Children's Column

Do You Know Them?

I'll give you a riddle to guess today—
Two pretty curtains were rolled away,
Two little windows were opened wide
And I could see who was living inside.
A dear little girl peeped out and smiled—
Afterward came a naughty child,
And the windows were dim with a sudden shower
And the curtains were crumpled and red for an hour.
But the sunbeams burst through clouds, and then
The good little girl came back again.
There she stayed, to my heart's delight,
Till the curtains fell and she said good night,
Can you guess what windows were opened wide,
And who are the children that live inside?
—Anna M. Pratt.

An Amusing Egg Trick.

Here is a trick that will amuse you. Puncture the shell of a raw egg with a pin, and through the hole thus made extract the contents. When the shell has become dry, pour fine sand through the pinhole until the egg is about one-fourth filled. Then seal up the hole with wax, and your imitation egg will be as natural in appearance as a real one. Then tell your companions that you can make the egg obey your slightest wish, standing on the edge of a knife, the rim of a glass, or whatever you will. Of course, no one will believe you, but you can prove that you are right. The only secret is to tap the egg gently every time you change its position, so that the sand will settle at the bottom, and keep the egg upright in just the position you wish.

A Great St. Bernard.

A lady in Newton was drawing her little girl on a sled, just after the great snowstorm, through a long, narrow path to the schoolhouse, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when she met midway a large St. Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance, until he found a place where the snow had been shovelled out a little at the side. Into this he backed, and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman; and he then wheeled about, and started again on the path.—Our Dumb Animals.

If I Were You, My Boy.

I would learn to be polite to every body.

I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.

I wouldn't go in the company of bad boys who use bad language.

I would see if I couldn't get people to like me, by being civil to everybody.

I would never make fun of children because they were not dressed nicely.

I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no big brother to be afraid of.

I would keep my hands and face clean, and hair brushed without being told to do so.

I wouldn't get sulky and pout whenever I couldn't have my way about everything.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father, before I had been sixty miles away from home.

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I wouldn't do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

I would try to learn something useful every day, and whenever I saw anything made I would watch and see how it was done.

The Rose, Thistle and Shamrock.

The adoption of a rose as a national flower dates so far back that old Pliny wondered if Albion took its name from its white cliffs or from its pretty white roses.

In Edward the Third's reign a gold coin was struck called a "rose noble," bearing a rose on one of its sides, and from that time the flower has been intimately associated with the nation.

The Rosicrucians of the seventeenth century, popularly styled the brothers of the "rosy cross," brought the rose into great prominence.

The wars of the roses has reference to the long and bloody fueds between the houses of York and Lancaster for the possession of the English crown—the white rose being the badge of the former, and the red rose that of the latter.

Regarding the thistle, tradition says that it along with its motto, "Wha daur meddle wi' me," was first adopted as a symbol under the following circumstances:

A party of invading Danes attempted to surprise and capture the Scotch army under the cloud of night. As they drew near the slumbering camp, one of the party trod upon a prickly thistle, and leaped into the air with a cry of pain. His cry aroused the Scotchmen, who flew to arms and fell upon the invaders with such courage and success that they were driven from the field.

From that day the thistle was worn as a badge, and ultimately became the emblem of Scotland.

The trefoil, or three-leafed clover, the badge of Ould Ireland, has a story connected with it also.

St. Patrick, when instructing the people in religious doctrines, found great difficulty in conveying to their minds the idea of the triple Godhead. Stooping down, as the people stood around, he plucked a shamrock and used it as an illustration, so satisfying to the Irish people that they have ever since worn it as their national emblem.

With the union of the nations came the union of the emblems, the lilies of France in Queen Victoria's diadem giving place to the shamrock of the Green Isle.—Home and Farm.

How Much It Cost.

One, two, three! Kenneth nestled uneasily. Four, five, six! He bored his tousled brown head deep into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next time the clock spoke it said "eight," imperatively, and sent him into his shoes and stockings in a panic.

Eight o'clock! Not a tardy mark yet this term, but here was danger ahead. Oh dear! if 'twasn't so far to school, and breakfast to eat, too.

