

## Some Bible Hints.

After all these centuries of study, man is as far as ever from making the humblest weed; and shall be except to comprehend and measure God (Matt. 6:29.)

God does all for the lily that can be done for a lily, but He can do as much more for man as man is more than the lily (Matt. 6:39).

Everything grows worn and faded with age except the soul, and that grows ever more lovely. This is one token of immortality (Jas. 1:11).

Why has God made the beautiful things of earth so perishable? Because He would turn our thoughts to the more beautiful things of heaven (Jas. 1:11).

## Suggestive Thoughts.

It is a flower-like soul that loves the flowers. "Whatever things are lovely, think on these things."

How much more beautiful in our eyes are the flowers we have tended, the Christian graces we have had to cultivate!

"The heavens declare the glory of God," and the ground beneath our feet declares His beauty; and the Bible is the key to both of these revelations of God.

The flower is as lovely today, though it must perish tomorrow; but a soul is not, for it is not made to perish tomorrow.

## A Few Illustrations.

How great is the difference between the garden of a beginner and the garden of a skilled gardener! We may all have for ourselves the experience of the great Overgardener of the universe.

Mary, after the resurrection, "supposed him to be the gardener." She was right; He is the Gardener.

Flowers are kept longest in water if the ends of their stems are dipped every day. So to freshen our lives there is nothing like daily, new contact with the Water of Life.

If a gardener would have large and fine blossoms, he prunes the plants. That is the purpose of whatever difficult pruning God gives His creatures.

## To Think About.

Am I learning the beautiful lessons of nature around me?

Am I making myself worthy of a part in God's beautiful world?

Is my life taking on the beauty that God designs for it?

## A Cluster of Quotations.

Sweet flowers are snow, out weeds make fast.—Shakespeare

There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head and to look pleasantly in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly Maker.—South.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence they have their nourishment.—Shakespeare.

Rosier the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

## Floral Ministries.

Every member of the society should have some share in the work of the flower committee. Then it would be easier for the committee and happier for the society.

Every member may be made responsible for at least one Sunday in the year to adorn the church with flowers, getting what help he can, and aided, of course, by the committee.

House plants for winter; the woods, fields, and home gardens for the rest of the year; you need never go to the florists.

The best of the work of the flower committee is to interest the society in outdoor life.

In sending your flowers to the sick, always accompany them with a personal note. Get the members of the society in turn to write these notes.

Introduce a little rivalry by allowing the society to vote at the end of three months upon the question as to which Sunday saw the pulpit most prettily decorated—a different Endeavor, of course, doing the work each time.

## DAILY READINGS.

M., July 10. Flowers short-lived. Ps. 136: 14-18.  
T., July 11. Ushering spring. Song of Sol. 2: 10-13.  
W., July 12. Like heavenly blessings. Isa. 35: 1, 2.  
Th., July 13. Human in frailty. Job 14: 1-10.  
F., July 14. A contrast. Isa. 40: 6-8.  
S., July 15. Adorning God's temple. 1 Kings 6: 29-32.  
Sun., July 16. Topic—The message of the flowers, Matt. 6: 28-34; Jas. 1: 9-11.

## THE GOSPEL REJECTED.

By DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.  
There was a revival of religion among the Jews about 100 B.C., which in its fervor and thoroughness was far more wonderful than any that has occurred in recent times.

It followed, like a sunrise, close upon the thick darkness of the bloody reign of Antioch, who with his own hands had ordered incense in the valley of Hinnom and forced his children to pass through the Assyrian fires. Every grove and hill-top had been defiled, and the altars of Moloch, piled with human victims, had cast their lurid glare upon the very pillars of God's temple. The schools of the prophets were filled with wizards and necromancers, and the people with one consent bowed down and worshipped the winged horses of the sun.

But there was one man there who would not bend his knee to Baal or Astaroth. His prayer went up night and day that God would redeem Israel; in the streets, in the palace gates and in the porch of the temple, his voice was heard calling to the people, "Repent! Repent!" His soul was filled with a single passionate desire; his life was as a voice crying in the wilderness.

