Joy! Joy! Joy!

"Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

Joy! joy! We banquet to-day over this accession of a multitude of souls. In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened in the old

homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before.

A FAVORITE SON, whom the world supposed would become a vagabone and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring in to the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh how they missed him!

HOW GLAD THEY ARE to have him back! One brother, indeed, stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father | young man anod. It was says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouand he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to

I. First of all, there is

THE NEW CONVERT'S JOY. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my dooring God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty, and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life-the terrors of the law after him, but Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears, and ran, crying, "Life, life! elernal life!" A poor car-driver in this city some years ago, after having had a struggle to support his family, sudden-ly was informed that

A LARGE INHERITANCE was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say: "Its mansions are mine, its tempies are mine, its songs are mine, its outburst of a father's love and a father's God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing joy. to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flashing, water; to the morning, roseate, fire-worked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and Heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Al-Oh, the joy of the new conmighty!" vert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

You have seen, sometimes, a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well,

PAUL GAVE HIS EXPERIENCE. He arose in the presence of the two Churches, the Church on earth and the Church in Heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience: 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet posses-sing all things." If the people in this house this morning knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out:
"Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!" Oh, the joys of this relig-

this world-into the raptures of the

THE WORLD CANNOT SATISFY YOU; you have found that out-Alexander onging for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world: Voltaire cursing his own soul, while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II, consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket-all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy, The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street: "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude! The night after the buttle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there under the starlight began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight," and when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

"Where saints immortal reign." The song was caught up, all through the fields, among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

"There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death like a narrow stream divides That heavenly land from ours.'

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it! When a young man went forth into life, the legend says his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian joys of the Christian ministry. Since I angel swept a circle around where the

A CIRCLE OF VIRTUE and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle-they could not pass. But one ble he had seen. All ready now. Let | day a temptress with diamonded hand, the covers lift. Music. He was dead, stretched forth and crossed that circle and he is alive again! He was lost, with the hand, and the tempted soul with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one feli grip was brought beyond the circle, and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like, this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation.

There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Fiat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain | the coming hour, in momentary absence" myself with the joy I feel; I came here of the nurse, in the power, the strange this morning to express it. I have power which delirium sometimes gives found more joy in five minutes in serv- one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. nurse said: "Do you see anything pe-culiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is

A CLOCK SCENE IN EVERY HISTORY. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy, and come out from your delirium of sin, and look on the clock of your dest ny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before; and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wil-

derness! Come home, come home! II. But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal 'How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter: go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an

GOD IS YOUR FATHER. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish Sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ahl the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a Sultan, not a Czar, not a despot, but a Father-kind, loving, forgiving, and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven it is ecause he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater; and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops it undergirds, it outweight, all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is? You re-

member. THE STORY OF A KING 

in which you are indulging-joys of express His joy he flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, He cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive

again. At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three

times a day to the depot. HIS SON WENT OFF in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watchedthe train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and thenthe departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again; watching the coming, watching the going-for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years-waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will will, you will!

III. I notice, also, that when a prodi-

gal comes home there is THE JOY OF THE MINISTERS of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God, and giving up his sin, I feel in body, mind, and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my communion service such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attest their allegiance to when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot

tell: God knoweth." Oh, have not ministers a right to re-They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed at the full supply, souls pant as the hart for the waterbrooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

WHY MINISTERS LIVE LONG. Life-insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is more exhausting, have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations, who wonder at the dullness of sermons, when the men of God were complexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament, No fuel, no fire! I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen -never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year-the average less than that-their struggle well depicted by

THE WESTERN MISSIONARY, who says in a letter: "Thank you for you last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes," And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life-insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest-field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's

Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen eighteen of them. Thank God! thank God!

IV. I notice, also, when the prodigal comes back, all earnest. CHRISTIANS REJOICE. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it

was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

nough!" Oh, the joys of this relignough!" Oh, the joys of this religni !