Kenneth hurried bravely, but buttons didn't behave, and where could the other shoe be? Where was the hair brush? If he'd only got up at seven!

After all, he didn't dare to stop to eat but three muffin-bites and a cooky. Then he snatched his lunch pail from the pantry shelf and was off. Mamma was up in the berry garden picking currants. It wouldn't do to run up, after his goodby kiss; there wasn't a minute to spare. Kenneth was nine years old, but how he did miss that kiss!

He was late to school, anyway, just by an unlucky minute or two, and on his way to his seat he could hear Miss Periwinkle's pencil point, hard and rasping, tracing his poor little black mark. Kenneth's heart sank. No prize for punctuality now.

Well, it was a sorry morning, and a sorry boy in it. Kenneth was too hungry and too crestfallen to study, so his spelling came to grief. He had to stay in at recess to study it, and lost the chance to borrow part of his dinner to comfort his hungry little stomach.

When noon did come how he ran for his dinner pail! It looked so shiny and comforting; and he sniffed little, spicy, consoling smells round the edges of the cover. Didn't he know just what was in there?

The other boys were getting their pails, too. Kenneth waved his aloft.

"My mother puts up the splendidest dinners in this town!" he cried. "The splendidest in—this—town!"

Some of the boys objected; but Kenneth, tugging at the pail cover, was insistent.

"You wait an' see! Any o' you fellows got spice cakes in your dinners, an' tongue sandwitches—an'—an'—sage cheese? I guess so!"

The cover snapped off. The boys peered into—an empty pail! Empty as poor Kenneth's little hungry stomach! It wasn't his lunch pail at all. Why hadn't he noticed there wasn't any small red worsted bow on the handle? This was mamma's milk pail, and he got it in his hurry. Oh, dear!

Of course, the boys—being boys—laughed at him loudly; and, of course, Kenneth's face reddened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort and joined in the laugh. There was a great lump in his throat and it was hard work squeezing the laugh through; it got caught, and broke into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put his hands in his pockets and walked off, trying to whistle.

"My mother puts up the splen"—called one of the boys after him, but he didn't get any farther.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped over his mouth.

"No, you don't!" Benny said stoutly. "Ken's a brick! I guess you wouldn't 'a' laughed at yourself. You'd 'a' been hoppin'."

"That's so. So would I," agreed Emil Smith. "Good for Ken!"

"Let's make it up to him. Come on!" cried Benny, excitedly.

And, when Kenneth went back to his desk there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits.

So, you see, Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mamma at night, except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

"You see, mamma," he confided to her aside, "it don't do to be a lazy bones. It's dreadful 'xpensive."—Youth's Companion.

Military Cats Out of a Job.

The military provision cats which have hitherto been maintained by the German government at its provision stores and magazines for the destruction of mice, at an animal cost per cat of 18 marks, are to be dismissed from the service. It has been found by experiment that more mice and rats can be killed by the Loeffler bacillus system of inoculating mice at a much smaller cost. By the Loeffler system (which has been effectually tried both on a large and small scale in agriculture and in various public departments) solely by infecting some food placed for mice and rats with a culture of a certain bacillus, harmless to everything but these rodents, the latter, soon after eating of it, die, and before doing so spread the infection among the other mice.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Growing Carrots.

It is better not to sow carrots or any other crop on the same ground successively for several years, but if the ground is in good condition and gets a liberal manuring each year, carrots may be grown successfully for two years in succession, as we know from personal experience. Success with carrots depends principally on the care and cultivation they get from the start. —American Agriculturist.

Renewing Old Orchards.

There are many old orchards that have not borne a crop in may years, which, with some care and manuring and pruning, might be made again productive. These old orchards, so long as the trees are still sound and healthy, are well worth caring for. In most cases only mineral fertilizers will be needed. But these should be applied abundantly. The pruning required will mostly be on the inside of the tree, to let in sunlight and air. Do not try to cut out the large limbs. This will either weaken the tree too much, or it will so divert the sap to the rest of the tree as to induce too large wood growth to the neglect of fruit.

