



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

By the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D. D., F. R. S.,
Archdeacon of Westminster.

Preached in Westminster Abbey, January 25th on behalf of the Gordon Boy's Home, from Phil. iii. 8: "Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ."

It is six years almost to a day since, in a city of the Soudan, vainly looking for help across the desert sands, alone, unrescued, but still bright and cheerful in the supreme self-sacrifice of faith and duty, one of the very noblest Englishmen of modern days fell dead before the fire of the enemy, leaving behind him in the minds of his countrymen a terrible misgiving that, by blunder or carelessness, we had thrown away the life of our most heroic, most faithful, and most christian soldier. As a soldier General Gordon was prompt in action, fertile in resources, gifted with extraordinary insight and magnetic influence. We read on his monument at St. Paul's that he "saved an empire by his warlike genius, ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom and power, and lastly, obedient to his sovereign's command, died in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children from imminent and deadly peril." Yet it was not as a soldier that Charles George Gordon won his purest fame. England has had other warriors whose private life was not as exemplary as their public services; but Gordon was supremely great because he aimed at something higher and more heroic in religion, than this age affecteth;—because at all times, everywhere, he gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God. We honor Gordon as a hero; but to England and to the world he is much more precious as a Christian—as a man, who, with all his human frailties, yet left a name which, because it reflects the glory of his Lord, is luminous in the firmament of Christ's true followers.

He was, indeed, every inch a soldier. Obedience to duty, faithfulness even unto death, has ever been the pride of true soldiery, and Gordon showed it. He showed it in his prompt hardness on December 4th, in the bitterly cold winter of 1884, when a youth of 21. He wrote: "I received my orders for the Crimea, and was of the same day." Thirty years later, on January 11th, 1884, he again started to the tropical Soudan on the very day that he received his orders. Nor was he less a soldier in his thoroughness. He studied his profession; he mastered details, from the principles of grand strategy down to mending a gunlock or loading a cartridge. But in these assiduous, in skill, in dauntlessness, in rapidity of combination, in a bravery at once so simple and so amazing that it struck hostile forces in the light of magic, in the arts of war and government with which, under enormous difficulties he broke the force of the Tai-ping rebellion, and led his ever-victorious army in China, other soldiers have equalled, though they could hardly surpass him. There is a courage of silent endurance which makes a far greater strain on the forces of manhood, and to this, too, Gordon showed himself equal all his life long. Take, for instance, his dreary, desperate, disappointing work in 1874, in the angle of equatorial Africa which lies between the lakes and the falls of Folar. "It is," he wrote, "a dead, mournful spot, with a damp, heavy dew penetrating everywhere. It is as if the angel Azrael had spread his wings over the land." "You have little idea," he says, "of the silence and the solitude. I am sure that no one whom God did not support could bear it. It is simply killing; but thank God I am in good health, rarely in low spirits, and then only for a short time." And, again, he says: "No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands: heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round. But I like the work"—why? The reason is thoroughly characteristic: "for I believe that I do a great deal to alleviate the lot of these people." It was a spirit which abode with him to the last. It was the spirit of the last words that we ever had from him when, having shown Englishmen how to live, he showed them also how to die; and wrote at Khartoum in the postscript of the last letter which ever reached us from him: "P. S.—I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty."

And yet English soldiers have, many a time, showed no less endurance than his. They showed it at Waterloo when they stood on the ridge of the hillside held, as in a leash, by the iron will of their captain, while the cannon balls ploughed their way through their diminished ranks. They showed it at Balacava when, though the soldiers knew "some one had blundered," they charged, without murmur, into the valley of death. They showed it at Lucknow when, amid fever and storm and the constant sharp ping of endless bullets, and the stench of old food decaying and the infinite torment of flies,

Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Have look baffled and beaten, or butchered for all that we knew,
Ah! then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shattered walls,
Millions of musket bullets, and thousands of cannon balls;
But never upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Had Gordon only showed these qualities of battle, brute and endurance and undiminished duty, he could have held in his country's gratitude a high place with Wellington and Nelson and Napier. But even these were not the special characteristics which made the example didactic to millions who are fighting in that warfare which has no discharge. There is an Armageddon of battle, a daily struggle, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, and the world rulers of this darkness," in which millions of us are engaged who know nothing of the pomp and circumstance of war. The grandeur of Gordon's character for the vast majority of mankind rests far more upon the rarity of his exemplary goodness than upon his faithful soldiery or his military fame. It rests with the magnificent superiority to

