AT REST.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait,
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be,
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still holds the convex sea.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The Teakwood Cabinet.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I dare say it's a great curiosity," said Mrs. Minden, carelessly; "but I never did fancy these quaint old odds and ends of creation, and I didn't bargain to have my house turned into a storage-place for Uncle Zadoc's old rattle-traps. So I ordered it sent to the second-hand dealer's establishment this morning. He allowed me five dollars for it! And, really," added the lady, with a laugh, "I think I should have been tempted, if better terms could not have been made, to pay the dealer five dollars for removing it from the premises!"

Mr. Minden looked up from behind the closely-printed columns of the daily paper.

"And if your Uncle Zadock inquires after it?" said he. "Because it will hardly do to offend the old gentleman."

"Oh, we'll tell him it all fell to pieces," said Mrs. Minden, calmly. "Ten to one, he'll never think of it again!"

And Mrs. Minden replaced the old teakwood cabinet with a modern chiffonier, inlaid with China tiles and glittering with brass ornaments, and congratulated herself on getting rid of Uncle Zadoc Johnson's "old trash."

"Oh, mamma," cried Beatrice Field, coming in one day from carrying home a roll of embroidered satin to the shop for which she worked, "I saw such a lovely old Indian cabinet in Leckwood's second-hand store as I passed by! It was marked 'Fifteen dollars.' Mamma, it would brighten up our dim little parlor like a bit of the Orient!"

Mrs. Field, a thin little woman, sighed as she saw the sparkle in Beatrice's eyes.

"But, Bee," said she, "fifteen dollars! How are we, with our narrow means, ever to compass fifteen dollars?"

"Ah, but you don't understand, mamma!" cried triumphant Bee. "Mary Leckwood says I may have it for ten if I will help her make her dress for the military ball! So if you don't think it too extravagant, mamma, dear—"

"Have your own way, my child," said the little widow, with a sigh. "You are the support of the family; it would be hard, indeed, to deny you a little indulgence now and then."

So the teakwood cabinet was set up in Mrs. Field's humble little parlor, where it became the delight of Bee's heart.

"I could fancy all sorts of delightful mysteries out of the 'Arabian Nights,' when I sit here and look at its carved corners and odd, twisted doors," said she. "I'm sure there's a secret drawer in it somewhere, although I never have been able to find it. It shall be our household idol, mamma, and I'm quite, quite sure that it will bring us good luck."

"I fear that nothing ever will do that," sa' 1 poor little Mrs. Field, sighing.

And, although the remark sounded extreme, yet there had been a concatenation of circumstances in Mrs. Field's life to justify it. When Beatrice was yet an infant, her husband, sea-captain, sailing between the ports of Bombay and New York, by way of the London docks, was lost at sea. The guardian of her little fortune proved unworthy of the trust, and decamped, leaving her penniless; and since then existence had been one continual struggle, until Beatrice, growing up, had developed an unusual taste for the fine artistic needlework which was just then coming into fashion, and had virtually taken the support of the family into her own hands.

And in her delight at this new acquisition, Beatrice told its history to old Captain Burton, a sick lodger on the floor above, to whom she sometimes carried iced coffee, white grapes, little odds and ends of luxury.

"For he is so poor," reasoned generous little Bee. "And he has no friends!"

One day, however, when Bee tripped lightly up with a plate of cream puffs which she herself had manufactured, she saw a brown-skinned, wrinkled little old man sitting at Captain Burton's bedside.

"Eh?" said he. "Ah! So you are the little guardian angel, are you?"

"I am Beatrice Field," said our heroine, coloring up. "And I did not know that Captain Burton had company, or—"

"Oh, I'm not company," chuckled the little brown man. "I'm only Zadoc Johnson. I'm Ben Burton's second cousin, and I've been looking for him these six months. Now, by the merest chance in the world I've found him. And I have to thank you, Miss Beatrice, for the disinterested kindness you have shown him."

"It wasn't I," said Bee. "At least, it wasn't all me—mamma—"

"Take me down to your mamma at once," said Mr. Johnson. "I've a heavy debt of gratitude to pay her. I've only one cousin, Ben Burton, and he might have died if it hadn't been for you two kind ladies."

He pulled out his purse on the way down-stairs.

"If there's any of this debt that money can pay—" he said; but Beatrice made a deprecatory movement.

"Please don't talk of money," said she. "There is nothing we have done which Captain Burton would not have done for us, had our positions been reversed. And—"

"Hallo!" ejaculated Mr. Zadoc Johnson, as Beatrice opened the door of the little family sitting-room at that moment. "Hal-lo! Where on earth did you get that cabinet of teakwood?"

"We bought it at the second-hand store," said Beatrice. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's mine!" said Zadoc Johnson.

"How can it be yours," indignantly cross-questioned Bee, "when I bought it and paid for it, my very own self?"

"This is very strange," said Zadoc.

"I think so, too," said Beatrice.

And then Mrs. Field came in, and the eccentric old gentleman was presented to her.

"Madam," said Mr. Johnson, "I thank you and your daughter for your kindness to my cousin Benjamin Burton."

Mrs. Field colored, and grew pale, as shy as a girl, as she murmured a word or two of acknowledgment.

"It is my belief," said Zadoc, "that your attention and care have saved his life."

And then, abruptly dismissing the subject, he walked up to the old cabinet, opened its doors, sniffed its sweet, faint scent, and turning to Bee, he demanded:

"What will you sell me this piece of furniture for?"

"It isn't for sale," said Bee, almost ready to cry. "It is my birthday gift to mamma."

