Think, drink, drink," Poll all the wives in England, and how they would condemn it! Canvass the cottages in Barming-linin, and glean the saffrages of the women who sit based they contains the con who sit beside their scanty fires and who fly to the pawn shop for the children's crust; where the baby's blanket and the wedding ring itself has been bartered to fill the drunkard's glass; and learn the moral, as they hale their bruised and blackened bosoms and press their hands against their broken hearts, of the havoc of the 'drink, drink, drink!' Stop and think and you will vote 'No!"

# Fire Water an Indian Stumbling Block.

An Indian Princess writes to official circles in Washington: "One of the greatest wrongs is the introduction of fire water among my people. I appeal to you as a nation to see that the Indians are educated. Send less theology among them and more true Christianity. Send honest people, if you have any among you. An Indian despises deceit. We have great reason to be proud that we are Indians. We have never been known to Indians. We have never been known to manufacture alcoholic drinks to destroy body and soul. Neither have we language to take God's name in vain."-Christian

England Made India Drunken. Archdeacon Farrar's declaration that Eng land found India sober and made it drunken, has been called in question; but the pastor's assailant would have been more comfortable if he had kept still, for Dr. Farrar has proved beyond question that what he said was true Barton, of Madras, declares that among Hindoos "the vice of drunkenness had lisappeared till re-introduced under British rule. The curse of the civilized world i

In leaving life annuities to a number of his servants the late Lord Northwich, of England, coupled with his bequests the condition that if any annuitant should be either directly or indirectly concerned in keeping a public-house, cider-house or beer-house, his or her annuity is to be discontinued.

In Cincinnati the Law and Order League talk of impeaching the Mayor for refusing to enforce the Sunday-closing law adopted by

### SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON WOR SEPTEMBER O.

The Unbelief of the People."Num. xiv. 1-10,-Golden Text, Heb. III, 19. -Explanatory Notes,

This is the continuation of our last lesson, and shows the sad results of unbelief. Jeho van had delivered them from the power and bondage of Pharach; had made a way for them through the Red sea; had fed them with food from heaved day by day; had brought them water out of the rock; had given them fissh to eat in abundance; had fought for them against Amalek and conquered; had spoken to them from the burning mountain; had shown them his great love and power in so many ways and had come to dwell visibly among them in the taternacle erected for Him in their midst; the pillar of cloud and of fire, symbol of His presence, was visible to all the millions of israel, and yet these ten unbelieving rulers in Israel speak of the strength of the sons of Anak as an obstacle too formidable to be overcome. Was there ever such unbelief and such utter forgetfulness of a present almighty God! Your Lord and Saviour This is the continuation of our last lesson ilef and such utter forgetfulness of a present almighty God! Your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, is able to save you from your sins, is able to keep you from falling, and you have only to yield yourself fully to Him and be obedient and it shall be done.

1. "All the congregation cried," but it was neither a cry of victory nor a cry for being

1. "All the congregation cried," but it was neither a cry of victory nor a cry for help; it was a cry of despair, because they saw no helper, had no faith in God. Contrast the cry of Abijah, and Asa, and Jehoshaphat, and the speedy answers granted to them (II Chon, xiii., 14; xiv., 11; xviii., 31), and be of

good courage.
"And the people wept" In xi., 4 we find them weeping because they had nothing to eat but manna and they were longing for the food of Egypt; now they are within sight and reach of the grapes and pomegranates and figs of the land flowing with mils and honey, but in their eyes the difficulties were too great, and as they left God out of their calculations they wept in despair, and well they might, for where there is no God there must be utter despair. But how said to see this weeping when He who dries all tears is ready and waiting to deliver if they would only let

2. "And all marmured." In ch. xii., it was Miriam and Aaron speaking against Moses; now it is all brasel murmuring against Moses and Aaron. They despised the pleas-ant land; they believed not His word, but marmoved in their tents, and tearkened not unto the voice of the Lard " [Ps. cvi., 2425]. They had murmured at Mazah and in the They had murnured at Mayah and in the wilderness of sin (Ex. xv. 24, xvi., 1-1), and all these murnurings were against the Lord (Ex. xvi., 8, for all that is done to or for a servant of the Lord He counts as done to himself. (Luke x., 16.) The love of God which trought them out of Egypt was bringing them, in the best and kindest way, to a gorious inheritance, but they desired it and gorious inheritance, but they desposed it and Him, and murmured and complained. Our God, who redeems us by the precious blood of His dear Son, is bringing as to His kingdom in the very best and kindest way, and every event of every day is the best. His love can devise and every diagnostic test in an devise, and every disappointment is His ap-pointment, so that any marmaring or compointment, so that any marmaring or com-plaining on our part is not only displeasing to God (Num, xi., b, but is finding fault with infinite love. Confidence in God leaves no room for marmaring. 3, 4, "Return into Egypt." The wish for death was twice repeated in v. 2; the return to Egypt is twice suggested in these verses.