Swallows on Horse Barns.

The swallows which usually come from their unknown homes in spring to build their nests under the eaves of barns and horse stables will soon be with us again. But we advise that under no conditions should these birds be allowed to build nests attached to buildings where horses or other animals are kept. Beautiful as the swallow is, he is an abomination and a nuisance, because no bird is so sure to be infested with lice, which he will leave on the nests, and some of which will find their way all through the building. If you do not believe this, get a ladder and look in the fall in any nest where a pair of swallows have reared their young.

Alsike Clover.

There was a time some fifteen years ago or more when the common red clover seemed doomed to destruction by a worm which bred in it, and so ate leaves and blossoms that the plant could neither grow vigorously nor produce seed. But we hear little of this clover worm now, as it has generally been destroyed by a parasite that preys upon it. Alsike clover was not injured by this enemy. Therefore for a few years Alsike clover became quite popular. But it dies out entirely after blossoming and seeding in June of the second year after it was sown in early spring. Alsike clover is probably the best accompaniment of timothy. If both are sown together the first year, only the Alsike can be mowed. But after this clover is off the timothy will make a strong growth, and a cutting of a ton of timothy per acre may be got in the fall from land that had already borne an Alsike clover crop earlier in the season.—Boston Cultivator.

Making a Lawn.

It is not nearly so difficult to make a lawn as is often supposed, and the old-time practice of cutting sods from the roadside and transplanting them is neither economical nor expeditious. Unless the bed for the sod has been very carefully prepared, and is, besides, made pretty rich, the roots from the old sod will not catch hold of the soil in time to save them from turning brown when the heat of summer comes on. If water in plenty can be had, the sod may be saved from browning by liberal use of water distributed in fine spray through some sprinkling machine. But the better way on level land is to make the fine seed bed and sow seed on it, sprinkling it with water at nightfall whenever it is needed. On a side hill, however, it may pay to use the sod, as the fine tilth required to secure a good catch of grass will cause the soil to gully badly. If heavy rains come there will be washing of the soil between the sods, unless they are cut in long strips and laid so that there are no gaps up and down the hill between the sod. When a steep side hill has once been well seeded it may be kept as a perfect lawn by sprinkling over it in winter or early spring some mineral fertilizer with a little nitrate in it. A phosphate dressing is as beneficial to grass land as to grain crop, as all the grains belong to the grass family.

A Good Old Sheep.

When we kept sheep, we never found it pay to keep those above five years old. Then they could be fattened easily and their carcass was worth more than it would ever be again. But there are exceptional cases, when ewes valuable for breeding are a large part of the stock. We know a fine wool ewe, American merino, which was kept by her owner for breeding until she was thirteen years old, but the last winter she could only eat soft food, as her teeth were gone, and the owner did not trust to keeping her through another winter. But she dropped a valuable lamb every year. The Maine Farmer tells of Mrs. Addison Bean, of Mason, a woman farmer of Maine, who has a ewe eight years old that in its life has dropped eleven lambs. The first was a single lamb, dropped when two years old. The past five years the ewe has dropped twins. It is probable that this ewe is of some coarse wool breed, as these often drop twins, while the American Merino very rarely does so. Every year, however, this sheep has sheared a fleece that has never fallen below nine pounds, and for several years she sheared twelve pounds. With lambs and wool this sheep has been a source of profit to her owner. It is probable that many of the lambs from this ewe would continue the habit of twin bearing, and ought to be therefore worth more than sheep that drop only one at a time.—American Cultivator.

SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES.

GOSPEL MESSAGES.

The Subject, "Alleviations of War," Most Pertinent to the Exciting Times Through Which We Are Now Passing—Cheer For Those Whose Hearts Are Sad

TEXT: "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."—Psalms 27, iii.

