A NATION'S CURSE.

RAL AND PHYSICAL LOSSES.

nage Describes the Sorrows and Doom of the Drunkard.

at. "Who slew all these?"-II Kings;

se a long row of baskets coming up to

se a long row of baskets coming up to the palace of King Jehu. I am some inquisitive to find out what is in the gent of the palace. As the baskets eventy slain Princes. However, the looks upon the bleeding, ghastly sof the massacred Princes. Looking on side the gate, he cries out with a ring-suphasis: "Who slew all these?" suphasis: "Who slew all these?" shout the devastation and ruin and wabout the devastation and ruin and wabout the devastation and ruin and which strong drink has wrought in country. Statistics do not seem to mean hing. We are so hardened under these sites that the fact that fifty thousand excent the fact that fifty thousand excent the public mind. Suffice it to that intemporance has slain as inerside company of Princes—the children loofs royal family; and at the gate of y neighborhood their are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the seriety there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the seriety there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the seriety there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the slain; and at the door of the seriety there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the slain; a

question in haif a minute. The minis-et Christ who have given no warning, turts of law that have offered the licenthe nomen who give strong drink on Year's day, the fathers and mothers have run on the sideboard, the hundreds examis of Christian men and women is and who are stolid in their indifference

and who are stond in their indince since is subject—they slew all these! sepose in this discourse to tell you what skare the sorrows and the doom of the kard, so that you to whom I speak may

sine to torment, or one says: "You had better let those cts alone." Why, my brethren, we the glad to let them alone if they would il be glad to let them alone if they would a alone; but when I have in my pocket four requests saying: "Pray for my huspray for my son, pray for my brother, for my friend, who is the captive of g drink," I reply, we are ready to let question alone when it is willing to let us but when it stands blocking up the te heaven, and keeping multitudes away "Greist and heaven. I dare not be silent. Christand heaven, I dare not be silent, the Lord require their blood at my

nk the subject has been kept back much by the merriment people make those slam by strong drink. I used to ery merry over these things, baving a sense of the ludicrous. There was somevery grotesque in the gait of a drunk-it is not so now, for I saw in one of the sof Philadelphia a sight that changed hole subject to me. There was a young hole subject to me. There was a young being led home. He was very much inned—he was raving with intoxica-Two young men were leading along. The boys hooted in the men laughed, women sneered; happened to be very near the door happened to be very near the door of his er's house. I saw him go up stairs. I him shouting, hooting and blasphem-He had lost his bat, and the merrincreased with the mob until he came door, and as the door was opened his er came out. When I heard her cry took all the comedy out of the scene. or came out. When I heard her cry took all the comedy out of the scene; that time when I see a man walking in the street, reeling, the comedy is all and it is a tragedy of tears and groans hearthreaks. Never make any further content the grotesouppess of a tearthreaks. Never make any fund me about the grotesqueness of a sard. Alas for his home!

ard. Alas for his nome: first suffering of the drunkard is in as of his good name. God has so arcept through his own act. except through his own act. All the def men and all the assaults of devils at destroy a man's good name if he maintains his integrity. If a man is trious and pure and Christian, God after him. Although he may be bom-after twenty or thirty years, his integ-never lost and his good name is never led! No force on earth or in hell cel. No force on earth or in hell apture such a Gibraltar. But when it for a man, "He drinks," and it can loved, then what employer wants for workman what store wants him ric what church wants him for a who will trust him? what dying appoint him his executor? He uld appoint him his executor? en forty years in building up the forty years in building up fown Letters of utation—it goes down. Letters of sendation, the backing up of business mentation, the backing up of business a brilliant ancestry cannot save him, orld shies off. Why? It is whispered ough the community. "He drinks, he "That blasts him. When a man loses mutation for sobriety he might as well be bottom of the sea. There are men the back of the sea. have their good name as their only You are now achieving your own I under God, by your own right aw look out that there is no doubt sobriety. Do not create any susby going in and out of immoral places, any odor of your breath, or by any of your eye, or by any unnatural flush or check. You cannot afford to do it, ar good name is your only capital, and that is blasted with the reputation of

strong drink, all is gone, ther loss which the inebriate suffers is ther loss which the inebriate suffers it self respect. Just as soon as a man up and find that he is the captive of drink he feels demeaned. I do not ow reckless he acts. He may say, "I sare," he does care. He cannot look a san in the eye, unless it is with positive of resolution Three-fourth of his nature proved; his self respect gone; he say royed; his self respect gone; he says he would not otherwise say; he does he would not otherwise do. When a he would not otherwise do.

