DR. TALMAGE.

POWER OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS

Fine Apologies Offered By Mon in Excuse for Their Sins

Text: "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shall thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."— Job ix., 30, 31.

Albert Barnes—honored be his name or earth and in heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow reasons for so doing. Although we show better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work then they would take lye or alkali and mixed it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in mest forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are leathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shall then plunge me in the ditch, and mins own clothes shall abbor me."

You are now sitting for your picture I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine failing through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you

the sunshine failing through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture, or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the art ist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-side. files. Shall I to-day give you a one-sider view of yourseives, a profile or shall it be a hill-length portrait, showing you just what ron are! If God will help me by His al-nighty grace, I shall give you that last kind

When I first entered the ministry I used to when I has entered the initiatry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and an my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manu-cripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never: eripts. Shall I ever preach them? Neverfor in these days I was somewhat over-masbered with the idea I heard taked all around
thout, of the dignity of human nature, and I
idopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illusgrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in
ife, and having seen more of the world, and
audied better my Bible, I find that that early
beaching was faulty, and that there is no digits in human nature, until its executive. gity in human nature, until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going o pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There er was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where first parents foundered. Talk of a mer going down with five hundred engers on beard! What is that to the ipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls! e are by nature a mass of uncleanness and irrefaction, from which it takes all the omattrefaction, from which it takes all the omipotence and infinitude of God's grace to
attricate us. "If I wash myself with snow
rater, and should I cleanse my hands in alali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch,
ad my own clothes shall abhor me."
I remark, in the first place, that some peole try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow
rater of fine apologies. Here is one man who
take "I am a sinter." Lecofor that but.

s: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I crited this. My father was a sinner, my odfather, my great-great-grandfather, all the way back to Adam, and I don't help myself." My brother, have not, every day in your life add-something to the original estate of that was bequeathed to you? Are not brave enough to confess tyou have sometimes surrendered to sin, ch you ought to have conquered? I ask whether it is fair play to put upon our "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I whether it is fair play to put upon our estry things for which we ourselves are sonally responsible? If your nature was ew when you got it, have you not some-es given it an additional twist? Will all tombstones of those who have preceded make a barricade high enough eternal defenses? I know a devout who had blasphemous parentage.

who had blasphemous parentage, van honest man whose father was a I know a pure man whose mother was vaif of the street. The hereditary tide be very strong, but there is such a thing summing it. The fact that I have a cornature is no reason why I should yield The deep stains of our soul can never ushed out by the snow water of such inent apology. further, says some one: "If I have

into sin, it has been through my com-us, my comrades and my associates, ruined me. They taught me to drink. took me to the gambling hell. They ed me into the house of sin. They I my soul." I do not believe it. God a man is destroyed he is self destroyed, it is always so. Why did you not break hat is always so. Why did you not break
from them? If they had rried to steal
parse, you would have knocked them
if they had tried to purloin your gold
h, you would have riddled them
shot; but when they tried to steal your rtal seal, you placidly submitted to it, bad fellowshave a cup of fire to drink: our your cup into it. In this matter soul, every man for himself. That persons are not fully responsible for sin, I prove by the fact that you still t with them. You cannot get off by

ing them. Though you gather up all a apologies; though there were a great of them; though they should come dowe the force of the melting snows from n, they could not wash out one stain immortal soul.

ill further, some persons apologize for a sins by saying: "We are a great deal or than some people. You see people all ad about us that are a great deal worse we." You stand up columnar in your rity, and look down upon those who are rate in their habits, and crimes. What te in their habits and crimes. What, my brother? If I failed through reck and wicked imprudence for ten thou-

llars, is the matter alleviated at all cliars, is the matter alleviated at all e fact that somebody else has for one hundred thousand dollars, somebody else for two hundred and dollars? Oh, no. If I have a dollars? The fact that his disease set than mine—does that cure mine arough my foothardness, leap off inte does it break the fall to know thers leap off a higher cliff inte darkness? When the Hudson rives in went through the bridge at Spuyter, doi it alleviate the matter at all that of two or three people being hurof two or three people being har-ere seventy-five mangled and crushed jothers are deprayed, is that any ex-my deprayity? Am I bette they? Perhaps they had worse they bear and bette they bear and bear than I surroundings in surroundings Perhaps, in life erpowering. d been under man the same stress instead of sitting here to-day. dd have been looking through the

nitentiary. Perhaps O woman been under the same power of instead of sitting here to-day. of the tramping the street, the laugh of men and the grief of the angel langeoned, body, mind and soul, it kness of despair. Ah, do not le diess of despair. Ah, do not les urselves with the thought that other urselves with the thought that other worse than we. Perhaps in the nen our fortunes may change, unrevents it, we may be worse than Many aman after thirty years yyears, after lifty years, after sixtenses to pieces on the search

gons to pieces on the sans instead of wasting on instead of wasting on hypercriticism about others receives the questions. Where de Vhat are what are our sins? What are

deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where! Where?"

