THE SAVING LOOK.

AGLIMPSE BEYOND THE GATES

The Se mon Which the Rev. Dr. Talmage Intended to Preach.

TEXT: "Looking unto Jesus,"-Hebrews

TEXT: "Looking unto Jesus."—Hebrews 111. 2.

In the Christian life we must not go slipshed. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldiers' uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furbough and they are honestly and righteously off duty, but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be o.7 duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the existements of the old Roman and Grecian games—those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the as that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but 'run the race set before looking unto Jesus," and just as in the of the read with a beautiful garland that was of the road with a benututu garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by His holy spirit we may so run

distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive appara-tus, but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my and he said to the inquirers; "That is all my interatory. I make all my experiments with thee." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all theusand things; but I have to say that an my theology is compassed in these three words: -Locking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and ensity of that passage we can under-

shand all.
I remark in the first place, we must look to
Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you
know as well as 1, that man is only a blasted
rain of what he once was. There is not so rule of what he conce was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the dock crowded with good cheer, and the guns beaming, and that same vessel driv-ing against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the breken up steamer, as there is be-tween man as he came from the hands of flod equipped for a grand and glori-ous voyage, 'but afterward, through out voyage, 'but afterward, through the priotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future own with the fragments of an awful and mal shipwreek. Our body is wrong, How saly it is ransacked of disease. Our mind wrong. How hard it is to remember, and ow easily to forget. The whole nature dised from the crown of the head to the ole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying ero. "All have sinued and come short of the ry of God. "By one man sin entered the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all non for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," r the simple reason that it is so poisonous it ills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it es along. When it has come to the tip end the branch the tree is dead. Its seed fall to the ground and start other plants just as

so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago and it comes winding about the bedy and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning, billing, killing sait goes. Now, there would be no need of liscoursing upon this if there were no of placking out that plant. It is a most siderate thing for me to come to a man o is in financial trouble and enlarge upon trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in francial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enement to offer or a sure cure to propose, sed be God that among the mountains of sur on there rolls and reverbrates a song of alvation. Louder than all the voices of mdage is the trumpet of God's deliverance noting is the trumpet of God's deliverance, making. "Oh, brasel, thou hast destroyed realf, but in Me is thy help." At the real gates of our dangeon, the conqueror seks and the hinges creak and grind at swinging open. The famine struck pick the manna that falls in the wilderness. the floods clap their hands saying: ink, oh thirsty soul, and live for-, and the feet that were torn and cut on the rocky bridle path of ome into a smooth place, and the index crackle as the panting hart through to the water brooks, he dark night of the soul begins grow gray with the morning, yea to to flame, from horizon to batteries of temptation sil-Troubles that fought against us al and made to fight on our side. Not result of any toil or trouble on our but only as a result of "Looking unto ""But what do you mean by Look-nto Jesus" some one inquires. I mean "What do you mean by faith?" I believing. "What do you mean by ying?" I mean this: If you promise to ring I mean this: If you promise to ortain thing for me, and I have con-se in your veracity—if you say you will me such a thing and I need it very I come in confidence that you are an man and will do what you say. Now, rd Jesus Christ says: "You are in ord Jesus Christ says: sardon and life and heaven, you can them if you come and get them." say: "I can't come and ask first, airaid You won't give it to me." you are unbelieving. But you say: "I one and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, art in earnest about this matter. I asking for pardon. Thou hast promogive it to me, Thou wilt give it to me, last given it to me." That is faith, it see it yet? "Oh," says some one. "I understand it." No man ever did, at divine help. Faith is the gift of You say: "That throws the responsioff my shoulders." No, Faith is the food, but it comes in answer to prayer. can't come and ask first.

