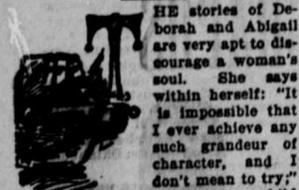


# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN OLD FASHIONED MOTHER,  
SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Moreover His Mother Made Him a Little Coat and Brought It to Him From Year to Year"—First Book of Samuel 2:19.



HE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says: "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart; but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on; and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have gone along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, today, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms, and disheveled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in the maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grandeur and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They entrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downedness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part, they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own doormats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came

from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpin, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own; believing in witches and ghosts, and horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churning, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother! Again: Hannah stands before you today as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. O, this work of culturing children for this world and the next. This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back, and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. O, how much care and intelligence is necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around as voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again: Hannah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house; and music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something woefully lacking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers today who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they behought themselves, "this child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lord help me!" O, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extricating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the lustre of the eye, and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth, to go to a life of joy in heaven; or, whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer, and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. O, how many children in glory! crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose assigned, as the means of their conversion, the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch title of the chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child; but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires—rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress; and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of the gay that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after, she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother thought it was a very strange request; but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed;" and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress, and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again, and lastly: Hannah stands before you today, the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel; for all the prayers she offered for him; for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is someone always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle fly quicker, and the fall in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it."

**MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.**

Brown—You don't look well, Jones—I don't want to look well; if I looked well my wife would think I could work.

—Town Topics.

"I went to two receptions last night and lost my umbrella at the last." "Its a wonder you didn't lose it at the first one." "That's where I got it."—Truth.

Rogers (to Rasher, whom he has met accompanied by a 2-year-old child)—Hello, Rasher! That's your little boy, is it? By Jove! It's a dead image of you. Rasher—Excuse me, but this happens to be a neighbor's child. Rogers (not to be thrown down)—Well—er—er—it looks like you, anyway.—San Francisco Wave.

Polite doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is (ahem) a little difficult to tell which. Anxious wife—Oh, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to the theater without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.—New York Weekly.

**FOR HOUSEWIVES.**

Milk keeps from souring longer in a shallow pan than in a milk picher. Deep pans make an equal amount of cream.

A small piece of candle may be made to burn all night by putting finely powdered salt on it until it reaches the black part of the wick.

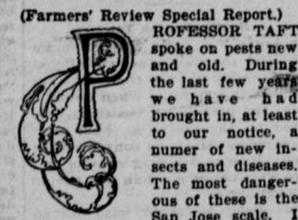
Do not wash oil cloths or linoleum in hot soapsuds. Wash them with tepid water and wipe with a cloth dampened in equal parts of cold milk and water.

To remove the finger marks from varnished furniture rub them with a cloth dampened with sweet oil. To remove them from oiled furniture use kerosene oil.

# FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



(Farmers' Review Special Report.) PROFESSOR TAFT spoke on pests new and old. During the last few years we have had brought in, at least to our notice, a number of new insects and diseases. The most dangerous of these is the San Jose scale. I do not know of any in this state, but it may be here in large quantities, for it is not usually discovered by the ordinary farmer till the third year, when the tree is drying from its effects. Then the orchardist begins to hunt for a name. A single scale on a tree in the spring will develop millions before the season is over, and so you see the difficulty of fighting it. If any of you have bought trees from New Jersey, you had better look them over. The trees, if infested, will look as if they had been sprinkled with coal ashes, and when these specks are examined it will be seen that there is a depression near the center of the insect and in that depression is a little yellow speck. If a tree is found with them on the trunk, you had better cut it down and burn it; if on the branches, you may be able to save the tree by burning the branches.

The plum scale is in our state, but it is doing little damage on trees that are growing properly. The only remedy for all of the scales is whale oil soap or kerosene emulsion, something that will kill by contact and not by being eaten, as the scales live by sucking. During the last few years many peach growers in New Jersey and some other states were troubled by what they thought was the yellows, but on investigation it was found to be due to the black aphid swarming on the roots. Trees that have been brought to this state have been found infested in a number of cases and generally the trees have died. When these insects are found on the branches they can be killed by the whale oil soaps, or tobacco water or kerosene emulsion. But on the roots it is more difficult. Some apply kaint or the roots; but in applying, one should not dig the earth away so the kaint will come in direct contact with the roots.