Where?"
Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccess-ful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul. But I hear some one say: "I will try some-thing better than that. I will try the force

of a good resolution. That will be more of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you state that the same in the say." again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you de that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that he "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is no great cemetery, and every day is huried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the lead days of 1888. Here is a long row of faree hundred and sixty-five more graves. again; if I should live thirty years, I will icad days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and six-ly-five more graves, and they are the dead flays of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner tands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and love.

tands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look pon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown. "Murder will out," is a provert that tops too short. Every sin, however small, is well as great, will out. In hard times a England, years ago, it is authentically sated that a manufacturer was on the way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A nan infuriated with hunger met him on the road, and took a rail with a nail in it from a acting fence and struck him down, and the saling fence and struck him down, and the sail entering the skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the grave yard, where the sexton was digging a rave, and while he stood there the spade of grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the nurderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sex-on turned the skull it seemed with hol-ow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon eried out. "Guilty! ned he, first petrified with horror, stood a silence, but soon eried out. "Guilty! zuilty! O God!" The mystery of the rime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good rethe future will wipe out the past? Good re-solutions, though they may be pungent and zaustic as alkali, have no power to

n alkali, yet shalt then plunge me in the litch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or of any of the hundreds of writers Michelet, or of any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of sase instead of on the hot flagging of eternatorture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a table land of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet and Pandean pipes, all making music logather. No. He says it is a ditch, long, leep, loathsom's, stepchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink unged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination and our soul, covered over with transgression lates its covering, and the covering hates the

thing more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though 'I wash myself with show water, and should I cleanse my hands

rash away a transgression.

oul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists cari-I know that some modern religionists cari-cature sorrow for sin, and they make out an assier path than the "pilgrim's progress' that John Bunyan dreamed of. The reac-they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did ander the shining ramparts of the celestian of the companion of the celestian of the celest Sity. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the lumans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria of the Curard line. The boat daylts are swung around. The boat is lowered. ine. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a ced flag and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge and says. "What do you want?" I reply: "I come

"What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And then I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking, wer the taffrail. But the Umbrus and the City of Paris meet under different ricumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone, the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the feek, and some pray, and all make a great outery. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope." sounds from stem to stem and from the rathings down. for the next world." "No hope." sounds from stem to stern and from the rathines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and chibs and pistols, try to keep back the crowdway until the officers, with ax had can-and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each waiting his turn to come next. There is but one life boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is "Me want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me ext! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going in in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful nort and has all

sall set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of fod's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he outs the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the sorizon, and at the first sign of help ries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved torever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue. don for rescu

order. So sense of danger, no applicadion for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash
upon us a sense of our sinfuiness! The Bible
sells the story in letters of fire, but weget used
oit, We joke about sin. We make merry over
t. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a
campire that is sucking out the life blood of
your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile
hat no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin! It
s expatriation from God and heaven. Sin!
It is grand larceny against the Alnighty, for the Bible asks the question:
'Will a man rob God?' answering it in the
ufilrmative. This Gospel is a writ of replecin to recover property unlawfully detained
'rom God.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has ewollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle hickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural somes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got holder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleased by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confir-rections.

Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mineingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out. "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in injuity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rational-sits to preach from. Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an idement of your science of man hat the anthropologist never has bad the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loath-some thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have to-day to tell you that

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that zleanesth from all sin. Ay the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and heaven born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. Oh, Jesus, let the dain that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the bloof.

Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood, lie of sin the double enre. Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both kness and bathe in that blood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt be havior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day, and offers you his right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories Let us get down on both knees and bathe in than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ, this day, you would all take Him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and it stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impres-sion upon your heart to-day, you would anawer me as you went on, one and all: "Jesus is mine, and I am His" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive Him! It is not a Gespel merely for footpads and vagrants and bucfootpads and vagrants and buc-caneers; it is for the highly polished and the sducated and the refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the king-dom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your world-ly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost, But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, illustrating power of His Gospel. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mou-

talu; For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain. Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has bought us ou Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has bought us of pardon; We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The arrests for intoxication in New York city averaged over 1000 a week last year. A saloon keeper in the New York Legisla-ture gives his vocation as an "undertaker." Two thousand girls were in training lasyear in the kitchen gardens of the W. C. T. U. Bulgaria has ten temperance societies, four of which are operated by men and six by

An Inter-State W. C. T. U. Conference will be held at Mountain Lake Park, Mary land, from July 17 to 20.

There are said to be forty vegetarian restaurants in London, some of which serve over a thousand dinners per day and no alcohol is provided.

Mr. Powderly states that in one Pennsylva nia county, in a single year, \$17,000,000 were spent for liquor, and it was estimated that \$11,600,000 of the amount came from work-

The Loyal Temperance Legion of Mil-waukee, Wis., began work about a year ago with fourteen children picked up from the street. It now has a membership of three hundred.

The temperance question was ably pre-sented before the Delaware Sunday-school Convention held in Wilmington last month. The fact that the saloon as well as the Sun-day-school is after the youth of our land was forcibly emphasized.

A record of 100 times arrested was left by a New Haven man, who died insure. A record of 100 times arrested was left by a New Haven man, who died insane. His arrests were chiefly for drunkenness, and it was through his excesses that his mind gave way. It was one of his tricks, when arrested, to throw his shoulder out of joint, and then by frantic groans to solicit the sympathy of the officers in charge. He was about seventy

years of age, The Des Moines Register says that Iowa is having great difficulty to get enough con-victs to complete its contracts at the Fort victs to complete its contracts at the Fort Madison Penitentiary; that every year the number of prisoners is smaller, so that the convicts that would naturally belong in the Fort Madison territory do not begin to be enough to do the work contracted for, and that in consequence two-thirds of the State must be secured for convicts to help out Fort Madison where all the shops are and where the contract labor is done.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR

Lesson Text: "Jesus Before the Council." Mark xiv., 55-65-Golden Text: John xv., 25 -Commentary.

55. "And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put Him to death; and found none." After the arrest they bound Him and led Him away to Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas, the high priest, and if we accept the R. V. of John xviii., 24, it would seem that the conversation and smiting of Jesus recorded in John xviii., 19-23, teck place before Annas, after which he sent Him bound to Caiaphas, where we now find Him in the presence of the priests and council who are seeking evidence against Him that they may have some plausible reason for putting Him to death. A good while before this they had determined to kill Him (Matt. xii., 14; John xi., 53, but lacked opportunity because His hour had not come (John vii., 30; viii., 20; but now that His hour had come (John xiii., 1; xvii., 1) and He had suffered them to take Him, they felt that they must have some semblance of right in had suffered them to take Him, they felt that they must have some semblance of right in what they were about to do. To find some real evidence of guilt on His part was the hardest work they ever undertook, for He was holy, harmless, undeffied and separate from sinners; His life and teaching had been open to all, and nothing inconsistent with His public teaching had ever been said in secret (Heb. vii., 26; John xviii., 20). Every sacrifice had to be without blemish, and as He is about to become a sacrifice for that nation, according to the very words of Caiaphas, unwittingly spoken (John xi., 49-52), they are, without knowing it, proving Him to be the without knowing it, proving Him to be the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot, a fit sacrifice for their sins and for the sins of the world.

"Many bare false witness against Him, but their witness agreed not together." This also was foretold concerning Him, for it is are written in the Psalms: "False witnesses are risen up against Me, and such as breathe out cruelty;" and again, "False witnesses did rise up; they laid to My charge things that I knew not." (Ps. xxvii., 12; xxxv., 11). It we would be His faithful followers we must not be surprised if things are laid to our charge that we know nothing about, and if we sometimes have false witness borne against us; but rather count such treatment against us; but rather count such treatment a privilege and rejoice in being partakers of His sufferings that when His glory is revealed we may be glad with exceeding joy. (I Fet. iv., 12, 13). We are not told who these false witnesses were, but they may have been some who had professed at one time to be His followers; perhaps some of those who went back and walked no more with Him. (John vi., 66.) There are many false witnesses in our time and we need not go outside of our church members to find them; the question for the reader is: "Am I in all my daily life a true witness for Christ?"