at libreb they made a calf and worshiped it instead of God; now they want a human cadain instead of "God himself, who was with them as their captain" [H. Chron xiii., 12.) Nehemiah says that "in their rebellion they appointed a captain to return to their bondage." (Noh ix., 17.) Ch, what son and rebellion on the part of man, what long suffering and love and patience on the part of Ged. This God is our God we are like Israel, and all these things are written for our learning. Paul says, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge and that in Liverpoot it is the wives who drink. The use of opium, chloral, and other narcotics is much more prevalent among women than among men. Women, however, have a letter excesse for their excesses than these nurmaness could not enter in because of unbelief, but their carcases fell in the wilderness. Heb. III., 19; Num. xiv., 27-29. 5. "Meses and Aaron fell on the r faces."

See also xvi. 4, 22, 1- xx. 6. This was the only thing to do in stoll a case ery unto tied and leave them to Him. How wonderful that God will let us plead with Him and be

that God will let us plend with Him and be moved by our plending.

6. "Joshua and Caleb rent their clothes."
Caleb had spoken before (xid., 2%, but now Joshua joins late in faithful the many, and these are the only two of all the thousands in Israe who were over twents tears of against the gloth land (vs. 18, 18, tool does always honor those who have faith in bins, and though the unbelief of others may cause long waiting on the part of the men of faith, yet they are blessed while they weit. and while they walt.

blessed while they wast.

7, 8, "An exceeding good bast." Even the unbelievers had to coules that [xii], [27] but hear further these two furthal enest. "If the Lord delight in us, He will bring us into this land and give it us." They do not be ast of my power or wisdom above the other ten, it testify to the power of the Lord. "I also ad more abundantly than they all," says

was with me. "He that giorieth, let him glory in the Lord," (I Cor. xv., 10; L. 30.) If any ask how can the Lord take delight in such as we are! the answer is: "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in these that hope in His mercy." (Ps. exivi).,

"Rebel not against the Lord." "Fear 9, "Rebel not against the Lord." "Fear not the people," "the Lord is with us." Confidence in and obedience to God, seeing no one but Jesus only: this would give perfect rest and peace and constant victory. To Moses and Joshua and Gideon, to Jeremiah and the prophets, and the last word of Jesus to the apostles was simply "I am with you." A clearer apprehension of the meaning of that promise, and of the unchanging love of Him who uttered it, would remove all fear and urge us to a cheerful obedience at all times. How little they knew him, those other ten and that favored nation, and how they did misumler stand Him. It was just so when He came in human form in the person of Jesus of Nazahuman form in the person of Jesus of Naza-reth, they knew Him not, they received Him not; and even the twelve whom He chose as his apostles misunderstood Him even unto the end. All our murmarings and fears and disobediences are simply evidences that we, too, misunderstand. Him and do not approcate His love; for His perfect love casteth, out all fear, and a mind stayed on Him has perfect

pence. Stone them with stones. So they would have done to Moses (Ex xvii., 6); so they were ready to do to Christ John viii., 59; x, 50; so they did to Stephen and Paul (Acts vii., 59; xiv., 19). Truth is never popu-lar: "I hate him." said Ahab of Micaiah, the

prophet; "put him in prison, and feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction" (II Chron. xviit., 7, 26). So those who stand for the truth will find hatred even in our day from those who are of the world. The faithful have ever been, and will be till He come, "a little flock," but their comfort is the joy of His presence and fellowship with Him.

Him In this chapter (v. 21) we have the first as-surance that "all the earth shall be filled with the giory of the Lord," and the statement follows the assurance of the forgiveness of the sins of Israel; even so shall it be, now an THE great Spreckel's sugar refinery in Philadelphia will be 60 by 160 upon the ground and 132 high, having thirteen stories.