hine-tenths gone with strong drink,
thing he wants to do is to persuade you
thing he wants to. He a thing he wants to do is to persuade you e can stop any time he wants to. He is the Philistines have bound him hand of, and shorn his locks, and put out his and are making him grind in the mill of thorror. He cannot stop. I will prove e knows that his course is bringing disk and ruin upon himself. He loves him; If he could stop he would. He knows tree is bringing ruin prop his femily. If he could stop he would. He knows tree is bringing ruin upon his family, see them. He would stop if he could, hast. Perhaps he could three month; year ago; not now. Just ask him to or a month. He eannot; he knows hat, so he does not try. I had a friend or lifteen years was going down under it habit. He had large means. He had thousands of dollars to Bible societies eformatory justitutions of all sorts. thousands of dollars to Bible societies of the societies of all sorts, as very genial and very general very jovable, and whenever he talked this evil habit he would say: "I can sy time." But he kept going on, going wa, down, down. His family would I wish you would say: "Why." he was, down, down. His family would I wish you would stop." "Why," he reply, "I can stop any time if I want After a while he had delirium tremens, it twice; and yet after that he said: it stop at any time if I wanted to." dead now. What killed him? Rum! And yet among his last utterances And yet among his last utterances "I can stop at any time." He did not because he could not stop it. Oh, as a point in insbriation beyond which,

as point in insbriation beyond which, in goes, he cannot stop! of these victims said to a Christian "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't drink until to-morrow night unhad all my fingers cut off, I would Bring the hatchet and cut them w." I have a dear friend in Phila. A whose nephew came to him one day, hen he was exhorted about his evi-

habit, said: "Uncle, I can't give it up."
If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Ob, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparation of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy!"

I go further and say that the inebriate

remedy!"

I go further and sny that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days! Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that when he thinks of his dishonored yows and the now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the house hold. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that

from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and

fers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawlover his creeping limbs! What flends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh, God! oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspicone, and they sak the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you

this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die, I know it. I see it coming.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in

would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.
Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink! With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh rum! thou foe of God, thou destroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abbor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our tad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes in this lost world he will feel an in this lost world he will lee an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal live cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but In eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to miz it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds en for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw-dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what ex-citement it would make there. Put that one the tongue of the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! ahs! that

to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the ab-sence of holiness; I think it will be the ab-sence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth it self aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder." But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has

personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always falled; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show the reason of the save week. will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify; elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, uithough you feel grappling at the

roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you, by His grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's pardition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help snying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon your Beware! and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let them be spelled out to your soul: "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the linear would make you shudder, and the color of the linear would make you shudder, and the color of the linear would make you shudder, and the color of the linear would make you shudder, and the color of the linear would make you shudder, and the color of wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a baim for such a wound but what flower of comfort ever graw on the blasted heath of a comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

RELIGIOUS READING.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER. I caure' pray; yet, Lord! Thou knowed. The pain it is to me. To have my value's ruggling thoughts. Thus torn away from The

Prayer was not meant for luxury Or selfish postime sweet;
"Tis the prostrate creature's place

At his Crentor's feet. Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found But in the thought of Thee, Prayer would have come unsought and been A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord, In weak, distracted prayer; The sinner out of heart with self Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humbles, sets the soul From all illu ions free, And teaches it how utterly, Deer Lord, it hangs on Thea.

The heart that on self-sacrifice

Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment,

My Saviour, why s ould I complain, And why fear aught but sin? Distractions are but outward things, Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface troubles come and go Like rufflings of the sea; The deeper depth is out of reach To all, my God, but Thea.