vulgar temptations which he shared with that apostle of the Gentiles, to whom this day is dedicated. It was, most of all, by the way in which he trampled on worldly allurements to which all but the fewest of us—all but one in a million—more or less utterly succumb, that Gordon manifested to the world forever what a true soldier a christian man should be. Take, for instance, that love of money which is the root of all kinds of evil. For the sake of it, millions of crimes are committed. In the pursuit of it millions of lives are wasted. By the baseness of it millions of souls are contaminated. It is only now and then that a man shows himself in the world in the true glory of his immortality, supremely indifferent to the dull yellow fascination of gold, disdainfully superior to this meanest of servitudes, magnificently above all care and admiration for either pelf or what pelf will buy. Gordon was but thirty, a young and penniless officer when, indignant at the Chinese cruelty inflicted after the capture of Soochow, he drove out of his tent with his cane the emissaries who brought him a present of 10,000 taels from the Emperor of China, and wrote his refusal to receive it on the back of the decree. His pay had been good, but he spent it entirely on the sick and wounded and on providing comforts for his men. The English officer who preceded him, it is said, though unsuccessful, had in a much shorter time, and quite legitimately, accumulated £60,000; but Gordon left China as poor as when he entered it, and only with the knowledge that through him a great rebellion had been suppressed, and more than 80,000 lives had been spared. In the Soudan he was offered a salary of £10,000 a year, the salary which his predecessor received; but he would only accept £2,000, lest excuse should be made for oppressive taxes. "My object," he said, "is to show the Khedive that gold and silver idols are not worshipped by all the world. They are very powerful gods, but not so powerful as our God." All his life he was one of those rarer souls who, having a special mission to his fellow-men, could say as Wesley said, "money never stays with me. It would burn me if it did. I threw it out of my hands as soon as possible, lest it should find a way into my heart."

Take, again, this man's attitude towards honors and fame and human praise. These often weigh with men in the rare cases in which they can pour silent contempt on gold. Honors came to Gordon thick and fast, though chiefly from other countries and not from England. At twenty-three he was decorated by the French with the rare distinction of the cord of the Legion of Honor. At thirty he received from the Chinese the yellow jacket and the peacock's feather, the highest honor ever conferred upon any subject by the emperor of China. At forty-four he was invested by the Khedive with the power of life and death and absolute government of a province as large as France, Germany, and Spain together. A mandarin in China, a pasha in Egypt, a plenipotentiary in Abyssinia, the only Englishman for whom prayers were yearly offered at Mecca; what was his attitude towards these various distinctions which many men would have so proudly displayed? "Fame," says our poet, "is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise, that last infirmity of noble mind. But Gordon rose even above this last infirmity. 'I can truly say,' he wrote, 'no man has ever been so forced into a high position as I have been. How many I know to whom the incense would be as the breath of their nostrils. But to me it is irksome beyond measure.' He hated praise so that at one time, when all the newspapers were eulogising him, he would not allow a newspaper to be brought into his house. 'All compliments,' he said, 'are as idle words.' 'If it was the will of Jesus, how delighted I should be to be called away to be a nail in his footstool.' And, again, towards the end. 'If a man speaks well of me,' he said, 'divide it by millions and still it would be millions of times too favorable. If a man speaks evil of me, multiply it by millions and still it would be millions of times too favorable. Praise humbles me; it does not elate me. Did the world praise Jesus? What right have we then to take the praise of men when it is due to Him?' Was not this, again, exactly the spirit of St. Paul, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.' Gordon, the least-seeking of men, was one of the very few who desired to get things, but did not care to claim them or to be applauded for them. He loved the quiet lightning deed, not the applauding thunder at his heels which men call fame.

Nor less characteristic of his christianity was the sovereign pity which reigned in his heart, and which embraced the most wretched and the most abject of mankind. What made him chiefly rejoice in his Chinese command was that he had stipulated with the emperor that there should be no barbarities and no decapitation of prisoners. At Khartoum he wrote: "I took a poor old bag of bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up; but yesterday she was gently taken off, and now knows all things. I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth." And, again, he said: "A wretched sister is struggling up the road, drenched with rain, and almost blown down by the wind. I have sent her some dorah, and will produce a spark of joy in her black and withered carcase." "My one desire," he wrote from the Soudan, "is to be a shelter to the people, to ease their burdens, and to soften their hard lot in these inhospitable lands." He looked, you see, upon the wretchedness of mankind in the light of the Incarnation, and

Even so, who love the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All must be precious in His sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined.

