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JUNE, 1886.

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Purchasers will find the largest and Best Assorted Stock of

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LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,

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THE Subscriber will sell 32 Acres of

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Barns and Shed are on the place; the

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He will also sell 19 Acres of Land in

Andover, V. Co., two and-a-half miles

from the Village. Apply in person or by

letter to

(REV.) JOHN HENDERSON,

DOUGLAS, YORK COUNTY.

June 30, '86.

"LABORERS WANTED."

BY JAMES R. MILLS, D. D.

The Lord of the harvest rejoiceth
O'er the plenteous ripening grain;
For he seeth of his soul's deep travail
The fruitage of sorrow and pain.
Tis "the joy that was set before Him,"
This the victory he foreknew;
And He calleth His loved ones to share it,
"But the laborers are few."

The seed of the kingdom he scattered;
He watered it with his tears;
He poured out His soul unto death for the truth,
Lived and died amid scoffs and jeers;
Long and patiently waits He the harvest,
While His locks are wet with the dew;
It appears! It is ready for gathering;
"But the laborers are few."

The breath of the Spirit hath quickened
The souls which were dying in sin;
And the sun of God's love hath unfolded
Fragrant blossoms; long hidden within
Buds of grace, divinely implanted
In the hearts of both Gentile and Jew;
E'en the "isles of the ocean are calling,"
"But the laborers are few."

There are slaves who "say Master" for
lure;
Countless sluggards in ease recline;
The churches abound with "impatient
folk,"
Waiting chances of fortune and time.
These are theists, critics, and grumblers;
Devotees of "the old" and "the new;"
Fanatics and Pharisees—wordlings and
drones—
"But the laborers are few."

Rich rewards doth the Master promise;
Ripened sheaves, brought with rapturous
joy,
A hundredfold in the present time,
And life!—life expanding for aye,
Stars that shall shine in a crown of re-
joicing.
Bliss unminished, delights ever new;
More than thought can conceive or imagine;
"But the laborers are few."

Blessed Lord of the Harvest! Dear
master,
Awake us to labor and prayer,
By Thy love, so resistless, constrain us;
Though we suffer—to do and to dare;
Send us forth to Thy vineyard as toilers,
To our call make us loyal and true,
And deliver Thy Church from the stigma—
"THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

Cambridge, O.

The Sabbath-School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

[FROM PELLETIER'S NOTES.]

Third Quarter.—Lesson 8.—August 22.

WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.
JOHN xiii. 21-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wherefore let him that
thinketh he standeth take heed lest he
fall.—1 COR. x. 12.

THE TRAITOR.—Vers. 21-30. When
Jesus had thus said, he was troubled
in spirit, etc. All the expressions
of the verse indicate how deeply the
spirit of Jesus was moved. And
testified. Spoke plainly the dread-
ful truth which Judas supposed was
concealed from all. He bore this
witness so that the disciples would
know that he was not taken un-
awares. Every step was with full
knowledge of where he was going.
One of you shall betray me. Now
for the first time he declares that he
should be betrayed by one of the
twelve.

Then the disciples looked one on
another, doubting of whom he spake.
All but one being conscious of in-
nocence, and feeling that it was im-
possible that any should be guilty.
They asked one another and Christ,
"Is it I?"
There was leaning on Jesus' bosom.
Better, "there was reclining on
Jesus' lap." Whom Jesus loved.
This has been almost universally re-
garded as a designation of John.
The main reasons for this opinion
are two: (1) John is not once named
in the Fourth Gospel, while an
unnamed disciple is frequently re-
ferred to. It is not easy to con-
ceive of any reason why the author
should leave unnamed any other
disciple than himself. His char-
acter, so far as we know it, corre-
sponds with his designation as the
"beloved disciple." What an in-
sight this gives us into the delight-
ful character of John, and also into
the heart of Jesus. He did not love
all indiscriminately, but each one
according to that which was lovable
in him.

Jesus answered. The answer was
probably understood only by John.
For it is no uncommon act in an
Eastern meal for the host as a
special act of consideration, to dip a
piece of bread or meat in the sauce
of gravy, and pass it to a special
guest, or even put it into his mouth.
When he had dipped the sop—prob-
ably a piece of the unleavened
bread, dipped in the broth made of
bitter herbs. He gave it to Judas.
It was more than a sign to point out
Judas as the traitor. It is a final
appeal to Judas, which may yet
soften his heart, but which, if it do
not soften him, will only make him
more hardened than before.