THROW YOUR RAGS OVERBOARD.

When Captain Murrell of the steamship Missouri found the Danish steamer Danmark with her seven hundred passengers lying helpless in mid ocean, he was obliged to come to some decision as to what he would do in the case. His cargo filled the vessel, and he was under obligations to carry it across the Atlantic, but hundreds of human beings were in danger and in a little while ch ose between landing the cargo and saving the men; between steering straight for his pert, or turning aside to the Azores, where he could land the imperiled present could land the imperiled passengers,

He did not take long to decide, he took the responsibility, and overboard went the bales of rags, etc., to make room for living men and women and children. And then, while the owners were wondering why the Mis-souri did not arrive, he was steaming for the Az res, where he might place in safety the hundreds whom he could not undertake to carry across the Atlantic for lack of pro-

He has his reward in the love and affection of the rescued, in the approval of his em-ployers, in the praise of millions in all lands, in ovations, and testimonials from persons known and unknown, and finally in the knighthood from the king c mark. He sacrificed rags that he might save lives, and thus won honor and fame and reputation that few men would nehieve in a

iffe-time of ambitious toil.

There are multitudes today who are as busily employed as was the captain of the Missouri. They have their work to do, their voyage planned, their cargo on board; they suppose their duty is settled and their course is fixed. But souls are perishing; men and woman are suffering and dying signals of distress are seen; and the cry from Macedonia, and from every other quarter is "Come over and help us."

Shall we excuse ourselves? Shall we plead our duties, our obligations, our occupations? Shall we cling to our earthly possessions, while souls for whom Christ died are drifting helphssly on time's waves? Or shall we with prompt, vigorous and decisive action seek to rescue the perishing and save the

What shall be said of the man who counter What shall be said of the man who counter his millions aved, while souls around him have gone down in unfathemed depths? What advantage can there be in the possession of wealth, hence, fame, if with it there shall be the haunting memories of duties undone, of opportunities neglected, of souls who might have been rescued, but who have

sunk in darkness and Lath?
O. Christian, hesit I a no longer, Decido for God and for eternity; throw over the ags, and be content to let earth's cargo persh if you can bring souls home in safety to the kingdom of our God - The Christian.

TO-DAT.

Tired fathers, weary mothers, when is your happy day coming? Long since you expected it to dawn. It is not here yet, nor will it ever he so long as you do not determine that it shall be to-day. This failure to take comfort as you pass along life's pathway, but ever looking forward for all enjoyment of great in the way the real way, but ever looking towing away the real ment of good, is throwing away the real sweets of life. You may as well attempt to sweets of life. You may as well attempt to store up Summer sunshine to warm in Win-ter, or bottle moonshine for cloudy nights. The real and only true way is to find in the greent all the good God gives us. The real and only true way is to find in the great all the good God gives us. Our whole lives may be filled with joy if we are only willing to learn that in all good work there is profit, in all sorrow are some rays of sunshine, and in all care some compensation. Make the most of today and your future will grow brighter and brighter as you step into it. Let the old saying that "Man never is, but always to be, blossed" be proven false by your finding in the present all the fullness of blessing it really possesses.

There has been a decrease in immigration during the last year. The total arrivals in June were only 46,059, as compared with 68,475 a year ago. The total for the 12 months ending July 1 was 438,619, which is 101,201 less than for the preceding 12 months.

SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 18.

Lesson Text: "Saul Rejected by the Lord," I Sam. xv., 10-28-Golden Text: I Sam. xv., 23 - Commentary.

The intervening chapters between this lesson and the last one are chiefly occupied with Saul's first victories over the l'allistines, and also over the Moabites, Ammonites and Edomites; but there is a sad statement concerning Saul, and a precious one concerning Jonathan, his son, to each of which we ought to give good heed for our own profit. The first refers to Saul's foelish conduct and disobedience in the matter of the sacrifice (chapter xiii., 8-14), which brought from Samuel the message: "Now thy langdom shall not continue; the Lord hath sought Him a man after His own heart." The second is the noble conduct of Jonathan and his armor bearer and the good words: "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." We may, if we will, be men and women after God's own heart, and daily profit by the good word of Jonathan. The lesson to-day is the story of Saul's disobedience in the matter of the Amalekites.