over glorious is my Lord must be loved and yet adored; worth if all the nations knew, to the whole earth would love film, to mark again, that we must look to Jesus

xample. Now, a mere copyist, you salways a failure. If a painter go to is always a tailure. If a painter go to folio or a gallery of art, however extent of the natural world these pictures, he will not succeed as as the artist who starts out and dashes as the artist who starts out and dashes dev from the grass and sees the morning as Got built it in the clouds, or poured it in the mountain, or kindled it upon the People wondered why Turner, the ons English painter, succeeded so in sketching a storm upon the in the found out that several times he had been ed to the deck in the midst of a tempest then looked out upon the wrath of the and coming home to his studio, he picil the tempest. It is not the convist who well had the property of the tempest. It is not the convist who well had the converted to the deck in the converted to the deck in the midst of a tempest. and coming home to his studio, he pical the tempest. It is not the copyist who seek, but the man who confronts the rai world. So if a man in literary comion resolves that he will imitate the pthness of Addison, or the rugged vigor ariyle, or the weiredness of Spenser, or pigramatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerhe will not succeed as well as

that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowner, spirit. the poet, a giorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of his virtues.

There never was but one Being fit to copy. A few centuries ago He came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people He was a perfect model. Among fishermen. He showed how fishermen should act. Among taxgataerers, its showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers He showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers He showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, He showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in His conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inacculate; but they never found it. They watched Him, oh how they watched Him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew There never was but one Being fit to copy. into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long He stayed, and when He came out, and whether He had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch Him. Little children rushed out to get from Him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see Him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold Him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see His path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see Him abused want an example of patience, see Him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see Him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at His life of self denial, His death of ignominy, His sepulcher of humiliation. Oh what an example! His feet wounded, yet He submitted to the journey. His back facerated, and yet He carried the cross. Struck, He never struck back sgain. Condomned, yet he rose higher than His calumniators, and with wounds in His hand and wounds in His side, He ejaculated: "Father forgive

in His side, He ejaculated: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set ur compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transformation and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with

Jesus and has learned of Him."

Alexander was going along with his army Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The seldiers said: "If he can do that we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from His glory, and through all ley obstacles hows a path for Himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow Me! I do not ask you to go through any suffering, or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow Me!"

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not want sym-pathy? I do not know how any one can live without sympathy. There are those, how-ever, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work, How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the house-hold they fragital the state of the conan empty crits. One voice less in the house-hold. One fountain less of joy and laughter, Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the They plunged to their chin in the of despend and had no one to lift dough them. In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Euroclydon.

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a barbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand and soul. I come on no fool's errand to-day. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over the mount. Lazarus? Oh. yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your ains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is not one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto Mee all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd loads the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it onen at the

rus and will gloriously break it open at the right time, Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has been roboud of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an authem, a battle march, a jubilee, cant, an authem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Carist's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my Ged!" He said to himself, "if most help that himself: "I must help that man though I can't walk."

can't walk."

So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out toward an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all one that he can be so it is with Christ, though wounded all over Himself, He hears the cry of our percentage. the cry of our bereayrepentance, the cry of our bereav-ment, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and He says: "I must go and help that soul," and He rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet, toward us until He comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and He puts His arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm, and it is a wounded hand—and as He throws His arm over us I hear Him "I have loved thee with an everlast

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic Ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that yer. contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth which dure. These shallow streams of a mule's a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the

throne, on the banks of which river the ar-mics of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches.

flood the trees of life dip their branches.

These instruments of earthly music, so ensily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with ciernal raptures, and the trumpets that are so rousical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and wee, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and of precious stones, the light intersnot with re-flections from jasper and ehrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and bevyl and enerald and chrysoprasus.

Oh, the contrast between this world, where

Ob, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little blind child: "Mamma will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven." No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the bee cally gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says: "Wear this," and with a palm and says: "Wave this," and points to a throne and says: "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived and tall fells of the green the sew of the newly arrived would tall fells of the green the newly arrived and tall fells of the green the newly arrived and tall fells of the green the newly arrived and tall fells of the green the newly arrived

to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying: "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

DR. TALMAGE'S APPEAU FOR AID On the morning of the day on which the foregoing sermon was to have been delivered by Dr. Talmage, his church, the Brooklyn Tabernacie, was completely destroyed by fire. Dr. Talmage has issued the following appeal for aid to all his friends throughout hristendom: To the Prople:

Christendom:

To the Prople:

By a sudden calamity we are without a church. The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never contined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appearaments for the psople who come. We want to build something worthy of our city and worthy of the cause of God. We want \$100,000, which, added to the insurance, will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christondom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance.