After the sop Satan entered into
him. When this last effort to save
Judas had failed, Satan took full
possession of him.

The solemn lesson for us is that,
as every faithful performance of
known duty opens our heart to the
incoming of God (John xiv. 13), so
every determined resistance of
sacred influences and every persis-
tence in sin, opens our nature to the
influence of unknown but tremen-
dous Satanic influences. Then said
Jesus unto him, That thou dost, do
quickly. If you will go on, do not
act the hypocrite any longer.

No man at the table knew, &c.

Judas acted entirely alone in his
treachery.

And it was night. The sun had
gone down; the last gleam of twi-
light was lost in the gloom. So, too,
it was night in the soul of Judas.

Now is the Son of man glorified.
Now, even while Judas is betraying
his Master, and through that be-
trayal. He was glorified by the
crucifixion, which manifested the
wonderful love of God to men. God
shall also glorify him in himself, i. e.,
in God; as God is glorified in the
Messianic work of the Son, so the
Son shall be glorified in the eternal
blessedness of the Father.

Little children. An expression of
affection for them. As I said unto
the Jews (7: 34; 8: 21). Whither
I go, ye cannot come. For the pres-
ent they must stay in this world as
his representatives, to carry on his
kingdom, to proclaim his salvation
to the world. When their work
here is done, then he will receive
them to himself.

A new commandment I give unto
you, That ye love one another. The
commandment was new. (1) As the
first and foundation commandment
of his new kingdom. (2) It was
new in its motive, the love of the
one Master and Saviour of all. (3)
It was new in degree, not love "as
thyself," but "as I have loved you."
As I have loved you. Because I have
loved you; and with the same kind
of self-sacrificing love.

By this shall all men know, etc.
This is the mark by which they
should everywhere be recognized as
the disciples of Christ. Christians
are to be distinguished from the
world, not by peculiarities of dress,
not by any outward badge, for these
can be easily counterfeited, but by
the love they exercise towards one
another.

Whither goest thou? Referring
back to Jesus' statement in ver. 33.
Whither I go, thou canst not follow
me now. Why? (1) Because he
had his mission to fulfil, his great
work to perform.

Thou shalt follow me afterwards.
Alluding probably not merely to the
Apostle's death, but also to the
manner of it (compare 21: 18, 19).

I will lay down my life for thy
sake. Peter sees that in the words,
"Thou canst not follow me now,"
there lies the meaning that he is not
yet morally prepared for following
Jesus. Peter's self-confidence is
hurt by the suggestion.

The cock shall not crow, till thou
hast denied me thrice. This was ful-
filled that same night (chap. 18: 1-
27). Peter needed this trial to
show him his weakness and the true
source of strength.

"TAKE HOLD!"

"A boy in the well! A boy in the
well! A boy in the well!" This
was the cry that rang through the
solitary street of a roadside village
one clear summer evening. The
day's work was done. The sun had
set in amber and gold. The busy
laborers were resting after their toil
in the fields.

Some one asked "whose boy" it
was. Others inquired "how he had
fallen in." Another wished to
know "why the slab had been re-
moved from the mouth of the well,
or who could have left the well un-
covered." But a young man hastily
stepping forward and stripping him-
self of his jacket, called a crowd of
helpers round him with the words,
"Never mind who did the mischief.
Let us see who can undo it. That
is the question now."

"He is right!" said a dozen of
voices; and the bucket was lowered,
the windlass turned, and many
eager faces bent toward the dark-
ness. One voice after another shout-
ed to the child. Some advised him
to get into the bucket; some asked
him if he were frightened; but to
all the advice and questions there
came no audible reply. Not a sound
could be heard. "It has been a
dry season and there is little or no
water in the well," somebody said.
"Dear me!" said the boy's mother,
"and it was only yesterday that I
was grumbling about the water
being scarce."

"Give me a lantern!" shouted
the first man. A lantern was light-
ed and brought; but just at this
moment the father of the little boy
was seen elbowing his way to the
front through the crowd. Immedi-
ately the neighbors made way
for him to pass. He had been away
on some business at an adjoining
farmers', and as he returned through
the gloaming to his cottage, what
had been his surprise to see his own
home deserted and the village street
emptied, and a crowd gathered at
the well.

