

GOLDEN TEXT: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.—Luke 2: 40.

Central Truth:—Jesus Christ was truly human.

Twelve years have passed since the scene recorded in the last lesson. Jesus is a boy in Nazareth in the home of Joseph and Mary. We are indebted to St. Luke for this glimpse at this sweet and lovely boyhood. He is the only one of the evangelists who mentions anything of the childhood and youth of Christ, and he gives us only the scene in the temple among the learned doctors. He lived in the quiet country among the hills of Nazareth, communicating much with nature, and in training for the great work of his brief but eventful public life.

It was the time of the great feast of the Passover. This was one of the three leading festivals of the Jews, the others being the festival of Pentecost and the feast of Tabernacles. The Passover was instituted, as we know, (see Exodus 12), to commemorate the departure of the Hebrews from Egypt, and the sparing of the first-born on the night when there was such bitter wailing in the houses of the Egyptians. It was a festival of special importance, lasting a week, and though the attendance of adult males only was obligatory on the people, it was not uncommon for females also to attend.

We might expect from Mary's well-known devout character that she would accompany her husband to Jerusalem to attend the festival, and we learn (v. 41) that this was their regular custom.

On this occasion they took their child Jesus with them. After engaging in the duties and festivities of the Passover week they set out to return to their home at Nazareth, about thirty-six miles north. They traveled in caravans embracing a large number of people, and made up mostly of pilgrims from the same neighborhood, and generally acquainted with each other. The younger portion of the company would naturally group together as they went along, leaving their seniors to do the same. So it might easily happen that children of the age of Jesus might be with their young companions, and be separated from his parents for a time without exciting any special uneasiness. It seems, however, that Jesus did not leave the city with the caravan, but had become deeply interested and engrossed with the temple services, and with communion with the distinguished Hebrew teachers with whom he was brought into contact. His parents, meanwhile, proceeded on their journey homeward, but missing their child after the first day, tarried to seek for him, and returned to Jerusalem, where, to their astonishment, they found him still in the temple, sitting as a scholar among those who attended the open free schools, of which there were many in Jerusalem, where the rabbis used to lecture to their pupils and answer their questions.

Here Joseph and Mary found their child deeply interested in what was going on, and exciting the astonishment of all at the precocity both of his questions and his information. To their address, remonstrating with him affectionately for his absence, which had obliged them to search for him with some anxiety, Jesus gave them that remarkable reply, the first recorded words of our Lord, and which seem to imply that now, first, the great fact of his special relationship to God the Father, and of a great work which that Father had committed to him was beginning to dawn upon his mind.

"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Little did his parents comprehend the immense significance of this reply. They indeed must have known that theirs was no ordinary child. But the full meaning of his words they could not understand. Only the mighty future could reveal that. But he went home with them again as a loving and dutiful child, and was a good and obedient son in the family, but what had occurred gave his mother especially much food for solemn thought, and grand expectations. But she said nothing, like a discreet woman; she gave no encouragement to idle gossip among the neighbors, but kept all these sayings in her heart.

Meantime, the simple but significant record with which the lesson closes, "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." This is true of his human nature, which was subject to the law of development and progress. As a youth he grew in stature and in wisdom, and by the singular beauty of his character and the purity of his life, in favor with God and man. So his youth was passed with little that was eventful or striking as men would say, yet under the fresh and beautiful scenes of nature, and in quiet but profound communion with God.

1. It is a beautiful sight to see children with their parents in the House of God. Such a sight was more common forty years ago in our land than it is now. Parents were more faithful to their duty in bringing their children to church than now. The attendance of children was more regular and constant. But the yoke of parental discipline is now a very "easy" yoke, and the burdens which it imposes are very "light." It is not an uncommon thing for young people now to forsake the Church of their fathers, and to grow up without any settled place of worship, wandering about in the gospel pastures, like Pharaoh's lean kine, "always feeding and always lean." In "some respects" the former days were better than these.

2. The Sunday school was never intended to supersede either the family or the House of God.

Nothing is ever gained by exalting the one at the expense of the other. Nothing is more noticeable in the life of our Lord than that he was trained to obey his parents, and to prize and attend regularly upon the services of God's house.

These two influences—the home and the sanctuary—made him a holy child.

Bodily strength is good, but spiritual strength is better.

Jesus not only grew in stature and size, but in intellectual and moral power. Probably there was a natural and wholesome development in his whole being—physical, intellectual, social and moral. Many of the old traditions and legends describe him in fanciful and extravagant colors, but they do him no honor. He was a wonderful child, but he was no less a human child. He was a type and representative of all true humanity. He had a vigorous and healthy body, but his highest beauty and noblest strength were spiritual.