Lask all readers of my sermons in the world over to comminate as far as their means will

over to community as far as their means will allow. What we do as a Church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here, but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in His hand appear for our deligations.

Response to this appeal to the people may
Response to this appeal to the people may
be sent to me. "Brooklyn, N.Y." and I will,
with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt
thereof T. De Witt Talmacs.

TEMPERANCE.

THE SUNDAY HALLWAY DOOR. "Whither leadeth youder doorway?" "Whither leadeth yonder doorway?"
Quoth the stranger on his way—
"Twas the corner liquor storeway
On the quiet Sabbath day.
He was answered, "I will show you,
If you've not been there before,
They'll be glad within to know you—
"The the Sanday ballway door."

'Tis the Sunday hallway door To a den where drunkards wallowed, In the fumy, sickening air, te the guide obliging followed. Prudence whispering, "Beware !" At the bar, though young the morning, Drinkers down the rundid pour, Law and Christian duty scorning, Hidden by the hallway door.

In a corner senseless lying Slept the father of a brood; At his home were voices crying For the luxury of food. Did he think of them at waking? Not a bit; he drank the more, Till they threw him, limp and shaking, From the Sunday halfway door.

Still the rattle of the glasses, Still the riot of the brains; No one heads how swift time passer. While the demon cup he drains. While the demon cup he drains.

Shouts and laughter idiotic,
Ribald curses by the score!

Go and see King Rum despotic,
Through the Sunday hallway door!

Taul Jassett, in New York News.

HE HAS BEEN A LIFELONG TEETOTALER. John Burns, the executive head of the great London strike, appears to be a man of decided ability. Personally he is a socialist, but he does not seem to have been swayed by his peculiar views in his management of the bis peculiar views in his management of the strike. He was always cool, earnest and active. He had to deal with unorganized forces of men scattered inconveniently over a wide area. On some days he made over thirty speeches, and had to visit as many points of the metropolis. Burns is self-edu-cated, and his neatly furnished house has a large library of books, chiefly on political economy and works of reference. He has been a lifelong tectotaler and non-smoker.— Frank Leslie's.

TRMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The retail liquor traffic is now prohibited in seventy-nine municipalities of the provines of Manitoba.

In one year the police of St. Petersburg arrested 47,000 persons for drunkenness, and 100 dted from inebriety.

The profits earned by the browers Guin-tess & Co., Dublin, last year amounted to the enormous sum of \$3,954,630. The reason that some men can't make both

ands meet is because they are too busily enraged in making one end drink. In a year the people of London drink 200,-300,000 quarts of beer, and consume 500,000 xen, 2,000,000 sheep, 200,000 calves, and 300,-

The National Coffee-Tavern Association held its annual conference lately at Peters-borough, England. The Dutchess of Rutland was present, and spoke hopefully of the movement.

Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, in let-ters to the Duke of Westminster, promises at the coming conference on the slave trade in Africa to take measures to repress the liquor traffic among the natives. Cardinal Manning, at eighty-two, at a re-cent meeting in London of the depositors of the South-Eastern and Metropolitan Railway Savings Bank, made an impressive plea for temperance on the part of railway men.