Q.—When we bring oranges from California and they have the scale on them is there not a danger that they will introduce the scale into this section?

Professor Taft.—I certainly think there is. We should have a law to keep out those insects whether they come in stock or fruit, though it might be hard to stop it on the oranges.

R. D. Graham of Grand Rapids spoke on the New American Fruit Growers Union. He described the meeting at Chicago, which was for the organizing of an association of state and provincial (Canadian) associations. The Michigan association had not yet seen a reason for taking part in the movement. He took up the question of uniformity of packages advocated by some. He did not think it was advisable to have a uniform package for different markets have different ideas about this; but as to capacity he thought there should be uniformity. A bushel basket should contain a bushel, and others should contain what they are represented to contain. We already have a law to that effect that should be enforced.

S. H. Comings.—We should have that law enforced, for a good many snide packages are being put on the market from this state, and it is hurting the fruit trade. There are two forces that are working for the reduction of size of packages: first, the manufacturers want a smaller package for then they sell more of them; and the transportation companies want smaller packages, so they can get more for carrying them.

Mr. Morrill spoke on the transportation of fruit. We are approaching a time, we'll be in it within 30 days, when the state will need better transportation facilities for fruit than at present. There should be organization in selling fruit, to prevent the many losses in various ways. The state is full of men who have lost consignments of fruit sent to men they know nothing about. They do not even look in Bradstreet's to see if the man has any standing, or that he exists at all. If we have a strong association we can sell to better advantage and induce the package manufacturers to make packages according to law.

Mr. Ruth.—We have too easy a way of selling our fruit. We pack it and take it to the dock and that ends it. So our ability to sell has withered as any other ability withers when not used. Now I want to see an organization, but how can we go about it?

Mr. Munson, of Grand Rapids, told of the fruit sellers' association of that vicinity. They have a membership of several hundred members who pay \$1 per year membership and \$1 extra for every 1,000 bushels of fruit sold. They send out circulars to all the great fruit-buying centers and solicit buyers, stating what fruit they have on hand. The plan has proved very successful, as buyers now come and purchase the fruit either in the market or in the orchards. They do not ship to commission men in other cities, as do the fruit men in St. Joseph.

Growing Mustard.

The mustard family includes not only that what we know as mustard, but cabbage, turnip, radish, lish, water-cress, and even the

ium. For field cultivation the white and black or brown varieties of mustard are used. The seed of the white mustard is nearly white, and of the black mustard the seed is brown or nearly black. The mustard of commerce consists of seeds of both of these varieties ground together. The black mustard seed is the strongest. Mustard is grown both as food for cattle and sheep, and for turning under in the green state. Some object to it for the reason that once on a land it is hard to eradicate, but the best way of getting rid of it is to allow it to come to the blossoming stage and then turn it under.

For growing mustard a soft, loamy soil is preferred. The seed may be sown broadcast at the rate of one peck to the acre, or in drills at the rate of six quarts to the acre. The latter is preferred when the seed is to be used for commerce, as the weeds can thus be kept out, and the mustard seed will be pure when threshed. Such drills are usually put in about two feet apart, this giving room for cultivation. The harvesting begins when the pods turn brown or yellow. The crop is cut with a reaper or scythe. If the pods are yet in that state where they need to be dried, the mustard is piled up in the open field for a day or two. But often the pods are so dry that they readily break open and spill the ripe seed. In that case they are hauled at once to the barn, a cloth being put in the bottom of the wagon to prevent any of the seed from being lost, which is very likely to be the case. The greatest danger in curing is the wet weather, which often injures the crop to the extent of rendering it unfit for market.

**What Bee-keeping Requires.**

The essential thing in caring for bees is the right kind of hive. Not that the bees will gather any more honey in one hive than another. This is a fake of the patent hive vender, but some hives are more convenient than others, and enable the bee keeper to so manipulate them that he can get his honey in marketable shape. Some of the essentials of a good hive are ease of access, every part movable and interchangeable, freedom from all superfluous traps, drawers, etc., and a surplus arrangement holding boxes which may be taken out one at a time. There is no patent on anything of value in the construction of a beehive and anyone can make a modern hive if he wishes to do so. Competition, however, has so beaten down prices in these goods that in most cases they can be bought in the flat, cut ready to nail, for about what the lumber would cost in small quantities.