### RELIGIOUS READING.

Souls are built as temples are— Sunken deep, unseen, unknown, Lies the sure foundation stone. Last the sure roundation stone.
Then the courses framed to tear
Lift the cloisters piliated fair.
Last of all the airy spire.
Souring heavenwerd, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are-Inch by inch in gradual rise Mount the layered masoaries, Warring questions have their day, Kings arise and pass away, Laborers vanish one by one, Still the temple is not done, Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are-Here a carving rich and quaint, There the image of a saint; Here a deep hued pane to tell Sacred truth or miracle; Every little helps the much, Every careful, careless touch Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are-Based on truth's eternal law Sure and steadfast, without flaw Through the sunshine, through the snows, Up and on the tutiding goes; Every fair thing finds its place, hard thing lends a grac Every hand may make or mar.

—(From The Sunday inneed Times.

#### Human Judgmeats.

Jesus never mentioned any of earth's great Jesus never mentioned any of earth's great men (so called) with words of praise. There had been great conquerors before His time, like Alexander the Great, but He never al-ludes to them. There had been philosophers like Plato and Aristotle and Socrates, but He never spoke of them. Rich men had re-ceived the notice of their fellow m-n, but He never mentioned one of them by name. None of those of whom human history speaks most largely came in for a word of commost largely came in for a word of com-mendation from Him or from his apostles in later years. This should hid us pause and make us stop and thick whether our human judgments are not tetally faulty. Have we not put the seal of greatness where it does not belong? In what respect is the world better today for the existence of rich men like Crusus, of conqueters like A exander, of philosophers like Pinto, of authors like Cicerot What really valuable thing Gather all the comparers of the world to-gether, and say whether they have been as useful to this world as one John Bunyan or one John Wesley. But all your philesophical one John Wesley. Fut all your philesophical books together, and declare whether they have accomplished as much for humanity as the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Match Bismarck and Luther, and judge whether politician or preacher has the best of it in the long run. On the other hand, if you blot out Abraham, Joseph, Meses, David the singer mot Pavid the kings, Elijih, Isaish, Jehn the Baptist, Paul, from human history, you usher in blackness of darkness.—(Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D., in S. S. Times.

#### Music as an Aid to the Gospel.

In the beautiful home of Mrs. John Crosby Brown at Orange, in the neighborhoost of New York, is one of the most remarkable collections in America, perhaps in the world. It consists of specimens of musical instru-ments from the primitive peoples of all quar-ters of the earth. There are stringed instruments of every shape and degree of com-plexity, from a single cord stretched over a small cup-like resonator to the knun of the Arabs, which resembles the internal structure of a piano, but is played by a plectrum instead of a key board. There are wind ininstead of a key-board. There are wind in-struments, from the single rest and metallic trumnet or whistle to a small mouth-organ. trumret or whistle to a small month-organ. There are drums of every shape and size, some of them made of wood, some of metal, some of clay; some simple and others compound: some with barbaric ornaments or painting, others variously iniaid and decorated by the higher art of India and the Mohammedan lands of Western Asia and Northern Africa. Then there are custanets, resonant metallic bars, and sundry nondescript and to us unmusical instruments, suggesting an to us unmusical instruments, suggesting an immense diversity of tastes. The chief inwhole human race, and that it "hath charms to sooth the savege breast," as well as to entertain the most cultivated of our kind.

Those who have traveled in the east have the branch or rosis weighted at each end

schelars, notive and foreign, have translated and compassed positions and byons in the Aratic tengange the Lewis, formerly of the Serian Protestant College, and after him Roy. Messre, Josup, Ford and Mr. Hallock, have elaborated a complete system of notation, adapted to the reversed order of the Arabic printing, and arranged bundreds of the best times of the East, and the West in a bymn-book which rivals those in use in our American churches for variety and adaptation to social and church worship, and is in general use in the schools, families and churches of Syria. Nor has instrumental music been neglected. A harmenium is considered a necessary part A harmonium is considered a necessary part of the apparatus of every school. In the larger centers, planes, and in Beirut a fine pipe organ purchased by local subscription, help on the chorus of praise from voices well trained in the service of song. Some of the missionaries carry a small travelling harmo-nium with them on their j urneys, and find it of the greatest service in calling together an audience in the scattered villages among which they labor. It may encourage those who have contributed to supply such instru-ments for schools and churches, to know that no sum of money given to missions does more permanent good than that spent in sup-plying these simple acids to the collection and people for the worship of gamization of God .- [Church at Home and Abroad.

Good thoughts, like the leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in a jar of memory.

If rich, be not too joyful in having, too Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the neces-

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy your hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

Contentment produces in some measure all these effects which the alchemist usually escribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone and if it does not bring riches it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them - [Addison.

Religion gives to virtue the sweetest hopes to unrepeating vice, just alarms, to true re-pentance, the most powerful consolations; but she endeavors above all things to inspire in men love, meckness and pity for men .-

#### WORDS OF WISDOM,

A fool is always beginning. Dearth foreseen never came. Never try to outshine but to please. When two quarrel, both are in the

wrong. The liar is sooner caught than the cripple.

