

Sunday Reading.

Entering In.

The church was dim and silent With a hush before the prayer, Only the organ trembling Of the organ stirred the air; Without the sweet, still sunshine, Within the lofty calm, Where priests and people waited For the swelling of the psalm. Slowly the door swung open, And a little baby girl, Brown-eyed, with brown-hair falling In many a wavy curl, With soft cheek flushing hotly, Shy glance downward thrown, And small hands clasped before her, Stood in the aisle alone. Stood half abashed, half frightened, Unknowing where to go, While like a wind-wrecked flower The form swayed to and fro, And the changing color fluttered In the little troubled face, As from side to side she wavered With mute imploring grace. It was but for a moment, What wonder that we smiled By such a strange, sweet picture, From holy thoughts beguiled, When up rose some one softly, And many an eye grew dim, As through the tender silence He bore the child with him. And I dimly wondered, losing The sermon and the prayer, If some time I enter The many mansions fair, And stand abashed and drooping In the portal's golden glow, Our God will send an angel To show me where to go.

Christ and the Great Fever.

BY REV. THOMAS HENSON.

It is a short story as told by the three evangelists, but it is a very precious pearl, a priceless gem. Rightly to profit by the story we must regard Christ as being the same in this age as in that. We must not think of it as an interesting anecdote of a long dead family or of a Christ that was; we shall throw away the kernel and keep nothing but a broken shell if we do. We must treat it as a perennial spring from which every thirsty soul in each passing age may draw living water for himself; because the living Christ is still in it. Ages may alter their grooves of thought and their forms of expression; but sin and woe—the great fever of fallen humanity—do not alter, and Christ lives and does not change; the ages do not alter Him. Sin is sin, good is as you will, and human woe is human woe say what you may; and Jesus Christ is the same yester-age, this age, and through the ever-ages. That great fever in Peter's house images the skeleton which is inseparable from every home. Christian discipleship cannot shut the door against it. Two opposite parties make mistakes about that. There are children who think their relationship to the Father should screen them from the ill winds of life; and when these winds blow upon them, as they must and will, they write bitter things against themselves, as if these ills proved them aliens and not children. The very man in whose house the great fever was raging tells us not to think these fiery trials strange; and another, who knew full well the tribulations of life, said, "If ye be without chastening, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons." It is the Father's manner to chasten those whom He loves, just as men polish their jewels. But there is another class who err herein. From Job's day to this there have been comforters not one whit wiser or better than his. They drop in upon the saintly sufferer, and, not having the grace to sit silent seven days; they hastily plunge into the doctrines of retribution of Divine anger, and punishment of sin. They would have the sufferer repent and humble himself before his Judge. So it is possible to abuse the Divine Fatherhood in more than one way. Ignorance is the root of both these errors. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. Christ loved His disciple; Peter loved his Lord; but their mutual love did not prevent the shadow of the great fever darkening that godly home.

We may learn, that too, disease and sorrow do not drive Christ away from His disciples' house. There is a friendship which flourishes only in the sunshine, like summer flowers; and there is friendship which flourishes in the cold, bleak winter, like the snowdrop and the violet, as pure as the one, as sweetly fragrant as the other. We have heard of shepherds leaving the city in a body when disease has been desolating the homes of the flock. Call it "poor humanity," if you will; but Christ was not less human because He was fully Divine. This is just the point to be emphasized—that to-day Christ visits and stays in the disciples' house when the great fever—fever in any shape or form that trouble and sorrow can take—is there.