The Belgian Government have appointed a commission of inquiry on the condition of the working classes. A workingman has pointed out to the commission that drink is the main cause of the miserable condition of

his class in Belgium. Statistics show that the consumption of alcohol in France doubled between 1875 and 1885. No wonder the Anti-Alcohol Con-gress resolved that the Government; of the world "ought to place prohibitive duties" on this persistent poison.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY OCT. 20

David's Thanksgiving Prayer." 11 Sam, vil. 13-29-Golden Text: 1 Thess, v. 18-Notes

18. "Then went King David in, aud sat be-fore the Lord." The word "then" takes us back to the first verses of this chapter, where we read that the Lord having given David rest round about from all his enemies, his thoughts turn to the Ark of God dwelling thoughts turn to the Ark of God dwelling within curtains, while he dwells in a house of cedar, and the prophet Nathan encourages him in his purpose to build an house for the Ark; this leads to a message from the Lord to David, in which he is told that not he but his son shall build the house and that through this son David's house and kingdom and throne shall be established (k. V., made sures forwer. So, with the assurance from feed forever. So, with the assurance from God of a wonderful Son and an eternal kingdom, he sits before the Lord and says, "Who am I, O Lord God' and what is ray house that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" When Moses said, "Who am Is" (Ex. iii., 11) God's answer to him was, "Certainly I will be with thee." When Gideon said, "Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israels" the Lord's answer to him was "Surely I will be with thee" iJudg. vi., 15). If we would be used of God and made a blessing to others, it can only be by remem-bering that we are nothing and God is every-thing, and that our highest place is lying low at our Redeemer's feet, a broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's use made meet.

19. "Thou hast spoken also of thy servants' house for a great while to come." Not only was David amazed at the past goodness of God to him in taking him from the sheep-cote and from following the sheep to be the ruler over God's people Israel iv, viin, but he was overwhelmed by the revelation now made to him of the future glory and stability

of his house and kingdom.

29. "And what can David say more unto Thee? for Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant." Imasmuch as God knew all about David before ever He began to lead him out, he felt that there was nothing more for him

to say, 21, "For Thy Word's sake, and according 21, "For Thy Word's sake, and according these 21. For thy Word's sake, and according to Thine own heart, has Thou done all these great things to make Thy servant know them." In Esckiel xxxvi., 22-32, speaking of this very kingdom when Israel shall be restored and cleansed from all their sins, the Lord and cleaned from an their sins, the Lord says that He will do it, not for their sakes, but for His Holy Name's sake. When we remember that one of the precious names of Jesus, Son of David, is "The Word of God" (John L. 1; Rev. xix., 13), then we un-derstand that "for Jesus's sake". He will accomplish all things concerning his elect church, and his elect nation Israel, "according to the eternal purpose which He purpo in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii., 11.) like Thy people, even like Israel, * ° ° which Thou redeemedst to Thee from Egypt,

n Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii., 11.) 23, "And what one nation in the earth is from the nations and their gods." Israel alone of all the nations was thus homored of God, and surely He had a right to expect from them great things in the way of obedi-ence, in return for the great things which He had done for them. The church of Christ, composed of believers gathered out of all nations, has been redeemed by His pracious blood that she may make Him a name on this earth; and He has a right to expect from every one thus redeemed a hely life and a whole hearted devotion to Himself in His present great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature.
24. Thou has confirmed to Taysoff Thy

24. "Then has confirmed to Tilysoff Thy people Israel, to be a people unto Thee forever, and thou Lord art become their God."
"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever" (Eccl. iii., 14). The sun, moon and stars as we look upon them in the heavens are a sign to us that Israel shall never cease to be a nation before God; and that He will never fully east them away, notwithstanding all that they have done; but will restore them to their own land, pour out His spirit upon them and make them a blessing in the midst of the earth, getting them praise and fame in every land where they

ing in the initist of the earth, getting them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame.

25. "And now, O Lord God, ** * do as Thou hast said." David follows up his heartfelt thanksgiving by placing himself entirely in the will of God and at His disposal; like Mary when she said: "Beheld the handmail of the Lord by it unto preserving to The of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." (Luke 1., 38.) It is not for us to wonder how God can or will do as He has prom-

der how God can or will do as He has promised, but in quietness and confidence to say; "Hath He said and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken and shall He not make it goed?" (Num. xxiii., 19.)

