DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject; "The Sky Anthem." (Preached at Beyrout.)

TEXT: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."-Luke ii., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In cultivide they kneed at the feet of Him who, run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the

strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds! But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When Princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illumina-

thunder it, and flags wave it, and illumina-tions set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that in-digence is not always significant of degrada-

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies un-der rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Par-ian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have great deliverers of literature and of nations ere born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penhas broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and seience, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and consti-tutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel traphic with his prophecies and ages, and amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the King's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always demistrated degradation.

proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shep-herds or sheperdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties,

We sometimes hear very good people say "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now."

You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his cus-tom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mend-ing their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's

heart. Fretfulness and complaining de not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no arz. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ well that we might ride. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ well that we might ride. we might ride. Christ wept that we might

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a lap, Christ on the throne of universal do minion—what an humble starting? What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as tree walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What as humble beginning! But look at that same man when He has entered heaven. No crown able to express His royalty. No palace able to express His wealth. No sceptre able to express His power and His dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingle i with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had

forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. A zainst the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming deteat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave ciffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in Cod, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that be-fore. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self-denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them

man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together! The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to ber of criminals assistants are employed. he leaves his mind in the counting-God. forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built

on a manger. But it was also to be the pacification of all ndividual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief, honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cassar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarine, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its cho in the buttheries of all ages. Edunand echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dol-

oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's arnies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth realing with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his buthered snemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army lown through Egypt like one of its plagues. lown through Ezypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie me million Northern and Southern dead.

my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.
Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubiles: "Peace on earth, good will boward men." Oh, when will the day come-God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renewn shall be-

Fretfulness and complaining de fall upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelmfor all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoop-like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly

rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final mon we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—point-ing with her thin white hand through the

ont you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond
the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of
her dying child and said: "My dear, I think
that must be heaven that you see." "Well,
then," she said, "father, you come, and with then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, 'never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

Execution Methods in China. The Soo-Chow correspondent of the North China Herald, reporting recently the execution of e.even pirates in that city, refers to the manner in which executions in China are fixed. In other countries the criminal knows beforehand the day of his death, and has time to prepare for his fate. But in China all is different. At Pekin the vermillion pencil marks the death warrant, which is immediately handed to a courier, who instantly mounts a horse and rides off to his destination, The post supplies fresh horses, and he goes onward, sleeping and eating in his saddle, never halting by day or night, in sunshine or rain. After riding 700 miles he reaches Soo-Chow and delivers the warrant to the Governor. Three messengers are instantly dispatched, one to the district magistrate, who presides at the execution and who repairs at once to the place, a second to the camp for an escort and the third to the jail. The victims are bound, dragged before the image of the lord of hades, which is in the prison, and pay their respects. They are then placed in cages, carried on coolies' backs, selebrate it, and sang so loud that the Beth-lehem shapherds heard it: "Glory to God in and at a rough trot the cortege sets out for the execution ground. The nerve and But it was also to be a mission of peace to blade of one executioner is never trusted dred executions per annum in Soo-Chow, where all the criminals of Kiang-Soo, with a population of 21,000,000, are executed. They are mostly pirates.

One Question Too Many.

Ex-Judge Nosh Davis was always acted, while he was on the bench, for his pertinent questions to witnesses. One day a suit was tried before him in which a steamship company was required to show cause why it should not pay the damages to certain goods which had been destroyed by the incontinent actions of truck horses, frightened, as it was claimed, by the horrible and unearthly whistles of the steamship which was about to depart from the pier. One of the witnesses was Michael Sweeny, an Irishman, who was present at the time of the accident.

Stephen F. Nash, the counsel for the plaint T, asked Mr. Sweeny if his horses were frightened by the whistle of the

"They were not, sor," he said. "But what kind of an ear have your horses, Mr. Sweeny?" said Mr. Nash. "They have good ears, sor," he an-

"Did you hear the whistle yourself?" "I did, sor." "But," said Judge Davis, turning to the innocent-looking Lishman, "what kind of a cart or truck was it that you

drove, Mike?" "A hand-art, sor." "Ah," said the Judge, turning apologetically to the discomposed Mr. Nash, we have asked one question too many.

Nature's Remedy for Diphtheria.

-Detroit News.

It is said that nature has her own remedy for every iil to which flesh is heir. Some of her remedies have not yet been discovered and some that have been found out have not become generally known. Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remody for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less

lost assess when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father; were as though all the bells of heaven and used a cure which is remarkable for house if he had not first gone into business; though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred timer will a lary that you can be a controlled by the country of the product of a hundred timer will a lary that you can be a controlled by the country of the product of a hundred timer will a lary that you can be a controlled by the country of the product of a hundred timer will a lary that you can be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a hundred timer will be a controlled by the product of a controlled by the product of the controlled by the product of the produ

's This Your Likeness?

