DR. TALMAGE.

UR DEPARTED STILL LIVING."

Talmage Tells the Story of Joseph and Jacob and Draws a Parallel.

wand when he saw the wagons with had sent to carry him, the faceb their father revived. And d. 'It is enough; Joseph, my son, of "—Genesis xlv., 27-28.

yptian capital was the focus of the th. In ships and barges there ought to it from India frankinmon, and ivory, and diamonds; North, marble and iron; from e and silk, from Greece some of be and silk, from Greece some of berses of the world, and some of rilliant chariots; and from all the which could best please the eye, in the ear, and gratify the taste, temples affame with red sandared by gateways that were guarded bewildering with hieroglyphics, dwith brazen serpents, and adorned of creatures—their eyes, and besks, as glittering with precious stones, we marble columns blooming into verbinds; there were pillars, at the ms gittering with precious stones, the marble columns blooming into wer-buds: there were pillars, at the ing into the shape of the lotus when out. Along the avenues, lined with ind fane and obelisk, there were no came in gergeously upholstered carried by servants in scarlet, or drawn by vehicles, the snow-white den-bitted, and six abreast dashing there were fountains from stone-

There were fountains from stone vases climbing the ladders of the would hear a bolt shove, and a door ould open like a flash of the sun. s that mounted the terrace, and rom the artors, and burned their the Egyptian noon. On floors of he glories of Pharnoh were spelled tiers of porphyry, and beryl, and there were ornaments twisted from
l of the tamarisk, embossed with
aking into loam. There were footide cut of a single precious stone,
were beds fashioned out of a
lion in bronze. There were chairs
with the sleek hide of leopiere were sofas footed with the
wild beasts, and armed with the
birds. As you stand on the level birds. As you stand on the level the sea on a summer day, and look sy, and there are miles of breakers, th the occan foam, dashing shore-it seemed as if the sea of the world's i wealth in the Egyptian capital for d miles flung itself up into white of marble temple, mausoleum, and

vas the place where Joseph, the shep v. was called to stand next to Pharaol What a contrast between this and his numble starting, and the pit and his humble starting, and the pit chich his brothers threw him. Yet he of forgetful of his early home: he was damed of where he came from. The of Mentz, descended from sheel-wright, covered his house spaces, and hammers, and and the King of Sicily, in honor of ther, who was a potter, refused to at of anything but an earthen vessel. ph was not ashamed of his early surdescribed the second of the search sur-plings, or of his old-time father, or of the thers. When they came up from the inserticken land to get corn from King's corn crib, Joseph, instead chaing them for the way they maitreated and abused him, sent them with wagons, which I haraoh furnished, with corn; and old Jacob, the father, very same wagons, was brought back, Joseph, the son, might see him, and him a comforatable home all the rest of il. I hear the wagons, the King's wagons

Well I hear the wagons the King's wagons, runbling down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the wagons go off, stands I haroah in royal robes; and beside him Frime Minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring given by I haraoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal sed upon a document he could do so. Wagon after wagon rolls on down from the palace, laden with corn and meat, and changes of raiment, and every thing that could help a famine-struck people. One day I see aged Jacob seated in front of his house. He is possibly thinking of his absent boys (sons, however old they get, are never to a father any more than boyse; and while he is seated there, he sees dust arising, and he hears wagons rumbiling, and he wonders what is coming now, for and he wonders what is coming now, for the whole land had been smitten with the the whole land had been smitten with the famine, and was in silence. But after a while the wagons have come near enough, and he sees his sous on the wagons, and before they come quite up, they shout: "Joseph is yet alive!" The old man faints "Joseph is yet alive:" The old man faints dead away. I do not wonder at it. The boys tail the story how that the boy, the long-absent Joseph, has got to be the first man in the Egyptism palace. While they unload the wagons, the wan and wasted creatures in the neighborhood come up and for a handful of corn, and they are satis-