The ring of battle-axes and the clash of shields, and the tramp of armies are heard all up and down the Old Testament; and you find godly soldiers like Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Gideon, and scoundrelly soldiers like Sennacherib, and Shalmaneser, and Nebuchadnezzar. The High Priest would stand at the head of the army and say: "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies, let not your hearts faint; fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them!" and then the officers would give command to the troops, saying: "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it. And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard and hath not eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man eat of it. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in battle and another man take her." Great armies marched and fought. In the time of Moses and Joshua all the men were soldiers. When Israel came out of Egypt there were 600,000 fighting men. Abijah commanded 400,000. Jeroboam commanded 800,000 men, of whom 500,000 were slain in one battle. Some of these wars God approved, for they were for the rescue of oppressed nations, and some of them He denounced, but in all cases it was a judgment upon both victors and vanquished. David knew just what war was when he wrote in the text, "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

David is here encouraging himself in stormy times, and before approaching battles administers to himself the consolatory. So to-day my theme is the "Alleviations of War." War is organized atrocity. It is the science of assassination. It is the convocation of all horrors. It is butchery wholesale. It is murder glorified. It is death on a throne of human skeletons. It is the coffin in ascendancy. It is diabolism at a game of skulls. And the time is coming when war will be an impossibility. How far in the future I cannot say, but there will be a museum of curiosities in which a father and son will one day be walking, and the son will say, "What is that sharp, curved instrument?" and the father will reply, "That is a sword." And the son will say, "What are those round pieces of iron?" and the father will reply, "Those are bullets and cannon balls and bombshells. Those are the things with which in the Dark Ages people killed each other." Yet the father will have hard work to make the son believe that such things were ever used for the destruction of human life. But that time has not yet arrived, and having on other occasions spoken to you of the "Aggravations of War," now that war is actually here it is time to speak of its alleviations.

First, I find an alleviation in the fact that it has consolidated the North and South after long-continued strained relations. It is thirty-three years since our Civil War closed, and the violences are all gone and the severities have been hushed. But ever and anon, in oration, in sermon, in newspaper editorial, in magazine article, on political stump, and in Congressional hall, the old sectional difference has lifted its head; and for the first time within my memory, or the memory of any one who hears or reads these words, the North and the South are one. It was not a four years' war, but a fifty years' war; war of tongue, war of pen, war of printing press. But by a marvelous providence, the family that led in opposition to our Government thirty years ago, is represented at the front in this present war. Nothing else could have done the work of unification so suddenly or so completely as this conflict. At Tampa, at Chattanooga, at Richmond, and in many other places the regiments are forming, and it will be side by side, Massachusetts and Alabama, New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Maine and South Carolina. Northern and Southern men will together unlimber the guns and rush upon the fortification and charge upon the enemy and shout the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnson and Joseph Hooker will give the command on the same side. The old sectional grudges forever dead. The name of Grant on the Northern side and of Lee on the Southern side will be exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee on the same side. The veterans in Northern and Southern homes and asylums are stretching their rheumatic limbs to see whether they can again keep step in a march, and are testing their eyesight to find whether they can again look along the gun-barrel to successfully take aim and fire. The old war cry of "On to Richmond!" and "On to Washington!" has become the war cry of "On to Havana!" "On to Porto Rico!" "On to the Phillppine Islands!" The two old rusty swords that in other days clashed at Murfreesboro and South Mountain and Atlanta, are now lifted to strike down Hispanic abominations.

Another alleviation of the war is the fact that it is the most unselfish war of the ages. While the commercial rights of our wronged citizens will be vindicated, that is not the chief idea of this war. It is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of people from starvation and multiform maltreatment. A friend who went out under the flag of the Red Cross two years ago to assuage suffering in Armenia, and who has been on the same mission, under the same flag, in Cuba, says that the sufferings in Armenia were a comedy and a farce compared with the greater sufferings of Cuba. At least two hundred thousand graves are calling to us to come on and remember by what process their occupants died. It is the twentieth century crying out to the nineteenth: "Do you mean to pass down to us the curse with which you have been blasted? Or will you let me begin under new auspices and turn the island of desolation into an island Edenic?"

