REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Philippian Earthquake." (Preached in London, England.

TEXT: *"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."*—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that! What's that?" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? O, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just came home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at Him was just to love Him. O, how attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. O! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Take away these sores, do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before Him. How the Kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at His back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages. Oh! He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. "You say: 'If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly attentions.'" No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake His left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rock, and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, He was to die. He must die. His life for my life. His life for you life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son, in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, not for His father, but for His sworn enemies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing—can you not trust Him?

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemblage is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust lay by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the Captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the Captain. Who shall it be? You or the Captain? The Captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from hamlet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens; "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ! You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three-score-years-and-ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

Proper Care of Carriages.

There is no varnish made that will hold its brilliancy more than six months. A carriage should be revarnished every six months to keep it exactly in fine order. If revarnished once a year, it will preserve the undercoats from damage. But there are circumstances that render revarnishing necessary at more frequent intervals. If one has not a suitable carriage house separate from the stable, the ammonia from the stalls or the manure pile, or perhaps from decaying vegetables, has united with the oil in the varnish and gradually dissolved it or burnt it. We have known it done in one night, so that the whole surface exposed to the ammonia was shriveled up in small brown, crisp rolls. We knew a case where a gentleman left his horse and buggy standing in front of a distillery for half an hour, and when he returned one side of his buggy was completely covered with what looked like rust, but which was simply the remains of the decayed varnish. The oil had been consumed, leaving only the gum crumbled up in burnt crisp flakes. Some people do not take the pains to wash the mud from a carriage soon enough after using, but permit it to dry, when the mud acts like a sponge and absorbs the oil from the varnish. Some people wash the carriage with soap, and we have even known hot water used. For such acts of stupidity there are no words to express disgust. Some people seem to regard varnish as a kind of high polish, put on by hard rubbing, and the more rubbing it gets the brighter it ought to look. The number of people who are absolutely ignorant about varnish is something astonishing.—*The Stable.*

Effect of the Wind on River Banks.

It has been observed that many of the rivers of Saxony, which flow through loose or soft materials, have a steep bank on the east, northeast or southeast, while the opposite shore is flat. Herr Ruckstaschel, who has been studying the subject, attributes this one-sidedness to the action of the prevailing southwest, west or northwest winds, which drive the rains almost at right angles against the bank sloping from the east, and wash away the soil in much greater quantity than from the western bank. Some of the river valleys of Prussia and Bavaria exhibit similiar phenomena.

Why We Sink in Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are ragged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when mixed with sufficient water, seems incapable of such consolidation.

Historical Anecdotes of the Table.

Certain Greeks, adopting an Egyptian custom, caused death's heads or skeletons to be placed in their dining rooms. The object of this was, according to Scaliger, to incline the guests to taste the sweetness of life, while they rejoiced in good health, and to abandon themselves to pleasure which death would soon deprive them of. When the guests arrived, each followed by one of their domestics, they took care not to present themselves at the banquet till after they had been sprinkled with perfume, and annointed with oil. After their arrival, the host caused incense to be burned. Each one bathed his hands before sitting down to the table, and then crowned himself with flowers. The crowns were said to protect one from fever or illness caused by the wine.

The Ionians pretended to have obtained this custom from Prometheus, as well as that of perfumes; but they were mistaken, for the custom came from the Assyrians and the Babylonians. The Athenians crowned themselves with roses and especially violets, the violet being their national flower. Athens was called "the crowd of violets;" the citizens wore crowns of violets with golden grasshoppers in their hair. The Archons mixed violets with their crown of myrtle. After the preliminary abolutions, and after they had been crowned with flowers, they chose a sort of king of the festival, whose attributes were defined by Plutarch, and put into verse by Berchoux, the poet of gastronomy. The guests, lead by the king of the festival, entered the dining-room and stretched themselves upon the couches. The women were seated on chairs with backs. The most distinguished guest reclined at the head of the table, which was the place of honor. The table was ornamented, in winter as well as in summer, with most delicate flowers. The dishes were square in form, and a cup was placed before each guest. These cups were often of precious metal, and were sometimes of the same shape as the cup that the beautiful Helen moulded over one of her breasts, and consecrated to Minerva, in the temple of Lindos.