After the hives, come a few simple and inexpensive tools, which facilitate the work of handling bees. Chief among these is what is known as a smoker. The fact was recognized long ago that when bees are disturbed or alarmed they at once fill themselves with honey. When filled with honey they seldom sting, unless hurt in some way. They dislike smoke of any kind very much, so that when a stream of it is thrown into the hive they at once fill their honey sacs. After this they may be driven from one place to another simply by blowing a current of smoke upon them. The smoker is an implement for generating smoke, so constructed that the current may be directed to any point the operator wishes. A very fair smoker may be had for 50 cents. The timid, and those who have a number of colonies to manipulate, and want to work rapidly, will find it convenient to have a bee veil to protect the face, as a sting about the head or near the eyes is apt to cause some inconvenience, to say the least.

There are other tools, such as an extractor, a drone trap, a swarming box, a bee escape, etc., which will be found necessary by those who carry on certain phases of bee-keeping, or conduct it on a large scale, but the farmers can manipulate a few colonies without any of them.—E. T. Abbott in Nebraska Bee-keeper.

**Teeth of the Horse.**

The teeth of the horse form the subject of a bulletin issued by the Agricultural Experiment Station of Virginia. It concludes with the following practical suggestions:

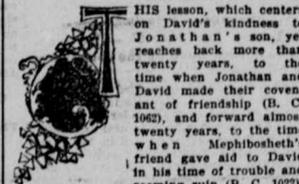
"When young colts are troubled with indigestion, or refuse to suckle, look into the condition of their teeth and gums. If the gums are inflamed, swollen, and painful to the touch, have them properly lanced. If at the age of from two to five years the colt refuses to eat, wads his hay and lets it drop, or eats with difficulty, have his teeth examined and properly treated by a competent veterinarian. If the eyes become weak and inflamed during dentition, the teeth may need the attention of the veterinary surgeon. If the jaws become enlarged, in nine cases out of ten the teeth need attention. If the horse turns his head to the side while eating, and attempts to chew his food on one side, his teeth need attention. Wadding the hay and dropping it is symptomatic of a long tooth, which needs the attention of the veterinary dentist. If the horse gradually loses flesh without any apparent cause, although well cared for, the teeth are probably at fault. If the horse slobbers while driving and pulls viciously on the bit, look to the teeth; many pullers are made so for the want of proper dental attention. Carrying the head to one side while being driven is frequently symptomatic of a faulty condition of the teeth, which is relieved by a few minutes' work of the veterinary surgeon."

A few simple rules which will assist in giving one a good carriage in walking are: Always lift the heel first. Do not throw back the shoulders in your efforts not to stoop, and never walk on the heels, but use the ball of the foot instead. Do not swing the arms nor the shoulders, and let the hands hang by the sides with the palms turned backward so that the backs of your hands will be presented to anyone meeting you. This is much more graceful and more graceful practice of letting your feet go against one's side.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V. AUGUST 2—THE KINDNESS OF KING DAVID.

Golden Text: "Be Kindly Affectioned One to Another With Brotherly Love"—Romans 12:10—The Rewards of Brotherhood.



HIS lesson, which centers on David's kindness to Jonathan, is a story which reaches back more than twenty years, to the time when Jonathan and David made their covenant of friendship (1 S. C. 18:1-4). Also 1 S. 23:16-17, which gives incidents concerning the relation of David to Mephibosheth. Historical Setting.—Time. Unknown, but probably after David's earlier wars, and in the quieter times before the second half of his reign. Perhaps B. C. 1010. Place.—Jerusalem and Lo-debar, near Mahanaim, in Gilead, east of the Jordan. David, about 46 years old, Mephibosheth, about 20 years old.

