TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday

Sudject; "Among the Holy Hil's." Text: "He came to Nazareth, where He was brought up."-Lake iv., 16.

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of Cardinals passing that way! Last evening the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out taking for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white himestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine—namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under ax or down in the floods or straight through the fire. What a splendid sleep I had last night in

floods or straight through the fire.

Grand old village is Nazareth even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the is clean; and that can be said of few of the eriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one sand Turks were beaten by twenty-one hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding, the greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes the which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two, the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the doxologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town in getting ready—a startling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world. The trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the drydock before it is ready,

most young men that they want to launch their ship from the drydock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by His mothers side He trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods, gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talked and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their stings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave Him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding mstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, or one species of bird flying across the tops that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that He had not recognized.

You see it all through His sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his ora-tions or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When the apostle Peter preaches you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds waich he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life surgesting it.

village life and the mountainous life surrounding it.

He had in boyhood seen the shepberds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hoplessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," says the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheepstealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating His own sheepherd qualities, says: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christhad often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip! goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer. "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a 'ead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and so be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in His sermon: "I am the true vine and My Father is the husbandman; every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Ob, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins unding it. He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get

that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital!
No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cracities of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jesusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickneed and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have haited the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem and the country saves the town. From the hills of Virginis and the hills of Georgia come in our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns.

and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Mes-siahs in all departments dweit in Naz-areth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostthis day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homesteads of north and south and east and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instru-

nation was treated at Jerusalem: Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how

shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving. They are now only the preface of what they will be if, instead of sacrificing, you help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger went putside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fell, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me holding fast; I am going to let go, kiss mother for me, and tell her not to feel badly; good-by!" And he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago entered a school in Germany and he bowed very low before the boys, and the teacher said, "Why do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him: "Why don't you go to school!" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a cross.

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in.

such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting His widowed mother after He was o'd enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and hit and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth showing a plane; He who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel; He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger: He who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; He who scooped out the bed for the ocean hollowing a ladie; He who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the morning on the earth and makes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora con-structing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman: "I will not believe anything I cannot "plain." 'Indeed." said the clergy-man, 'you will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns. "No," said the skeptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed," said the clergyman," "you will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" add the

the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhood and humanity interponed I caunot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and He to relieve the embarrasament of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a few hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine at the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being, that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nine-teen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine.

Among the arts and inventions of the for-

identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-air gallons of wine.

Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can there is no the property of the property o

in the morning and trumpeted by the thun-ders of the last day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to haif Him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is pre-sented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late, Tha

closed. You hear it slam. Too late. The door is shut!

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climbof all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blesseds—blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides, where in the later season hyacinths and dasies and phloxes and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennesses and North Carolina from the top of Look-put Mountain or like that of Vermont and skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Gallilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Bafed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying: "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Galilee, is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were nore startling novelties than were ever anaounced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the supervilious and supervilled the supervilled the supervilious and supervilled the superv had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the super-ilious; blessed are the tearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Cassars and the Ababa. "Not not not a superthe Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the Surope in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor; blessed are the mournful; blessed are the meek; blessed are the hungry; blessed are the mertiful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely revited.

One Stitch at a Time.

"What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work, wrought by the lady to whom the question was ad-

vanced. "There is no secret about it," replied the lady; "I only make every stitch as perfectly as I can, and am careful to put it exactly in the right place. There isn't one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake, I ravel it out and correct it."

One perfect stitch at a tip marvelous fabrics of lace at fabulous prices are made. So the intricate and exquisite embroideries are wrought. So the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at a time!

The noblest lives are lived-one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no moments carclessly spent; no mo-ments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crochet can be raveled out, and made right. But who can reverse the tide of time, and undo a wrong act and make it right?

Some unknown friend left a card on my desk, on which was printed this: "I shall pass through this world but once! Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, in His name and for His sake! Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not

pass this way again."

Is there a better secret than that for making the whole fabric of life perfect?
"Any good thing that I can do;" that covers all our duty to God and to our-selves. "Any kindness that I can show to any human being;" that covers all our duty to our neighbor. Love to God and to our neighbor is the fulfilling of the law.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
Ali evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life: Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That still, although the trembling fiesh be

This, also, can be borne. We see a sorrow riding in our way, And try to fice from the approaching iii; We seek some small escape—we weep and pray, But when the blow falls, then our hearts are

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn, But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone,
But ah! We do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne. Behold, we live through all things, famine

thirst.

Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery.

All wee and sorrow; life inflicts its worst.

On soul and body, but we cannot die,

Though we be sick and tired, and faint, and

worn;
Lo! All things can be borne.
-Unidentified.

Mothering.

Garth, in the Chicago Daily News.in speaking of the change which comes over the theoretical maiden when she becomes a mother, and "as her boys grow up and become her knights and lovers, the old 'maiden need of chivalry' weakens in her heart and becomes transmitted into the divine tenderness of proud and happy motherhood" and asks: Did you ever own a boy of your own?

Did you ever watch him from his cradle to see "how men grow?"

Did you ever see him in his varying moods of knight-errantry and pure

savagery? Did you ever look into his eyes and give him a thought with which to conquer a feeling that you did not want him to have?

Did you ever tell him your griefs all these things (14).
and let him understand your perplexWe took sweet counsel together (Psa. ities and ask his advice about your

plans? Did you ever sit entranced to find how quick to see, how strong to bear, and how tender to sympathize with your burden he could be?

And did you ever think it is not then a question of sex, but a question of soul, and a man may have a soul as well as a woman if only his mother had a soul?

Again, did you ever see this same boy come rushing into the house, hungry, tired, yet desperately hurried, because "the boys are waiting outside" for him to get his dinner and "come on?" If perchance dinner happened to be late, or the "things he couldn't bear" made up the latter part a' the meal, did you ever see that boy rage? Did you ever notice how one irritating word from the cook or from anyl ody could

Perhaps you have been weak enough to try to punish him for his wild efforts at retaliation; perhaps you have sent his "boys" away, and robbed him of his fishing pole, and giver him some task to do in his own room "o teach him self-control;" perhaps you have meant it all for the best, but have been cut to the quick by his contemptuous acquiescence in your requirements; his muttered "opinions" of "anybody who would always have old custard pie when no decent person could eat such baby food as custard;" perhaps you remember all the details of your efforts to "discipline that boy" and conquer him nd make him eshamed of himself, and how he resisted all your efforts and thwarted all your plans and let you know that I. The Cruel Death: he could understand "why boys run Our rulers delivered off," until your heart seemed broken and you could only look at him help-lessly, and say: "Well, I've done the best I could, but they say no woman knows how to bring up a boy, and I suppose I don't know, but my conscience is clear. I've never spared myscience is clear. I've never spared my-self any pain that seemed to give you any happiness. For a whole year after you were born I never knew what one good night's sleep meant. When you have been sick I have never thought of

going to bed at night for fear you might need something. I've tried to talk to you and tell you everything I knew, but it hasn't done any good, and I suppose it's true that a woman don't know how to bring up a boy." Perhaps you remember how he lis-tened, first defiant, then triumphant at tened, first defiant, then triumphant at your defeat, and then how he broke down all at once and said: "I know I'm wrong, and I won't ask any woman to bring me up. I'll bring my-self up. I won't worry you any more if we have custard pie every day. The reason women can't bring up boys is because women are so good and boys are so bad; but I'm going to turn over a new leaf. You needn't look out for me any more; I'll look out for you."

Did you ever own such a boy?

Did you ever own such a boy? Then you understand that love conquered him, and that your "coddling" and not your "discipline" made him "turn over a new leaf."

Somehow you don't feel afraid that he will ever be "a robber" and make any woman "a slave"; and when you plunge into metaphysics to find an explanation of "how men grow," you find that "love is the great moral agent," and that love develops the higher nature, that tenderness purifies and uplifts and strengthens the character; until boys will eat what they don't want, and men will grant women the "elective franchise," perhaps they may have to be "disciplined" a very little, but, it is a risk, a very great risk; the maternal instinct may be "abeer senti-mentality gone to seed," but it suggests the reply of the old minister who, when asked what rational mind approved the heory of the cross, said:

And I think of this same "slavish devotion" and silly mothering, etc., etc.,"somehow it saves."

The average crop of oats in the United States for the past ten years has

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1890. The Walk to Emmaus.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 24: 13-27 Memory verses: 25-27.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER Though he were a Son, yet tearned he obedience by the things which he suffered.—Heb. 5:8.