ONE of the subtlest forms of selfishness is that which comes from selfabsorption in work. The greater the work, the more ready conscience is to palliate or even to justify altogether this selfishness. But lately the world of critics was talking over Carlyle's careless unconcern for his sensitive, sometimes sick, and often suffering wife. It does not relieve him from just condemnation that his sin was a common one: but if none but a sinless critic could throw the first stone, Carlyle would not have been much hurt. When first married the husband is

everything to the wife. Housekeeping cares are small, or none at all; there is little society; the days are long and lonely; the wife counts the hours and even the minutes for her husband's return; and everything is ready for his coming, as though he were all the world contained, as, indeed, he is to her. But this cannot continue long. Children come and divide attention, care and love. Society interposes its claims. The church demands time and thought. There are calls to return, and meetings to attend, and dresses to make, and baby to care for; and the husband has to take a second place. Now, though it is never easy for an idol to step off from his pedestal or put another one alongside himself, the husband who has a moderate share of common sense will not expect the wife and mother to give the same exclusive thought to him that the young bride gave. But is no rare experience for the wife and mother to become so absorbed in other duties that her husband recedes steadily from the first place to the third and fourth, and finally goes out of sight altogether. She no longer watches for his coming; she is surprised when he appears, and half disappointed, too, that he is home so soon, for this bit of household work is not quite done, or that last stitch is not yet taken, and she is really more anxious to finish the seam than to see her husband. The little things that make home happy are forgotten because of the supposed larger duties due to society or the church; and the wife, by her self-absorption in a bustling life outside, does more to make her husband a pagan than to make pagans Christians, because the one she touches very nearly and the other she influences only afar off. We call this life of self-absorption a subtle form of selfishness, because social ambition makes social care a delight and social duty a pleasure; and what the good woman imagines to be a self-denial is really an enjoyment, if not a passion. We have known women who were never weary of inveighing against society who would die of ennui if they were taken out of it.

But this subtle form of selfishness is far oftener seen in the husband than in the wife. He gives himself up to his business, and gives only a fringe and fragment of thought to the woman he idolizes for a month, or even, with rare God in us, and we in God. Atone. There are generally from fifty to one hun-Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins dred executions for annum in Son-Chow supper-table. He is generally abstracsupper-table. ted, and often positively cross. His wife has received so many rebuffs from him that, if she be sensitive, she learns to study him furtively before she ventures to address him, even in the quiet of the evening fireside; and if she be not sensitive she answers back, and each sharp battle of words separates them farther and farther away from each other. The best men are most easily subject to this unconscious form of subtle seffishness. The higher the thoughts and the larger the works, the greater the danger and the easier the self-excuse. The min ster who is devoted to the interest of his church, who is full of tenderness in the pulpit, and of respectful consideration in society, appears not unfrequently at home uncommodating, thoughtless of others, easily irritated, in a word, selfish. He may be wholly unconscious of selfishness. In one sense he is not selfish, for his thoughts are not on self, but on his sermon, his church, or his perplexed parishioners. But he puts his work first and his family second, and forgets Paul's declaration that he who fails to provide for his own family is worse than an infidel. And to provide for one's own family is to provide not merely food and clothing, but consider-

ation and love. Reader! we will not say as Nathan to David, "Thou art the man," but we will say interrogatively, Art thou the man? If you want to know, ask your matehusband or wife-to read this article, and then to-might tell you whether anything of your face can be seen in this mirror. -The Christian at Work.

A Few Hints.

Remember there are days when the air will cause the finest powder to appear blue, and at such times it should not be used; there are other days when the skin is moist or oily, and then also should powder be left alone. These points, however can only be decided by experience, hints and suggestions

ing of little use to the novice. When the hair is worn low on the neck, it is a good idea to use a pair of tiny combs to draw it down so as to hide the ugly portion of the neck, and the hair is so amenable that in time it will grow there naturally. Some of these combs have simply a narrow gold border, others a tiny edge of Rhinestones, and others still a row of garnets and Rhine-stones set alternately. The first named are the prettiest, for, after all, gems that seem to be what they are not, are never quite refined.

Preparing for Another Possibility .-'Mamma, I'm sorry I dis'beyed

"I'm glad to know it, Flossie," "Mamma, I'm drefful sorry." "Yes, little dear."

"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up." "Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do for next time I dis 'bey.'

THE crooked shall be made straight when caught.