Christ?'
57. "And there arese certain, and bare false witness against Him." Matt. xxvi., 60, says: "At the last came two false witnesses," who remind us of the two men, sens of Belial, whom Jezebel caused to testify against Naboth that he might be put to death (I Kings xxi., 7-14). It is the same principle all through the Bible from the days of Abel to the days of Abel.

all through the Bible from the days of Abel to the days of John, and imagnuch as the devil is the author of it, and he is still at large, we may expect to find it prevailing till the Lord come and the devil is shut up, and scaled in the bottomless pit.

58. "We heard Him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." Just what He did say was: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up" (John ii., 19), and John says that He spake of the temple of His body, but they make Him to say that He Himself would destroy the temple, which had at that time been forty-six years in building, and in three days built another. They cast the same thing at Him as He hung upon the cross (Mark xv., 29), not knowing that they were (Mark v., 29), not knowing that they were then destroying the temple, and that in three days it would be raised up. Observe two things here: If we are members of His body, let us not think it strange if our words are ofttimes perverted and we are made to say things which we never said nor intended to say, but rather let us count it another privi lege of fellowship with Him in His suffer-ings; then consider, as members of His body the resurrection which awaits that body, when perhaps we may see in an actually restored temple at Jerusalem some new light upon Hos. vi. 2: "After two days will Here-viveus; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."

59. "Neither to did their witness agree to-ether." The law said that a man could not be condemned nor put to death at the mouth of one witness, but that it must be by the testimony of at least two or three witnesses (Deut. xvii., 6; xix., 15; and yet up to this time they cannot get two witnesses to agree,

time they cannot get two witnesses to agree, so they had no case.

60. "And the high priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus saying. Answerest Thou nothing! What is it which those witness against Thee?" The high priest thus gives evidence of his feelings against the one on trial, which he has now allowed to overscome him and cause him to not and speak in this uninst way, he knew that according to this unjust way; he knew that according to their own law there was no case against the prisoner for nothing had been really testified inasmuch as no two of the witnesses agreed 61. "But He held His peace and answered nothing." Nothing being confirmed against Him, there was nothing for Him to reply to, the law was on His side, and in the presence of these furious, murderous hyp-scrites, He majestically holds His peace; "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He spened not His mouth."

62. "And Jesus said, I am." To keep since in the face of such a question would be to deny that He was the Christ, therefore He now replies in the momentous words of Ex. iii., 14. When Moses wished to know what he would says to the children of Israel as to who sent him, he was instructed to say AM hath sent me unto you," concerning which some one has written:

When God would teach mankind His name, He calls Himself the great "I AM." And leaves a blank — i believers may Supply those things for which they pray.

And ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. What a contrast this

on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. What a contrast this will be. See Him in this lesson standing apparently helpless and friendless before an unjust judge, and think of Him when He shall come in His glory, and sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations. (Matt. xxv., 31, 32)—63. "Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith: What need we any further witnesses?" Apparently Jesus is guilty of blasphemy and this hely (2) high priest is full of rightbous indignation; but in the eyes of the God of Israel, Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the Blessed, the Son of Man, has spoken the truth, and this rending of garments and apparently hely wrath is all of the devil, under the cloak of religion and zeal for God.
64. "Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death." Just as He Himself had foretold and as God had before determined (Matt. xx., 18; Acts iv., 27, 28; but that does not in any way excuse them nor lighten their

not in any way excuse them nor lighten their

65. "And some began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, Prophesy; and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands." This also had been foretold, for in isa. 1, 6, it is written: "I hid not My face from shame and spitting." As we look upon Him meekly enduring it all, do not our hearts say: "O my Saviour, how could You be so patient, how could You bear such treatment, what sustained You, what was your strength?" Let Him with His loving, searching, compassionate eyes look into yours and down into your heart, and hear Him as He says: "For you I bore it all, as a ransom for you, that your sins might be delivered from the wrath to come, and made one day to share My glory 65. "And some began to spit on Him, and come, and made one day to share My giory which is given Me and shall be revealed when I return to earth again."—Lesson Helper.