"Well, well, little girl, don't fret," said Mr. Johnson, good-humoredly. "It used to belong to me, and I've rather a notion for it. But you shall not be teased if you don't choose to part with it. Good-by, ma'am. Good-by, little girl."

And with this cheerful leave-taking he departed.

Mrs. Minden was elegantly dressed in heliotrope-colored satin and Chantilly lace, when Uncle Zadoc presented himself. It was her "at home" day, and she took pride in her toilets. But when, instead of General de Linos, or Mr. Bonnefeuilles, or any other of those glasses of fashion and molds of form, Uncle Zadoc Johnson made his appearance, she turned pale.

"Good-day, Niece Amelia," said the eccentric old gentleman. "I've come to look at my teakwood cabinet."

"It's sent away to be mended," gasped Mrs. Minden.

"That's a falsehood!" said Uncle Zadoc. "You felt yourself too fine to be hampered with my old-fashioned furniture, and you sold it to the old dealer, Leckwood, for five dollars. 'Love me, love my dog,' says the proverb. 'Love me, love my old cabinet,' say I. I dare I'm not good enough for you, now you've grown to be such an elegant city lady; so good-by!"

Out walked Uncle Zadoc, before Mrs. Minden could collect her senses to stay him.

What curious whim urged the old bachelor no one ever knew, but instead of retaining his luxurious quarters at the St. Barbe Hotel, Mr. Johnson engaged a room in the tenement-house where his second cousin, Captain Ben Burton, lived.

"I like the kind of people I meet here," said he, briefly.

And at the end of a month he presented himself before Mrs. Field.

"Madam," said he, "I like you. What is more, I respect you. I want my old cabinet, and I should like to have a father's right in your little Beatrice. We are neither of us young, but there's nothing to prevent our being happy. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Field looked really pretty as the pink blushes mantled her delicate face.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson!" said she. "I can hardly believe you mean it."

"Send for a parson, ma'am, and you will soon find out whether I do or not," said Zadoc Johnson.

So they were quietly married, to Bee's infinite delight.

"He's just the sort of step-father I should like," said she, gleefully.

Once wedded, old Zadoc Johnson took an elegant house, furnished it in princely fashion, set the teakwood cabinet in the best parlor, and invited Captain Ben Burton to live with them always. Mrs. Zadoc Johnson was serenely happy, and Beatrice exultant. As for the Captain, he chuckled.

"Zadoc Johnson never did do anything by halves," said he.

And when Mr. Minden saw the notice of the marriage in the daily papers, he swore a prodigious imprecation.

"It's all your fault, Amelia," said he. "If you never had sold that teakwood cabinet, all this wouldn't have happened!"

"You always did lay the blame of everything on me!" whimpered Mrs. Minden.—*The Ledger.*

Forests Devastated by Beetles.

For several months past the huge forests of spruce in the Cheat Mountains of West Virginia have been dying off by thousands of acres, causing a loss of millions of dollars, and no cause for the devastation could be given. A few weeks since Mr. A. D. Hopkins, entomologist of the Agricultural Experiment Station of West Virginia, was sent to the devastated district to investigate and report the cause of the destruction of all this valuable timber and to secure a remedy, if possible. He has just returned, and reports that the timber has been killed by beetles about the size of a flea.

The beetles eat their way under the bark of the spruce pine trees in all directions, cutting off the flow of sap and consequently killing the trees. He reports many thousand of acres literally devastated by the betles, but says their inroads seem to be on the decrease. The investigations of the entomologist brought about the discovery of a parasite which is preying on the beetles and destroying many of them. Several species of the parasite were found in the trees devastated by the beetles. The parasites will be introduced into districts where the timber is beginning to show the effects of the ravages of the beetles, with the belief that their presence will end in the destruction of the insects. If this proves successful the vast forests still extant will be saved, otherwise the total destruction of the spruce forest will be but a question of a short time.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Bear Hunting in the Cane Breaks.

Bear hunting is the fall pastime in the cane brakes of Mississippi, as I learned the other day from General B. S. Ricks, "the Duke of Yazoo," who is organizing a big hunt. In talking with me about bear hunting the general said: "At certain seasons of the year bears are thick in the country a hundred miles above Yazoo City, in Mississippi, between the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers. I know of one man up there who, with the same pack of dogs, killed 126 bears in six months' time. Bobo's place is in this region, where Congressmen and public men have so often been invited on bear hunts. Over four hundred bears have been killed on this place in ten or twelve years. Three or four friends of mine, while hunting in this region, but not expecting bears, being armed only with light guns, killed seven bears with buckshot. The bears come into this region for the acorns. They climb the trees, break down limbs as large as a man's leg, and, stripping down the branches, pull off the acorns, which they eat. We call it lapping, and you can hear them lapping for miles, long before you get in sight of them. They pay no attention to you when they are in the trees, but stay there until they are shot and fall."—*New York Press.*

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "My First Day in Palestine."

Dr. Talmage has begun a series of sermons on his recent trip to the Holy Land. The following is the first sermon of the series:

TEXT: "*The half was not told me.*"—I Kings x., 7.

This is the first sermon in a course of Sabbath morning sermons on "My Recent Journey Through the Holy Land and Neighboring Countries: What I Saw and What I Learned." Out of the sixty-four millions of our present American population and the millions of our past only about five thousand have ever visited the Holy Land. Of all those who cross to Europe less than five per cent. ever get as far as Rome, and less than two per cent. ever get to Athens, and less than a quarter of one per cent. ever get to Palestine. Of the less than a quarter of one per cent. who do go to the Holy Land some see nothing but the noxious insects and the filth of the Oriental cities, and come back wishing they had never gone. Of those who see much of interest and come home only a small portion can tell what they have seen, the tongue unable to report the eye.