10. "Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel." Saul's order were." "To a same the same of the Samuel." Saul's order were."

the Amalekites.

10. "Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel." Saul's orders were: "Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have" (v. 3); but he saved Agng the king alive, and spared the best of the sheep and alive, and spared the best of the sheep and the same of the saved and the same of the saved the saved to the saved the saved to oxen (v. 9). Thus, as in the matter of the sacrifice already referred to, he did what seemed right to himself, acting upon his own judgment rather than the express command of God.

"It repenteth me that I have set Saul to be king." So in verse 35 "the Lord repented that He had made Saul king over srael;" and yet in verse 29 it is written The strength of Israel will not lie or re pent, for He is not a man that He should report," Compare also Num. xxiii., 19, 18, ex. pont," Compare also Num. xxiii., 19, Pa.ex. 4. Now the question is how to reconcile these apparent contradictions, for the conthese apparent contradictions, for the con-tradiction is only seeming, not real. We must first get firm ground on which to stand, and we have it in the fact that a God of Truth (isa. lxv., 16) campt lie; and a God to whem all His works are known from the beginning of the world (Acts xv., 18) cannot possibly make a mistake or be sorry for anything He has done. Even the treatment by Hored Pilet. done. Even the treatment by Herod, Pilate, the Gentiles and Israel was only what Ged had determined before to be done (Acts iv., 27,28), but that did not lessen the guilt of Herod and theothers. God certainly knew be fore hand just how Saul would turn out, how long He would have to bear with him, and just when He would set him aside and put just when He would set him asside and put David in his place. When God, in His infinite wisdom, doing what He always knew that He would do seems to us to change His mind and do a new thing. He is said in Scripture to repent; man, on the other hand repents when he

pent; man, on the other hand repents when he actually does change his mind, and does what he had not intended before to do.

12. "Saul came to Carmel, and, behold, he set him up a place." The Hevised Version says he set up a monument. It seems to have been, like Absalom's place (H Sam. xviii., 18), a pillar rather for his own glory than the glory of God, rather to commemorate his own name than the name of Jehovah.

13. "Blessed be thou of the Lord." This was Saul's greeting when Samuel came to him; if in the previous verse we see his vanity, surely here we see hypocrisy.

14. "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep. * * and the lowing of the oxen?" All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do; and from Him who searcheth heart and veins no secrets can be hid.

15. "The people spared the best of the sheep.

be hid.

15. "The people spared the best of the sheep and of the exen, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God." Being cornered, as we say, he now puts the blafne on the people, yet seeks to justify them by saying it was for the Lord, but his heart is somewhat shown in his saying, the Lord thy God, instead of "the Lord our God." It is evident that Saul did not know the Lord; he did not understand that the Lord wants nothing that belongs to His enemies.

"Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night." Blessed Samuel who talked with God and with whom God talked, who sought only to know the mind of God and do it; when he came to die it would not be a very great change for him, for he had from his youth lived with God and served Him. Why should we not in our daily life thus walk with God, careful above all things to know what He hath said, that we may believe it and do it.

17. "When little in thine own sight, * the Lord anointed these king over Israel."

Had Saul only continued little in his own sight and sought to be great in the eyes of the Lord who had exalted him, all would have been well, but he forgot the Lord and thought more of Saul and his deeds.

"The Lord sent thee on a journey, and said, Go, and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites." Saul was not required to give his opinion, or make any suggestions, but only to do as he was told.

"Thou didst not obey the voice of the Lord, * * * but didst evil in the sight of the Lord, * 1 t seems hard for some people to realize that God sees all their actions, and even the motives for their actions, and notices all things; yet **x** is written that "The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pendereth all his goings;" and again: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." (Prov. v.,

21; xv., 3.)