One day the wagons are brought up, for Jacob, the old father, is about to go to see Joseph in the Egyptian palace. You know it is not a very easy thing to transplant on old tree, and Jacob has hard work to get away from the piace where he has lived so long from the place where he has lived so long. He bids good-bye to the old place, and leaves his blessing with the neighbors, and then his sons steady him, while he, determined to help himself, gets into the wagon, stiff, old and decrepit. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eighty-two in all, followed by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the

finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the Frime Minister, gets in his chariot, and drives down to meet the old man. Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on one side—the dust-covered wagons of the emigrants stop on the other, Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come large and the chariot. Joseph, instead of waiting for his rather of come, leaps out of the chariot and jumps into the emigrants' wagon, throws his arms around the old man, and weeps aloud for the charies and present joy. The father, past memories and present joy. The father, Jacob, can hardly think it is his boy. Why, the smooth brow of childhood has become a wrinkled brow, wrinkled with the cares of state, and the

garb of the shepherd-boy has become a robe royally bedizened! But as the old man finds out it is actually Joseph, I see the thin lip quiver against the toothless gum as he cries out: "Now let me die, since I have seen cut: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face: behold Joseph is yet alive!" The wagons roll up in front of the palace. Help out the grandchildren, and take them in out of the hot Egyptian sun. Help old Jacob out of the wagon. Send word to l'haraoh that the old shepherd has come. In the royal apartment Pharaoh and Jacob meet—dignity and rusticity—the gracefulness of the nity and rusticity—the gracefulness of th nity and rusticity—the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The King, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou!" Give the old man a seat. Unload the wagons; drive out the cattle toward the pastures of Goshen. Lot the slaves in scarlet kneel and wash the feet of the newly-arrived, wiping them on the finest linen of the palace. From vases of perfume let the newly-arrived be sprinkled and refreshed; let minstrals be sprinkled and refreshed; let minstrels come in with sandals of crimson, and thrum the harps, and clap the cymbals, and jingle the tambourines, while we sit down, at this great distance of time and space, and learn the lesson of the King's wagons.

My friends, we are in a world by sin

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine-struck; but the King is in constant communication with us, his wagons coming

communication with us, his wagons coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show you what the wagons bring and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons now bring us corn and meat, and many changes of rannent. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us; but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the

every grain field, by every sheep fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's wagons. They drive up three times a day—morning, noon, and night. They bring furst from the Arctic, they bring fruits from the temperate zone. The King looks out, and he says: "There are twelve hundr's millions of people to be fed and clothed. So many pounds of ment, so many barrels of flour, so many yards of cloth, and linen and flannel, so many hats, so many socks, so many shoes;" enough for all, save that we who are greely get more shoes than belong to us, and others go barefooted. None but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a King's cornerib could appease the world's famine. None but a King could tell how many wagons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground to-day. Do you not hear their rumbing? They will stop at noon at your table. Oh, if for a little while they should cease, hunger would come into the nations, as to Utica when Hamilcar bysieged it, and as in Jerusalem when Vespasian surrounded it; and the nations would be holloweyed, ami fall upon each other in universal cannibalism; and skeleton would drop upon skeleton; and there would be no one to bury the dead; and the earth would be a fall of bleached skeletons; and the birds of bury the dead; and the earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; and the birds of prey would fall dead, flock after flock, without any carcasses to devour; and the earth in silence would wheel around, one great black hearse! All life stopped because the King's wagons are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread—for bread!

I remark again, that like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons

from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons bring us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. He never thought of him but with a heart ache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where lay the corpse of his unburied Joseph; and when the wagons came, the King's wagons, and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The King's wagons come down and tell us that our Joseph-Jesus is yet alive; that He has forgiven us because we threw Him into the pit of suffering and the dun; eon of shame. He has risen from thence to stand in a palace. The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the wagons that brought the tidings. Our Joseph-Jesus sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph Daus sy ment for our nakedness. Jose - sus is yet

I go to hunt up Jesus. I go to the village of Bethany, and say: "Where does Mary live." They say: "Yonder Mary lives." I go in. I see where she sat in the sitting-room. I go out where Martha worked in the kitchen, but I find no Jesus. I go into Pilate's court-room, and I find the judges and the p lice and the prisoner's box, but no Jesus. I go into the Arimathean cemetery; but the door is gone, and the shroud is gone, and Jesus is gone. By faith I look up to the King's valuee; and behold I have found him! Joseph Jesus is still alive! Glorious religion, a religion made not out of death's heads, and cross-bones, and undertaker's screw-driver, but one and undertaker's screw-driver, but one bounding with life, and sympathy and gladness. Joseph is yet alive!