4. Youth should appreciate the counsels of age.

So did the youthful Jesus. He sat at the feet of the venerable rabbis eager to hear their lessons, and to ask them for further instructions. He was thoughtful, but not pert, anxious to learn and respectful to his teachers. It was not wonderful that "he waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom" (v. 40).

5. Learning is one thing; wisdom is another.

Jesus was not learned, but he was wise. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job 28: 28.)

DEATH OF JEFFERSON.

Gloom It Cast Over the Fiftieth Celebration of the Fourth of July.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT RELATED BY HON. ALEXANDER H. H. STUART—CHAPMAN JOHNSON'S IMPROMPTU AND MEMORABLE SENTIMENT AT STAUNTON, VA., PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has written an interesting letter giving an account of the celebration in Staunton, Va., of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He says:

"Among the guests who assembled at the celebration held in the Eagle tavern on the Fourth of July, 1826, were most of the prominent men of the town and county. I well remember that Daniel Sheffey, Chapman Johnson, Briscoe G. Baldwin, Thomas J. Mitchell, William Kinney and other citizens of the town were of the number, and, I think, Gen. Robert Potterfield, James Bell, Charles A. Stuart and others of the same class from the country were present. The occasion was marked by hilarity. The speeches were brief and spirited and appropriate. Anecdotes were told. There were brilliant flashes of wit and fancy, and all were in good humor and seemed to enjoy themselves. In this way the day was passed until nearly sundown, and the company were preparing to separate, with mutual felicitations on the pleasure which they had enjoyed and the expression of hope that they might meet to commemorate many returns of the auspicious day. At this stage of the proceeding some one came into the porch, and in a low tone said to Mr. Chapman Johnson something which seemed to make a deep impression on him. I, who was then a youth preparing myself to enter the University, sat with a few other companions near the foot of the table, and being on the opposite side from Mr. Johnson had a full view of his face, and although I did not know the communication, could not fail to observe the grave expression of his countenance.

The mystery was soon solved. Mr. Johnson rose, and in fitting terms announced to the company that news had just reached him of the death, near noon that day, of Thomas Jefferson. After a few remarks on the life, character and public services of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Johnson requested all present to fill their glasses as he desired to offer a sentiment. This was done. He then desired that the company would rise and remain standing. While we thus stood, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the event which had been thus unexpectedly announced, Mr. Johnson offered the following sentiment: "The memory of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence! Though the mortal man may never witness another celebration of the day which his pen has so much illustrated, his mortal spirit will be present and inspire the last anthem which hallowed his memory." The sentiment was purely impromptu. He did not take time to commit it to paper. He gave it to us as it came gushing up, like living waters from the fountain of his great heart and it found a response in the heart of every one who was present. As for myself, every word that he uttered became, as it were, ingrossed on the tablets of my memory, and, after the lapse of more than forty years, I feel that I am able to report Mr. Johnson's toast not only with substantial, but with literal accuracy."

Avalanches of the Canyons.

VICTIMS BURIED IN THE RAVINES UNDER A HUNDRED FEET OF SNOW AND ROCKS. Salt Lake Dispatch to the Chicago Times.

Word reached here to-day of another snow slide in American Fork canyon, south of Little Cottonwood, on Saturday night or Sunday morning. Two men Dr. Sperr and John Poole, were carried away and the body of Poole has not been found. There are but few in the canyon and they are not anxious to run the risk of being caught in the slide while hunting for the body. A Chinaman who cooked for the men escaped unhurt, and when the avalanche passed dug in the snow seven hours before he found Sperr's body. The Chinaman then went five miles down the canyon, at imminent peril, to report the catastrophe. A small party of miners is now searching and as a frost occurred on Sunday night it is probable no more slides will come until the next snow falls. The bodies of John H. Warth and Evan Morris, two miners killed by a slide at the Griggly mine, Little Cottonwood, above Alta, the