The rarity of a successful, intelligent and happy journey through the Holy Land is very marked. But the time approaches when a journey to Palestine will be common. Thousands will go where now there are scores. Two locomotives were recently sent up from Joppa to Jerusalem, and railroads are about to begin in Palestine, and the day will come when the cry will be, "All out for Jerusalem!" "Twenty minutes for breakfast at Tiberias!" "Change cars for Tyre!" "Grand Trunk Junction for Ninevah!" "All out for Damascus!" Meanwhile the wet locks of the Atlantic Ocean and Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas are being shorn, and not only is the voyage shortened, but after a while, without crossing the ocean, you or your children will visit the Holy Land. A company of capitalists have gone up to Behring Straits, where the American and Asiatic continents come within thirty-six miles of meeting.

These capitalists or others will build a bridge across these straits, for midway are three islands called "The Diomedes," and the water is not deep and is never disturbed with icebergs. Trains of cars will run from America across that bridge and on down through Siberia, bringing under more immediate observation the Russian outrages against exiles and consequently abolishing them; and there are persons here to-day, who, without one qualm of sea-sickness, will visit that wonderful land where the Christlike, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Solomonic and Herodic histories overlap each other with such power that by the time I took my feet out of the stirrups at the close of the journey I felt so wrung out with emotion that it seemed nothing else could ever absorb my feelings again.

The chief hindrance for going to Palestine with many is the dreadful sea, and though I have crossed it ten times it is more dreadful every time, and I fully sympathize with what was said one night when Mr. Beecher and I went over to speak in New York at the anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society, and the clergyman making the opening prayer quoted from St. John, "There shall be no more sea," and Mr. Beecher, seated beside me, in memory of a recent ocean voyage said, "Amen; I am glad of that." By the partial abolition of the Atlantic Ocean and the putting down of rail tracks across every country in all the world, the most sacred land on earth will come under the observation of so many people who will be ready to tell of what they saw that infidelity will be pronounced only another form of insanity, for no honest man can visit the Holy Land and remain an infidel.

This Bible from which I preach has almost fallen apart, for I read from it the most of the events in it recorded on the very places where they occurred. And some of the leaves got wet as the waves dashed over our boat on Lake Galilee, and the book was jostled in the saddle bags for many weeks, but it is a new book to me, newer than any book that yesterday came out of any of our great printing houses. All my life I had heard of Palestine, and I had read about it, and talked about it, and preached about it, and sung about it, and dreamed about it, and prayed about it, until my anticipations were piled up into something like Himalayan proportions, and yet I have to cry out, as did the Queen of Sheba when she first visited the Holy Land, "The half was not told me."

In order to make the more accurate and vivid a book I have been writing, a life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I left home last October, and on the last night of November we were walking the decks of the Senegal, a Mediterranean steamer. It was a ship of immense proportions. There were but few passengers, for it is generally rough at that time of year, and pleasurists are not apt to be voyagers there and then. The stars were all out that night. Those armies of light seemed to have had their shields newly burnished. We walked the polished deck. Not much was said, for in all our hearts was the dominant word "to-morrow." Somehow the Acropolis, which a few days before had thrilled us at Athens, now in our minds lessened in the height of its columns and the glory of its temples. And the Egyptian pyramids in our memory lessened their wonders of obsolete masonry, and the Coliseum of Rome was not so vast a ruin as it a few weeks before had seemed to be.

And all that we had seen and heard dwindled in importance, for to-morrow, tomorrow we shall see the Holy Land. "Captain, what time will we come in sight of Palestine?" "Well," he said, "if the wind and sea remain as they are, about daybreak." Never was I so impatient for a night to pass. I could not see much use for that night, anyhow. I pulled aside the curtain from the porthole of my stateroom, so that the first hint of dawn would waken me. But it was a useless precaution. Sleep was among the impossibilities. Who could be so stupid as to slumber when any moment there might start out within sight of the ship the land where the most stupendous scenes of all time and all eternity were enacted—land of ruin and redemption, land where was fought the battle that made our heaven possible, land of Godfrey and Saladin, of Joshua and Jesus?

Will the night ever be gone? Yes, it is growing lighter, and along the horizon there is something like a bank of clouds, and as a watchman paces the deck I say to him, "What is that out yonder?" "That is land, sir," said the sailor. "The land!" I cried, and soon all our friends were arroused from sleep and the shore began more clearly to reveal itself. With roar and rattle and bang the anchor dropped in the roadstead a half mile from land, for though Joppa is the only harbor of Palestine it is the worst harbor on all the coasts. Sometimes for weeks no ships stop there. Between rocks about seventy-five feet apart a small boat must take the passengers ashore. The depths are strewn with the skeletons of those who have attempted to land or attempted to embark. Twenty-seven pilgrims perished with one crash of a boat against the rocks. Whole fleets of Crusaders, of Romans, of Syrians, of Egyptians have gone to splinters there. A writer eight hundred years ago said he stood on the beach in a storm at Joppa, and out of thirty ships all but seven went to pieces on the rocks, and a thousand of the dead were washed ashore.