Seeing, then, that Gordon was thus the greatest and kindest of men, it may well seem strange if I reckon a splendid power of hatred as one of his grandest qualities. Yet so it was. The noblest natures must be endowed with the hate of hate, and the

scorn of scorn, as well as with the love of love. They must hate Pharisaism and falsity and cant and oppression and lies and injustice, even as Christ hated them. Hatred of men never. Hatred of all that drags men down into shams and hypocrites always. The magnificent hatred and disdain of vice and pettiness which flamed in Gordon's heart was in no sense the mean hatred of man against his brother-man, such as abounds in churches and in commonwealths. What made him so often wish to be alone in his work was the knowledge that his sense of right was not the same as that of many men—that where they would hang, he might reward, and where they would burn and pillage he might spare and protect. When he went to India, a correspondent wrote that one so terrible as he was to shams and charlatans would send a shiver and a shock through all the vanities of Indian society. He was like the idol of the Chinese, such a man who, although he may love life, will love something more than life, and although he may hate death, he will hate something more than death. Better than life he loved mercy and justice. Better than death he hated falsity and villainess.

To go to yet deeper things, what carried Gordon so gloriously through all his labors and trials was his unswerving trust in God. He had learnt it from the Bible. Rightly on the statue in Trafalgar square the bible is carried under his arm. When the flag was flying from his tent in the Soudan, all knew that Gordon was at prayer, and must not be disturbed. "I go up alone," he wrote, as he started from Cairo to Khartoum, "with an Infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me, and I am so called to trust in Him as to fear nothing, and indeed, to feel sure of success." "The Almighty God will help me," was part of his last message to England. God did help him, by delivering him out of the miseries of an ungrateful and evil world. Were I to choose one sentence more significant than the rest from all his journals and letters it would be this: "You," he wrote to a correspondent, "are only called upon to trust God sometimes. I am obliged to rely upon Him continually, I am constantly in anxiety. Find me a man, and I will take him as my help, who utterly despises money, name, glory, honor, one who never wishes to see his native home again, one who looks to God as the source of good and the controller of evil, and looks upon death as a remedy for misery; and if you cannot find such a man for me, then leave me alone. Such was this very gentle perfect life."

But I must not end till I have touched on the happiest, the most beautiful, the most peaceful episode of his life, which, perhaps, the world would have regarded as the most insignificant and obscure. I refer to his glorious six years at Gravesend. It was there, that as a simple layman and colonel of engineers, he set an example which, in its unique beauty of christian love, transcends and is more precious than all his other works. How many prelates, how many ecclesiastics of any denomination have there been who have set an example of such absolute selflessness and self-sacrifice so noble as that set by this humble officer of engineers? We know how his good garden was flung open to the cultivation of the poor; how, when he met a burdened old woman he would stop and take her burden and carry it himself; how the dying sent for him in his loving tenderness in preference to the clergy; how he invariably gave to the sick and the suffering whatever presents he chanced to receive of fruit or flowers; how he gave away his income in alms, so that he was always poor; how, having nothing else, he secretly sold the one thing he valued, the valuable gold medal of the emperor of China, the only present which he had accepted in that empire, and sent the price of it anonymously to the Coventry relief fund. We know in what Christ-like simplicity he lived—how with his own hands he would go and light the fire of a dying pauper woman; how lovingly he would mingle with the destitute and make them forget their troubles.

But it was with the boys that he felt the deepest sympathy. Undeterred by dirt or rags, or by the scars left upon them by the vices and neglect of our civilized, heathendom, he saw in those lads the claim of the future and the children of a Heavenly Father. A ragged urchin whom he took to a christian lady with the characteristic words, "I want to make you a present of a boy saved from the gutter," died a good member of society with the hymn,

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Upon his lips. He took them to his heart, those little ragged wretches and strays whom none had ever loved. We know now that he used to send them to his own expense to seaside homes to recover from their illness, how he started them in life, how with little flags upon the map hanging in his room he followed it with his prayers, how he taught them, how he made them love him, how in scarlet fever he took those poor lads into his own house, how he nursed them when they were sick in the infirmary, how he led them to Jesus. We can understand the question asked of him, with wistful eyes by a dying boy, "shall I see you there in heaven, colonel?" What personal ascendancy he won over them because they could trust the honesty of that frank countenance and the sparkle of those blue eyes. Those little fellows, those kings as he called them, learnt that "he loved a fellow there," and covered the walls of the fort with the inscription "God bless the colonel." Yes, he loved all who were suffering: the wild, black-eyed, chocolate-colored child of the Soudan, the street arab, the rough sailor boy, the urchin in the ragged school, the sick, the paralytic, the old woman in her garret. True, it has been said, this was only a rush light in the night of this island's misery, but it was, nevertheless, a work to have done which there are few bishops who might not kneel down in the dust and lay their mitres there; and if such a rush-light were but kindled in every English

home to which God has given wealth and knowledge, what an illumination would go forth through this land.