At length the reward of his long vigils came in such a turning and overturning as Israel had never seen. The fires of Baal were quenched; the altars that had streamed with blood were broken down; and the whole land was refreshed with the latter rains of heaven.

Those were Isaiah's brightest years, full of joy and peace and thankfulness. How the very gladness of heaven was in his songs! "Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people, make mention that His name is exalted, sing unto the Lord thou inhabitant of Zion, for He hath done excellent things in the midst of thee!"

But Isaiah's life was destined to be ended in grief and despondency; for what had seemed to be the dawning of a better day was only as the flashing of northern lights. It soon gave way to a deeper darkness, the people returning to their abominable practices; and as the prophet vanished in the gathering gloom of an Egyptian night, his voice was heard in accents of despair lamenting: "Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

His labor of love seemed all in vain; he had preached eloquently of the coming Christ; of One who was to bear their griefs and carry their sorrows and be led as a lamb to the slaughter; of One who would comfort His people and lay the foundation of His throne with sapphires. "Awake, awake! Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion!"—All in vain; a film of moral blindness had gathered over the eyes of God's people so that they could not see.

Seven hundred years afterwards Christ stood in the same temple-porch where Isaiah, watching for His advent with troubled gaze, had mourned for the hardness of Israel's heart. In the meantime had human nature changed at all? Or was the world prepared to welcome Him whose feet were shod with sandals of salvation? How it is written? "He came unto His own, and His own received him not." They hid as it were their faces from Him.

He stood, like Wisdom, entreating at the corners of the street; He spared not

himself; He bare the people's sins in His own body on the tree; and with what result? "They esteemed Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted." His words, His holy life, the sublime eloquence of His atoning death, were all unheeded by a world whose senses sin had dulled and deadened. He wrought many wonderful works among the people, says the evangelist, yet they believed Him not, "that the saying of Esaias might be fulfilled, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?'"

And now that nineteen hundred years have passed the gates of the natural heart are still locked and barred against Him. The old story of the Gospel has no more meaning to the worldly wisemen of this latter age than it had in the day when the prophet mourned "Ah, Lord, the people say 'Doth he not speak in parables!'" And so it will always be until the reproach of the Cross is removed, and the glory of Christ revealed in the glory of the Golden Age.

## THE JAPANESE PLAN.

The Japanese method discussed by Mrs. Tracey is described in the following extract from a recent issue of the London (Eng.) Times:—"In Japan itself opium-smoking is an offence against the law, and is severely punished, but it was found existing as an habitual practice in Formosa, and the question arose how it could be checked and ultimately extinguished. In this, as in other matters, the principles of avoiding direct conflict with established customs, was adhered to. The sale of opium was rendered a government monopoly, and smokers were compelled to register themselves and to obtain license in order to practice. No license whatever is given to any Japanese, or none to any native who cannot show that he is addicted to the practice before the Japanese occupation, while doctors and school-masters are instructed to teach the harmful nature of the drug. In 1900, among a population of 3,000,000, there were 164,964 opium-smokers, and this number in eighteen months had fallen to 150,944. There was, of course, a corresponding reduction in the opium revenue, but the Japanese financial authorities are content to seek for compensation in directions not injurious to the people."

No artist's work is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time, as the making of character in a child.—Charlotte Cushman.

When celebrating lately the forty-sixth anniversary of his induction to the pastorate of Lafayette Avenue Church, Dr. Cuyler said to one of his visitors: "In my nine years of church labor I have not missed a single Sabbath by illness. Now is that for a teetotaler's record. Send me a man who uses intoxicants and can equal it and I shall be more than surprised." Although somewhat infirm Dr. Cuyler moves about the house with the aid of a cane and does much work in the study from which many a Christian has received strength and joy.

There is a difference between possession and ownership. We may possess what we do not own, and we may own what we do not possess. A thief comes into my house and steals my overcoat. I still own it but he possesses it. A man lives on a rented farm; he does not own it, but is in possession. We are in possession of these immortal souls of ours, but we do not own them. They belong to Christ. "Ye are bought with a price." It is therefore a part of our life-trust to use Christ's property according to the will of the owner. We may not do with it as we would, for it is not ours. It is his, bought and paid for. "Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—United Presbyterian.