Aust pass over from those tame joys soul comes back, God is so glad that to those Christians pray. It is not a favor to the all-prevailing greens.

stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say, and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, saye me or I perish." longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And the very works' sake .- John 14:11. just hear them pray, now that the prodigals are coming home! Just see them shake hands! No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to cleuch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are! And see that old man get up, and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting-house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was

A MAN OF KEITH who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles, and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he some of you, my brothers, ten years, struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generationcome, some of you, will you not? You he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison-house, and they set that Keith tankark in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long-absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God today, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion - fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord, Oh, it will be great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven. V. Once more I remark that, when the prodigal gets back, the

INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN KEEP FES-TIVAL.

I am very certain of it. If you have own emancipation. When to-day in our | never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands, Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated, and news flies from city to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something city, and from continent to continent. akin to that which the apostle describes | But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven; and when a prodigal returns, it is announced before the throne of God- And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom, pice when a prodigal comes home? there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "Tnat's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my and ought they not to rejoice when friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears;" and one soul would say, "Hosannal" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

"Pleased with the news, the saints below, In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skyes the tidings go, And heaven is alled with joy.

"Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire; The sinner lost is found, they sing, And trike the sounding lyre."

At the banquet of Lucullus, sat Cicero the orator; at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror; at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth, and all the glorified of heaven, rise, and, with gleaming chalice, drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without

Heat Versus Food.

"Why do you keep it so blazing hot?" inquired a patron of the proprietor recently as he entered a restaurant. "Because it is cold outside," replied the proprietor. After the patron had left ne premises the restaurant proprietor confidingly made the following confession to a newspaper man: "You see, I've been in this business for a quarter of a century, and my experience has taught me that under ordinary circumstances men devour more food at a single meal in piercing cold weather than when the outside temperature is moderate. When I first embarked in the eating house business I was green enough to economize in wood for heating the premises, imagining I was thereby saving money, but I soon discovered my mistake, as the patrons of my restaurant devoured such inordinate quantities of food in winter that bankuptcy stared me in the face. It was here I learned a lesson from a cook, and through which I have since acquired a snug fortune. My cook ate barely enough to sustain life in a canary bird, and I inquired the cause of his lack of appetite. He replied that it was due to is being constantly employed about a hot fire, and remarked that if I would keep my restaurant red hot in winter my boarders would not consume onehalf the amount of food. I tried the experiment, and soon found that whereas I had heretofore saved probably \$20 a month in ruel by half freezing my boarders, that I was saving at least twenty cents a meal in the decrease in the amount of food each one consumed while the premises were kept red hot,"

Pale shades of blue are second in

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY FEBRUARY 24, 1889.

The Great Teacher and the Twelve. LESSON TEXT. Mark 6: 1-13 Memory verses, 10-12.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Mighty Worker,

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Futher in me: or else believe me for

LESSON TOPIC: The Necessity Unbelief Illustrated, vs. 1-6.

2. Faith Encouraged, vs. 7-11. 3. Faith Exercised, vs. 12, 13. GOLDEN TEXT: And they went out, and preached that men should repent -Mark 6: 12.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.-Mark 6:1-13. The necessity

of faith, T .- Matt. 13:53:58. Unbelief illustrated. W .- Matt. 9:35-38; 10:1-15. Laborers sent out.

T .- Matt. 10: 16-42. Laborers at work. F.-1 Cor. 3: 1-15. Laborers together with God. S.-Acts 10: 1-20. An open door S .- Heb. 11:17-40. Victors through

faith. LESSON ANALYSIS. I. UNBELIEF ILLUSTRATED. I. Authority Questioned:

Whence bath this man these things? Whence bath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? (Matt. 13:

By what authority doest thou these things? (Matt, 21:23). Who gave thee this authority to do

these things? (Mark 11:28). How doth he now say, I am come down out of heaven? (John 6: 42). II. Alienation Allowed: They were offended in him (3),

He shall be ... for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence (Isa. 8:14). Then shall many stumble (Matt. 24: Upon this many of his disciples went

back (John 6:66). They stumbled at the stone of stumbling (Rom. 9:32) III. Benefits Hindered:

He could there do no mighty work (5). He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief (Matt. 13:58). Because of your little faith (Matt.