"I know that my Redecmer lives.
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head!

"He lives to grant me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death He lives my mansion to prepare, He lives to bring me safely there. "He lives, all glory to His name; He lives, my Jesus, still the same. Oh, the sweet joy this seytence gives, I know that my Redeemer lives!"

The King's wagons will after a while un load, and they will turn around, and they will go back to the palace, and I really think that you and I will go with them. The King will not leave, us in this famine-stricken world. The King has ordered that we be lifted into the wagons, and that we go over into Goshen where there shall be pas-turage for our largest flock of joy, and then we will drive up to the palace, where there are glories awaiting us which will melt all the snow of Egyptian marble into forgetful-

I think that the King's wagons will take us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not seeing the Nile, nor of anticipation was not seeing the Nile, nor of seeing the long colonnades of architectural beauty, nor of seeing the throne-room. There was a focus to all his journeyings, to all his anticipations; and that was Joseph. Well, my friends, I do not think heaven would be worth much if our brother Jesus was not there. If there were two heavens, the one with all the pomp and paraphernalia of an eternal monarchy, but no Christ, and the other were a plain heaven, humbly thatched, with a few daisies in the yard, and Christ were there I would say: "Let the King's wagons take me up to the old farm-house."

wagons take me up to the old farm-house."

If Jesus were not in heaven, there would be no music there; there would be off locking for the lost Christ, crying through the universe: "Where is Jesus?" and after they had found him, with loving after they would take him and bear him. violence they would take him and bear him through the gates; and it would be the great est day known in heaven within the memory of the oldest inhab-tant. Jesus never vent off from heaven but once, and He was so badly treated on that excursion they will

never let Him go again.

Oh, the joy of meeting our brother, Joseph-Jesus! After we have talked about Him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with Him, and to clasp hands with the hero of the ages; not crouching as underlings in His presence, but, as Jacob and Joseph, hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address Urm. On earth we call Him Saviour, or Redeemer, or friend; but when we throw our arms around Him in everlasting embrace, we will want some new name of endearment. I can think of what we shall do through the long ages of eternity; but what we shall do the first minute I cannot guess. In the first flash of His countenance, in the first rush of our emotions, what we shall do I cannot imagine. Oh, the overwhelming glory of the first sixty seconds in heaven: Methinks we will just stand, and look, and look, and look. look, and look, and look. look, and look, and look.

The King's wagons took Jacob up to see his lost loy, and so I really think that the King's wagons will take us up to see our lost kindred. How long is it since Joseph went out

of your household? How many years is it now last Christmas, or the fourteenth of next month? It was a dark night when he died, and a stormy day it was at the burial; and the clouds wept with you, and the winds sighed for the dead. The bell at Greenwood's gate rang only a few moments, but your heart has been toiling, toiling, ever since. You have been under a delusion, like Jacob of old. You have hought that Joseph was dead. You put his name first in the birth-record of the family Bible, and then you put it in the death-record of the family Bible, and you have been deceived. Joseph is yet alive. He is more alive than you are. Of all the sixteen thousand millions of children that the sixteen thousand millions of children that statisticians say have gone into the future world, there is not one of them dead, and the King's wagons will take you up to see them. You often think how glad you will be to see them. Have you never thought, my brother, my sister, how glad they will be to Joseph than Joseph was to see Jacob. Every time the door in Heaven opens, they look to see if it is you coming in. Joseph, once standing in the palace, burst out crying when he thought of Jacob—afar off. And when he thought of Jacob—afar off. And the heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the raidiant throngs that went out from your homes! I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven!" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be blind in heaven!" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven!" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven!" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven!" They are all well there.