26. "And let Thy name be magnified for ever." David seeks not his own glory nor the glory of Israel, but that through him or his house or his people the name of Jehovah may be magnified. We can by the Holy Spirithal enabled to pray truly that Christ may be magnified in our body whether by life or death

magnified in our body whether by life or death (Phil. i., 20). 27. "For Thou, O Lord of Hosts, God of Israel, hast revealed to Thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house," and therefore David prayed this prayer. This is the right thing to do with all the revelations which God mat s to us in His word concerning His great goodness toward us, and His purposes not yet fulfilled; just receive them gratefully, eat them joyfully, and pray for them with expectation. "And now, O Lord God. Thou art that

God, and Thy words be true, and Thou hast promised this goodness unto Thy servant." He here acknowledges that he firmly helieves that all God's words are true, and he simply plends His promises. This is what we need to-day on the part of Christians; to lay hold of God's promises and plead them with the same confidence with which we would present a check at the bank for payment, but as the check will not be paid until we endorse it, so we need not expect a promise to be fulfilled till we endorse it—that is, write our own name upon it as if it meant us individually.

29. "Thou, O Lord hast spoken it; and with Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed forever." "Satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord" (Deut. xxxiii, 23), who can estimate it? "A blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive" (Mal. iii, 10), why should we not have it? Only let us fulfill the conditions of this last one and it will surely come in His time; and as to the blessings of Matt. v., notice the conditions and fulfill them. wish that space permitted me to notice the titles of God in this lesson; let me just mention them, and may some student out and feed upon them. Jehovah, by itself, twice; Jehovah Elohim, twice; Jehovah Elohim, twice; Jehovah Elohim, by itself, six times; the name of God eighteen times in this lesson under five different titles and each full of significance.

THE DRINK DEMON.

Lesson Helper.

In New York the other day, John Lynch, a cobbler, wound up a series of drunker quarrels with his wife by shooting her fatally with a pistol, and he is now in jail. Until a few months ago they lived happily together, he industriously working at his trade and she taking care of their humble home and their taking care of their humble home and their tiree little children. But she took to drink three-little children. But she took to drink and he imitated her example, frequent quarrels following. Result, wife-murder, the scaffold or a dungeon in the prospective, and orphaned children. Isn't this a terrible picture? It would be if it were not so common it happens every day. What can be done to check the evil drink? It is the gravest question that this country has to deal with now What can break this awful bondage? There is hardly a corner in Now York that hasn't its saloon, and they are mainly supported by its saloon, and they are mainly supported by the wages of the poor. Wips them out. the wages of the Texas Siftings.

One of the strongest temperance men in England is Mr. William Beckett, who is the originator of a superior class of non-alcoholic drinks. These, together with the famous London "coffee-houses," have done much to forward the cause of total abstinence in the

GOD'S WAY OF ANSWERING PRAYER. To Thee, O, biess d Christ we pray D.y after day, day after day; That Then the right w uldst surely speed. The maked clothe, the hungry feed, The sinner save, the lost reclaim.

Tid all shall praise Thy holy name And then we, thoughtless, go our way. Day a ter day, day after day; The sorrowful, the weak, the poor, They cross our patas, they pass our door; The erring ones, those plunged in sin; Do we do ought to bless, or win?

And yet we faithles, wonder why God doss not hear our daily ery. He only hears and answers prayer, When willingly we do our share. Then let us work as well as pray,

Day after day, day after day,
—Julia D. Peck in Golden Rule.

AN HOUR WITH HORATTES BOXAR. Dr. Bonar tenderly loved children, and wrote sweet hymns for them. How keenly those in Edinburgh will feel his loss! Being in that city a few years since it was my good fortune to bear him address an assem-bly of Sunday school children, and, before he entered the pulpit, sing with them some of his children songs. When he went up the long pulpit stairs, the children caught the inspiration of his presence, and rang with new strength and impressiveness. As has been said, his personal appearance and bear-ing reminded one of his hymns—"tender, sweet and tranquil"

His long white hair made him look venera-le, but he had no other mark of old age. His prayer was as simple as a child. His voice was low, quiet and persuasive. It had a decided Scotch accent, but was clear and pleasing. His whole manner was suggestive

Calm me my God, and keep me calm; Let Thine outstretched wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert spring.