When the head is sick the whole body is sick.

A man's own business does not defile his fingers.

He who has enough is richer than he who has more and is discontented.

Appearances will go a good ways but reality will keep going right along. Life will soon be done. Be not weary or disheartened. What are a few years

of to I in prospect of the eternal life? Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behavior. Be not estentatious in dress or deportment: nothing can be more vulgar.

that costumes fit the time and occasion, Nature is upheld by antagonists. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have over-

come.

Be rude to none: rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but it injures the exhibitors.

There are no conditions that can successfully compete with carnestness of purpose backed up by character and persistent industry.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the sindows.

There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means-either will do-the

Few mortals are so insensible that their affections cannot be garned by mildness, their confidence by sincerity,

their hatred by scorn or neglect. A man should never be ashamed to

own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yester-

#### A Chinese Headsman of Work.

On one occasion we were ashore in Canton, China, writes a naval officer in the Mad and clauses, seeing everything curious that was to be seen, when through the streets came a large body of troops guarding it e men carried in flat baskets suspended on bambos rods from the shoulders of coolies.

"Sam, what are they going to do with those men!" we asked of one guide,
"Oh," said he, they are pirates, and the troops are going to cut off their benda

We followed, and in a short time came to an open courtyard just off one of the main thoroughfares of the city. The soldiers filed in one each side, and the Mandarin, who were the blue button, seated himself in a chair.

The five prisoners were made to kneel on the ground in Indian file, their "queees" were colled up on the backs of their heads, and with a slight inclination the backs of their necks were made perfectly bare. An officer was sent for the executioner, and he appeared, making the salute to the Mandarin. A look in his face revealed nothing save the same stolid expression that is seen in all Chinamen, but he carried him-elf with a swagger, that plainly said that he was the most observed of all men there, and terest of the collection, however, centers in that it was an casy task that he was the idea that music is an endowment of the about to perform. about to perform.

been struck with the universal passion for such weird music as Asiatics and Africans love. Musteers sing by the hour as they trudge behind their animals over the stony roads of Lebanon. The Arabs sing and play on their rude papes and drams around the camp fires of the desert. The teatmen of the Nile row to the melancially diagrawhich have come down to them from the ancest Egyptian ritual of the deed. At wednings and at functions, at births and letrothals, in any and in sorrow, and external in the road and assemble or the continuous depth to the side of the calling first main, and trawing a long, narrow knile from under his robe awaited the ons worship, hause is the somes and designs of the simpler races, even more than of their cultivates kindred.

Missionaries have not been slow to perceive and utilize this fact. Missionaries has been one of the most powerful adds to the spread of the goope. Especially is this the case among the postical races of Asia, and among note more than the Arabs. They have a passion for missionaries has wrought out for them a system which e indices the cultive of the West with the numer strains and extra ordinary interests of the East, Many schedurs, native and forcegn, have translated and emission area. jey and in sorrow, and especially in receiver order. The supremement had come; one worship, have is the somes and detail free liver were to be taken. The men in of the simpler races, even more than of their headed.

We ran to the bodies in our curiosity to see if any muscular action was taking pla e, but there was none beyond the slowly closing eyelids. The law was vindicated. The troops formed in line, the heads were put in the baskets that lately carried the bodies of the pirates, and the march was resumed through the

# Deluding the Doctors.

A somewhat smart trick was played on the doctors of Boston by the Gime of that city the other day, which sent a reporter, an athlete, in splendid condition physically, to ten of the leading physians for advice. He described a collection of imaginary symptons, telling the same story to each. Not one of the examiners pronounced him a healthy man, but every one of them gave a diagnosis and a prescription-the diagnosis and the prescription in every case differing from the other nine. But in justice to the medical profession it should be understood that physicians have never been trained to diagnose a lie, and that is what they were called upon to do in this case .- New York Graphle.

## A Freak of Lightning.

The Vicar of Midgham, Iteading, England, is voucher for a story about a man recently in his employ. The man was moving grass when a rain storm came up, and he took refuge under an elm tree. There was not, the Vicar affirms, any sign of either thunder or lightning, but as the man was whetting is seythe he heard a hissing sound, and in an instant he was knocked against the tree, the sleeve of his shirt polit from top to bottom, his arm rendered powerless, his seythe doubled up, and a hole the size of a florin made in the brim perceptible noise, except the hiss, or any of his felt hat. All this without any