Strange that with a few blasts of powder like that which shattered our American Hell Gate those rocks have not been uprooted and the way cleared, so that great ships, instead of anchoring far out from land, might sweep up to the wharf for passengers and freight. But you must rememeber that land is under the Turk, and what the Turk touches he withers. Mohammedanism is against easy wharves, against steamers, against rail trains, against printing presses, against civilization. Darkness is always opposed to light. The owl hates the morn. "Leave those rocks where they are," practically cries the Turkish Government; "we want no people of other religions and other habits to land there; if the salt seas wash over them let it be a warning to other invaders; away with your nineteenth century, with its free thought and its modern inventions." That Turkish Government ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and it will be.

Of many of the inhabitants of Palestine I asked the question, "Has the Sultan of Turkey ever been here?" Answer, "No." "Why don't he come, when it belongs to his dominion?" And, after the man interrogated looked this way and that, so as to know he would not be reported, the answer would invariably be, "He dare not come." I believed it. If the Sultan of Turkey attempted to visit Jerusalem he would never get back again. All Palestine hates him. I saw him go to the mosque for prayers in his own city of Constantinople, and saw seven thousand armed men riding out to protect him. Expensive prayers! Of course that Government wants no better harbor at Joppa. May God remove that curse of nations, that old hag of the centuries, the Turkish Government! For its everlasting insult to God and woman let it perish! And so those rocks at the harbor remain the jaws of repeated destruction.

As we descended the narrow steps at the side of the ship we heard the clamor and quarrel and swearing of fifteen or sixteen different races of men of all features, and all colors and all vernaculars; all different in appearance, but all alike in desire to get our baggage and ourselves at exorbitant prices. Twenty boats and only ten passengers to go ashore. The man having charge of us pushes aside some, and strikes with a heavy stick others, and by violences that would not be tolerated in our country, but which seem to be the only manner of making any impression there, clears our way into one of the boats, which heads for the shore. We are within fifteen minutes of the Christ land. Now we hear shouting from the beach, and in five minutes we will be landed. The prow of the boat is caught by men who wade out to help us in.

We are tremulous with suppressed excitement, our breath is quick, and from the side of the boat we spring to the shore, and Sunday morning, December 1, 1889, about eight o'clock, our feet touch Palestine. Forever to me and mine will that day and hour be commemorated for that pre-eminent mercy. Let it be mentioned in prayer by my children and children's children after we are gone, that morning we were permitted to enter that land and gaze upon those holy hills and feel the emotions that rise and fall and weep and laugh and sing and triumph at such a disembarkation.

On the back of the hills one hundred and fifty feet high Joppa is lifted toward the skies. It is as picturesque as it is quaint, and as much unlike any city we have ever seen, as though it were built in that star Mars, where a few nights ago this very September astronomers, through unparalleled telescopes, saw a snow storm raging. How glad we were to be in Joppa! Why, this is the city where Dorcas, that queen of the needle, lived and died and was resurrected. You remember that the poor people came around the dead body of this benefactress, and brought specimens of her kind needlework and said: "Dorcas made this," "Dorcas sewed that," "Dorcas cut and fitted this," "Dorcas hemmed that."

According to Lightfoot, the commentator, they laid her out in state in a public room, and the poor wrung their hands and cried and sent for Peter, who performed a miracle by which the good woman came back to life and resumed her benefactions. An especial resurrection day for one woman! She was the model by which many women of our day have fashioned their lives, and at the first blast of the horn of wintry tempest there appear ten thousand Dorcases—Dorcases of Brooklyn, Dorcases of New York, Dorcases of London, Dorcases of all the neighborhoods and towns and cities of Christendom—just as good as the Dorcas of Joppa which I visited. Thank God for the ever increasing skill and sharpness and speed and generosity of Dorcas's needle.

"What is that man doing?" I said to the dragoman in the streets of Joppa. "Oh, he is carrying his bed." Multitudes of people sleep out of doors, and that is the way so many in those lands become blind. It is from the dew of the night falling on the eyelids. As a result of this, in Egypt every twentieth person is totally blind. In Oriental lands the bed is made of a thin, small mattress, a blanket and a pillow, and when the man rises in the morning he just ties up the three into a bundle and shoulders it and takes it away. It was to that the Saviour referred when He said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk." An American couch or an English couch would require at least four men to carry it, but one Oriental can easily manage his slumber equipment.

But I inhale some of the odors of the large tanneries around Joppa. It is there to this day, a prosperous business, this tanning of hides. And that reminds me of Simon, the tanner, who lived at Joppa and was the host of Peter, the apostle. I suppose the olfactories of Peter were as easily insulted by the odors of a tannery as others. But the Bible says, "He lodged with one Simon, the tanner." People who go out to do reformatory and missionary and Christian work must not be too sensitive. Simon no doubt brought to his homestead every night the malodors of the calfskins and ox hides in his tannery, but Peter lodged in that home, not only because he may not have been invited to the houses of merchant princes, surrounded by redolent gardens, but to teach all men and women engaged in trying to make the world better that they must not be squeamish and fastidious and finical and over particular in doing the work of the world.

The church of God is dying of fastidiousness. We cry over the sufferings of the world in hundred dollar pocket handkerchiefs, and then put a cent in the poor box. There are many willing to do Christian work among the cleanly, and the refined, and the elegant, and the educated, but excuse them from taking a loaf of bread down a dirty alley, excuse them from teaching a mission school among the uncombed and the unwashed, excuse them from touching the hand of one whose finger nails are in mourning for departed soap. Such religious precisionists can toil in atmospheres laden with honeysuckle and rosemary, but not in air floating up from the malodorous vats. No, no, no! Excuse them from living with one Simon, the tanner.