It is a war inspired by mercy, which is an attribute in man imitative of the same attribute of God. In no other age of the world could such a war have been waged. The gospel of kindness needed to be recognized throughout Christendom in order to make such a war possible. The chief reason why most of the European nations are not now banded together against us is because they dare not take the part of that behemoth of cruelty, the Spanish Government, against the crusade of mercy which our nation has started. Had it been on our part a war of conquest, a war of annexation, a war of aggrandizement, there would have been by this time enough flying squadrons coming to this country across the Atlantic to throw into panic every city on our American seaboard.

The wars of the Crusaders were only to regain an empty sepulchre; the Napoleonic wars, with their six million slaughtered men, were projected and carried out to appease the ambition of one man; of the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, and of the sixty million slain in the wars under Julius Cæsar; of the one hundred and eighty million slain in wars with Turks and Saracens; of the fifty million slain in wars with Xerxes; of the twenty million slain in wars of Justinian; and the thirty-two million slain in the wars of Genghis Kahn, not one man was sacrificed for mercy; but in this Hispanic-American war every drummer boy, or picket, or gunner, or standard-bearer, or skirmisher, or sharpshooter, or cavalryman, or artilleryman, or engineer who falls, fails in the cause of mercy, and becomes a martyr for God and his country.

Another alleviation of this war is that it is for the advancement of the sublime principle of liberty, which will yet engirdle the earth. Not only will this war free Cuba, but finally will free Spain. By what right does a dynasty like that stand, and a corrupt court dominate a people for centuries, taxing them to death, riding in gilded chariot over the necks of a beggared population?

Another alleviation is that the war opens with a great victory for the United States. In the most jubilant manner let the victory of our navy be celebrated. With the story of the destroyed battleship fresh in the minds of the world it would require no ordinary courage to sail into the harbor of Manila and attack the Spanish shipping. That harbor, crowded with sunken weaponry of death, to enter it was running a risk enough to make all nations shiver. But Manila is ours, and the blow has shaken to the foundation the palaces of Madrid, and for policy's sake the doubtful nations are on our side. For Commodore Dewey and all who followed him let the whole nation utter its most resounding huzza; and more than that, let us thank the Lord of hosts for his guiding and protected power. "Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

Another alleviation is the fact that in this war the might is on the side of the right. Again and again have liberty and justice and suffering humanity had the odds against them. It was so when Benhadad's Syrian hosts, who were in the wrong, at Aphek, came upon the small regiments of Israel, who were in the right, the Bible putting it in one of those graphic sentences for which the book is remarkable—"The children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the whole country." It was so in the awful defeat of the Lord's people at Gilboa and Megiddo. It was so recently when gallant and glorious Greece was in conflict with gigantic Mohammedanism, and the navies of Europe hovering about the Bosphorus were in practical protection of the Turkish government, fresh from the slaughter of one hundred thousand Armenians. It was so when, in 1776, the thirteen colonies, with little war shipping and a few undrilled and poorly-clad soldiers, were brought into a contest with the mightiest navy of all the earth and an army that commanded the admiration of nations. It was so when Hungary went under. It has been so during all the struggles heretofore for Cuban independence. But now it is our powerful navy with enough guns to send the opposing fleet as completely under as when the Red Sea submerged Pharaoh's army.

Another alleviation is the fact that we have a God to go to in behalf of all those of our countrymen who may be in especial exposure at the front, for we must admit the perils. It is no trifling thing for 100,000 young men to be put outside of home restraints and sometimes into evil companionship. Many of the brave of the earth are not the good of the earth. To be in the same tent with those who have no regard for God or home; to hear their holy religion sometimes slurred at; to be placed under influences calculated to make one reckless; to have no Sabbath, except such Sabbath as in most encampments amounts to no Sabbath at all; to go out from homes where all sanitary laws are observed into surroundings where questions of health are never discussed; to invade climes where pestilence holds possession; to make long marches under blistering skies; to stand on deck and in the fields under fire, at the mercy of shot and shell—we must admit that those thus exposed need especial care, and to the Omnipresent God we have a right to commend them, and will commend them. Postal communication may be interrupted, and letters started from camps or homes may not arrive at the right destination, but however far away our loved ones may be from us, and however wide and deep the seas that separate us, we may hold communication with them via the throne of God.