17:20).

They were not able to enter in because of unbelief (Heb. 3:19). Without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing unto him (Heb. 11:6). "Whence hath this man these things?" (1) The nature of the

Lord's works; (2) The source of the Lord's works: (3) The aims of the Lord's works. 2. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" (1) His honored mother;

(2) His lowly calling; (3) His peer-"He marvelled because of their unbellef," (1) Their unbelief; (2) His wonder. - Man's unbelief: (1)

Its root; (2) Its fruits; (3) Its unreasonableness. II. FAITH ENCOURAGED.

I. Sent of the Lord: He began to send them forth by two and two (7).

These twelve Jesus sent forth (Matt. 10:5) Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel (Mark 16: 15). He sent them forth to preach the king-

dom of God (Luke 9:2). They ... went about preaching the word (Acts 8:4). II. Taught of the Lord:

He charged them .... And he unto them (8-10). He opened his mouth and taught them (Matt. 5:2).

He began to teach them many things (Mark 6:34). I have yet many things to say unto you (John 16:12). The words which thou gavest me I have

given unto them (John 17:8). III. Emboldened of the Lord: As ye go forth thence, shake of the

dust (11). It shall be more tolerable for ... Sodom. than for that city (Matt. 10:15). Lo, I am with you alway (Matt. 28: 20). Shake of the dust....for a testimony against them (Luke 9:5). They shook off the dust of their feet

against them (Acts13: 51). "He gave them authority." (1) The Lord's supremacy; (2) The disciples' endowment. - (1) giver; (2) The gift; (3) The recipients; (4) The results.

2. "Take nothing for their journey." (1) A feeble band; (2) A hostile world; (3) An empty hand; (4) An effective mission

3, "Shake off the dust." (1) The act performed; (2) The fact expressed. III. FAITH EXERCISED.

They went out (12). They went forth, and preached everywhere (Mark 16: 20). They departed, and went throughout the villages (Luke 9 : 6). They....travelled as far a Phœnicia Cyprus, and Antioch (Acts 11:19). How shall they preach, except they be sent? (Rom. 10:15).

II. Preaching: They....preached that men should repent (12). John the Baptist, preaching, .... Repent ye (Matt. 3:1, 2). They ... went, preaching the gospel (Luke 9:6).

How shall they hear without a preacher? (Rom. 10:14). Preach the word (2 Tim. 4:2). III. Healing: They ... anointed with oil many that

were sick, and healed them (13). Healing everywhere (Luke 9:6). In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. walk (Acts 3:6). God wrought special miracles by hands of Paul (Acts 19:11).

The prayer of faith shall save him that

is sick (Jas. 5:15).

1. "They went out, and preached." )1) Missionaries; (2) Preachers. (1) Obedient to the Lord; (2) Helpful to the world.

2. "They cast out many devils." (1) Demoniacal, possessions; (2) Apos tolic exorcism.

"Healed them." (1) Suffering humanity; (2) Healing Christianity -(1) Healing needed; (2) Healing granted.

LESSON BIBLE READING. THE APOSTLES AND THEIR WORK. Their names (Matt. 10:2-4; Mark 3 16-19; Acts 1: 26; Rom. 1: 1).

From lowly positions (Matt. 4: 18-22; Acts 4: 13). Eyewitnesses of Christ's career (Luke 1:2; Acts 1:21, 22; 1 Cor. 9:1; 1 John 1:1). Ordained of Christ (Mark 3: 13, 14;

John 15: 16). Sent to preach (Matt. 28: 19, 20; Mark 16:15; Acts 9:15).