In my boybood, for some time we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days

the children stald at home, but father and mother always went to church; that was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we staid at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted, for the roads were very lad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at twelve o'clock to see if they were coming, and then we would go at half-past twelve to see if they were coming, and at quarter to one, and then at one o'clock. After a while, Mary, or David, or DeWitt would shout: "The wagon's coming," and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in front of the old farm-house; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear i rethren, I think we are many of us in the king, wagons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after a while we will come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred, who have been waiting and watching for us, will rush out through the doors and over the lawn, crying: "The wagons are coming!" Hark! the bell of the City Hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on earth, and like wise it is high noon in heaven. Does not the subject of to-day take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight! We use! to think that when we died we would have to go afoot, sagging down in the mire, and if we got through into Heaven at all, we would come in torn, and wounded, and bieed not the torn.

and if we got through into Heaven at all, we would come in torn, and wounded, and biesd would come in torn, and wounded, and bleed ing. I remember whem my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to think that the grave will be the softest bed I ever slept in, and the bottom of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

I was reading of Robert Southey, who said he wished he could die far away from his friends—like a dog, crawling into a corner

he wished he could die far away from his friends—like a dog, crawling into a corner and dying unobserved. These were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch sur-rounded by loved ones, so that they with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announce-ment: "The King's wagons are coming." Hark! I hear them now. Are they coming for you or me.

TEMPERANCE READING.

An Appalling Drink Bill.

Verily, Americans are a thirsty people. The national drink bill is simply enormous, and, per capita, far exceeds that of any other people on earth. We plume ourselves over the yearly increasing strength of the Probi-bition movement, and boast of the number of States that are passing prohibitory laws, but the bad fact remains that we are pre-eminent for bibulous capacity. Take this one fact alone as the startling evidence of what we mean: During 1887 the average consump-tion for every man over twenty one years of tion for every man over twenty-one years of age in the United States amounted, in round numbers, to sixty gailons of teer and six gallons of whisky, which cost to the consumer at retail \$84, or a grand total paid by the manhood of the nation of \$81,000.000,000 one thousand million dollars for whisky and heer. Fancy it? We are paying enough for those two drinks alone to create one thousand millionaires every year? This account does not include wine, brandy, rum, gm, vinegar bitters, American drinks, soda water, lea-cream, etc. There is no question ice-cream, etc. There is no question about the correctness of the data given. Any about the correctness of the data given. Any schoolboy can work out the calculation, and it is worth the while of all schoolboys and of all old boys, too, for the matter of that to work it out. The Bureau of Statistics at Washington gives the following figures, which, of course, are official and reliable: Malt liquers consumed during 1887 in the United States (we drop the old figures), 720,000,000 gallons; distilled spirits of home manufacture consumed during the same period, 000,000 gallons; distilled spirits of home manufacture consumed during the same period, 72,000,000 gallons. It is a fair estimate of the prices realized over the har to say that beer costs the consumer 80 cents per gallon and whisky 86 per gallon. It follows that the drinkers of the nation paid \$1,008.00,000 for beer and home-made spirits (almost wholly whisky) during the fiscal year last past. Taking the total male adult population at about what it is, namely, 12,000,000, it results that the men of the nation are paying an average of \$84 per head per annum for the whisky and beer they drink. It is a stupendous and appalling account. As a people, we put into our mouths drinks that largely steal our brains away, which cost us \$3,0.00. steal our brains away, which cost us \$3,0 0,-000 during every twenty-four hours. Sunday and week day; or three times the entire revenue (the obnoxious surplus and all) col-United This money, if applied to railroad building, would, at the rate of \$25,000 a mile, give us no less than thirteen trans-continental railroads every year. If devoted to purposes of ravel, it would enable every man in the inited States to enjoy a two months' trip to Europe once in every three years. It would pay off all that remains of the nation's in-debtedness in fifteen months. Within fifteen debtedness in fifteen months, within lifteen years the amount of our national drink bill would suffice to extinguish the obligations of every government on this globe of ours, and leave the nations of the earth free from debt. Our beer and whisky money, if saved and invested every half year in Greanward these half year in Government three per cents would provide a fund more than sufficient to give every child bereafter born in the United States a fortune of \$10,000 upon arriving at the age of twenty one years. Then, again, our drinking capacity is on the increase ad the time. In 1840 we consumed of malt liquors, per capita, one and thirty sixth-hundredths gallons. This consumption has gone on enlarging in an ever increasing ratio, until, in 1887, it reached within a fraction of twelve gallons per capita. In 1870 we were able to drink but three and one-fifth gallons per capita, so that our beer drinking capa-city almost quadrupled within seventeen years, and the end is not yet. If the conequential or indirect damage account were charged up in our national drink bill, how vastly the sum total would be enlarged. The hours lost to productive labor through drank, the bushels of grain turned to an interior purpose, the cost of jails, etc., who shall tell? -San Francisco News Letter.