Here, then, we see the social and domestic side of Christ's nature in the homes of His friends. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a visitor to go into a Christian home on Saturday night and leave it on Monday morning without learning that there is an aged, or an infantile, or youthful sufferer in it. On such occasions we do not get into the heart of the home, only into its company rooms; we see the pictures, hear the music, enjoy the lively smiles and talk; both sides forget that there is a better room, a diviner enjoyment in the house. Perhaps this is inevitable because they so imperfectly know each other. But it really is upstairs, or in that back, uncopied parlour, where most of heaven is, because there the great fever is. There is something in some of us which fails to draw out the trust of a kind "Gaius," or which equally fails to get at the tender sympathy of a pilgrim guest. Not so with Christ in any house where He is lovingly entertained and simply trusted and confidently looked up to. Genial and serenely familiar, there is no levity and coarse familiarity on His part; loving, trustful, and reverent, there is no slavish fear or cold reserve on theirs; guest and hosts are at home with each other; it is hard to tell, perhaps, which is most at home. When Christ had entered Peter's house, "Anon they tell Him of her." Christ's joy and human sorrow met. They beseech Him for her. He was ever ready. Perhaps we do not always realize this trait of our Redeemer's character in our afflictions; we are so bounded by sense and matter. What an outlet is a sense, loving, confiding prayer when the great fevers of life are upon us! Think of a prayerless hospital, or of a prayerless sick room in your house! No experience of the social and domestic side of Christ's nature! It must be the next shadow to that of Calvary, when Christ felt Himself forsaken. Let faith pierce through that veil of sense and matter in the sick room, and you will see Jesus sitting there. You may draw up your chair to His side and tell your story about the loved one tossing on the bed. You may tell Him what the night has been—to the patient and to the watcher; how greatly the fever prevailed at such an hour; how the patient moaned and cried with pain and agony; how the watcher feared and longed for the morning. You may enlarge the field and take into it not only the fever-stricken, but the sin-stricken wanderer in any of life's dark mazes. Perhaps Matthew's mother had done that before Jesus went down to the receipt of custom and called him away from his sin and shame. The whole picture is typical. The great fever includes all human woe, sin, its root, included. The social and domestic homeliness of Christ encourages to-day the same homely assurance and love as then, so that you may tell Him of all your troubles. We have not been curiously handling an old dry fossil dug up out of far-off time, but a living reality which throbs with emotion, and thrills with joy and delight to-day. The energizing influence of Christ, standing over your sorrow, touching it, lifting you up and driving your fever—aye, the world's fever—is going on yet. You have but to open your eyes and you will see Him; you need only get into full friendship with Him and you will feel Him; only open your heart to His love and and you will know Him.

God be merciful to me a sinner.— Luke 18: 13. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Stopping the Paper.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute, needs a new shoe," she soliloquised, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk-bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a-half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily-booted foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before: "I believe it will have to be done. Of course, I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard; but really, I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses, I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity and help in the kitchen I can not do without; so I see no other way to begin saving, but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. James Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said. "Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly, "why wife, what made you do that?" "Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling; "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes, such as you allowed me to copy, and I knew you would spare it a few moments." "I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently. Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jennie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school Lesson. Where's the paper, I'll get it." "We have no paper to-night, Jennie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jennie. "We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh dear me," piped up Jennie, "What shall we do?" "And there's the story mother always read to us after the Sunday-school Lesson was learned," wailed Jennie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it that's enough."

No more was said that night. The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along, was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning, Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?" "Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said it would be good as a cordial, any day, to hear me read."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner, then Jennie asked, a little timidly: "Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it." The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie asked, thoughtfully: "And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a lesson every week than to have plum-pudding."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother, "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt; and when, towards the last of the week, the paper came impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed. "Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments, but afterwards, when only himself and wife were in the room he said: "Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper. Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that is how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—Golden Rule

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for having put roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

Mission to the Telugus.

The following is from the Report of the American Baptist Missionary Union:

The most important event in the history of the Telugu Mission for the past year is the accomplishment of the division of the Ongole field into five fields, each with its central station, missionary in charge, churches, and force of native helpers. Some idea of the vast territory and responsibility, which until now has been included under the term "the Ongole field," may be gained when it is considered that the four territories that have been set off from it are all among the largest fields of the missions, in territory and numbers. Yet Ongole itself still counts fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-eight church members.

The whole number in the Telugu Mission is not far from twenty-five thousand, nearly all of whom have come out from heathenism within the last eight years. They are not only new converts to Christ, but new members of a Christian community. They find themselves separated from their old life, with its habits, customs, and institutions, and enter upon the new life in Christ, without the advantages of established Christian institutions and customs. Good schools, well-ordered churches, a Christian literature, devout family life, personal conduct in accordance with the principles of godliness, are strange things to these multitudes of Telugu converts. They know not what they are, and have no models after which they may provide them for themselves. What has been done in Burma in fifty years must here be done in ten, if the grand results of the mission hitherto are to be confirmed and cemented into a sure foundation for future prosperity.

An Envelope Party. A special effort is sometimes made in our circles to raise money for the cause of missions. We know of no better way for any benevolent object than an envelope party. It is at least free from objections. The invitation may be given from the pulpit with other notices, or a written card may be sent from the president to each member of the circle, inviting her to come at a certain time to a certain place, and bring in a sealed envelope such gift as her heart may dictate. The gifts may be with or without name as may be thought best, or as each individual may choose. Each envelope should contain, besides money, some selection from Scripture, stanza of a hymn, brief quotation, or short letter expressive of interest in the cause, thanksgiving for mercies received, or new purpose of consecration,—anything which the heart may prompt.

The anticipated meeting should be talked over by those interested, and any persons who cannot come should be invited to send their envelopes. On the appointed evening, the opening of the envelopes, reading the contents, counting the money, with prayers, remarks, and singing interspersed, will make a very pleasant occasion. And the amount received, we venture to say will in most cases exceed what would be netted from a fair or other entertainment. For this party there will be no previous outlay of time and strength, and no consequent exhaustion and weariness. No money will be wasted on side issues, and there will be the pleasure arising from having made a direct offering to the Lord.