A shipwrecked sailor was found floating on a raft, near the coast of California. While in the hospital he told his experience, and said that he had a companion on the same raft for some time. While that companion was dying of thirst he said to him: "George, where are you going?" and the dying sailor said: "I hope I am going to God." "If you do," said the rescued sailor, "will you ask Him to send some water?" After the death of his companion, the survivor said, the rain came in torrents, and slaked his thirst and kept him alive until he was taken to safety. The survivor always thought it was in answer to the message he had sent to heaven asking for water. Thank God we may have direct and instantaneous communication with the Lord Almighty through Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, and in that faith we may secure the rescue of our imperiled kindred. Is not that a mighty alleviation?

Morning, noon and night let us commend this beloved land to the care of a gracious God. That He answers prayer is so certain that your religion is an hallucination if He does not answer it. Pray that in reply to such supplication the farmers' boys may get home again in time to reap the harvest of next July; that our business men may return in time to prepare for a fall trade such as has never yet filled the stores and factories with customers, and that all the homes in this country now saddened by the departure of father or brother or son may months before the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays be full of joy at the arrival of those who will for the rest of their lives have stories to tell of double-quick march, and narrow escape, and charges up the parapets, and night set on fire with bombardment, and our flag hauled up to places from which other flags were hauled down.

At Plymouth, England, on the 19th of July, the prominent officers of the navy were in a bowling alley, bowling with great glee—Lord Howard, the High Admiral; Sir Martin Frobisher, the daring explorer, and Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator of the world—when word came to them that the Spanish Armada was advancing. The officers continued at the game of the bowling alley until the game was finished, and then went out to investigate the tidings, and, sure enough, that mighty fleet, which was considered invincible, and which was to bombard and overthrow England, was approaching, but the invading navy was destroyed, for the Lord Almighty appeared in the fight.

A storm such as had never swept the coast of England or aroused the ocean swooped upon the Spanish Armada. Most of the ships soon went down under the sea, while others were driven helplessly along to be splintered on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Norway. Another Spanish Armada is crossing the Atlantic, and we are ready to meet them. The same God who destroyed the Armada in 1588 reigns in 1898. May He in His might, either through human arm or dumb element, defeat their squadron, and give victory to the old flag.

Yet what the world most wants is Christ, who is coming to take possession of all hearts, all homes, all Nations; but the world blocks the wheels of His chariot. I would like to see this century, which is now almost wound up, find its peroration in some mighty overthrow of tyrannies and a mighty building up of liberty and justice. Almost all the centuries have ended with some stupendous event that transformed Nations and changed the map of the world. It was so at the close of the fourteenth century; it was so at the close of the fifteenth century; it was so at the close of the sixteenth century; it was so at the close of the seventeenth century; it was so at the close of the eighteenth century. May it be more gloriously so at the close of the nineteeth century! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory." Amen and amen.

Americans and Victoria's Birthday.

The Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Council will assist Canadians in celebrating the Queen's birthday and has declared it a legal holiday.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENT FOR MAY 29.

Lesson Text: "The Lord's Supper," Matthew xxvi., 17-30—Golden Text: I Cor. xi., 26—Commentary on the Lesson of the Day by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17. "Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto Him, Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the passover?" This was of all passovers the greatest, for it was the last, the consummation and fulfillment of all that had ever been. He said concerning this one, "I have heartily desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xx., 15, margin). And He also added that it would have a fulfillment in the kingdom of God. The first passover was in connection with the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. The still future fulfillment will be in connection with a far greater deliverance of Israel, so much greater that the former shall not seem worth mentioning (Jer. xvi., 14, 15; xxiii., 7, 8). May the "Where wilt Thou?" of the disciples, with the "What wilt Thou?" of Paul (Acts ix., 6) be ever our attitude to Him.

18. "And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with My disciples." In Luke xxii., 10, we learn how they would know the house and find the man. They would meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, and following him they would find the house.