night of the 12th, were found Sunday night shockingly bruised and mangled by stones and timber. Search is being made for other persons that have been buried. Some cannot be found until Spring, as they are buried beneath a hundred feet of snow and debris, and it is impossible to tell at what point to dig, as some of the slides settled in the bottom of the canyon, covering half a mile in length. People are still fleeing from Alta, on the Little Cottonwood, the scene of the terrific slides on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. The town is practically deserted. Not more than thirty persons remain in the village, where three or four hundred held their home last week. The railroad is shelled for six miles and people walk down the track under the sheds to the point reached by the trains. This walk is described as tedious, painful and frightful in the extreme. The sheds are crushed at numerous places, where the frightened pedestrians are obliged to dig their way up through mountains of snow to the surface of the slide and wade twenty or thirty rods to the next point where they can enter the tunnel shed. The long journey is beset by the perils of the avalanche at almost every point and many slides across the track have occurred. Since the hegra began on Saturday fathers and mothers have had to carry babies and little children over the perilous road and some invalid men have been brought down by brave miners. One miner reached the city this morning at daylight, having walked the entire distance, thirty miles, since dark on Sunday. He had spent two days in digging for the bodies of two comrades, and after finding them and making arrangements for their transportation came ahead to arrange for the funeral. While searching he was caught by a small slide and carried fifteen rods and two or three times buried in the snow, but escaped with only slight bruises. With the exception of two or three mines, which have long tunnel boarding houses roofed so the slides will pass over them and a full supply of provisions, the mines of Little Cottonwood will be closed until spring. It is impossible to get provisions up the canyon and the miners will not work in such peril as they have been in for two weeks past.

TAILOR-MADE MEN.

HOW NATURE'S CROOKED WAYS ARE SOMETIMES MADE STRAIGHT BY SARTORIAL ART. From the New York Sun.

"The fact is there are very few men who are formed regularly. What a professional cutter would call a 'regular proportion' is a measurement of thirty-six inches to the breast and thirty-three inches to the waist. But those measurements are seldom met with." This was said to a Sun reporter in reply to inquiries as to the shapes that are encountered by tailors who make custom clothing. Experienced cutters say that they are obliged to make allowance for peculiar forms in almost every case. Many men have one shoulder higher than the other. This is particularly the case with those who do much writing. The right arm is kept continually on the desk, while the left arm is rested and lowered. Naturally, in such cases, a man's right shoulder is raised and his left shoulder depressed. To remedy this slight deformity the expert cutter must resort to padding.

"Talk about padding," said an old cutter, "the men are really padded as much as the women. Put your hand on the shoulder of the first man you meet; you will find probably that, instead of a bony shoulder-blade you will feel a soft cushion. Watch the men walking on Broadway. You will notice that many of them swing their arms under eaves of padding. Look at the padding in the breasts of coats and vests. A tailor finds a man 'eaved in' and has to build him out. That is the reason so many high vests are worn. A low vest would expose the flat, pinched chest."

"How about the legs?" "The cutter who cannot conceal the imperfections of a man's legs is unworthy of his profession. If a man is handy-legged the cutter will make him wide and roomy pantaloons, in which his crooked limbs may wander without detection. If he is short-legged the cutter will fit him snugly, so that his nether extremities shall not offend the eye. If he is long-legged the cutter adds a little to the length of his body and brings him apparently into proportion. It is a very common occurrence for man's right leg to be a little longer than the other. Very often a man's occupation gives him a stooping position, so that he seems almost humped. The expert cutter attends to all these peculiarities, and sees to it that they are, as far as possible, concealed."

"Do you think that men are as particular about their dress as women?" "When they care at all they are more fastidious. The trouble with men is that they do not always know what they want. Women are more apt to know exactly what they want, because they make a study of dress. They think of it from childhood. They see something they like and say, 'Make it like that.' They know how goods will look when made up. But many men are unreasonably fastidious. One thinks he has a full breast. When you measure him he puffs and swells out to undue proportions. When the coat is finished and he tries it on he says it don't fit, when the real trouble is that he does not swell himself out as he did when he was measured. If a man is punctilious about a very neat, close fit, the chances are that he will complain that his clothes are too tight when he tries them on. Then the man who says he 'wants them easy and is not particular about the fit' is to be feared. When he gets his clothes his

wife or his sisters, or his fellow-boarders, will scrutinize his garments and send him back to the unfortunate tailor."

"Do you find that men are much influenced by their wives as to the cut and material of their clothes?"

"Influenced? Why, sir, it amounts to slavery in many cases. I have had men make me contract to please their wives in the cut of a coat. They come here filled with instructions. They have orders for the style of cloth, the style of cut, the style of buttons, the lining, trimming and price. When I cut a coat for a married man I know that, in most cases, I have got to please the wife. Frequently a man goes away perfectly satisfied with a garment and comes back the next day running over with complaints. Then I know who has been criticizing the work. Sometimes when I know there is nothing wrong, I put the garment away in a closet, never touch it, and when I send it back in a few days it is pronounced very much better and all right."