Danger of Contagion.

The Quarterly Journal of Insbriety, from the purely scientific point of view, sounds this timely note of warning to young men, especially to such as are not physically 20-bust, concerning the danger involved in the "contagion of drinking companions." "A young man with an unstable nervous organization becomes reduced in health, and is subject to centagion of drinking companions, uses spirits to intoxication; the result is, his physical system takes a diseased tendency, which quickly developes into ine-briety. No matter what the surroundings may be, he is under the control of diseased impulses, which carry him farther from health and sanity." To all such especially, as indeed to everybody, total abstinence from

General Lee as an Abstainer.

The Haleigh (N. C.) Christian Advocats, in giving examples of total abstinence from intoxicants, relates the following of General Robert E. Lee:

"Just as he was starting to the Mexican war a lady of Virginia gave him a bottle of fine old whiskey, stating that he would no doubt need it, and would not be able to find any in that country. The General said, years afterward, in reference to this bottle: 'I carried that bottle all through the war without having the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend that she might be conv need that I could get on without liquor.' On another occasion the General invited some "Just as he was starting to the Mexican that I could get on without liquor.' On another occasion the General invited some friends to drink with him. The demijohn was brought out, the glasses were filled—not with old 'Cognac' or 'Bourbon'—but with fresh buttermilk, which a lady, knowing his taste, had sent him."

In Switzerland seventy per cent. of the young men are said to be unfitted by the use of alcohol and tobacco for the military service required by the Government, and upon examination have been rejected on account of this impairment of their physical condition.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 16.

" The Death of Samson," Judges xvi., 21-B1-Golden Text: Job xxxii., 9-Notes

In all the Scriptures the great truth is kept before us that if we would enjoy peace and have victory over all enemies, it must be by a mind stayed upon God, and by an humble walk with Him in cheerful and whole hearted obedience. Another truth brought before us over and over again is that God ofter chooses the most funlikely instruments with which to accomplish His purposes, that no flesh may glory in His presence. And everywhere we are taught God's readiness to forgive and to restore to favor and usefulness in some measure when there is a true turning from sin to Him, either on the part of a nation or an individual.

Gideon judged Israel forty years and was succeeded by Abimelech, Tola and Jair; then they did evil again and were oppressed by the Philistines and Ammonites eighteen years; God then raised up Jephtha as their deliverer and judge, and he was succeeded by Ibzam, Elon and Abdon; then they did evil again and were delivered into the hands of the Philistines, who oppressed them forty years; God then raised up Samson as a deliverer and judge, and his is the last rule recorded in the book of Judges, the closing chapters describing the condition of things when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." None of the judges in this book have so tull a record as Sampson, four chapters being devoted to the account of his birth and lite and death. No one of them wrought such mighty acts, and no one proved himself so weak. The secret of his might is found in chapters zin, 25; xiv, 5, 19; xv, 14; whatever mighty work he did was by the spirit of the Lord, all that was weak and sinful in him was the manifestation of the flesh. It is just so with us to day again the might in the manifestation of the flesh. It is just so with us to day again the might in the might work he did was ty the spirit of the lord, all that was weak and sinful in him was the manifestation of the flesh. It is just so with us to day again the condition of the flesh. It is just so with us to day again the condition of the flesh. It is work he did was by the spirit of the Lord, all that was weak and sinful in him was the manifestation of the flesh. It is just so with us to day, and the only sure way is to reckon one's self dead unto sin and alive unto God; one's self dead unto sin and afive unto God; be emptied of self and filled with the spirit. 21. "The Philistines took him, and put out his eyes." Behold him, a prisoner, a slave, blind and belpless, and consider who he is and what he had been. His birth was fore-told by the Lord, who appeared twice to his mother and once to his father; he was a Nazarite to God from his birth, that is, one

who was fully separated unto the Lord, hav-ing nothing to do with the vine, either as to wine or grapes, and no razor was to come upon his head. Num vi, 1-8; as to his mighty acts, he had rent a hou as he would have rent a kid, he had slain a thours and men with the jawbone of an ass; when shut in a city by those who wanted to kill him he arose in the night and took the gates and the posts and the bar on his shoulders and carried them away to the top of a hill, and many other marvelous feats of superhuman strength had he performed, but now his power and glory have departed from him, and he is in the power of his enemies, a poor, bind, help-less prisoner. What is the cause of this ter-rible fall, and why this reproach upon the Lord through His servant? For not only is Samson disgraced, but the name of the Lord