During the last war there were in Virginia some sixty or seventy wounded soldiers in a barn, on the second floor, so near the roof that the heat of the August sun was almost insupportable. The men were dying from sheer exhaustion and suffocation. A distinguished member of the Christian commission said to the nurse who stood there, "Wash the faces and feet of these men and it will revive them." "No," said the nurse, "I didn't come into the army to wash anybody's feet." "Well," said the distinguished member of the commission, "bring me water and a towel; I will be very glad to wash their feet." One was the spirit of the devil, the other the spirit of Christ.

But reference to Peter reminds me that we must go to the housetop in Joppa where he was taught the democracy of religion. That was about the queerest thing that ever happened. On our way up to that housetop we passed an old well where the great stones were worn deep with the ropes of the buckets, and it must be a well many centuries old, and I think Peter drank out of it. Four or five goat or calfskins filled with water lay about the yard. We soon got up the steps and on the housetop. It was in such a place in Joppa that Peter one noon while he was waiting for dinner had a hungry fit and fainted away, and had a vision or dream or trance. I said to my family and friends on that housetop, "Listen while I read about what happened here." And opening the Bible we had the whole story.

It seems that Peter on the housetop dreamed that a great blanket was let down out of heaven, and in it were sheep and goats and cattle and mules and pigeons and buzzards and snakes and all manner of creatures that fly the air, or walk the field, or crawl the earth, and in the dream a voice told him as he was hungry to eat, and he said, "I cannot eat things unclean." Three times he dreamed it. There was then heard a knocking at the gate of the house on the top of which Peter lay in a trance, and three men asked, "Is Peter here?" Peter, while yet wondering what his dream meant, descends the stairs and meets these strangers at the gate, and they tell him that a good man by the name of Cornelius, in the city of Cæsarea, has also had a dream and has sent them for Peter and to ask him to come and preach. At that call Peter left Joppa for Cæsarea. The dream he had just had prepared him to preach, for Peter learned by it to reject no people as unclean, and whereas he previously thought he must preach only to the Jews, now he goes to preach to the Gentiles, who were considered unclean.

Notice how the two dreams meet—Peter's dream on the housetop, Cornelius dream at Cæsarea. So I have noticed providences meet, distant events meet, dreams meet. Every dream is hunting up some other dream, and every event is searching for some other event. In the Fifteenth century (1492) the great event was the discovery of America. The art of printing, born in the same century, goes out to meet that discovery and make the New World an intelligent world. The Declaration of Independence, announcing equal rights, meets Robert Burns's

A man's a man for a' that.

The United States was getting too large to be managed by one Government, and telegraphy was invented to compress within an hour the whole continent. Armies in the Civil War were to be fitted out with clothing, and the sewing machine invention came out to make it possible. Immense farming acreage is presented in this country, enough to support millions of our native born and millions of foreigners; but the old style of plow and scythe and reaper and thresher cannot do the work, and there come steam plows, steam harrows, steam reapers, steam rakes, steam threshers, and the work is accomplished. The forests of the earth fail to afford sufficient fuel, and so the coal mines surrender a sufficiency. The cotton crops were luxuriant, but of comparatively little value, for they could not be managed; and so, at just the right time, Hargreaves came with his invention of the spinning jenny, then Arkwright with his roller, and Whitney with his cotton gin. The world, after pottering along with tallow candles and whale oil, was crying for better light and more of it, and the hill of Pennsylvania poured out rivers of oil, and kerosene illumined the nations. But the oil wells began to fail, and then the electric light comes forth to turn night into day.

So all events are woven together, and the world is magnificently governed, because it is divinely governed. We criticise things and think the divine machinery is going wrong, and put our fingers amid the wheels only to get them crushed. But I say, hands off! Things are coming out gloriously. Cornelius may be in Cæsarea, and Peter in Joppa, but their dreams meet. It is one hand that is managing the world, and that is God's hand; and one mind that is planning all things for good, and that is God's mind; and one heart that is filled with love and pardon and sympathy, and that is God's heart. Have faith in Him. Fret about nothing. Things are not at loose ends. There are no accidents. All will come out right in your history and in the world. As you are waking from one dream up stairs an explanatory dream will be knocking at the gate down stairs.

Standing here in Joppa I remember that where we this morning disembarked the prophet Jonah embarked. For the first time in my life I fully understood that story. God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, but the prophet declined that call and came here to Joppa. I was for weeks, while in the Holy Land, consulting with tourist companies as to how I could take Nineveh in my journey. They did not encourage the undertaking. It is a most tedious ride to Nineveh amid a desert. Now I see an additional reason why Jonah did not want to go to Nineveh. He not only revolted because it was a long way and tough, and bandit infested, so he came here to Joppa and took ship. But, alas, for the disastrous voyage! He paid his full fare for the whole voyage, but the ship company did not fill their part of the contract. To this day they have not paid back that passage money. Why people should doubt the story of Jonah and the whale is more of a mystery than the Bible event itself. I do not need the fact that Pliny, the historian, records that the skeleton of a whale forty feet long, and with a hide a foot and a half thick, was brought from Joppa to Rome.