He leaned over the high pulpit and speks He leaved over the high pulpit and speke for nearly an hour, in a quiet manner, yet with a magnetic power that riveted overy eye. The children looked steadily in his face, The address fastened itself upon my mind. He read with the children the first part of the third chapter of John. His manner of reading the Scriptures with them manner of reading the Scriptures with them was to me novel as well as interesting, though I judge it to be a Scottish custom. He rend: "There was a man of the Pharisees named"—here he paused, and the children responded, "Nicodemus," "The same came to Jesus by"—"night," responded the children. So, through the reading, the children read the word at which he paused. The hermony and reconstructions with the second second. The harmony and promptness required, and the fact that they did not know the word at which he would stop, made the strictest at-tention necessary on their part. Occasionally he would say, very kindly, "Be careful,

The reading over, he speke of the two questions which Meadenns asked Jesus. The first was one of curiosity: How can a man be born when he is old? The second, one of the born when he is old? The second, one of intense personal interest: "How can these things be?" as if he had asked, "How can I be born again?" He then, in a most interesting manner, told the story of the lifting up of the brazen serpent, and portrayed vivilly the scene of the suffering Israelites. He described a painting illustrating that scene; where some were turning their books, of the where some were turning their backs to the brazen serpent, though sorely bitten, others were employing physicians to heal them, while others were hinding up their own wounds, and a few were obeying the com-mends of Meses to lock to the only source of help. Then he went on: "Must that old help. Then he went on: "Most that old man look? Yes. Must that young man look? Yes. And that young woman? Yes. Must that boy look, and that girl? Yes. Must that boy look, and that girl? Yes. Must that mother, carrying her poor little smitten boy in her arms, turn his face so that he can look? Yes. If we long must they look—a year? No. A menth? No. A day? No. not a day. An hour? Not an hour. A minute? I har ily think it. Only just a look, and in a moment they will be healed." I shall not attempt to tell how he showed

to the children that: There's life for a look at the crucified One. It needs the tender persuasive tones of that voice now hushed, the large, soft dark eyes, now closed, to give the emphysis. This was a memerable Sabbath evening bour to the three Americans who were present. ould not seem out of place in that ch Praise Him above, ve heavenly host,

we are singing here, and now he is respond-ing there. Where is the Christian heart he has not helped, and to whom has he not endeared himself?-The Congregationalist.

PARADONES OF LIFE,

The hand that beckens us to glory waves or out of impenetrable clouds. We walk in as out of impenetrable clouds. We walk in a way that we know not. We labor for our Moster, but never know beforehand which whall pro par, whether this or that. We lay wise plans, and they miscarry. We commit gross blanders, and they miscarry. We commit gross blanders, and they are overruled for good. We run towards the light, and it goes out in darkness. We sink shivering in the darkness, and find it light. We pray for joys, and they mildew into griefs. We accept the griefs, and they blossom into joys. Today the apple turns to ashes, and temperow the stones to bread. We exuit in some prosperity, and get leanness with it. We murmur at some adversity, and find it big with blossings. We run toward open doors and dash our herds against a granite wall. We move against against a granite wall. We move against the will at the call of duty, and it opens to let us through. The lines of our lives pre-all in God's hands. What shell befall us we can not know. What is expedient we cannot tell. Only this we know, that God would shape us to Himself, whether it be by the discipline of joy or the discipline of serrow. To make us perfect as He is perfect, this is the choice of our Heavenly Father, this the end of all His revelations; while everything not helpful to this He hides away out of sight.—Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcork.

ENCOURAGING BOYS TO DRINK.