THERE will always be romance in the world as long as there are young hearts

SUNDAY : CHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY JANUARY 12, 13 90.

The Song of Mary. LESSON TEXT.

d Luke 1: 46-55. Memory verses, 49, 51.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the

Saviour of Men. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men .-Luke 2:14.

LESSON TOPIC : The Saviour's coming Rejoiced Over,

LESSON OUTLINE:

1. As an Honor to His Mother, vs. 46-49.
2. As a Mercy to the World vs. 50:52.
3. As a Help to the Needy,

GOLDEN TEXT: My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour .- Luke 1 : 46, 47.

of heaven.

DATLY HOME READINGS : M .- Luke 1: 46-55. The song of Mary. T.-1 Sam. 2:1-11. The song of Hannah. W.-Psa. 34: 1-10. A song of David. T.-Psa . 40 : 1-17. A song of David. F.-1sa, 12:1-6. A song of the saved. S .- Rev. 5: 1-14. Heaven's new song. S .- Rev. 14:1-3;15:1-4. Songs

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. AS AN HONOR TO HIS MOTHER. Arousing Her Gratitude: My soul doth magnify the Lord (46). My heart exulteth in the Lord (1 Sam. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord (Psa. 34:2). Bless the Lord, O my soul (Psa. 103 Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel (Luke 1:68).

II. Awaking Her Joy: My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour (47). My soul shall be joyful in the Lord (Psa. 35:9). I will joy in the God of my salvation (Heb. 3:18). Rejoice in the Lord alway (Phil, 4: Believing, ye rejoice greatly (1 Pet.

1:8). III. Blessing her Memory: All generations shall call me blessed

thee shall all the families ... be blessed (Gen, 12:3). All nations shall call you happy (Mal. Hail, thou that art highly favored (Luke Blessed is the womb that bare thee

(Luke 11: 27). "My soul doth magnify the Lord." grateful soul .- (1) Benifits receiv-

ed: (2) Grace extolled. 2. "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." (1) A rejoicing spirit; (2) An ample incentive .- (1) A happy experience; (2) An honor-

3. "He that is mighty hath done to me great things." (1) The mighty God; (2) The lowly subject; (3) The abounding grace; (4) The just ador-

IL AS A MERCY TO THE WORLD. Blessing the Reverent:

His mercy is unto them that fear him Shewing mercy unto...them that love me (Exod. 20; 6).

Which keepeth...mercy with them that love him (Deut 7; 9). .upon them The mercy of the Lord is. that fear him (Psa. 103: 17). Covenant and mercy with them that love him (Dan. 9:4).

II. Scattering the Proud: He hath scattered the proud (51). He frustrateth the devices of the crafty Job 5: 12).

Every one that is proud ... abase him (Job 40: 11). Thou hath scattered thine enemies (Psa. 89: 10). The Lord will root up the house of the proud (Prov. 15: 25).

III. Exaiting the Lowly: He....hath exalted them of low degree 152). I exalted thee out of the dust (1 Kings 16: 2). I have exalted one chosen out of the

people (Psa. 89 : 19). Whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted (Matt. 23; 12). Humble yourselves,...that he may exalt you (1 Pet. 5:6).

1. "His mercy is unto generations and generations." (1) The scope of God's mercy; (2) The results of God's mercy.

2. "He hath scattered the proud." (1) God's antagonists; (2) God's resources; (3) God's triumphs.—(1) The scattered adversaries; (2) The scattering arm.-(1) Antagonists combined; (2) Antagonists scat-3. "He hath exalted them of low

degree." (1) The Lord concerned for the lowly; (2) The lowly exalted by the Lord.

III. AS A HELP TO THE NEEDY. I. Feeding the Hungry:

The hungry hath he filled with good things (53). Unto all people a feast of fat things (Isa. 25:6). My servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry (Isa. 65; 13). Blessed are they that hunger: ... they shall be filled (Matt. 5:6). They shall hunger no more (Rev. 7 "Mamma, I'm just as sorry as can

II. Helping His Servant: He hath holpen Israel his servant

Thou hast been the helper of the fatherless (Psa. 10:14). The Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them (Psa. 37:40). I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee (1sa. 41:10).

III. Fulfilling His Work: As he spake unto our fathers (55). There fa led not aught: ... all came to pass (Josh. 21: 45 Not one thing hath failed of all the good ... God spake (Josh, 23:14). My words shall not pass away (Matt.

He is faithful that promised (Heb. 10: 1. "The hungry he hath filled with good things." (1) Hungering mortals; (2) Heavenly food.—(1) Human necessities; (2) Divine sup-

2. "The rich he hath sent empty away." (1) Worldly fulness; (2) Spiritual destitution. — (1) Rich among men; (2) Poor before God.