The event recorded in the book of Jonah has occurred a thousand times. The Lord always has a whale outside the habor for a man who starts in the wrong direction. Recreant Jonah! I do not wonder that even the whale was sick of him. This prophet was put in the Bible not as an example, but as a warning, because the world not only needs lighthouses, but buoys, to show where the rocks are. The Bible story of him ends by showing the prophet in a fit of the sulks. He was mad because Nineveh was not destroyed, and then he went out to pout, and sat under a big leaf, using it for shade from the tropical sun, and when a worm disturbed that leaf, and it withered, and the sun smote Jonah, he flew into a great rage, and said: "It is better for me to die than to live." A prophet in a rage because he had lost his umbrella! Beware of petulance!

But standing here on the housetop at Joppa, I look off upon the sands near the beach, and I almost expected to find them crimsoned and incarnadined. But no; the rains long ago washed away the last sign of the Napoleonic massacre. Napoleon was marching on through the coasts. He had here at Joppa four thousand Albanians, who had been surrendered as prisoners of war, and under a promise of protection. What shall he do with them? It will be impossible for him to take them along, and he cannot afford to leave soldiers enough to guard them from escape. It will not be difficult for the man who broke the heart of lovely Josephine, and who, when asked if the great losses of life in his battles were not too dear a price to pay for his victories, shrugged his shoulders mirthfully and said, "You must break the eggs if you want to make an omelet"—I say it will not be difficult for him to decide.

The prisoners of war by his order are taken out on the sands and put to death—one thousand of them, two thousand of them, three thousand of them, four thousand of them, massacred. And the blood pours down into the sea, the red of the one mingling with the blue of the other, and making an awful maroon which neither God nor nation can ever forget. Ye who are fond of vivid contrasts put the two scenes of Joppa side by side, Dorcas with her needle, and the immortal butcher with his knife.

But standing on this Joppa house top I look off on the Mediterranean, and what is that strange sight I see? The waters are black, seemingly for miles. There seems to be a great multitude of logs fastened together. Oh, yes, it is a great raft of timbers. They are cedars of Lebanon, which King Hiram is furnishing King Solomon in exchange for 20,000 measures of wheat, 20,000 baths of oil and 20,000 baths of wine. These cedars have been cut down and trimmed in the mountains of Lebanon by the 70,000 axmen engaged there, and with great withes and iron bolts are fastened together, and they are floating down to Joppa to be taken across the land for Solomon's temple, now building at Jerusalem, for we have lost our hold of the Nineteenth century and are clear back in the ages.

The rafts of cedar are guided into what is called the Moon Pool, an old harbor south of Joppa, now filled with sand and useless. With long pikes the timber is pushed this way and that in the water, then with divers and many a loud, long "Io, heave!" as the carters get their shoulder under the great weight, the timber is fastened to the wagons and the lowing oxen are yoked to the load, and the procession of teams moves on with crack of whip and drawled out words which, translated, I suppose would correspond with the "Whoa, haw, gee!" of modern teamsters, toward Jerusalem, which is thirty miles away over mountainous distances which for hundreds of years defied all engineering. And those rough cedars shall become carved pillars and beautiful altars, and rounded bannisters, and traceried panels, and sublime ceiling, and exquisite harps and kingly chariots.

As the wagon train moves out from Joppa over the plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem I say to myself, what vast numbers of people helped build that temple of Solomon, and what vast numbers of people are now engaged in building the wider, higher, grander temple of righteousness rising in the earth. Our Christian ancestry toiled at it, amid sweat and tears, and hundreds of the generations of the good, and the long train of Christian workers still moves on; and as in the construction of Solomon's temple some hewed with the ax in the far away Lebanon, and some drove a wedge, and some twisted a withe, and some trod the wet and slippery rafts on the sea, and some yoked the ox, and some pulled at the load, and some shoved the plane, and some fitted the joints, and some heaved up the rafters, but all helped build the temple, though some of these never saw it, so now let us all put our hands, and our shoulders, and our hearts to the work of building the temple of righteousness, which is to fill the earth; and one will bind a wound, and another will wipe away a tear, and another will teach a class, and another will speak the encouraging word, and all of us will be ready to pull and lift, and in some way help on the work until the millenial morn shall gild the pinnacle of that finished temple, and at its shining gates the world shall put down its last burden, and in its lavers wash off its last strain, and at its altars the last wanderer shall kneel. At the dedication of that temple all the armies of earth and heaven will "shoulder arms" and "present arms" and "ground arms," for "behold! a greater than Solomon is here."

But my first day in the Holy Land is ended. The sun is already closing his eye for the night. I stand on the balcony of a hotel which was brought to Joppa in pieces from the State of Maine by some fanatics who came here expecting to see Christ reappear in Palestine. My room here was once occupied by that Christian hero of the centuries—English, Chinese, Egyptian, world-wide General Gordon, a man mighty for God as well as for the world's pacification. Although the first of December and winter, the air is full of fragrance from gardens all a-bloom, and under my window are acacia and tamarisk and mulberry and century plants and orange groves and oleander. From the drowsiness of the air and the fatigues of the day I feel sleepy. Good night! To-morrow morning we start for Jerusalem.

The principal peanut-growing States are Virginia, North Carolinia and Tennessee.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 19.

Lesson Text: "The Spirit of True Service." Luke xxii., 34, 37—Golden Text: Phil. ii., 5—Commentary.

24. "And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." He had kept His last passover with them again typically foreshadowing His sufferings and death; He had instituted the supper which would keep constantly before them His humiliation unto death; He had just said that one of them, one of the twelve, should prove false to Him and betray Him; and yet all these things so little affect them that, even at such a time, instead of being in sympathy with Him, and feeling for Him in view of His approaching sufferings, they are selfishly and apparently unfeelingly talking of their own personal advantage and superiority in His Kingdom.