Cases which occasionally come before the police court in this city, of boys of tender years arrested for disorderly conduct while under the influence of liquor are settled by the imposition of fines on the young culprits. This is far from an adequate treatment of such matters, however. The boys could hardly have got their figure except through an older person, who ought to be found out and prose-cuted to the full extent of the law. There are a class of dealers who will pander to the appetites of youth and take the risk. They usually know the boys, and have a grip of some kind upon their parents or guardians which is a practical assurance against prose-cution. But it seems as if some means ought to be found for drawing out of the offending lad, or his elders, or a witness to the transac-tion, the necessary evidence to sustain a prosecution. In legal cases where a mere money liability is concerned, testimony is not so hard to find when earnestly looked for, and to check the demoralization which is wrought by spreading the liquor habit among minors is worth infinitely more trouble than the settlement of any dispute over dollars and cents.—Washington Star.

A WARNING NOTE FROM INDIA. The Indian Messenger of Calcutta sounds

a warning note of exhortation as follows:
"We entreat the Government of India to
put a total stop to the liquor traffic in this
land before the liquor men can have such
large majorities on their side here as they
have in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island.
The country is far from wholesale corruption
even yet. Let the rotten limb be cut off ere
the disease spreads through the whole body."

A novel feature of the congress to be held by the National Temperance League, at Bir-mingham, England, will be three public evening meetings to be addressed respec-tively by testotal medical men, testotal Mayors and testotal members of ParliaThe Dove Orchid.

The family of orchids, says the Prairie Farmer, are noted for their fantasticshaped flowers, representing faithfully, a butterfly, bee, lizzard, frog, swan, slipper, tiger's head, besides numbers that for all the world look like some living insect, Among them all there is none more conspicuous than a flower of the above plant in appearance like a white dove. illustration, reproduced from Gardening Illustrated, will give and excellent idea of its appearance. It is called by botanists, Peristeria elsta, and is to be found about the regions of the Isthmus of Panama, growing in a climate where the thermometer ranges from seventy-five to ninety-five degrees, in a dense atmosphere, being really what we would call here a swamp plant. Hence it can only be successfully grown, where a similar atmospheric condition can be given, at least in the growing season. The natural period of rest is through November, December and January, when the miny season commences, and the growth begins, the flower-stem elongates, and, along about this time of the year the flower expands.

The dove plant is a terrestrial orchid, growing out of the ground among old



ELATA. - DOVE ORCHIE PERISTERIA PLOWERS.

roots, stems and the like. Hence it does better potted, than on blocks of wood.

The plant is often flowered by the orchid growers, and never fails to interest, especially the ladies. It is sometimes called the Holy Ghost plant, which was given like the passion flower, by the early Spanish Catholic priests -ever or the alert for any phenomena to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin-early bowed down; and they named it "Flor del Espirito Santo," or the flower of the Holy-Ghost.

A writer in Harper's, many years ago,

thus pactically describes its beauties:

«Very beautiful too, were some of the flowers, among which were some of that rare variety of the orehid family known as the Espirito Santo. Its blossom, which is of an abstaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and a perfume not unlike the magnella; but it is neither for its beauty of shape, its purity. nor its fragrance, that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvelously formed that no human hand, be it ever so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the This sweet and impressive by mn writer has joined the heavenly chor. What a welcome he must have! How easy for him to take up the new song; and even his earthly face bill, faintly tipped with color, almost bill, faintly tipped with color, almost prone image of a dove. The exquisitely touches it snow-white breast; while the expression of the cutire image and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meckness and othereal innoconce."

While anyone with a warm greenhouse in which other tropical plants grow readily may easily grow this curious plant, it is useless to try it without such convenience. A house that just grown ordinary bedding plants is of no use,

Love's Young Bream.



She-"When we are married, darling, vhat pet name shed! I call you? - Call me Birdy, simply Birdy, hat is all."—Life.

Feared for Him.



AThave," cried the rampaging campaign orator, "in my tongue a rapier with which

to kill all fools.' "Take it away from him!" yelled a man in the crowd. "He's going to commit suicide!"