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## The Sabbath-School.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

**Fourth Quarter-Lesson III—Oct. 20.**

DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER.—1 Sam. : 18-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesue concerning you.* —1 Thess. 2 : 18.

DAVID'S GREAT DESIRE.—David in his magnificent palace of cedar, could not enjoy it so long as the house of God was but a tent. His feeling was right. It argues ill for a people when the private dwellings are rich and the house of God poor. David accordingly consulted the prophet Nathan whether he should not build a fitting temple for the worship of Jehovah.

THE PROMISE.—The proposal struck the prophet Nathan very favorably, but the next night he had a revelation from God forbidding David to carry out his design.

The Reasons were probably (1) the temple was to be a type of the church of God, a kingdom of peace carried, while David was a man of war. (2) The kingdom was not yet sufficiently established to allow David to take so much time and thought from its organization and conquests as would be required to build such a temple. (3) The temple could be built much more magnificently by David's son in the peaceful times which David would bring to the kingdom. (4) It would require the time, and skill, and wealth of David's reign to prepare the materials for the temple. Instead of granting David's request God promised him that which was far better. So God ever answers the prayers he seems to deny. The promise was threefold. (1) His kingdom should endure forever. (2) The throne should always remain in his family. (3) His son should build the temple David desired to build. These promises were made to David after a long trial of faithfulness. Only to one who had been "faithful in the least" could safely be given these larger and more glorious things.

THANKSGIVING.—Vers. 18-24. *Then went king David in*: to the tent where the ark was.—*And sat before the Lord.* David sat, most probably, upon his heels. It was the posture of the ancient Egyptians before the shrines; it was the posture of deepest respect before a superior in the East. *Who am I?* Only he who believes in the true God knows what genuine humility is. To him the contrast between the almighty and Holy God and a weak, sinful atom of humanity, is too overwhelming. *O Lord God! And what is my house*: decendants. *That thou hast brought me hitherto.* All he is and all he has he owes to God. *And this was yet a small thing in thy sight.* Not in David's sight but in God's, and in comparison with the still greater things promised. *But thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a great while to come:* even forever, and with a glory far beyond David's highest thought, *And is this the manner of man*: better, and this is a law for man. All this great power is given to a man. *And what can David say more*, etc. Words are utterly insufficient to express the feelings of his heart. *For thy word's sake.* Because God has given his promise. *And according to thine own heart.* The gift, in its largeness and blessing, partook of God's own infinite nature. It was worthy of the love and goodness, the wisdom and power of God.

*To make thy servant know.* Not only to do them, but also to reveal them. *Wherefore thou art great.* No miracle of power, not even the measureless creation with its infinite number of worlds, shows the greatness of God so much as does his goodness and love in the redemption of man, and the everlasting kingdom of his saints. *And what one nation in the earth is like thy people.* God's people were a peculiar people. They were God's people, serving and worshipping him, guided and blessed by him. They were a redeemed people, *Whom God went to redeem for a people to himself.* He redeemed them from the bondage of Egypt at great cost, as he now redeems his people from the bondage of sin. They manifested to the rest of the world God's goodness. *And to make him a name.* Not that "he might for himself enjoy the praises of men," but that he might express his goodness and make known his love. *To do for you* (rather, them) *great things and terrible.* The whole history of the church, from the coming of Christ till to-day, is full of great things God has done for his people. *For thou hast confirmed to thyself.* Renewed the promise, as given in Nathan's message to David. *A people unto thee for ever.* True of the natural Israel in a measure. But completely fulfilled in the kingdom of Christ. That kingdom is growing, widening, increasing and will never end. *And thou, Lord, art become their God.* It may be asked, Was he not a God to all nations? Yes, as to his power and providence. But only to Israel was the fulness of his Godhead, his love, mercy, justice, long-suffering, and faithfulness displayed. The others would not receive him as their God.

PRAYER.—Vers. 25-28. *And now*: in view of all God had promised and done. *Establish it for ever.* Carry out the promise. Not that David doubted, but he expressed his desires and hopes. *Let thy name be magnified for ever.* The honor of God was dear to David's heart. And the more God's name is magnified, the more the world is blessed. *Hast revealed.* True prayer is founded on the promises. *I will build thee a house*: a family, a dynasty, culminating in his Son Jesus, the eternal King. *Thy words be true.* David believed God and rested upon the promises.