25. "And He said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors." The Jews were chosen from among all nations to show unto all the reality of the only living and true God, one who in supernatural ways would guide, protect and care for His people who put their trust in Him; pitying and providing for them as a father, comforting and nourishing them as a mother. They were to glorify Him by an implicit and constant reliance upon Him and by being meekly subject to Him in all things. They were not to be anxious even about food and raiment, for their Heavenly Father knew that they needed such things and would surely provide them (Matt. vi., 32).

26. "But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." This was a lesson that He was ever teaching them (Matt. xviii., 3, 4; xx., 25-27; xxiii., 11), but one so hard for poor human nature to learn. The sin of the disciples has come all the way down the ages. It started in Eden when the serpent tempted Adam and Eve to eat the forbidden fruit by telling them that they would then be as gods (Gen. iii., 5). It seems to be older than that if Isa. xiv., 13, 14, refers to Satan himself: "Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will be like the Most High."

"For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as He that serveth." Or as He said on another occasion: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many" (Matt. xx., 28). The incident of the feet washing recorded in John xiii., 4-17, occurred at this time, for it is written that "He rose from supper, laid aside His garments, took a towel and girded Himself," etc.; then when He had finished He said: "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you."

28. "Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations." How kind of Him it was to say so. Outwardly they were with Him; they had left all for Him; they followed Him wherever He went, and ministered unto Him; but as we have seen they did not feel for Him in His trials and would not believe that the cross awaited Him! They were themselves a trial to Him with their unsympathetic sayings and doings and suggestions and desires, and yet He is graciously pleased to say to them, "Ye have continued with Me."

29. "And I appoint unto you a Kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me." He will wean them from desire for present preeminence by assurances respecting their future glory.

30. "That ye may eat and drink at my table in My Kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Compare Matt. xix., 28, where the same promise is a little more full. There He says it will be in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory. If any one should ask on what throne He is now, Rev. iii., 21, says that He is with the Father on the Father's throne. Fail not to observe the promise to the overcomer in that verse. Shall the twelve apostles (one being put in Judas's place) actually rule over the twelve tribes of Israel? If not, let those who call this a figure explain the figure satisfactorily. I prefer the simpler way of believing it as it reads, even though I be counted a fool for it. But you don't think people will literally eat and drink in His Kingdom? If the Lord Himself and angels ate the food provided by Abram and Sarah, and Jesus in his resurrection body ate broiled fish and honeycomb, then why shall we not eat in His Kingdom, even though we may not need to? Do let us believe God.

31. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." Satan seemed to have a special hatred of those whom the Master is about to use; he had already used the lips of Peter to say tempting words (Matt. xvi., 22, 23), and now, as in the case of Job, he has made special request for Peter to give him a sifting. It is comforting to know that Satan cannot touch a child of God without special permission from Heaven, and that it is our privilege, therefore, to see God in everything, even though Satan be the instrument.

32. "But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." If the prayers of a righteous man availeth much, how all prevailing must the prayer of Jesus: and how quiet and thankful we should be that "He liveth to make intercession for us" (Jas. v., 16; Heb. vii., 25).

33. "And he said unto Him, Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death." Have you never, dear reader, been so conscious of the presence of God and the love of God that you, too, have felt just like that, even if you did not say it? But how long did it last?

34. "And He said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest Me." The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it? I the Lord (Jer. xvii., 9, 10). He needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man (John ii., 25); and He is reading us just as He read Peter. It is no use to make promises unless we make them in humble reliance upon Him and only in His strength.

35. "And He said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing!" No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly (Ps. lxxxiv., 11); much less from those whom He sends forth in His name.

36. "Then said He unto them, But now he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise his scrip, and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garments and buy one." This sounds strange in view of His former teaching, that if they should seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness all necessary temporal things would be added; and also when we remember that Peter a little later used a sword and Jesus told him to put it up, saying, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matt. xxvi., 52). He never contradicts Himself: He never changes. The sense seems to be this: I am now going to be absent from you in person, and if you cannot trust Me to take care of you and protect you though unseen then rely upon yourselves.

37. "For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in Me, and He was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning Me have an end." Very soon now—in less than twelve hours from that time—would He say on the cross, "It is finished." And just as surely as He finished the work of atonement for sin, making redemption possible, so surely shall He finish the work of redemption in His coming Kingdom, and in due time hand this earth over to the Father as pure and beautiful as before sin entered the garden of Eden. —*Lesson Helper.*

THE sudden, unexpected death of three persons has saved the life of one man. Azero Polley, a West Virginian, was to be tried for an assault on Julia Hester, the penalty of which, in that State, is death. The only witness was the girl herself, her sister and her mother, and all three of these were killed a few days ago in a railroad disaster on the Chesapeake and Ohio. The case against Polley has, therefore, necessarily been dismissed.

POWER obtained from a fall of water a mile distant is to be used for lighting the tower of the Segorbe in Spain.

RELIGIOUS READING.

HEED THE TRUTH.

O, soul, upon the ocean
Of life's tempestuous sea;
Give heed to chart and compass,
Lest, awful wreck for thee.
For fierce the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
The winds of strong temptation,
And breakers on the shore.

False lights for thee are gleaming,
On head-land and the sea;
To draw thee to destruction,
For time, eternally.
Beware! lest foul suggestion,
May drive thee leagues away;
And siren songs may cheat thee
Of everlasting day.

GOODNESS NEEDS NO MONUMENT.