The military tailors are the greatest adepts in building up unpromising forms to become models of soldierly appearance. They will take a lean, scrawny, consumptive clerk and turn him out in a uniform that makes him quite a formidable as well as a prepossessing person. With skillful appropriation of haircloth, bagging and buttoning, they manage to manufacture well-rounded forms in almost every case. As for the theatrical tailors, their work is often a marvel of art. Actors with natural gracefulness of form have sometimes served as walking advertisements of fashionable tailors. Actors whose line of characters require many changes of fashionable dress are frequently asked to introduce some new style.

"What does it cost to dress a man in the height of fashion?" was asked of a Fifth-avenue tailor.

"About \$700 a year," was the reply.

"But if a man is to indulge in \$300 fur coats and a variety of fine silk neckties and an assortment of fancy pantaloons his bills will run up much higher. Notwithstanding all that is said of the extravagance of a woman's dress, it costs twice as much to furnish stylish clothes to men as to women. The reason is that a man cannot have his clothes made over as a woman can. If his clothes get out of fashion they are useless to him. But the clothing of women can be made over to suit new fashions year after year. Their laces and ribbons, feathers and trimmings, of all kinds reappear constantly in new forms. If a woman has a splendid wedding dress, for instance, she keeps it for years and wears it on State occasions. But a man's wedding suit must be worn out before it goes out of fashion. Among the poorer classes the women always dress better than the men in the same station of life. They will seize upon a fashionable style and make up old materials in the new shapes with marvelous aptitude. Men do nothing of this kind, and that is the reason why, as a rule, they do not follow the fashions as scrupulously as women."

MAKING WINTER PLEASANT.

HOW THE RUSSIANS PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST THE COLD. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The Russians have a great knack for making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses where all the doors and windows are double and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risks of exposure when he leaves his house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn on over the ordinary boots and trousers and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in an ample top-coat with fur collar, lining and cuffs; and he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear-skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all round so that it muffs him up to the eyes, the Russian only exposes his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger, who is apt to forget that precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening" and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower orders, wear knee boots; those of the shopkeeping classes seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. These sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuc coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize; but persons not desirous of pluck find their motion most enjoyable. It must be added that, be spilled out of a Russian sleigh is tantamount only to getting a rough tumble on a soft mattress, for the very thick furs in which the victim is sure to be wrapped will be enough to break the fall. The houses and hovels of the Russian working classes are as well warmed as those of the aristocracy.

A stove is always the principal item of furniture in them, and these contrivances are used to sleep on as well as to cook in. The mujick, having no bed, curls himself up on his stove at his time for going to rest. Sometimes he may be found creeping right into the stove and enjoying the delights of a good vapor bath. The amount of heat which a Russian will stand is amazing, and his carelessness in facing the cold afterwards not less so. On a Saturday, which is washing day all over Russia, you may see in any village a mujick, who has been cooking himself in his stove till he is of a color like boiled lobster, push naked into the snow and roll himself in it like a dog till he glows all over to his satisfaction. It seems monstrous that one of the Russian's principal protections against the cold—his beard—was laid under penalty by Peter the Great and subsequently by Elizabeth and Catharine II., when they were trying to civilize their subjects according to the custom of the West. These three sovereigns all laid a tax on beards; and peasants entering cities on market days were required to exhibit, in proof that they had paid their tax, a brass coin stamped with a bearded face and the words "boroda lignaia tiagota" (the beard tax has been settled). This absurd impost was abolished by Paul, but the effects of it still survive in a manner, for the beard is still considered "bad form" in aristocratic circles. Military officers wear only moustache and whiskers; diplomats and other civil servants eschew the whiskers and generally reap their faces altogether. A Russian with a beard is pretty sure to be either a "pope" or a member of one of the classes below the upper middle.

THE LAST ELK.

HOW JIM JACOBS, THE SENECA HUNTER, KILLED THE LAST ELK IN PENNSYLVANIA. From the Bradford Era.