The Answer. Vastly beyond what David asked or could even imagine. The posterity of David could only last forever by running out in a person who lives forever; i. e., by culminating in the Messiah, who lives forever and of whose kingdom there is no end. And thus David's kingdom, through his decendant and heir, still continues, and will abide forever, bringing all nations and people under its sway, and more than realizing all the visions of glory which filled the Jewish heart.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

We should never be satisfied to spend much on ourselves and little on God's kingdom.

We should long to build up God's spiritual temple.

God often permits us to prepare the material with which others are to build up his kingdom.

We may know a thing is right in itself, and yet may be mistaken in the way in which God would accomplish it.

In answer to our hearts' desires God always give us the exact thing we desire, or something far in its place.

What we pray for with greatest earnestness is a test of our characters.

God's wonderful goodness makes us humble, for his gifts are so infinitely beyond our deserts.

It is just like God to give great things.

God's greatness is manifested by his acts of goodness and love. Redemption is more glorious than creation.

True prayer is founded on God's promises.

God's kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Its glories are beyond our eyes to see, or our hearts to conceive.

## LONDON'S POLICE FORCE.

### The Impression It Made on an American Traveler.

**Uniforms That Are Good Enough in Quality, but Execrable in Style—The Astonishing Humility of the Peelers —Begging for a Drink.**

The London policeman would afford an unlimited amount of amusement to the irreverent street gamin of New York. The "bobbies," or "peelers," as they are called, after Sir Robert Peel, who founded the Metropolitan police force, number at present 10,000, says a correspondent of the New York Times, and they have charge of a district comprising 720 square miles. But the most inexperienced militiaman who ever tripped over his own sword could not fail to decide, after a morning's stroll down the Strand, that the New York police would, in case of a pitched battle, "go through" the London "peelers" in a most finished style.

These London policemen are a light-built, slender lot of fellows. One looks in vain for the brawn and muscle of the stalwart men who stand along Broadway on a crowded afternoon. When one calls to mind the conspicuous figure of the Adonis at Twenty-third street he is inclined to turn aside and laugh in his sleeve, while he exclaims: "I have found the small thing in this great city."

The uniform is unquestionably a sad detriment to the men here. It would be difficult to conceive of any thing more thoroughly fitted for the business of making a man look like a monkey on a parade than the uniform of the London police. And when, in a ramble along the Strand, one runs against an uncommonly small policeman he naturally turns to look for the organ grinder. The hat is a very bad imitation of a medieval helmet. The blouse has a short skirt, which the belt at the waist causes to stick out in an absurd manner, and the trousers are invariably too large, especially at the upper part of the legs. The result is that the wearer looks narrow-shouldered, flat-chested and extremely loose and baggy around the hips.

It is impossible for any man to strike terror to the heart of a malefactor under these circumstances. No one can be very much afraid of a person who can not fill his clothing, and I have been unable to find a solitary London policeman who could accomplish that seemingly simple feat.

But this is not all. As if the man's appearance were not enough to deprive him of all municipal dignity and importance, the laws of his native land do not permit him to swing the triumphant club with that freedom and force which are allowed to the "finest." In fact, a London policeman is not supposed to draw his club till the point is past at which a New York officer would draw his revolver and scatter its contents over as many points of the compass as there were chambers in the "gun." It is a serious matter for an officer to club a man in London. In New York a policeman is as good as any one else. Here he is not. That makes a difference. Here the policeman's uniform is a badge of servitude. He is a public menial. He knows it; and the people know it. As a resident American said to me a night or two ago: "The difference between a policeman here and one in New York is simply this: In New York the policeman wipes his foot on you; here you wipe your foot on the policeman."