RELIGIOUS READING

DR. MACLAREN ON PLOWERS. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manch ster. England, in opening a flower show at West Gorto, said there could be nothing but affinity and concord between beauty in any form and the highest truth. There can be nothing except harmony between God's works in nature and God's marks in his highest resisting of himself. tween God's works in nature and God's works in his higher revelation of himself. The flowers of the field our Master had used as a text of one of the lessons which had sink deepest into the imagination and heart of the whole world; and when he said "Con-ider the lilies of the field, how they grow," it was hidding us to do what his manhood, that was so tremblingly sensitive to all things fair and wombrous, had often done before it gave that command. If we thought of those words of our Lord they pointed us to the mysteries of growth in pointed us to the mysteries of growth in the lower world as typical of the true nature the lower world as typical of the true nature of Christian life and progress. The flowers not only preached the lesson of uncareful drinking in of all the blessings that God gave, but they preached to us likewise the lesson that growth in its highest and noblest form need not be effort, and should not be conflict. But we could not all of us come to that. The flowers grew so. We could not prove the could not seem to grow so, except very occasionally. Some

rees grow under all manner of disadvanrees grow under all manner of disadvanages and adverse circumstances, and so it
was that Christ's children often had to grow,
de was gratifled at seeing this attempt to
pring beauty, and a love of beauty and a
care for beauty, into homes that would be
all the happier in the measure in which this
aste was cultivated. He did not suppose
that growing flowers would do much
to make people Christians, but it might
to a great ded to help to
teep them out of the publichouse,
de did not suppose it would sanetify humanty, but an unsanctified humanity was better
when it had learned some sensitiveness to
come forms of God's revelation than when it ome forms of God's revelation than when it and none, and snything howeversmall, that relp d people to understand how much sleasure there might be in common things, and how fair God in and the world to be was and now fair fool me and the world to be was all on the side of goodness. "Every little ledge," and in view of the conditions of life under which so much of our town per ulation bussed its days, any auxil ary on the side of cauty, or goodness, or elevation of any sortinght to be welcomed and not looked askance at by Christian men. He hoped the days were passing—if they be not passed—when good, saintly sou's that had Christ's Gospel to preach would say "Nothing e so will save men except the gospel, and therefore I dail have nothing to do with anything dist." He b lieved himself that nothing else would save men except the Gospel of Jesus hrist, and people might wirk at culture and refinement to all eternity, if they separated it from Christianity, and they would lo nothing. But notwithstanding he hailed all efforts in the direction of goodness, and is the water from the river might permeate easity, or goodness, or elevation of any sor as the water from the river might perment the soil far away from its channel, and might refresh many a plant that grew very distant from its course, so the Gospel of Christ, passing and percolating beneath many of these apparently independent works, might make them bring forth fairer flowers and grow with a brighter listre.

"I HAVE NO TIME."

Mr. J. A. Stooke, of the China Inland Mr. J. A. Slesse, of the China hands Mission, relates this incident; One Sunday merning, at one of our usual intive services, a crowd of Chinese collected outside our chapel which is close to the main read, at tracted by hearing the foreign destrine being prenched within. One of the wandows being preached within. One of the windows being open, two or three more inquisitive than the rest had succeeded in climbing up to have a good view of how things were going on, whereupon the preacher kindly asked one to come in and sit with the rest, but his reply was, "O muh-in kong-fu"—"I not have time or leisure." time or leisure."

Here in China we often hear this exwhen our brethren urge them to give heed to the study of higher and nebler things than merchandise and cash. Thank God, there are not a few who do find time and leisure, and in these northern provinces many are burning their idels and following Jesus, the

mighty to save and keep.

After the Chinaman had gone his way, 1 egan to think of the hundreds of Christian a privileged England, who, when asked to satisfy the soul-thirst of Christ, by giving themselves, or their interest, to the dar heathen, practically say, as did this one,

have no time."—O muh in kongfu.

If there are any such reading those words, let me entrent them to consider their person al responsibility in the matter, and read very carefully those searching words in Prov. 24 i2, "If thou," etc. There are two or se things we all would do well to rememr concerning such an excuse:—First, na-me means no desire to rescue the heathen orld from its darkness and sin. In China

second, no time means no love. To be told straight that you did not love Christ would be hard, perhap, to hear, yet the fact remains, you have no time for the con-sideration of Christ's desires about these mil-lous He loved to the for and loves to seek for.