1. "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may show the kindness of God unto him?" David could not have done this in the early part of his reign, because his kingdom was not then so firmly established that it would be safe. But as soon as there was no danger of bringing division and discord, David's heart led him to make this inquiry. "The kindness of God" is kindness like God's, large and free, and forgiving, or very great kindness, or kindness for God's sake, according to God's example. That this was a noble example of doing good to enemies, according to the precept of Proverbs 25: 21, 22, and Romans 12: 17-21. Saul had several times tried to kill David; he had driven him into exile, and haunted him from place to place. There was a long black chapter of wrongs in the past. The Unfortunate Prince.—Vs. 3-8. "And Ziba said." Ziba was an old trusted servant of Saul, who had cared for Mephibosheth in his need. "He was not a prosperous man with fifteen sons and twenty servants, and supposed that he could inherit the king."—Kittos. "Jonathan hath yet a son," unknown to David, because his friends would fear that he might be regarded as a rival. "His name is lame on his feet." This was the name of the death of Jonathan and Saul on Mt. Gilboa the nurse took Jonathan's little boy, then five years old, and fled from Jezreel. In her haste she let him fall, and he became lame in both feet. That was fifteen years before this search of David, so that Mephibosheth was about twenty years old when he came to David's court. Thus both by his physical condition, and by his circumstances as the last of a conquered dynasty, and by his poverty, this young man would find it difficult to look forward to a very successful life.

4. "Behold, he is in the house of Machir." He was a rich man, judging from 2 Samuel 17: 27, who, after the death of Saul and Jonathan, had received the lame son of the latter into his house.—Kittos. "In Lo-debar, a town not far from Mahanaim, east of the Jordan on the Jabboq, where Ish-bosheth, his uncle, held his court for seven years, while David was in Hebron. Mephibosheth was thus dependent on friends for his support." "David sent, and fetched him," not merely by a summons, but as Joseph sent wagons from Egypt to Palestine for his father.

7. "And David said unto him, Fear not." It is quite probable that Mephibosheth was afraid of becoming known to David. One day a messenger arrived at Lo-debar. It is a messenger from the king. Mephibosheth is alarmed when he finds the king has sent for him. The messenger was probably charged not to disclose the king's object, for when the lame youth appeared before the king, and prostrated himself in humble reverence, some trepidation seems to have been visible in his manner, as we may gather from the kind and assuring words of David addressed to one in whose countenance he probably found some traces of the friend he had loved so well.—Kittos.

9. "I have given unto thy master's son all that pertained to Saul." Saul's family estate, which had fallen to David in right of his wife (Num. 27: 8), or been forfeited to the crown by Ish-bosheth's rebellion (chap. 12: 8), was provided (v. 11, also chap. 19: 28) for enabling him to maintain an establishment suitable to his rank, and Ziba appointed steward to manage it, on the condition of receiving one-half of the produce in remuneration of his services. "I will give thee the land," said David to the owner of the land (chap. 19: 28).—J. F. B. The estate must have been considerable, much larger than the patrimonial inheritance of Saul, perhaps increased by confiscation during his possession of royal authority.—Milman.

10. "Shalt thou till the land," as he had probably done either for David, or for those who had possession. Possibly Ziba was using it for himself. Henceforth he was to till the land for Mephibosheth, and bring in the fruits, that they master's son may have food to eat." Though Mephibosheth himself was to be a guest at the royal table, he would require the revenue of this estate for the way at my table." This was to do honor, the greatest honor, to his friend's son. It was also politic to keep him under his eye and to bring him into loving relationship. For, however innocent he might be, or however incapacitated from becoming king, he might easily become a nucleus around which the enemies of David might gather. There are two incidents in after years which bear upon the present story. They occurred during Absalom's rebellion, B. C. 1022 or 1023's seventeen or eighteen years after the events of today's lesson. During this rebellion, Ziba betrayed his master and falsely accused him of treachery to David. The king, believing him, as was quite natural under the circumstances, took away Mephibosheth's property and gave it to Ziba. Later, when Mephibosheth seemed to tell him the truth, explaining his position and action, David restored half of it. The story is very touching. (See 2 Sam. 16: 1-4; 19: 24-30.)

**Too Much Gospel.**

There are men who have heard the gospel so long that it has become second nature. They have heard it so frequently that the divine grace makes no impression on them, when the hearts of others beat faster by reason of the touch of divine love.—Rev. Dr. Pratt.

**Misery of Time.**

The only kind of a miser that the Bible approves of is a miser of time. Every man should remember that each hour contains 60 minutes studded with diamonds of knowledge.—Rev. H. C. Peabody.

**Reward.**

The most miserable man on earth may be happy in the thought of a home in the future. God has promised us that, and it is that for which we hope and work.—Archbishop Ireland.