is dishonored. The cause was simply that Samson had de-parted from his consecration and had given his time and attention to things which he should have been separated from. Geikie says that Samson, the fool of women all his life, set in his blindness to do a woman slave's work in turning the hand mill as he sat on the floor, which was the very superlative of humiliation. As he had sown, so he was reaping.
22. The hrir of his head began to grow

again." Not that Samson's strength lay in his hair, but in his consecration to God, of which his locks were an outward token; and as we see the outward evidence of his separa-tion to God returning, have we not reason to believe that in his heart there is true peni-tence and a succee return to the God of Israel, who had so wonderfully called him. but whom he had so grievously slandered,

21. "A great sacrifice unto Dagon, their
god." Dagon is mentioned ten times in I
camuel v. 2-7, and once in I Chronicles x. 10. The manual v. 2-7, and once in I Chronicles x. 10. It was the great national god of the Philistines. The name signifies "fish," and its form is said to have been the face and hands of a man with the tail of a fish. Sacrificing unto idols is called in the Scriptures "sacrificing unto devils" (Lev. xvii, 7; Deut. xxxii, 12; Fs. xvi. 37; J Cor. x. 20; and it is worth 17; Ps. cvi, 37; I Cor. x, 20, and it is worth while to remember that if we do not worship in spirit and in truth the only living and true God, we are in some sense worshiping the devil. This is what Satan desires, and for just one act of worship from the Son of God he offered to give all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them Matt. iv, 8, 9) he had tempted and overcome Samson and now he has all the lords of the Phil-istines worshiping him.

'They praised their god." If Samson had only praised the living and true God by a whole hearted consecration to Him, then these Gentiles had not had this occasion to praise their god. If we considered that every act of ours which does not glorify our God only adds to the glory of the devil, perhaps we would be more careful lest through us the great adversary gain any advantage. It was when Belshazzar and his lords praised the gods of go'd and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone, that the fingers of a man's hand were seen to write the nation's doom upon the wall, and that very night Darbus took the kingdom. ius took the kingdom. (Dan. v. 4, 50.) When people take to praising the devil their doom is certain and offtimes very swift.

11"Our God hath delivered into our hands our enemy." In this and the preceding verse we find this statement, and they no

deubt thought it true. Nebuchainezzar probably thought that he subdued Jehoiakim, but it is written that "the Lord gave but it is written that "the Lord Jeholakim into his hand." (Dan. i. 2.) would do well to remember that there is a God in heaven who doeth according to life will in the army of Heaven, and among th will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth (Dan iv., 35), and nothing can occur except by His perm ss.on.

25, "Call for Samson, that he may make us sport." A great company of uncircumcised Philistines praising and worshining devils or demons, and a servant of the Great God of Israel in their midst making sport for them. It is true he was not there of his them. It is true he was not there of his own accord nor was it by any means to his liking; but if he had not of his own free will and by his own choice departed from being consecrated to God, he had never come to this most pitiful and disgraceful condition, Every Christian professes to be called out of the world and separated unto Gol for His the world and separated unto Go I for His special and continual service, that he may bear and honor the name of Christ his Redeemer and gather others unto Him. What then shall we say if a minister of the Gospel, a Sunday-school teacher, or any professing Christian be seen loving the company of the ungodly, and of his own accord seeking fellowship with them that he may enjoy their friendshipi Will it he any wonder if such an one becomes spiritually blind, be compelled to labor to provide such food as they choose, and bring upon him only their ridicule! Do we need to look very far to find cule! Do we need to look very far to find

even ministers in just such a case!

26. "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars." The penitent one is seized with a terrible purpose, terrible to the enemies of God, who are through him blaspheming that holy name, and now if God will only be avenged upon His enemies he will gladly lay down his poor, unworthy life as a sacrifice. The pillars were the support of the house, and the safety of thousands of lives depended upon their stability. The church of the living God is the pillar and ground (or stay) of the truth, and all the wisdom of hell cannot prevail against it (1 Tim. ii., 15; Matt. xvi., who seem to be pillars in the church are often seen to fall, and who can tell how many

often seen to fall, and who can tell how many lives are lost through them?