The general result of the restrictions, uniform and otherwise, on the London policeman is that he becomes a very humble person in some respects. But he does enjoy certain liberties which are not on the list in New York. A few evenings ago, for instance, I stopped to ask a question of two officers who were standing in Holborn, near Gray's Inn road. Instead of answering my question briefly and passing on as New York officers would have done under similar circumstances, they entered into a long conversation with me, their manner all the time being very respectful and frequently somewhat suppliant. The significance of the latter quality dawned upon me presently, and I suggested the propriety of adjourning to the nearest resort and indulging in a half pint of "bitter." The presentation of a quarter to a Park Row beggar never called forth more humble gratitude. One policeman remained on watch in Holborn while the other walked boldly in the front door of an ale house with me and took his drink. Then he returned and the other came in. Then we three walked westward along the street till we came to a courtyard, where one of the officers stopped me.

"That's my post, sir, that court," he said. "It's full of tramp lodging houses, and it's one of the worst thieves holes in London. I'm on duty here to see that no one is run in there."

Then he turned and walked on to the westward with his companion and myself. I parted from them half a block west of Chancery lane.

Last night I stopped to talk to another policeman in Piccadilly, and invited him to indulge in a customary half-pint of bitter. He readily consented, and led me off his beat altogether and down Duke street. A short distance down we saw a crowd and the officer ran on ahead. A fight was in progress, and my man assisted another in ordering about a hundred people to march on. Coming up, I saw that the other officer had gold stripes on his sleeves. He was my man's sergeant. At the same moment a body of policemen came marching up the street to go on duty. My man could not walk into an ale house just then, but he lingered behind the sergeant and the other men and whispered to me:

"I can't go in there just this minute, sir, but give us the price of the drink and I'll 'ave it by myself by and by."

I gave the uniformed beggar three half pence, and he touched his hat with a "Thank ye, sir," and departed. I resumed my walk toward Piccadilly circus, wondering what Superintendent Murray would think of the occurrence. I wonder if any one can conceive of a New York policeman begging the price of a beer from a citizen, or touching his hat, or saying "Thank ye" to any one beneath the rank of Governor.

**Sancho Panza on Sleep.**

I only know that while I am in the condition of sleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory. Blessed be he that invented sleep. It wraps us round like a mantle. It is the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that tempers cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that can purchase all things. The balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the King and the simple with the wise. One only evil has it, as I have heard, which is that it resembles death; for between a man asleep and a dead man the difference is little.

**How to Use Stamping Powder.**

Dampen linen and muslin a very little, and stamp it; then, don't put a paper over it and press it, but stand a hot iron on end, and hold the stamped goods almost against it until the powder is set. You can then press it, but don't put paper over it. For velvet, take sticks half an inch thick, wrap the ends with cloth to hold the sticks up, then they won't crease the velvet; lay them across the velvet and set the iron on them to set the powder.

## CARRIED THE BASKET.

**How a Nice-Looking Tacoma Widow Utilized a Dude.**

A lady who lives in the suburbs was down in the city one evening marketing, says the Tacoma Globe. She had a large basket full and was going to the corner of Ninth street and St. Helen's avenue for the purpose of taking the motor line for her home. She has a petite and rather youthful figure, but is about fifty years of age and has been a widow for a decade. A dapper young man, who was also a "masher," saw her and approaching asked her if he might not help her home with her basket. Now this widow hates dapper young men, and especially mashers; therefore she told the young man he might see her home and carry her basket. He thought he had made an immense hit, and he also thought in the dim light that the widow was a beautiful young lady. The widow transferred her basket to the dapper young man's arm, and relinquishing her idea of riding home in the horse-cars in order that she might have a large bushel basketful of fun she started with her escort for a walk of about fifteen life-size, full-length squares. The basket got frightfully heavy in about five blocks; in ten it was a huge white elephant, and by the time the two reached the lady's residence it was one of the pyramids of Egypt, and the dapper young man was badly blown and altogether broken up. The widow rang the bell at her door and a grown young lady came asking: "Why, ma, what did you ring the bell for? The door was not locked." The dapper young man almost fainted, and when the widow said: "Won't you come in, sir? My husband would be glad to see you," he was paralyzed. But he recovered quickly and went away from there, and the widow has been having convulsive fits of laughter ever since, in which she is ably seconded by her daughter and the remainder of her family. The masher has been taking iron and quinine ever since to build up his strength.


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