

David and Solomon. (3) And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. This is a promise of salvation to men of all nations through Christ (descended from Abram), and cannot be twisted into anything else—"Moreover the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the nations by faith, proclaimed beforehand the glad tidings unto Abraham, saying In thee shall all the nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8).

VI. ABRAM'S FAITH AND OBEEDIENCE.—Ver. 4. To yield obedience to the commands of God with alacrity and without question was characteristic of Abram. The delay at Haran was, no doubt, by God's command or permission. Some commentators say that after the death of Terah the call was repeated. At any rate there was now no hindrance, and Abram departed as the Lord had spoken to him. "He went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8).

VII. ARRIVAL IN CANAAN.—Vers. 5, 6. The distance from Haran to the Land of Canaan was not more than from three hundred to four hundred miles, but the journey probably occupied a considerable portion of time. Abram, with Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered (stocks and herds probably), and the souls that they had gotten in Haran (bond-servants), travelled by easy stages and probably on a circuitous course, seeking pasture. He entered Canaan, not like a tramp, but as a man of substance, who could command the respect of the inhabitants. And the Canaanite was then in the land. Seeing that the narrative was written by Moses, at a time when the Canaanite was still in the land, the force of the word "then" in this sentence must be *even at that early period*.

VIII. AN ALTAR ERECTED.—Ver. 7. As soon as Abram reached the centre of the promised land his first care was to set up the worship of God in the appointed way. An altar is for sacrifice, which Abram, no doubt, offered.

IX. NO CONTINUING CITY.—Vers. 9, 10. To Abram, Canaan was the land of promise and nothing more. "He gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on" (Acts. vii. 5). "He sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles . . . for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 9, 10).

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to add up bills. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wear a cheerful smile. Teach them to wear thick, warm clothes. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of beaux. Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear their own hair, and to dress it neatly. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlour. Teach them to cultivate a garden, and to drive a road team or farm wagon. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them that the more one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse.

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe*.

I HAVE read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others, for lawyers, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Webster*.

"WHEN did you first become a Child of God?" was asked of one who at once replied, with earnestness and solemnity, "I was converted when religion ceased to be a duty, and became a pleasure."

A SWIMMER becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practise always in shallow water, your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.—*J. Stuart Blackie*.

GOD walks with the simple; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest.—*Admiral Farragut*.

CHRISTIANITY is the true citizenship of the world; and universal peace, and the free exchange of all lands and tributes of their several peculiar goods and gifts, are possible only as all are grouped around, and united by, the cross of a common Redeemer and the hope of a common heaven.—*William R. Williams*.

Around the Table.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you He left His home on high;
For you to earth He came to die!
For you He slumbered in a manger;
For you to Egypt fled, a stranger;
For you He dwelt with fishermen;
For you He slept in cave or glen;
For you abuse He meekly bore;
For you a crown of thorns He wore;
For you He braved Gethsemane;
For you He hung upon the tree;
For you His final feast was made;
For you by Judas was betrayed;
For you by Peter was denied;
For you by Pilate crucified!
For you His precious blood was shed;
For you He slept among the dead!
For you He rose with night at last;
For you beyond the skies He passed;
For you He came, at God's command;
For you He sits at His right hand!

LITTLE THINGS.

"Though little I bring,"
Said the tiny spring,
As it burst from the mighty hill,
"Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow,
The pastures grow greener still."

And the drops of rain,
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which drooped in 'ho bowers,
And hung their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
Yet, taking them all,
Each one doing all that it can
To fulfil the design
Of its Maker divine,
What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil
All His righteous will
Who formed the whole earth by His word!
Creator Divine,
We would ever be thine,
And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

HEARING THE SERMON.

"MOTHER," said a little boy one Sabbath, "mayn't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" "No, *not one word*," he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his limbs and pouted his lips, and said he didn't want to go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand *one word* the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could.

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters, with a man, occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm,

and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I *did* get *one word* out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God, all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants; He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God *didn't* make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth He created the substance of brass for the button makers to use."

"Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a great, good God He is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It *was* bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind *kept* on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet, if we encourage them to *try* to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed-thought, even no bigger than *one word*, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died; but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume, and shewed bright blossoms, and pleased everybody that looked at it. A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. Kind words and bright smiles make people happy.

He who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.