We know of such a party recently held for the purpose of furnishing a church. The gifts amounted to about \$800; and the fitting quotations and bright original letters contained in the envelopes, together with a little music, made it one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held by that society.—Helping Hand.

The courage of one's emotions is even rarer than the courage of one's convictions; but when a voice trusts itself to speak of these things it stirs universal echoes.—Mabie.

A good man and a wise man may at times be grieved with the world, but no man is ever discontented with the world if he does his duty in it.

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1884.

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson VI.—AUGUST 10, 1884.

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

2 Sam. xv. 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—Exodus xx. 12.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

- M. The Lesson.
T. Nathan's Prophecy of Evil to David's House. 2 Sam. xii. 7-12.
W. Absalom slays his Brother Amnon. 2 Sam. xiii. 22-30.
T. Absalom's Beauty. 2 Samuel xiv. 15, 16.
F. Absalom's turbulent Spirit. 2 Sam. xiv. 28-33.
S. David's Psalm when he fled from Absalom. Psa. iii.
S. A Psalm upon the Same occasion. Psa. cxlii.

REFERENCES.—(1) Ch. xii. 11; 1 Kings i. 5. (3) Prov. xxx. 11, 17. (4) Judges ix. 20. (6) Rom. xvi. 18. (7) Jer. ix. 3, 5; 1 Sam. xvi. 2. (8) Ch. xiii. 38. (10) Job xx. 5. (11) Gen. xx. 5. (12) Psa. xli. 9; Josh. xv. 51; Psa. iii. 1, 2. (13) Va. G. (14) Ch. xix. 9.

ANALYSIS.—I. Plotting. Vs. 1-6. II. Open Rebellion, Vs. 7-12. III. David's Flight, Vs. 13, 14.

QUESTIONS.—Vs. 1-6.—Who was Absalom? What did he prepare for himself? How many outrunners had he? For what purpose was this regal pomp and show? How did he act with the men who came to the king's gate for judgment? In what way did he flatter them? How did he treat those coming to do him obeisance?

Vs. 7-12.—How many years was Absalom engaged in his plots? What pretext did he use with the king to absent himself? Where did he go? Why was Hebron a good point for the revolt? What did he say about his vow? Were such vows common in those days? How were they fulfilled? What answer did the king give to his request? Whom had Absalom sent throughout the tribes? For what purpose? What was the signal of revolt? What was the cry?

Vs. 13, 14.—How was the news of the rebellion brought to David? Give the message. What did David resolve to do? Why did he flee? Was it the part of prudence, or of cowardice? Lesson Proving.—Where, in this lesson, do we find—1. That what a man sows he shall also reap? 2. That whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth? 3. That the fawning and obsequious are trying to use us for their own ends? 4. That ingratitude is one of the basest crimes?

David's repentance for his great sins was sincere, as seen in the last lesson; and grace and pardon were immediate. "The Lord hath put away thy sins," said Nathan to him (2 Sam. xii. 13). But he that sows the wind must reap the whirlwind (Hosea viii. 7). Certain evils ensued to David's house, as a consequence of his sin. "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house," said God, through the prophet (2 Sam. xii. 11). There came first the death of his child; then his daughter was dishonored, as he had dishonored Bathsheba; then his son, Amnon, was killed by another son, Absalom; bringing to his mind his own conduct towards Uriah. His own sin had so tied his hands that he could not punish Absalom. Though he banished him for awhile, he restored him without penitence; and this paved the way for rebellion.

NOTES.—Vs. 1-3.—Absalom. The third son of David. His mother was Maachab, daughter of Talmai, King of Geshur, a small Syrian district north-east of Palestine. His two older brothers, Amnon and Chileab, were dead, and he naturally regarded himself as the rightful heir to the throne. But he knew that Solomon was the favorite son, and that the influence of Bathsheba, Solomon's mother, was paramount with David. If, then, he would secure the throne, he must do it by a bold stroke, and must make no delay in preparing for it. Absalom was vain, crafty, ambitious, and of a wild, ungovernable temper, as is seen by his murdering his brother (xiii. 28); and by his setting Joab's barley field on fire (xiv. 30). Besides being the eldest living son, he had the advantage of a fine personal appearance (xiv. 25); and the king's fondness enabled him to assume the state and equipage of a prince, and thus to associate the kingly idea with himself before the people. He had chariots and horses, and fifty men, as outrunners; and thus made his appearance with a regal magnificence, as heir-apparent to the throne. This measure was one of great shrewdness, as calculated to dazzle the minds of the populace. Rose up early. In hot countries, business is transacted early in the morning. And stood. Judges and