The Greeks had plates, but they did not use forks. Was the table linen like that of the present day? Strabon, the geographer, spoke with admiration of a stone of the territory of Caryetos, in Eubac, which was able to be carded and woven, and from which napkins were made. To clean them, they were thrown into the fire. This stone is *amianthus*, or mountain flax. It is still found, today, in the same island under the form of an efflarescence, on the surface of the ground, on a little hill near Melissona, and especially in the environs of Stoura.

But these napkins were not used at the table. The guests washed their hands, after each course, by means of sponges, and at Sparta each one had, at his plate, a morsel of soft bread on which to wipe his fingers.

The servants came and went behind the guests, and distributed the bread which they carried in baskets. The cup bearers also had their places, these were young people, well-born, who followed the examples of Euripides, who served, in his infancy, wine to the Ochestes in the temple of Apollon. Delien, and of Larique, brother of the illustrious Sopho, who served wine to Mitylenians, in Prytanas.

The master of the house caused a supper card to be carried around, and the guests, knowing the menu, chose in advance the food which suited them, just as we do to-day at a restaurant. The repast consisted of the repast proper, and the desert. The repast included eggs, oysters, shell fish, bitter and sweet herbs. The eggs were symbolical in character. The Greeks saw in the shell an image of the earth, in the white, the water; in the yelk, fire—as for the fourth element, air, they found that under the shell. Orphae, Pythagoras and their disciples, abstained from eggs in order that they might not destroy a germ that nature destined for reproduction, but the other Greeks were not so scrupulous; they loved eggs and did not deprive themselves of this luxury.

They said pleasantly of a thing impossible to perform: "It is as easy as to mend an egg-shell."

Peacock eggs were held in the highest esteem. Oysters were also prized, especially the "glaucus," which was a species found at Megare. Those most sought for were those of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos; they had no rivals, although those of Rhodes were greatly appreciated by amateurs.

With the oysters, were served lobsters, mussels and crawfish. The sea urchins were prepared with parsley, mint, and oxymel. They were delicious, taken in the full of the moon, and merited at no time the reproach of a Lacedemonian, who, having never seen this crustacean, took a portion and endeavored to eat the spine. The shellfish were served sometimes, just as they were taken from the sea, sometimes cooked in the ashes or fried in a pan, seasoned with pepper and cumin.

They also ate snails, of which the most famous were taken from the island of Astypalu, which Etienne, of Constantinople, called "the table of the gods," because it was covered with flowers. The repast proper consisted of solid food. First they served beef, mutton, fricasee of veal, chitterlings, pigs feet, liver, tripe, blood pudding, pigs heads, lambs head, etc.

Besides the blood, the Greeks ate game with the hair; the roebuck, the best of which came from Melos, the hedge hog which they considered the most delicious of their meats, the rabbit to which they set up altars at Delos, and the hare of which the best species, in the archipelago, are still those of Carpathos.

After the meats came the poultry, game and fish. For poultry the Greeks possessed chickens, geese, ducks, pigeons and capons. The inhabitants of Cos understood the art of stuffing these, but it seems that it was the Deliens who first stuffed chickens, and it was from them that came the mania for devouring poultry, charged with fatness and basted with its own fat.

There has been a dispute concerning the turkey. Some believed that the ancients knew it, and that it was carried into Greece by Meleagre, king of Macedonia, from whence the name of Meleagride which has been given to this bird; but other historians think that it was not a question of the turkey, but of the Guinea fowl. Moreover the descriptions which have been given by Aristotle, Cletin of Melet and Callixene of Rhodes, seem to apply to the turkey. On this point we shall speak further.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1890.

Jesus Brought Into the Temple.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 2 : 25-35. Memory verses, 29, 32.)

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 Mission Recognized.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Devout Waiting, vs, 25-27.
2. Praiseful Song, vs. 28-32.
3. Marvelous Revelations, vs. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT: *A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.*—Luke 2 : 32.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 2 : 25-35. Jesus brought into the temple.
T.—Matt. 14 : 22-33. Recognized by the deciples.
W.—Matt. 16 : 13-28. Confessed by Peter.
T.—John 11 : 14-27. Confessed by Martha.
F.—John 20 : 19-31. Confessed by Thomas.
S.—1 John 4 : 1-15. Confessed by believers.
S.—Isa. 53 : 1-12. Foreseen by Isaiah.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. DEVOUT WAITING.