LESSON TOPIC: The Son's Foreshadowings Fulfilled.

1. An Unknown Compan-ion, vs. 13-17. 2. A Sad Story, vs. 18-24. LESSON OUTLINE: 3. A Convincing Exposi-tion, vs. 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?—Luke 24:26

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M .- Luke 24: 13-27. The walk to Emmaus T .- John 21: 1-14. Slow to recognize Jesus. W .- John 20: 24-31. A tardy be-

liever T.-Luke 1: 46-55. Prophecies of Jesus. F.-Luke 1: 67-80. Prophecies of

S .- Matt. 12 : 38-50. Jonah sign. S.—Isa. 53: 1-12. Dead, but triumphant.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. AN UNKNOWN COMPANION.

I. Religious Converse: They communed with each other of

They that feared the Lord spake one with another (Mal. 3:16).

They made known... the saying which was spoken to them (Luke 2:17).

Exhort one another day by day (Heb. 3:13). II. Jesus Unrecognized: Their eyes were holden that they

should not know him (16). Who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him? (John 9:36). She...beholdeth Jesus, ... and knew not that it was Jesus (John 20: 14).

The disciples knew not that it was Jesus (John 21:4). Had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord (1 Cor. 2:8).

III. Doubters Interrogated: What communications are these that ve have? (17). reveal to your astonished vision a boy O thou of little faith, wherefore didst

thou shouldest see the

glory of God? (John 11: 40). 1. "Two of them were going that very day to.... Emmaus." (1) The day; (2) The destination; (3) The disciples; (4) The despondency.
2. "All these things which had hap-

went with them." (1) Jesus' sympathy with the sorrowing; (2) Jesus' fellowship with the sorrowing.

II. A SAD STORY.

Our rulers delivered him up, ... and crucified him (20). They shall condemn him to death, and

They bound him, and led him away,

and delivered him up (Matt. 27: 2). The who e company....brought him before Pilate (Luke 23: 1). Whom ye de'ivered up, and denied (Acts 3: 13).

II. The Disappointed Hope: We hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel (21).

Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall never be unto thee (Matt. 16: 22). They mourned and wept (Mark 16: 10).
All his acquaintance....stood afar off, reeing these things (Luke 23; 49). The doors were shut, . . . for fear of the Jews (John 20: 19).

III. The Puzzling Story: Certain women of our company amazed us (22).

They. . ran to bring his disciples word (Matt. 28: 8). And they, when they heard, . . . disbelieved (Mark 16: 11). These words appeared ... as idle talk

(Luke 24: 11). Except I shall see, ... I will not believe (John 20: 25).

1. "The things concerning Jesus of (2) Things which concern our sal- that the lower end can be elevated at

III. A CONVINCING EXPOSITION. The Prophets to be Believed:

O foolish men, and slow of heart to O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe... the prophets (25).

Believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper (2 Chron. 20: 20).

Think not that I came to destroy... the prophets (Matt. 5: 17).

They have... the prophets; let them hear them (Luke 16: 29).

King Aggings believes them King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? (Acts 26: 27).

II. The Messiah to be a Sufferer: Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things? (26).

I gave my back to the smiters (Isa. 50: Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted (Tea. 53: 4). It pleased the Lord to bruise him (Isa.

53: 10). The Christ should suffer, and rise again (Luke 24: 46). III. The Scriptures to be Unfolded:

He interpreted to them in all the scriptures....concerning himself (27). To the law and to the testimony! (Isa. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord,

and read (Isa. 34: 16). Ye search the scriptures; ... these ... bear witness of me (John 5: 39). Examining the criptures daily (Acts

1. "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe." (1) Foolish men; (2) Slow hearts; (3) Small faith.

2. "Behoved it not the Christ to suffer?" (1) Realizing the types; (2) Fulfilling the prophecies; (3) Perfecting the atonement; (4) Tasting

man's lot. "In all the scriptures the things concerning himself." (1) Jesus enfolded in the Scriptures; (2) Jesus illustrated by the Scriptures.

LESSON BIBLE READING. CHRIST'S SUPPERINCS FORETOLD. The bruised beel (Gen. 3:15). The man of sorrow (Isa. 53:2, 3). Bearing reproach (Psa. 69:9, 20). Wounded and braised (Isa. 53:5). The marred visage (Isa. 52:14). Betrayed (Psa. 41:9; Psa. 55:12-14). Forsaken (Psa. 22:1; Zech. 13:7). Sold (Zech. 11:12, 13). Smitten (Isa. 53: 4; Micah 5:1). Spit upon and scourged (Isa. 50:6). Pierced (Pss. 22:16; Zech. 12:10).