27. "The house was full of men and women." Three thousand on the roof, but how many thousands inside we are not told; all beholding while Samson makes sport. How few such gatherings are found to worship God; one in Brocklyn, one in London, a few others here and there; but how easy to gather the thousands if there is any scort in gather the thousands if there is any scort in

gather the thousands if there is any sport in the service of Satan. 28. "Samson called unto the Lord." He does not seem to have been raised up to lead forth an army, like Othneil, Deborah and

Barak, Gideon or Jephthah, but rather by acts of personal valor to avenge Israel. We now see him in prayer, his last prayer, and strange as such prayer may seem to us, God answered it. We must see Samson here on the side of the Lord desiring the overthrow of the enemies of the Lord. Some one has suggested that he had better sight now than before he lost his eyes. It is not our natural sight, but the degree in which we see God or the measure of our faith which make us to have power in His service.

29. "Samson took hold of the two middle

23. "Samson took hold of the two middle pillars." The people all watching, no doubt, to see what new form the sport would take, wholly unconscious that in a moment they would be in eternity. Samson knew that he would die with them, but he knew Him whom he trusted; for a moment longer they are all in the same company, for a litt; while their bodies lay in the same heap, but what about their souls, which cannot die?

about their souls, which cannot die?

30. "He slew at his death more than he slew in his life." Thousands out into the unseen in a moment and they ways now separate; Samson, the only one among them all who knew God, and he an unfaithful witall who knew God, and he an unfaithful witness; but we cannot follow. Let us rather
turn from this sad story to contemplate Him
who was the only perfect Nazarite during
His whole life that this world ever saw;
never for a moment did He turn aside from
being wholly separate unto God. Let us
rejoice that He who was made sin for us, is
become righteous to every one that believeth,
and that we are accepted in Him.—Lesson
Helper.

RELIGIOUS READING.

These Three (1 Cor. xiii. 13).

There are three lessons I would write— Three words as with a burning pen— In tracings of ethereal light, Upon the bearts of men, Have Hore. Though clouds environ now,

And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the snadow from thy brow; No night but hath its morn. Have FAITH. Where'er thy bark is driven-

The caim's disport, the tempest's mirth-Know this: God rules the host of heaven-The inhabitants of earth Have Love. Not alone for one,

But man, as man, thy brother call, And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all. Thus grave these lessons on your soul-

Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find trength when life's rudest surges roll, Light when thou else wert blind.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation.

It has been said that we cannot tell what a anker's c edit really is until we have seen him go through one financial panic, or what any man's morals are until we have seen him exposed to one first-class temptation. In fact, no man knows himself thoroughly until he has passed through this orderd. The young Christian whom Tertul ian tells us of, thought a visit to the amphitheatre would be useful in decreating his horror of gladiatorial shows, but when he got there he was as eager to see, and got as excited and yelled as loudly as anybody. He was not so good a Christian when he came away as when he went in, but he was better acquainted with the secrets of his own nature. There is a good story of a colonel in the late war, who was in command at an outpost, and su blenly deserted and did not turn up for several weeks. He then confessed, with shame, that the cotton speculators were getting so near the breaking strain on his virtue, by their offers of money for permits, that he felt he must run away useful in deepening his horror of gladiatorial for permits, that he felt he must run away in order to avoid the greater disgrace. So also, it is said that no pledges can bind a candidate for re-election as long as he has the control of the offices, no matter how sin cere he may be in making them, and that, as we cannot take away from him the con-trol of the offices, we must wholly remove the temptation to prostitute them either for his own benefit or that of his party.—[The Evening Post.

Do Not Be Afraid to Ask.

Many a young Christian—even if no longer actually young in years—needs on ritual advice occasionally and is reluct look for it. The minister is friendly, and undoubtedly would be glad to give the desired aid, but is believed to be too much engrossed with his special duties. with his special duties, or in meeting pressing wants of others. The older church members are also kind and cordial. But some of them are constituted so differently by nature, or are situated in life so differ-ently, that they hardly can be expected to enter into the case understandingly; and the others are as busy as the paster, and are supposed to be in the h-bit of reterring everyboly to him for such suggestions as are wanted in this case. So the inexperiare wanted in this case. So the inexperi-enced but anxious Christian hesita es delays, and finally goes without the help he needs; and either he gets into trouble which he might have been shown how to avoid, or else he escapes it by his own endeavors, but at the co-t of very wearing and unnecessary anxiety and labor.