10. "Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord and have gone the way which the Lord sent me." Still justifying himself, and re-fusing to humble himself before God, making out that Samuel was wrong and that God was mistaken, and that he alone was right; insisting that his view of the case was the correct one, and that in doing as he did he had indeed obeyed God. The time has not

had indeed obeyed God. The time has not gone by when people pervert the words of the Lord (Jer. xxiii., 36) and yet insist that they are right. Saul had to learn that God meant just what He said.

21. "The people took of the spoil, * * * things which should have been utterly destroyed." It is sometimes easier to see the sins of others than to see our own. He had previously said that it was the people who spared the best of the sheep and oxen, but that they had spared them for a good end, making the end to justify the deed; now he confesses that the deed on the people's part was wrong and that sheep and oxen should have been utterly destroyed. His eyes are opening out very slowly; he sees now the have been utterly destroyed. His eyes are opening out very slowly; he sees now the people's sin, but not his own. After the piercing words of the next two verses, which close our lesson, he sees his own sin and confesses it, but still pleading, an an extenuation of his guilt, that he did it because he feared the people and obeyed their voice. That he was not a truly humbled and penitont man away then is evident from years 30 where he was not a truly amblied and pointent man even then is evident from verse 30, where he begs Samuel to turn and honor him before the people. Where there is true brokenness of spirit, there is no honoring but rather a loathing of self (Job xlii., 6), and the eyes and heart are directed to God and not to the people.

people. 22. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." In Jer. vii., 21-23, it is written that when God brought them out of Egypt He did not talk

trought them out of Egypt He did not talk to them of burnt offerings or sacrifices, but of obedience; and in the same prophecy the Lord complains of them at least fifteen times that they obeyed not. The two words, ebey and hearken, in this verse signify, to hear and give head to.

23. "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." By this rejecting the word of the Lord, he had proved himself guilty of rebellion and stubbornness, or willfulness, and had thus lost the kingdom. There is nothing standing in the way of the salvation of any sinner who has heard of the love of Christ but his own will.—Lesson Helper.

There are 13,247 policemen in London

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE SHALL WIN. Must we call delay defeat, Shall our gallant band retreat, From a hard-won field? Never! for our cause is right: And though long the bitter fight Wrong at last must yield.

Slowly—as the tide come in— We se gaining—through the din Timid souls may shake; Far above the bandle's roar Cries and groans rise evermore-"Help! for love's dear sake."

Pause—to clear the smoke-dimined eyes;
Pause—then as the arrow flies,
Swiftly charge the foe,
Push the war for hearth and home;
Make no compromise with rum;
Forward! forward, go.
—Harriet N. Swanwick, in the Voice.

Pause-to clear the smoke-dimmed eyes;

DRUNKENNESS AND DRUNKARD-MAKING. Commenting upon the new Minnesota law declaring drunkenness a crime, the Cumberland Presbyterian says:

The Legislature of Minnesota has passed a

The Legislature of Minnesota has passed a law declaring drunkenness a crime, and imposing a fine or imprisonment for the first two offenses, and for every subsequent offense imprisonment for not less than sixty nor more than ninety days. This is a very good law as far as it goes. It should be accompanied by a law making it a crime to sell intexicants, and then legislation on the subject of intemperance would be complete in Minnesota, but, strange to say, Minnesota makes the liquor traffic a virtue and liquor-drinking a crime. The sale and manufacture of intexicants in the State are legalized, and drunkenness is punished as a felony. Certainly a law that permits a man to sell intexicants also permits the buyer to use them. All experience goes to prove that moderate drinking leads to drunkenness, and that nothing else can. Now, if a man be indulged by the law in forming a habit that makes him a drunkard it looks inconsistent to punish him for it. But the Minnesota law is but another exhibition of the folly of trying to deal with intemperance in any but a radical way. The drunkard should be treated as a felon, and the drunkard-maker as his accomplice. When a man is found drunk that ought to be all the evidence required for his punishment, but the investigation should not stop until his accomplice is found and punished for putting

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The criminal statistics of prohibition Iowa for 1887 report just one vagrant.