LESSON SURBOUNDINGS.

Dead (Isa. 53:12).

INTERVENING EVENTS. - So far as Luke's report is concerned the narrative is continuous. But it is evident that before this appearance on the way to Emmaus our Lord had been seen by Mary Magdalene, by the other women, and by Peter. (It is disputed whether there were two distinct appearances to Mary and to the other women, and also which should be placed first, if there were two.) The report of the guard and the gathering of the rulers to sil-ence them (Matt. 28: 11-15) may have

also occurred in the interval. PLACE .- On the way to Emmaus. The name means "warm water," and was probably due to the existence of a warm spring near the village. This site is in dispute. Early writers identified Emmans with Nicopolis, now called 'Amwas, but this is too far from Jerusalem (twen!y-two miles). Thomson favors Kuriet el Aineb, on the road to Jaffa; others fix upon Kulonieh, about so different from the boy of higher moods that his own mother would not know him?

thou doubt? (Matt. 14:31).

When I sent you forth, ... lacked ye anything? (Luke 22:35).

while there is strong support (matting back to the fourteenth century) for Kubeibeh, seven miles north west of Jerusalem. Later researches favor an four and a half miles west of Jerusalem; identification at Khamasa, about eight miles south-west of Jerusalem. Time. - During the afternoon of Sun-

day, the 17th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April 9, A. D. 30. Persons.—Two disciples, probably not of the twelve; one named Cleopas

2. "All these things which had happened." (1) A worthy theme of conversation; (2) A central point of history; (3) An ample source of salvation.

3. "Jesus himself drew near, and able. Other persons have been named, and the salvation of the twelve; one hamed Cleopas (Who is not the same as Clopas (John 19:25) or Alphæns), the other unknown. Some conjecture that it was salvation. but nothing can be known. INCIDENTS .- The two disciples, or their way to Emmaus, talk of the strange events of the morning (not hav-

ing heard of any appearance of our Lord himself). As they talk Jesus joins them, but is not recognized. He asks them what they were conversing about. They stand still, looking sad. Cleopas expresses surprise that he shall deliver him unto the Gentiles (Matt. 20: 19).

hey bound him, and led him away, the death of Jesus, their hopes and disj appointment, and the strange tiding of the women that morning. Jesus, rebuking them for their slowness to believe, explains how the Old Testament foretold the sufferings and glory of the PARALLEL PASSAGE. -- Mark 16: 12

refers to this appearance.

THE DOMSTIC DOCTOR.

For whooping cough give at every coughing spell, a teaspoonful of lin-seed oil mixed with an equal quantity of black molasses. For croup, take the white of an egg

stir it thoroughly into a small quantity of sweetened water, and give it in repeated doses until a cure is effected.
A distinguished children's doctor
gives his opinion that healthy babies will take water every hour with ad-

vantage, especially in warm weather. Their fretfulness and rise of temper-

ature is often due to their not having The Tribune reports that in France If a patient who is under the influence of chloroform shows any signs of hear Nazareth." (1) Concerning his failure, he is held head downward till life; (2) Concerning his death; (3) he is restored. It is said that this Concerning his resurrection.—(1) method never fails, and many operat-Things which concern his history; ing tables in France are so constructed

a moment's notice. "We hoped that it was he which Proffesor Stewart, after telling us should redeem Israel." (1) The that the scut of nausea is not in the should redeem Israel." (1) The basis of their hope; (2) The over-throw of their confidence.—(1) Redemption needed; (2) Hope aroused; (3) Doubts begotten.

(3) Doubts begotten.

(4) The that the solution the brain, informs us that relief from this distressing sensation may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain. He has tested this often and thoroughly in the case of solutions and other ills in which the nausea is a distressing symptom, w. 1) out a single failure, and once relieved the nausea resulting from a cancer of the stomach by the application of ice to the back of the neck and occipital bone. The ice is to be broken and the bits placed between the folds of a towel. Relief may be obtained by bolding the head over a sink or tub and pouring a small stream of water on the back of the neck. This is worth remembering as a relief for sick headache, to which so many women are