If you are in his case, do not be afraid to ask for the help which you desire. Do not delay, but apply for it at once. Either the pester or some other Caristian friend, whom you know to possess good sense and exper-ience, will give it to you gladly. The inter-view will be enjoyable, and it will be worth more than you expect of it. The help that you specially need will be given you, if possible, and also relations of a more or less confidential, and thoroughly delightful and useful, nature will be established between you and the friend whom you accest, mutual interest in each other's religious h tory and welfare will be created, which will continue and will be full of blessing. You will do good as well as secure advice and aid, Probably both of you-especially if you kneel together before parting in order to ask the divine favor and aid-will draw nearer than ever not only to each other, but also to Jesus Himself. Do not be afraid to ask for the advice or belp of any sort that you need. You will be glad when you have you need. You will be glad asked.-[Congregationalist,

The Saloon-Keeper's Earnings.

"I have made near \$1000 during the last three months, said a runseller toosifully to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener, "What is that!" was the cuick response. "You have made wreteled homes—women and children poor, sick, and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness. You made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for You have made their mother a broken learted woman. Ob, yes: you have made much more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day.

A Worker From Switzerland.

Rev. Mr. Kempin, a minister of the Evan-gelical Church, recently arrived from Zurich, gave a New York Voice reporter some inter esting facts about the organization of the foes of the liquor traffic and their methods of work in the Republic of Switterland. They have organized into total abstinence societies, and now number 10,000 members, divided into about 30 local branches. Each of these controls one or more coffee houses, supplied with newspapers and reading tables, where

men can spend pleasant evenings.
Switzerland has three legislative bodies, all now agitated by the liquor question. Each of these bodies takes a different stand. One advocates letting the traffic alone, another proposes to place a high tax upon it, while the third demands its total extermination. pon the outcome of the discussion depends the question whether a political Prohibition

party shall be put in the field.

Mr. Kempin has come to this country with the determination of entering the work of Prohibition among the Germans. "The Germans are not the beer scaked race they are supposed to be," said he, "I have talked with many of teem, and I have found them generally eager to learn about the movement.

There are a large number of Germans who are opposed to the liquor traffic, and all that prevents them from entering into this movement with alacrity is ignorance of its methods and objects."

Everyday Expressions Illustrated.



Stubbins was one of your short, bustling, business men, with a mind not above hams, but some good-natured above traits. He was ordinarily ready to lend money to his friends, and it was rather a surprise to Brown one day when he did not get from Stubbins the loan he asked for. As a matter of fact, Stubbins refused for the sake of making a joke. He looked up at Brown and said like to, but the fact is I'm 'a little short' myself to day."



Crummles was always terribly in earnst, but also devious in his ways -taking often a roundabout course even when directness would have suited his purpose better. He could never be the straightforward Anglo Saxon. He always "beat about the bush.



Some men throw away chances of fortune-making when fortune is fairly within their grasp. Blithens was one of this sort. He had a few thousands laid aside which he wanted to invest. It was just before the late rise in wheat that he met Saiffens, who knew pretty well what was coming to the market and was not averse to imparting his information to Blithens, Yet alithens never made the investment, though Sniffens "gave him a pointer."



They told him that he had better not go out for his usual constitutional; that the thermometer was falling: that the signal-service had announced a coming storm, and that above it looked like rain. He was one of your obstinate fellows, though, and started forth without an umbrella. He soon had cause to regret it. "The rain fell in sheets,"-Chicago Times.

The Development of a Lough.



Horses on Snowshoes,

Snowshoes have been worn for years by horses on the Oroville and Quincy mail route in California during the winter months. It would be impossible for them to travel over the deep snows without their aid. A horse that is accustomed to wearing them will travel five and six miles an hour, where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, about nine by eleven inches, fastened on the hoofs with clamps. The horses are shod with long heel corks which go through the snow shoes, and prevent their slipping going up and down hill.

A Quick Trip Around the Horn.