19. "And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready the passover." In Luke xx., 13, it is written that they went and found as He had said unto them. So it was also in the matter of the ass' colt (Luke xix., 32); they found even as He had said unto them. In John iv., 50, the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way, and the sequel shows that he found just as Jesus had said.

20. "Now, when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve." It would be interesting to consider the preparations which they made and the significance of each item. Let the teacher take time to refer back to the institution of the feast in Ex. xii., and show how the Lamb, kept four days and then slain, a lamb without blemish; the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, the sprinkled blood, are all so full of significance as typical of Christ our Passover sacrificed for us (I Cor. v., 7).

21. "And as they did eat He said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray Me." There were only twelve, the innermost circle of His followers, and yet He says "one of you." But it was no surprise to Him, for Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed, not, and who should betray Him.

22. "And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?" No hint had He ever given them of the true character of Judas, and well had Judas concealed from them what he really was. Instead of suspecting any one they each ask, "Lord, is it I?" What a wonderful Savior to have such a one in His company all that time and never tell the others.

23. "And He answered and said, He that dippeth His hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." John xiii., 26, says that Jesus dipped the sop and gave it to Judas Iscariot. When those who have been our friends, or at least have professed to be our friends, turn against us and become our enemies, it is a most trying thing, but it is blessed fellowship with Jesus, for as He was treated we must expect to be.

24. "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him. But woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been good for that man if he had not been born." It was all foreseen and foreknown, even as the apostles said concerning the treatment of our Lord by Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the gentiles, and the people of Israel, they only did what God's hand and counsel determined before to be done (Acts iv., 27, 28), but that did not in the least lessen their guilt. His knowing that it would be done did not compel them to do it. Unless there is an indescribably fearful future for the despisers of our Lord, His words in this verse have no significance; but see Job xxxvi., 18; Rev. xxi., 8.

25. "Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said." According to John xiii., 27, 30, Jesus also said, "That thou doest, do quickly." And Judas went immediately out, and it was night. And it is still night with him who betrayed his Master, the blackness of darkness, and there is no escape.

26. "And as they were eating Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said: "Take, eat. This is My body." The passover being fulfilled, or about to be, but not for the national benefit of Israel at that time because they knew not the time of their visitation and would not have their Messiah. He institutes a new ordinance, to continue till He shall come again.

27, 28. "And He took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." When He said, "I am the door," or "I am the true vine," or "I am the bread of life," He certainly would not suppose that any one would think that He was an actual door or vine, and so here it is beyond thought that He would have us consider the bread and wine as His actual body and blood, but they represent His body given for us to the death on the cross and His blood poured out for us.

29. "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom. Luke xxii., 18, says, "Until the kingdom of God shall come." In Luke xxii., 29, 30, He speaks of His own kingdom and of the apostles eating and drinking at his table and His Kingdom and sitting on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. From I Cor. xv., 24-28, it seems that His kingdom shall precede that of God the Father, and yet we shall probably find that both are one in different stages. On the same night He said that he had given to His people the glory which the Father had given him, and that He was desirous to show it to us. In Rev. xx., 6, it is said we shall reign a thousand years, and in Rev. xxi., 5, that we shall reign forever and ever. As in last lesson, so again we rejoice that we shall be "ever with the Lord," and then we shall fully know. Are we heartily one with Him now in his great desire to gather out His bride and hasten the marriage of the Lamb?

30. "And when they had sung a hymn they went into the Mount of Olives." Then followed Gethsemane, where He left the eight, and afterward the three, and went alone.—Lesson Helper.

Could Not Hear Both Asses.

The story is told of Chief Baron O'Grady, who was trying a case in an assize town where the Court House abutted on to the fair green and a fair was in progress. Outside the court were tethered a number of asses. As counsel was addressing the court one of these began to bray. Instantly the Chief Baron stopped the speaker. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe. I can't hear two at once." The court roared and the advocate grew red.

But presently, when it came to the summing up, the Judge was in full swing, when another ass struck in—whether by the counsel's contrivance or not, who shall say? Anyhow, up jumped Mr. Bushe, with his hand to his ear. "Would Your Lordship speak a little louder?—there's such an echo in the court."