I. A Holy Character:

This man was righteous and devout (25).
Thee have I seen righteous before me (Gen. 7 : 1).
That man was perfect and upright (Job 1 : 1).
They were both righteous before God (Luke 1 : 6).
A devout man, and one that feared God (Acts 10 : 2).

II. A Great Expectation:

Looking for the consolation of Israel (25).
I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord (Gen. 49 : 18).
They that wait for me shall not be ashamed (Isa. 49 : 23).
Himself was looking for the kingdom of God (Mark 15 : 43).
Looking for the redemption of Jerusalem (Luke 2 : 38).

III. A Competent Guide:

He came in the Spirit into the temple (27).
The spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not (1 Kings 18: 12).
So the spirit lifted me up, and took me away (Ezek. 3: 14).
Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness (Matt. 4: 1).
The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip (Acts 8: 39).

1. "Simeon....was righteous and devout." (1) Upright in character; (2) Correct in conduct; (3) Devout in spirit.
2. "Looking for the consolation of Israel." (1) Israel's sorrows realized; (2) Israel's consolation anticipated.
3. "It had been revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit." (1) The Author of revelation; (2) The recipients of revelation; (3) The subject-matter of revelation; (4) The purposes of revelation.

II. PRAISEFUL SONG.

I. For Salvation:

Mine eyes have seen thy salvation (30).
My soul shall....rejoice in his salvation (Psa. 35: 9).
With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation (Isa. 12: 3).
There is born to you this day....a Saviour (Luke 2: 11).
All flesh shall see the salvation of God (Luke 3: 6).

II. For Light:

A light for revelation to the Gentiles (32).
Upon them hath the light shined (Isa. 9: 2).
I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles (Isa. 49: 6).
Arise, shine; for thy light is come (Isa. 60: e).
I have set thee for a light to the Gentiles (Acts 13: 47).

III. For Glory:

The glory of thy people Israel (32).
The King of glory shall come in (Psa. 24: 7).
Thou art the glory of their strength (Psa. 89: 17).
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee (Isa. 60: 1).
The glory of the Lord shone round about them (Luke 2: 9).

1. "He received him into his arms and blessed God." (1) Simeon; (2) Jesus; (3) Jehovah.—(1) The Saviour received; (2) The recipient comforted; (3) The Father praised.
2. "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Salvation (1) Foreshadowed in prophecy; (2) Embodied in Jesus; (3) Experienced in the soul.
3. "The glory of thy people Israel." (1) Israel, the people of God; (2) Jesus, the glory of Israel.

III. MARVELOUS REVELATIONS.

I. Perplexed Observers.

His father and his mother were marveling (33).
There was a great calm. And the men marvelled)Matt. 8: 26, 27).
The multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen (Matt. 9; 33).
All the men did marvel (Mark 5: 20)
And they marvelled all (Luke 1: 63).

II. Diverging Results:

For the falling and rising up of many in Israel (34).
For a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offense (Isa. 8: 14).
The stone....set at nought....was made the head of the corner (Acts 4: 11).
Unto Jews a stumblingblock, and unto Gentiles foolishness (1 Cor. 1: 23).
Unto them that are called,....Christ the power of God (1 Cor. 1: 24).

III. Adverse Words:

A sign which is spoken against (34).
Men shall....say all manner of evil against you falsely (Matt. 5: 11).
He hath Beelzebub (Mark 3: 22)
Now we know that thou hast a devil (John 8: 52).
We have found this man a pestilent fellow (Acts 24: 5).

1. "Marvelling at the things which were spoken concerning him." (1) A marvelous child; (2) Marvelous disclosures; (3) Marveling people.
2. "This child is set for the falling and rising up of many." (1) Christ rejected, the run of many; (2) Christ received, the salvation of many.
3. "That thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed." (1) Heart thoughts concealed; (2) Heart thoughts tested; (3) Heart thoughts revealed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

JESUS AMONG MEN.