As he heard the story and saw his
poor wife wringing her hands, he
became very pale. But calming
himself as best he could, he said to
the men who stood around him,
"Step back, mates! step back, will
ye? Leave the child to me."

Then examining carefully the
windlass and rope, he drew up the
empty bucket, and untied it, and
weighted the rope with a couple of
sacks rolled tightly together. Then
he let it down again slowly till he

felt sure he had touched the bottom.
"Don't speak," he said, looking
round. And laying himself down on
the ground with his face to the well's
mouth, he shouted loudly and clear-
ly "Johnny, take hold of the rope!"
This time there was a slight quiver,
which those holding it could plainly
feel.

"Pull firmly," said the man.
"Steady, mates, steady!"
And then once more putting his
mouth to the well, he said, speaking
into the darkness, "Hold on firm,
my child!"

All this time the windlass went
on turning. The well was deep, and
the pull seemed a long one. At
length one good, English, hearty
cheer rent the air.

"All safe!" shouted the crowd.
"Here he is, and thank you,
mates," said the father as he lifted
the child in his arms, carrying him
down the street.

The little boy was saved! The
father's voice had reached him. He
had been taught to obey; and when
the voice he knew told him to hold
the rope, the child could understand,
and he did it too. The command
was a wise one—it proved the child's
salvation. Our Heavenly Father
has sent His "only begotten Son"
down into this dark world. He has
provided a way of safety. "Believe
on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou
shalt be saved." This is His com-
mand. If we obey it, we are saved.
"Let him take hold of My
strength, that he may make peace
with Me." O what a glorious
promise, true and plain! Will you
do as Johnny did down in the dark
well? Will you "take hold of the
rope" to-day?—*Friendly Visitor.*

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

A poor lad living in Philadelphia
was invited a couple of years ago by
a wealthy friend in town, to dine
with him. Among the dishes new
to him on the table, he noticed that
one which he particularly relished
was set down on the menu as "Filet
de boeuf aux champignons." A sharp
scrutiny showed him that the "cham-
pignons" were only mushrooms such
as he had gathered on the sheep
walk. "These, however, as his friend
explained to him, were of finer
quality, and had been canned and
cultivated in France. They sold at
retail, his friend explained to him,
readily as 60 cents a can. Strolling
through the market the next day,
the boy saw one or two quart bas-
kets of native mushrooms marked at
that price.

"Is there much demand for these
things?" he asked. "We do not
think much of them in the country."
"They are considered a rare deli-
cacy," said the man, "but only epi-
cures can afford to buy them."

The lad passed on with a new
thought in his brain. Why could
he not grow mushrooms? He was
poor, to be sure, and had little time
to spare from his regular work and
had no land. Here was a crop
which he had been told could be
raised in a cellar, one for which
there was already a demand which
could easily be increased and sup-
plied.

He went home, and during the next
few weeks read every book he could
find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a
back cellar, manufactured his spawn
with a few old mushrooms and the
manure heap, and last fall filled the
market with his boxes of tiny silver
buttons, blushing delicately pink.
They were of precisely the same
quality as the French canned cham-
pignons, only they were dewy, fresh,
and sold at 20 cents. Epicures
eagerly filled their baskets, and
others who never had tasted them,
in the prevailing high prices of all
kinds of food, tried the new, cheap
vegetable and came again and again.
The crop fairly took the market, and
the boy has already laid up a snug
sum toward going to college.—*Good
Cheer.*

WHAT MAKES A HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for
a man or maid; there was never a
chair too good for a cobbler or cooper
to sit in; never a house too fine to
shelter the human head. These ele-
ments about us, the gorgeous sky,
the imperial sun, are not too good for
the human race. Elegance fits man.
But do we not value these tools of
housekeeping a little more than they
are worth, and sometimes mortgage
home for the mahogany we would
bring into it? I would rather eat my
dinner off the head of a barrel, or
dress after the fashion of John the
Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a
block all my life, than consume all
myself before I get home, and take
so much pains with the outside that
the inside was as hollow as an empty
nut. Beauty is a great thing, but
beauty of garments, house and fur-
niture is a very tawdry ornament
compared with domestic love. All
the elegance in the world will not
make a home, and I would give more
for a spoonful of hearty love than
for whole shiploads of furniture, and
all the upholsterers of the world
could gather together. —*Theodore
Parker.*

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