It is now many years since that largest species of the deer family, the elk, roamed about among the mountains and wilds of McKean county. Settler who are familiar with the events and traditions of the Tuna Valley as far back in the past as a half century ago have still some recollection of the elk in this section. Within the past twenty years farmers along the east and west branches of the Tuna while plowing or grubbing have turned up the large antlers of the elk. Like deer the elk had paths and runs which they followed and which were well known to the hunters. The sections of Northwestern Pennsylvania most celebrated for numbers of elk were along the Sinnemahoning and the vicinity of where Ridgeway now stands. It was in that neighborhood, while the great forests were yet in their pristine glory, that the Seneca and Complanter Indians chased the monster animals and slew them principally for their hides and horns. There was an elk path from near Ridgeway through the Kinzua country, which emerged in the east branch of the Tuna Valley, near Lewis Run. It then continued northward to this city and up the West Branch to the point where the Washington Street Park is located, where there was an "elk lick" renowned among the Seneca hunters. Many of the luckless animals have met their death at that point from the Indians, who concealed themselves and lay in wait at certain seasons of the year for the game. Elk were usually about the size of a horse and their antlers frequently measured six feet from tip to tip. The flesh of the animal was coarse and not very compact. Indians cared little for the meat, as there was but very small parts of the carcass which they regarded as worth preserving. The more tender and palatable flesh of the deer and bear, which was easily found, suited the redman's taste much better. The horns of the elk, however, were regarded as a desirable trophy and piece of furniture in the rude abode of the sons of the forest. A peculiarity of the elk skin, which was the leading incentive to the eager hunter, was that after being cured it remained soft and the red-brown hair quite firm. The elk did not possess the intelligence or fleetness of the deer. It was said to be quite stupid, and although moving very rapidly along the familiar path when closely pressed, does not attempt, as the deer frequently does, to elude its pursuers by suddenly turning from its course and seeking a stream to destroy the trail or the heavy underbrush for concealment. The elk's medium of defense was not its large horns, but forefeet. It was not aggressive, but fought desperately when cornered. Indians usually chased the animals with dogs, and when fatigued or tightly driven the elk would station itself upon a rock or elevated point, and keep off the dogs with its weapons of warfare. It elevated itself with wonderful agility and threw a force into a blow from its forefeet that was dangerous to the health and life of a venturesome dog. In this manner the dogs and elk stood, neither yielding a point to the other, until the hunter reached the scene when the elk's life was soon cut short. About fifteen years ago, Jim Jacobs, the old Seneca bear hunter, struck the trail of an elk along the Sinnemahoning. He called several other Indians to his assistance and with dogs the Senecas followed the trail for several days and chased the elk, probably the last of his race, through a blinding snow storm, down into the northern

The Pastor's Salary.

HOW A MILLER COLLECTED IT.

A worthy miller—as the story is told in Rev. Duncan Dunbar's memoir—was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided that they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among the comfortable farmers. He asked if the want of money was the only reason for his change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor could they keep him. There was but one voice in reply. The pastor was useful and beloved—but the flock was so poor! "Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise the salary without asking one of you for one dollar, if you allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this, although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister was blessed in his labors, and no one called on for money. When they came together the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied "No," and asked how they could be when they had paid nothing. He asked again, "Is any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before. "Then," he said, "brethren I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it and with greater promptness. You remember you told me to take my own way in this matter, and I have done so. As each of you brought your grist to the mill, I took as much grain as I thought your portion and laid it away for the salary. When the harvest was over I sold it and paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer so you never missed it, and therefore I now propose we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something?" Mr. Dunbar used to say, "O for a miller in every church!"

A Humorous Judge.

Two State officials destroyed the fyke nets of William Fancher, which they found set in the Seneca river contrary to law, and he sought to recover damages. His claim was that he caught only such fish as bull-heads, suckers, catfish, and that he threw back into the water, without injury, all the pickerel, bass and other game fish. Judge Riegel, in deciding against this claim, said:

"It is possible that Mr. Fancher did throw those fish back into the river the law forbade him to catch. But this law was framed with reference to the known moral character of ordinary mortals who would not do any such thing. Angels' visits on this planet are too few and far between to influence the ordinary course of legislation.

A fisherman all alone in the darkness of the night or at the early dawn, in the act of sorting out the nice, plump pike, pickerel and bass, and throwing them back into the river, for no other purpose than to afford some enthusiastic disciple of Sir Isaac Walton the rare sport of catching those same fish with hook and line would be a spectacle worthy the admiration of gods and men; but whether any such transactions ever occurred on this sublunary sphere, aside from the one testified to by the plaintiff, may well be considered a matter of grave doubt. If the Legislature had known Mr. Fancher, it is barely possible it would have trusted him to do what he swears he did do; but such cases are too exceptional to form the basis of legislation. I never knew but one man whom I would have trusted under such circumstances. He died thirty years ago, quite young. All the old women in the neighborhood declared they knew he wasn't long for this world; he was too good. It is against all probability that our legislators intended to expose the fish they assumed to protect to such dire peril, or the fishermen to such grievous temptation. Certain it is, that if the construction contended for were to prevail, the object of the act would be wholly frustrated."

If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

"WHAT are the wild waves saying, John?" sang out a Young American to a Chinaman on the beach. "Washee, washee," calmly replied the Celestial, with a grin.