A touchstone of character (Luke 2 : 34, 35).
A decider of destiny (Matt. 7 : 21, 23).
Exalted, yet rejected (Acts 4 : 11).
Wisdom, yet foolishness (1 Cor. 1 : 23, 24).
Saving, yet a stumbling-block (Rom. 9 : 32, 33).
Precious, yet offensive (1 Pet. 2 : 7, 8).
Blessing, yet condemning (John 14 : 21, 23; 1 Cor. 16 : 22).
Life giving, yet death dealing (2 Cor. 2 : 15, 16).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The infant Jesus, born a Jew, was circumcised on the eighth day, answering, in the Christian Year, to our New Year's Day. On the fortieth day, the little family went up from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, to perform the ceremonies required by the Jewish law (Lev. 12). The first of these ceremonies was the purification of Mary. The second was the ceremonial redemption of the first-born. In the case of Jesus, this was performed in the temple, and is therefore commonly called the Presentation in the Temple. The first-born male child in Israel was consecrated to God in commemoration of the fact that the first-born of the children of Israel had been preserved when the first-born of all the Egyptians were slain (Exod. 13 : 2, 13-15). Instead of these oldest sons becoming the priests and religious teachers of the people, however, God chose the whole tribe of Levi for these services, and permitted the first-born to be redeemed. As the parents of Jesus offered the sacrifice permitted to the poor (v. 24; comp. Lev. 12 : 8), it is very unlikely that the Magi had already come with their rich gifts (Matt. 2 : 11). Nor is it likely that the public presentation would occur after the warning to go into Egypt. Hence the traditional date of the visit of the Magi (Epiphany, January 6) would seem to be incorrect.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the temple; the precise place of the interviews being in the court of the women, as appears from the presence of Mary and Anna. The purification took place near the gate Nicanor, the inner gate on the middle of the eastern side of the enclosure.

TIME.—On the fortieth day after the Nativity,—according to the dates already suggested, on February 2 (the date for the study of this lesson), year of Rome 750,—B. C. 4.

PERSONS.—Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus; Simeon; and probably a number of worshipers in the temple.

INCIDENTS.—Simeon, to whom had been promised that he should live to see the Messiah, enters the temple court. When the child Jesus is brought in, Simeon receives him in his arms, and blesses God, praising him that he is now permitted to depart in peace. The wondering parents are also blessed and a special prediction is made to Mary respecting the child and herself.

A Profitable Business.

A young woman is building up a business of a somewhat novel character in New York and Brooklyn. Travelling agents have long made a good thing out of antique furniture picked up in the wilds of rural Hampshire and Connecticut, inducing farmers' wives to ransack their attics and bring out mirrors that only wanted regilding, or brass-handled chests of drawers in want of nothing but polish and varnish to fetch round sums from modern worshipers of bric-a-brac gone by. The best hunting ground for such things, curiously enough, has been overlooked almost entirely. New York and Brooklyn, as things go in this country, are ancient cities. There are low-browed Dutch homesteads within the limits of the former city, and old houses on Second avenue, in the Washington square region, and on Fifth avenue itself, in New York, which only need to yield up their treasures to delight all the lovers of last century carved oak, mirror-front wardrobes, rare spindle-legged monstrosities and choice bits of buhl. This young woman has begun a series of tours among the stately old mansions sunk to second-class boarding houses, or gone yet further on the road of neglect and decay, and when she finds a relic of past grandeur, she rehabilitates it and introduces it to an art lover, or a curio lover, or a person ambitious of the repute of an art or curio lover—with money. An old ebony cabinet, inlaid with mother of pearl, an old dressing-table, with a tray of Sevres let into the top, an old chair, covered with French flowered satins of the early years of the century, these are grand dukes in banishment to be restored to their lost estate. It is a pleasant business for a young woman with some knowledge, a good eye and better judgment, and she makes it profitable.

Coroner—When did you see Editor Hull last?

Witness—Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

"Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?"

"Yes, sir." (Sensation.)

"Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?"

"Yes, it might have been."

"Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you saw him?"

"Three dollars."