Received miraculous power (Matt. 10: 1; Mark 16: 20; Acts 2: 43). suffered persecutions (Matt. 10:16-18: Luke 21:16; John 15:20; 16:2; 21: 18, 19; Acts 12: 1-3; 2 Tim. 4:6)

LESSON SURROUNDINGS,

The last lesson narrated the incident that occurred on the way to the house of Jairus. The raising of the daughter of the ruler follows, according to all three accounts (Matt. 9:23-26; Mark 5:35-43; Luke 8:49-56); that of Mark being most detailed and vivacious, probably owing to the fact that he derived his knowledge from Peter, one of the three disciples present on that occasion. In Matthew 9: 27-34, two miracles are recorded in immediate connection with the raising of the ruler's daughter; but no other events in the narratives seem to have intervened before the second rejection at Nazareth, with which the present lesson begins.

The place of the first of the lesson (vs. 1-6) was Nazareth; of the latter half (vs. 6-13), the neighboring parts of Galilee. The apostles probably traversed the entire district.

The time of the former half may have been shortly after the last lesson; but the length of the preaching tour of the apostles is unknown. It ended, however, very shortly before a passover (the third), which followed the feeding of the five thousand. Hence the date was the early part of the year of Rome 782, A. D. 29, probably during the months of February and March. Parallel passages: Matt. 13:54-58; 9:35 to 11:1; Luke 9:1-6.

## New Fads in Men's Dresses

If predictions are to be fulfilled, the women of society will have to look to their laurels the season just about to be inaugurated. The fashionable men are showing an alarming tendency towards discarding conventional costumes and adopting styles that are picturesque, to say the least. We had a forecast of the unusual splendor during the past summer, when "gilded youths" sauntered about the summer hotel porches, their pristine flannel suits relieved with broad Roman sashes, or wide metal belts and now it is prophesied that the midwinter will herald styles yet more gorgeous. Some of the most courageous innovators give credence to the rumors by permitting their enterprising tailors to use their names "en evidence, as the French say; that our representative society men, a few of them, will actually wear the Oriental sash, minus the waistcoat, this winter for full dress. Now these same sashes are wide, of superb quality and exquisite colorings. There are pale grounds, such as pink or blue, with contrasting deeper tints running horizontally, and there are also deep grounds, garnet, stone, marine blue or royal purple, run with pale-colored bars. Yes they are effective; so effective, in fact, that the warning is to be repeated; the belle of to-day needs to be wary or the beau will eclipse her splendor. Well, from all prospects the belle intends to be extraordinarily wary, for charming in the extreme are the costumes in course of completion for the various midday and midnight entertainments that will soon make the winter days speed by like so many fleecy clouds.

First Experience in a Sleeping Car.

Going down the great Jackson route from Grenada, Miss., a regular homespun native of the State entered the sleeping car and paid for a berth, He had never been inside of a car of the kind and everything astonished him. When the porter came to make up the beds I saw that the native was greatly perplexed, but as be made no direct appeal it wasn't my duty to post him. He was the first one to make preparations The for bed. He glanced anxiously around, pulled off one boot and then took a rest for five minutes. When the other boot came off he had solved the problem. Pushing his boots under the berth he started for the rear platform and nothing was heard from him for about ten minutes. Then he put his head into the door and called out: "All you uns in thar, look out, for I'm coming!"

> And come he did. He had disrobed while standing on the platform, made a bundle of coat, vest and pants, and as he shot into bed after a run up the aisle he gurgled out:

"Old Mississipi may be a little slow, but she allus gits thar just the same!"

## What Culture Does.

Another gem from the school examination papers—this time from the Boston high school, and from the papers of a young lady who had graduated from the grammar school: Question-Is there an antidote for hydrocyanic acid?

Answer-Yes. The antidote for hydrocyanic acid is the tongue of a large dog, cautiously inhaled.

It would puzzle any one but an ex-

pert to determine by what round about means this young lady had evolved such a treatment. But there was something in the book about the deadly effect of a small drop of prussic acid, placed "apon the tongue of a large dog," and the pupil, without one single thought of its meaning, had echoed the words of the book in this strange an-