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home to which God has given wealth and knowledge, what an illumination would go forth through this land.

How far you little candle sheds its beams:
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Such a man, my friends, was Charles George Gordon, this selfless and stainless gentleman, and we have lost him—how history will speak. But does not his example, does not the magnificence of his martyrdom speak to us trumpet-tongued? The wind has swept his ashes over the mighty wastes of the Soudan; but if England keeps his memory precious in our hearts, then better, it has been said, than in effigy or in epitaph will his life be written, and his nameless tomb will become a citadel to the nations.

I lead with you for the Gordon Boys' home—the national memorial in his honor. England did not fitly appreciate this Christian hero. Now that we have learned to appreciate him, let us at least preserve the heritage of his character, and try at one measurable distance to imitate his luminous example. We owe to his memory a deep debt, if not of reparation, at least of gratitude. If we failed to rescue him when living, let us with tears and shame show that we can at least honor him when dead. There is no memorial in which Gordon would have so heartily delighted—for which he would even have dared to die—as a memorial intended for the rescue of lads poor and destitute and liable to the worst temptations of crime, drink, and uncleanness in that burning fiery furnace of temptation, the low streets of great cities. Quite apart from his beloved and honored name, there is no work in which England would more easily engage, if she knows the hour of her visitation, than the work of rescuing the poor class of her boys from the evil and well-nigh desperate conditions in which the growth of population and the destitution of great cities has placed them.

Another layman, Lord Shutesbury whose heart was like Gordon's, at a meeting which I summoned more than twelve years ago in the Jerusalem Chamber to consider the needs of the youth of London, said that there was scarcely a single criminal whose bad career had not been begun between the ages of fourteen and twenty; and that it our youth could only be tidied safely over those years they would become in all probability profitable members of the Church and commonwealth. Therefore an opportunity to help in saving our boys from the kingdom of Satan upon God should be precious to every single person here—an opportunity to place them under kind care, amid wholesome influences of military discipline; to help in saving them from becoming the decrepit victims of drunkenness, disease, and vice, and ennobling them into good citizens and faithful men. The Gordon Boys' Home deserves our support from its own intrinsic services, and as an honor to a great good man, but most of all because it is an institution which He would approve whom we call our Master and our Lord. It would be a happy thing for England if there were at least a dozen Gordon Boys' Homes scattered over the country instead of one, and that, to our shame, struggling and hampered, not able to carry out on any adequate scale its splendid services.

Give then, I pray you, for the need is worthy; and I appeal to all of you earnestly for this good cause. Give worthily of this great house of God, which the faith of our Father raised at the very central point of our English history. Give worthily of the hero for whose lonely, deserted death we would faint alone. Give worthily of the high, unselfish example which has been set before you, and show by your giving that every one of you can, were it but for once, rise above the vulgar conventionalities of gifts which costs us nothing and involve no self-sacrifice. Doubtless you have all come meaning to give the penny or the sixpence, or the shilling, or the half-crown which are the staple of ordinary offertories. Ask your own consciences, could you not easily—could you not even without any appreciable self-denial at all—this evening show that you appreciate the self-denial of a man who habitually gave all by rising above this very poor and common standard? Could you not, each one of you, easily give three times as much—four times as much—as the trivial sum which you now intend to give? I appeal to you all, from the boys of our ancient historic school, who ought to feel a sympathy with their poorer brethren, up to the wealthiest person here—I appeal to you to do it, and to show by this good today that you can, on an occasion, rise above yourselves. I ask it as a

part of the individual duty of every one of us as good citizens. I ask it in the honored name of Charles George Gordon. I ask it in the name of that apostle to whom this day is consecrated, and who said that, "he who soweth little, shall reap also little, but he that soweth with blessings shall reap also with blessings." I ask it, most of all, in the name of Him who has made all of you, from the richest to the poorest, the stewards and not the owners of what you possess, in the name of Him "Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich."

Prayer.

Almighty God, who by searching we cannot find out unto perfection, we bless Thee for the manifold revelation of Thy glory, by which we are led into all truth, nourished in all goodness, and made free to trust, love and serve Thee. The order of Nature, the life of the Son of man, and the moral and spiritual being of Thy children bear witness of Thee, and their witness agree in one. Make us pure in heart, that we may see Thee more and more in the Creation of which we are a part, in the face of Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the movement of our own spirits. Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief. Save us from the pride of ignorance and the pride of knowledge, and from following the false lights of prejudice and opinion. We beseech Thee of Thy compassion to deliver us from all error of thought and life. Help us to confess our faith in the Father by living as dutiful children; our faith in the Son by arming ourselves with His mind, and our faith in the Holy Ghost by our quick obedience to the inward light. Amen.