John Howard, the father of prison reform, was a noble Christian philanthropist. When it was proposed to erect a statue to him, which most men would cheerfully accept as an honor, he promptly declined it. On his death-bed he exclaimed, "Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument or monumental inscription to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." No wonder George III. said of this good man, "He needs no statue; his virtues will live when every statue will have crumbled into dust."

FILIAL DEVOTION TO FATHERS IN CHRIST.

If soldiers in a campaign stood back to see how the plans of their superiors were going to work, no very astute prophet would be needed to foretell the outcome of even the best schemes of the most skilful strategists. In the warfare waged by the Christian church much rests on the pastors; but an essential of success is union of the people among themselves, and perfect fidelity to the pastor and hearty co-operation with him.

If Elijah knew what is implied in "blue Monday," it is not surprising that an earnest worker today should sometimes be found "under a juniper tree," when it seems that he is left alone in standing for the right. Too often, when the pastor becomes discouraged, he has no need of fleeing to the wilderness in order to gain solitude. As soon as the meetings ceased to be inspiring, each man has asked his neighbor whether affairs do not seem to be in a very low condition, and has announced his own purpose to remain at home.

Moses was more fortunate than many of his successors in that it was just when he was wearied with his efforts for the people that his followers came to his assistance instead of getting off into a corner and beginning to whisper about its being high time for them to look around for a younger man to lead so great a company. Making a pastor disheartened is one of the shrewdest of Satan's devices, but a still shrewder one is that which makes any discouragement on the pastor's part an unfailing prophecy of immediate desertion on the part of his followers.

One may be bringing God's message to His despondent servant in assuring him that there are many ready to work with him; it would have been better, however, had the despondency been forestalled rather than removed. A pastor comes, like his Lord, to minister unto others; and that he may do so he requires their co-operation. He cannot meet the individual needs that he desires to, unless he is told what they are, and what words of his have proved helpful.

A physician is not expected to heal one without being told anything of the symptoms. One who does any church work at the minister's request has not thereby conferred a personal favor, and laid the minister under a perpetual obligation, any more than the man who has recovered his strength by following the physician's directions has thereby placed the physician under a heavy debt of gratitude.

The pastor in giving his parishioners a work to do for Christ is thereby helping them to fulfil what should be their dearest wish in life; and when pastor and people thus labor and pray with each other and for each other in their common service, there must grow up an affection between them like that between parent and child, and the work of the Lord must prosper in their hands.—[Golden Rule.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

The following, from the Guide (Glasgow), will be found profitable reading, especially to young men.

Leisure moments are perhaps among the most powerful tests that can be applied to one's character. When the soul is undisturbed by outward influences, and sitting alone and in the silence of her own presence chamber, when the inward eye is awake, and our thoughts are in some measure the natural outcome of our inner consciousness, we seem to feel keenly a sense of our mental poverty; the barrenness of all within is oppressive; or it may even be that the corridors and passages of the mind resound with the tramp of the blackened forms of evil—thoughts that one day develop into deeds if not overcome—so that by and by we almost dread being alone. A man is sometimes his own worst enemy. We wonder at the strange undercurrents of evil that have their place within us. We know not how or whence they come, but we cannot doubt their existence.

Leisure and loneliness have their uses. They may be as twin lights to reveal the error or the emptiness within, they may lead to a consciousness of inward restlessness and discontent, a sighing after something better and higher than anything we have hitherto known, a blind groping after something vague and impalpable; we are conscious of the desires and aspirations, but how to meet and satisfy them is the difficulty. Is relief to be found by joining in the busy whirl of the world? Or must we seek rest in the sweets of intellectual enjoyment—in books, painting, music? Or shall we sink into the moral depths of what is practically unbelief and infidelity?

It is not to be denied that some, it may be all of these alternatives have certain advantages peculiar each to itself. There is happiness to be had from each, but it is short-lived, flickering and delusive. These things touch not the centre of the soul's disease, drink ever so deeply of these streams and you will still thirst. There is no getting away from it. There is but one link that can join you to peace, happiness and heaven, and that is Christ. Christ and Him alone. You may not think so. You find it hard to bring your mind to believe it can be so.

It is, nevertheless, whether you believe it or not, and whether you put the fact to a practical test or not. Christ is peculiarly the companion of silent and solitary hours; the ineffable sweetness of His presence, the joy of having Him in your soul, is as the music of singing birds; the light and glory of heaven are transferred into your life; instead of the old blackness and bitterness you are surrounded by an atmosphere that has in it the warmth and brightness of the summer's sunlight.

And so Christ will become the touchstone of all your after life. He will come to you in the leisure moments of your days, and your communion with Him shall be sweet; your thoughts will revert to Him at such times more lovingly than you are wont to think of absent earthly friends. You can bring to Him the difficulties of every kind that beset your life, and you will find that living close to Him the full energies of your being are called into action and that you are moving forward into ever brightening light; having Him you have the ne plus ultra of your aspirations. He will be to you the center of all things.

It is in our leisure moments often that the highest inspirations of life come to us; like the lightning's flash to the lonely traveler in the darkness of night we see the realities of things, as it were, but for a moment, and then all is gloom around us. It is ever wise, therefore, to note the guiding of these supreme moments of our existence.

Making Paupers Support Themselves.

It has just come out that it is the custom in many London parishes for the poor boards to provide able-bodied paupers with brooms and assign them to sweep certain crossings, making them support themselves from what they can get in this way, and thus reducing the workhouse expenses proportionately.—*Chicago Times.*

How did Henry VIII. differ from other men as a suitor? He married his wives and axed them afterwards.