converts to the cause. 117 counties redeemed from whisky, that only twenty are left where it is still tolerated, and that during the next twelve months they

propose to put legs under the demijohns and run them out of these counties also. Before the bar of an enlightened conscience and the tribunal of God, every other sin will

pale into insignificance beside the awful crime of forcing upon the helpless child a marred and tainted inheritance of blood and brain and nerve, mortgaging the future for the base, ignoble indulgence of the present. Racine (Wis.) saloons were closed by law on the 8th of July. Anticipating this, Mil-waukee breweries got up a free steamboat excursion to the "city of beer," conditioning the free ride upon the purchase of fifty cents"

worth of beer tickets good in any Milwaukee saloon. Another illustration of what saloon-lsts will do to destroy their fellow men. The "Hundred Dollar Band" is a new invention for raising money for the temperance temple, to be erected in Chicago. It is to consist of a thousand white ribboners who consist of a thousand white ribboners who pledge to give \$100 each to the building fund within two years. Many ladies have already joined this band. A similar hundred dollar band, to be composed of a thousand men, has also been started.

A monster petition in favor of Sunday closing of saloons was received at the House of Commons recently from the Salvation Army. The roll, signed by 436,500 persons, was borne through the streets of London to the House, drawn by four horses, and pre-ceded by a band in the army uniform. The united efforts of six men were required to carry the roll into the cloak-room

"So certain are the criminal effects of the licensed drinks of the saloon and bar-room composition; while it would not require the inicroscope to discover the monad cells of every sin incident to fallen man in the foam of the beer mug or the dregs of the wine cup." So says Hon. A. B. Richmond in the cup." So says Chautauquan.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A wealthy man was in want of a male servant and heard of a Chinaman who was said to possess many desirable qualities. The Cul-

estial was sout for necordingly.
"You smoke?" asked the geutleman. No, me no smoisoe!

"You drink?"

"No, me no dlinkes?"
"You gamble?"

"No, me no gamblee"
"Then you're just the man I want," was the Prompt answer.

A few nights later the master of the house gave an elegant supper for a party of gentle-men. Wine flowed in rivers, betting ran high

at cards, and eight smoke as deme as a Lon-don fog shrouded everything in the rooms. The Chimman made the supper table a marvel of beauty, and waited to a charm. When the next morning came, however, the

gentleman found no preparation for break Drunk, the scoundrel, I've no doubt!" he said as he steered his way out to the rear quarters, expecting to encounter the pros-trate body of the Chinaman. No, there in kitchen sat the Celestial sober as a

iudge.
"Why haven't you got breakfast"
"Me no stayee here!" was the answer.
"Don't I pay you high wages enough?"

"Yessee; but you askee me I smokee! and I say I no smokee; I dlinkee! and I say I no dlinkee; I gamblee! and I say I no gamblee; and you smokee, dlinkee and gamblee, all tree. I no stayee here!"—Boston Herald.

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES. Statistics, says Dr. Oswald, have fully established the fact that the percentage of idiocy bears a close proportion to the prevalence of intemperance. Before the Parlia-ment Committee on the amendment of the liquor laws Dr. Charles Anstie testified that "the tendency of drink begets hereditary dis-orders of the brain. When both parents have been intemporate, I think it is a physical certainty that such disorders will be traced in the children. I have no doubt that many persons who were fond of their bottle, though never drunk, in the old port-wine drinking period have transmitted very un-

stable nervous systems to their children."

It would indeed be a mistake to suppose that the ruinous effects of the alcohol vice are confined to habitual intemperance in its gros-ser forms. Small beer as well as lager beer, wine as well as brandy and rum, tend to im-pair the functional vigor of every organ of the human system; and the time is near when no intelligent moralist will venture to deny a truth tacitly or openly admitted by the ablest physicians of the nineteenth century, viz., that the alcohol habit, in all its forms, and in every stage of its development, is a health-destroying and mind-degrading vice.

ITS DESTRUCTION INEVITABLE.

