

1. 24-26. He shows that if such a policy were pursued by Satan His Kingdom would at once fall and that such a charge is therefore absurd.

2. 27, He shows them that it must be some one mightier than Satan who does the work because He binds him.

What was the sin of these Scribes?

Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. We read that "the Spirit was poured out upon Him without measure," that "He was filled with the Holy Spirit." By the agency of the Holy Spirit therefore He did His works. They said: "The spirit that He hath, by whose aid He works, is an *unclean* spirit. They blasphemed (spake against), slandered the Holy Spirit.

What did He say of this sin?

Without dwelling upon what now constitutes sin against the Holy Spirit, a few facts with regard to sin and its forgiveness may be noted:

1. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

2. He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

3. *Whosoever will*, let him come.

4. Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.

5. It is the Holy Spirit that strives with men, pleads with them, and in resisting their own convictions of duty, men are resisting the Holy Spirit, and while men thus resist they will never have forgiveness.

SECTION THIRD. V. 31-35:

Mother and brethren.

Who were His brethren?

Sons of Joseph and Mary after the birth of Christ.

For what did they come?

To care for Him, thinking Him beside Himself.

Who are Christ's brethren?

Are you?

ONE sentence from the oration of Hon. R. G. Winthrop, at Yorktown, mixed religion and politics so finely that it should be fixed in the hearts of the people. Here it is:—"No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom—not even science, with its marvellous inventions and discoveries—can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can godless theories of creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from His rightful supremacy in our hearts afford any hope of security. *That way lies despair!*"

THE WATERED LILIES.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked on their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head."

Close to His feet, on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay;
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"*This shall do my work to-day.*"

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty,
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured the living water
O'er His lilies fair
Until the vessel was empty
And again He filled it there.

•He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw, with pleasure,
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
That refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

So to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway
Just where I did before."

"Close will I keep to the Master,
Empty will I remain;
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."