A Service Respecting our Duty.

Jesus said: Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father Who is in heaven. Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother and sister.

It is the will of God that we should endeavor to keep our bodies in health and strength, and our appetites and impulses under control, and everywhere and in all things to be temperate and pure.

It is the will of God that we should train our minds and be true in our thinking, and just in all our judging.

It is the will of God that we should be honest, truthful, and upright in thought, word and deed.

It is the will of God that we should be diligent and faithful in our several callings, doing our daily work in all simplicity and integrity, and seeking and laboring only for the things which are just and good.

It is the will of God that we should rule our spirits, bear with each other's infirmities, and as much as lieth in us live peaceably with all men.

It is the will of God that we should live chiefly to be helpful to others, and not to seek only our own pleasure and gain.

It is the will of God that we should do what we can to take away the sin and sorrow of the world, and to overcome all evil with good.

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, by Thee, be enabled to live according to Thy will, as faithful disciples of Jesus Christ.

HYMN.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh—
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, true 'ere were mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest:
My God to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer of mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."
C. Elliot.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post-offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

When reading over the answers to "Prize Bible Questions, No. 10," I only found one answer fully and correctly given, Miss Anna Victoria Newham, St. Stephen. The answers to all the questions were beautifully and correctly given with the exception of the third question, "On what occasion were garments thrown on the ground as a carpet of state?" All gave our "Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem," which I consider a very good answer, but not the right one. Remember He Himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The words accompanying their actions, prove they were acknowledging him as the long promised Messiah. "Hosanna to the son of David," "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Hosanna is a Hebrew word expressing joy, and signifying, "save now." The word Hosanna was also used at the feast of Tabernacles, when the Jews repeated Psa. cxviii. 25. Save now I beseech thee, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Jehu, general of the army of Israel, while besieging Ramoth-gilead, in order to regain that city, which had been wrested from them by the Assyrians, was anointed king by a messenger from Elisha.—2 Kings ix. 1. When he told his captains he had been anointed king, they made haste and spread their military cloaks on the ground as a carpet of state, conducting him to the top of the stairs, leading to the flat roof, placing him there as on a throne, blew the trumpets and proclaimed him king.—1 Kings ix. 13. I am glad so many are so familiar with Paul's life and writings as to be able to give his quotations from the heathen poets. I hope these questions from his life will improve your knowledge, so that you may be able to say with him, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.—2 Timothy iii. 15.

NEAMI.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 10.

1. Who gave his parole never to leave Jerusalem; state how it was broken, and the consequences?
Ans. Shimei, the son of Gera, of the house of Saul, gave his parole to king Solomon that he would not leave Jerusalem. (See 1 Kings ii. 36, 37, 38.) He broke his parole three years afterwards by leaving Jerusalem and following after two of his servants, who had run away to Gath, in order to bring them back. When Solomon heard that Shimei had broken his word and had been absent from the city, he sent for him, and after having accused him of breaking his word, commanded that he should be slain. (1 Kings ii. 39 to 46.
2. Give the name of one whose birth, name and office were foretold?
Ans. The birth, name and office of Jesus were foretold by the angel who appeared to Joseph. (Math. i. 21.) The birth, name and office of John the Baptist were also foretold by the angel who appeared to his father Zacharias (Luke i. 13-18.) The birth, name and office of Josiah, king of Judah, were also foretold. (See 1 Kings xlii. 2.)
3. On what occasion were garments thrown on the ground as a carpet of state?
Ans.—Garments were thrown on the ground as a carpet of state by the captains who were with Jehu, when he was anointed king by the young prophet sent by Elisha, II Kings ix. 11-14. Garments were also thrown on the ground as a carpet of state on the occasion of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, when the people cried, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," Luke xxi. 8.
4. Prove that Paul studied literature?
Ans.—That St. Paul studied secular literature is proved by the fact that he quoted from such literature in his address and letters. Thus, when speaking at Athens he showed his acquaintance with the Athenian poets, and quoted from them. See Acts xvii. 22-29. Again when writing to the Corinthians, he quotes from secular literature. See 1 Cor. xv. 33. And again when writing to Titus, he quotes from a certain writer. See Titus i. 12.

ANNA VICTORIA NEWHAM.

St. Stephen, N. B.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 12.

1. Give the name of a city whose timely repentance delayed for a time her destruction?
2. Give the name of a city where St. Paul spent a winter?
3. Give the names of the pillars of the early Christian church?
4. Who received his name amidst family and national chastisement?