3. "He hath holpen Israel his servant." (1) The lowly servant; (2) The Lordly helper.—(1) The servant's need; (2) The Master's aid.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LORD'S MOTHER. The Marys of Scripture:

The wife of Cleopas (John 19:25; Matt. 27:56). Mary Magdalene (Luke 8:2; Matt. 27 : 61).

The sister of Lazarus (Luke 10:38-42; John 12:3). The mother of Mark (Acts 12:12).

The mother of Jesus (Luke 1: 26-28). 2. Acts of the Lord's Mother: Treasuring facts (Luke 2: 19, 51). Vis ting the temple (Luke 2: 22,

41, 42). Assisting neighbors (John 2:1-5). Visiting her son (Matt. 12:46). Attending at the cross (John 19

Filling her Christian lot (Acts 1:14).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS. INTERVENING EVENTS. - Zacharias, having expressed doubt in regard to the prediction of the angel, becomes dumb. He returns from the sauctuary, and makes signs to the people to indicate his loss of speech. Finishing his days of ministration, he and Elisabeth depart to their home, which was at some distance from Jerusalem, possibly at Hebron. In the sixth month after their return, the angel Gabriel appears to Mary, foretelling the miraculous birth of our Lord. Perplexed, but believing, she receives the message, and shortly afterwards goes to visit her kinswoman Elisabeth. (The event narrated in Matthew 1:18-25 probably occurred after the return of Mary, though this is not certain.) Elisabeth's unborn babe responds to the entrance of Mary, and its mother pronounces a blessing on the mother of her Lord. The song

in the lesson is the answer of Mary to this benediction. PLACE.-At the home of Zacharias and Elisabeth, "in the hill country," in a city of Judah (v. 39). Some suppose the city was Hebron, a Levitical city in ihat region, as intimated above. Thomson and others accept 'Ain Karim, the traditional birthplace of the Baptist as the "city" referred to. This was a small village four miles west of Jerusalem. Juttah is also named, but this view rests on the assumption of a read-("Juttah" for "Judah") unsup

(1) The gracious Lord; (2) The ported by any manuscript authority. TIME. - According to the chronology already indicated, the visit of Mary took place in April, year of Rome 749 (B. C. 5). This was six months after the announcement to Zacharias. Mary

returned apparently before the birth of Persons.—Mary, the poetess; Elisabeth was present, but no other person

is mentioned. INCIDENTS .- This song of Mary, called the "Magnificat," receives its name from the first word of "The Vulgate," Jerome's Latin version of the Scriptures, "Magnificat anima mea Dom-inum." The chapter is remarkable in having another inspired hymn besides this, the "Benedictus" of Zacharias. The "Magnificat," as a liturgical rite, was apparently introduced into the Western Church by Cæsarius of Arles. in the time of Gregory the Great, and was sung every day at vesper in Rome. It may be called the first Christian

song. Extreme Heat In All Countries.

The following figures show the extreme heat in the various countries of the world: Bengal, 150 degrees Fahrenbeit; Borgu, Sahara Desert, 153 degrees; Persia, 125. degrees; Calcutta, India, 120 degrees; Central American, Republic, 129 degrees; Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, 105 degrees; Greece, 109 degrees; Arabia, 111 degrees; New York, 102 degrees; Spain, Cuba, China and Jamaica, 110 degrees; France, Denmark, Russia and the Sandwich Islands, 100 degrees; England, Ireland and Portugal, 88 degrees; Australia, 80 degrees; Scotland, 75 degrees; Sweden and Norway, 65 degrees; Iceland, 42 degrees, and Nova Zembia, 82 degrees, never above the freezing point.—St. Louis Republic.

Few people are clearly conscious of even the nature of their chiefest faults. Most persons, indeed, would be sure that they are free from any danger in the direction of the very faults by which they are especially distinguished in the sight of all who know them. The faults which a man confesses freely are, as a rule, not so much faults as mere peculiarities. He does not think them really blameworthy, nor does he expect others to do so. But his real faults he is blind to in himself, and keen-sighted for in others. As Julius Charles Hare says: "Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is him-self conscious of, but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous lookout as a rival,"

Courtesy is said to cost but little, while it gives its possessor great gain. In one sense this is true, but in another sense courtesy costs the subjection of self; and that is not a little thing, by any means. The essence of courtesy is the instinctive giving to others the first place in one's thoughts and words and actions. The attainment of this grace osts a great deal; and it is worth more than it costs.

Ir is better to have two beaux's to one

TRUTH and justice are the founda-The Lord is my helper; I will not fear