My brother, where is thy love? Third, no time means no blessing. Think what is missed, if not in truest sympathy with our Divine Lord. Our time all absorbed with self. No fellowship, no blessing. The Lord stir us all up.—Word and Work.

In the life of the late Hugh Miller we find the following passage from Mr. Stewart of Cromarty, whem Miller considered one of To shut that door on a world about to perish would have been too great a responsibility for a son of Adam. Another moment, and another, and another, and another, might have been granted by Noah, and the door ight never have been shut, and the ship not carried the life of the world might have heen swamped. And so it is in the ark of salvation. It is not the church, nor the mini ter, that shuts or opens the door. These do God's bidding; they preach right consuess; they offer salvation; and it is tool. that shuts and opens the door. Oh, what a sigh and shudder will pass through the listen-ing universe when God shall shut the door of the heavenly ark upon the lost,

Religion in its purity, is not so much a arsuli as a temper, or rather it is a temper, adding to the pursuit of all that is high and hole. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, beliness; its aim, of edience to God in improvement of self, and benevolence to men.—Kdwards.

ME TOOK GIV.

Mr. James Guthrie, a strong temperance can, and also that rather rare specimen, a scottish wit, surprised his audience once by uniouncing himself "a moderate drinker," who took "two kinds of gin." They were re-osured when they found he meant "oxygen-and hydrogen," the constituents of water. That is the only kind of "gin" any of us hould take.

The strongest animals—the horse, ox lephant, ion and others, all thrive on water viry should man desire a different drink? It tot only gives strength to the body, but it dso keeps the brain in more healthy condi-Remember that water drinkers are the dearest thinkers - Temperance Banner,

The W. C. T. U. of Western New York is waging war on illicit liquor vending in no license towns. Through its efforts seventeen law breakers were arrested in one day and obliged to give bail for \$200 each.

TEMPERANCE.

SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a bar,
And all the men and women merely drinkers,
They have their hiccups and their staggerings;
And one man fin a day drinks many glasses,
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,

Steady and steadfast in his good resolves; And then the wine and bitters, appetizer, And pining, yearning look, leaving like a smail

The comfortable bar. And then the arguments. Trying like Hercules with a wrathful front-

age, To refuse just one more gin cocktail. Then the mystified, Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice. Careless of honor, sodden, thick and gutt'ral,

Seeking the troubled repetition Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jevial, In fair good humor while the world swims

With eyeballs misty, while his friends him Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into stupid, slipping drunken man With "blossoms" on his nose and bleary-eyed, dis shrunken face unshaven, from side to He rolls along; and his unmanly voice, Huskier than ever, falls and flie

And leaves him staggering round. Last scene of all, Fhat ends this true and painful history, is stupid childishness, and then oblivion— Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans every-

-Washington Critic,

CHANGES IN DRINKING HABITS.

These changes in drinking habits are not commed to the United States. They are bardly less noticeable in Great Britain. In resently presenting the budget to the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer called attention to the fact that during the last quarter of a century there has been a last quarter of a century there has been a last quarter of a century there has been a great, a material, and a striking fall in the consumption of spiritous liquors, as shown by the receipts from the vz use tax. "I have good news again for the friends of the temperance cause," he said, 'though it has made and continues to make a gap in the receipts of the Exchequer. This great revenue does not grow in proportion to population. It might be thought, now that we are at a critimight be thought, now that we are at a critical moment in the revival of trade, that this would again lead to an increase in the revenue from drink. But it has not done so." He proceed to show in detail that spirituous drinks have fallen more and more behind for the last dozen years; that a corresponding change has come on in wines, so that more than half the wine now consumed belongs to the lighter kinds, while formerly the lighter kinds were only one third of the whole, that since 1876 the total consumption of wine has sunk from 17,000,000 gallens to 13,000,000 gallens, while the total consumption of the lighter kind of wines has risen from 6,000,000. ighter kind of wines has risen from 6,000,000 ighter kind of wines has risen from 6,000,000 gallons to 5,000,000 gallons; that less wine of all kinds was consumed last year than in the provious year; and that the total drink revenue last year showed a falling off, despite the increase in population, the sole increase being in beer, and that increase only two-thirds of

one per cent.