The saloon seems to have tightened its grip on some communities of late, but this fact on some communities of late, but this fact should cause no despair, nor even discouragement. The saloon is such an indescribable breeder of sin and sorrow that advancing civilization will just as certainly destroy it as spring sunshine melts ice. It is an intolerable nuisance, and must disappear. Despair on this subject implies belief in the persistent existence of the worst justifution in the civilized world.—Western Christian Advocate.

A Painting That Cost \$110,000 Coming to America.

The American public, says the Chicago Heraid, will soon have the pleasure of seeing a masterpiece of modern art. Jean Francois Millet's wonderful painting, "The Angelus," for the possession of which much desperate effort was made on behalf of the French Government, has been secured by the American Art Association, and will be exhibited throughout this country. At the Secretan sale in Paris, Monday, July 1, M. Proust, who bid the Government, offered \$110,600 for the painting, and it was knocked down to him as the representative of the Louvre. The fact appeared that Mr. Proust did not have anything like the amount he offered, and when Challonier, the auctioneer, asked for the money it was wot



AN OUTLINE OF THE CANGELUS." forthcoming. The men who in Gallie exaltation, when the picture was put on sale the second time, subscribed hundreds of thousands of francs, were not to be

Challonier then sent for Mr. Suttoe, of the American Art Association, and asked him to take the picture at his bid of \$110,400. Sutton had advertised his willingness to give \$10,000 to the poor of Paris if allowed to take the "Angelus" at the figure at which it was bid off for the Louvre, and his delight knew no bounds when told of the new turn of affairs. Before he could get to Challonier with a certified cheek high officers of the Government had induced the auctioneer Six prohibition tents, well equipped with able speakers, are sturdily marching over the prairies of South Dakota, making many and in the meantime Baron Rothschild had been induced to give his check for Sam Jones says that Georgia has already the entire amount on behalf of the Government. Believing he had no further show to buy the picture, Mr. Sutton decided to apply to the French Government for permission to exhibit the picture in New York next autumn, and, as an inducement intended to offer to make over half the proceeds to Millet's widow, who is now living in extreme poverty in Barsizon. However, the cables announced that M. Proust had written a letter in which he announced the withdrawal of the request of the Chamber of Deputies for a credit for the purchase of the painting. The cable also announced that Mr. Sutton had secured the famous painting, which will be exhibited in the American Art Gallery in New York after it has been shown in Paris for the benefit of the painter's widow.

Jean Francois Millet, the "painter of easants," was born October 14, 1814, in he village of Gruchy, commune of Greville, canton of Beaumont (Manche), France. With the exception of his last years, when his genius had been recognized and he received many orders for paintings, his life was one long struggle with sickness, disappointment and sorrow. He died January 20, 1875.

So little were Millet's works esteemed during his lifetime that for the "Angelus," his greatest production, he received only 2000 francs, or \$400. Of this masthat a chemist in analyzing them should not be surprised to detect crime in a crystalline form, existing as an original element in their line in 1882, said: "The religious sentiing in 1882, said: "The religious sentiment which pervaded Millet's paintings from the time he first began to follow his true vocation attains its highest expressions in the 'Angelus,' It is that moment of the day when the whole creution is one in adoration. The sun has just passed away, and the purple afterglow suffuses all things. A man and a woman have been digging up potatoes; the sound of the angelus floating through the air has just reached them; they have risen and are repeating the traditional words: 'Angelus domini muntiavit maria.' The man stands selemn and motionless; the woman, her head bent, is wrapt in prayer. This painting, to our conception, exceeds in feeling anything the mediaeval artists produced."

> The Chinese Laundryman Utilizes His duene.



It is not generally known that a newsaper in classical Latin is publi-hed forthightly in Italy. Its editor is Cario Arriggo Ulrichs, a young scholar of Italian parentage on one side and of German parentage on the other, and he has the assistance of several learned contributors in both nations. It is full of anecdotes, jokes and verses in classical dress. The only thing as yet wanting to its present consistency is the translation of the advertisements into the tongue of Cicere.

A Bad Drawing.