Such facts show conclusively that in both Great Britain and the United States the number of people who abstain entirely from the ase of fiquor is steadily increasing, and that those who use fiquor of any sort are more and more inclined to drop ram, whisky, and brandy for the lighter wines, ale and beer That these changes of habit have already gone far enough to produce noticeable effects, is demonstrated by the wonderful solutiety of the Centennial crowds. Public opinion now frowns on drunkenness, and a man suffere serious harm who allows himself to be overerious harm who allows himself to be over-some by liquor. The next step should be the organizing of a public sentiment which will suppress the saloon by making it disreputable for a man to enter such a place. That the for a man to enter such a place. That the next centennial celebration will find the United States a nation of total abstainers, is n the highest degree improbable; but it is not soo much to hope that it may find the counry, although consuming a large amount of iquor, freed from the demoralizing influences stand-up drinking" in rum-s York Post.

ONE VICTIM TO DILINK.

"Alcohol is death to the soul. It slowly but surely destroys the moral faculties. It renders conscience unfeeling, and its victim becomes capable of the most brutal acts secones capatic of the most brutal nots without any sense of remorae. It destroys intural affection, and its victim at length lates those he should love and cherist. It enthralls the will and makes its victim a fave. Let me give you a single instance. The Hon Thomas P. Marshall was one of

oriel from its darkness and sin. In China clay the all absorbing topic on the street road is "Ts'len—ts'ien—ts'ien dishen" ("Money—noney"). Can we blame these hinese for this when in our home churches the China of Chinese for this, when in our home churches today Christ's chains have to give way to the craving for gold and silver, which period the craving for gold and silver, which period wake us up to the terrible enchantment ere it be too late!

Second, no time means no love. To be Second, no time means no love. To be tool straight that you did not love Christ would be hard, perhaps, to bear, yet the fact remains, you have no time for the consideration of Christ's desires about these millions He loved to die for and leves to seek for. presence of his fellow-members, signed the lotal abstinence pledge. Soon after, he agned the pledge again in the presence of a large concourse of the citizens of Washington, where, on the same occasion, he delivered a thrilling temperance address. On the 25th of February of the same year he addressed a mass-meeting in the House of Representatives on the importance of total abstinence and the danger of the drink habit.

"The May following he came to this city to feliver an address before the American Temperance Union, which he did in the Broad-

perance Union, which he did in the Broad-vay Tabernacle. The following evening he spoke with great power in the old Greens Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the venerable and lamented Dr. Bangs was Tromarty, whem Miller considered one of the very best and ablest of Scotland's minis ters: "Noah did not close the door. There are works that God keeps for himself. The law works that God keeps for himself. The law constable and lamented Dr. Bangs was the year able and lamented Dr. Bangs was the pastor. For some time he engaged earnish that door on a world about to perish and seemed to be emancipated from his for-mer bondage. But the enony was only shained for the time, awaiting his opportun-ity. That opportunity came. Mr Marshall ty. That opportunity came. Mr Marshall became involved in a difficulty with J Watson Webb, which resulted in a duel in which the former received a slight wound. This was the opportunity which his old enemy door.

and been awaiting and he was not alow to light take advantage of it. Marshall was induced to drink to steady his nerves for the conflict, but it was a fatal drink. At once the strong enomy that had been bound for a time took possession of his victim and bound him for possession of his victim and bound him for the burning. In 1850, after leading the life of a vagrant for a long period, Marshall was found upon the streets of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a flithy, honceless vagabond. A former friend tried to save him, but all in vain. He railled for a few days, and remained sober long enough to deliver an address on the 4th of July of the year named, in which be manifested some of the brilliance and eloquence of his best days, but he returned to the South and to his debauchery, and soon thereafter ha filled a drunkard's grave. How fow com-paratively that have been once enthralisd by alcohol recover their freedom and maintain it to the end of life!—New York Voice.

DEATH TO THE BODY

"Alcohol is death to the body. The man who drinks it renders himself susceptible to lisense, and particularly to disenses that pre-rall in epidemic forms. When yellow fever or cholera appear drinkers are the first to be attacked. In the last yellow fever epidemic in Jacksonville, Fla., the physicians reported that hard drinkers were the first to fall. Be ides rendering its victims susceptible to issues alcohol lessens the power to resist the ravages of disease when once the attack has securred. The drinker that is attacked by any acute form of disease is likely to speedil! succumb. But more, alcohol produces a dis-sased physical condition which is known a alcoholism. What a harvest this destroyer alcoholism. What a harvest this destroy gathers for the grave year by year."—Voice