

Golden Text.—He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.—Luke 4: 18.

Central Truth.—Prophecy is fulfilled in Jesus.

Subsequently to the events narrated in the last lesson we have the baptism of Jesus by John, and the divine attestation of his person and character, then the history of his temptation in the wilderness, his first miracle, his memorable interview with Nicodemus and also with the Samaritan woman, and the miracle of the healing of the nobleman's son. After these our Lord returned to Galilee by divine guidance. This was his second journey into Galilee, and he makes a visit to Nazareth.

By this time he had become very famous in all the region, though this does not imply great personal popularity. Our Lord was never popular, though he often attracted crowds to hear his preaching and to see his miraculous works. But the men of Nazareth—his own town—rejected him, and when he came to his own, his own received him not.

At his second visit to Nazareth, he went into the synagogue, as his custom was, showing that he had always been in the habit of attending public worship and in taking part in the services as a reader. The arrangements of the synagogue much resembled those of our modern places of worship. The people sat in the front part of the building, facing the pulpit or desk, where the reader or speaker stood. Behind these was a row of elevated seats where the Scribes and Pharisees were fond of sitting, they being the "chief places." A chest stood near the pulpit, where the manuscript rolls of the law, or the Scriptures, were kept, from which the reader selected the portion to be read or expounded to the people. After the exposition, prayers were offered, and at the close, the benediction was pronounced, to which all the people responded Amen, and the service was concluded. The service was not conducted by ordained ministers, and any competent person was at liberty to act as reader, and could even add his own comments by permission from the ruler of the synagogue. Jesus, by rising in his place, signified his wish or intention to read, and the roll was therefore brought to him by an attendant, and he read the portion which was in course for the service of the day. The lesson was in the book of Isaiah, and it was most appropriate to the Messiah. His reading excited profound attention, and the eyes of all were fastened upon him. After he had closed the book he said to the people: "This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." This was equivalent to claiming that he was the Messiah, and that the inspired prophecies were spoken of him. His claim was a bold one, and he simply asserts it, offering no argument to prove it, contenting himself with the simple authoritative declaration that he was the Christ, the anointed One sent by the Father.

Jesus was perhaps a stranger to many of his hearers, at least they might not have heard him expound the Scriptures before in public, so that they listened to him intently and heard him with astonishment and interest.

The usual length of the lesson read was about twenty-one verses, and the reader stood during the reading, and was seated during the exposition. On this occasion his discourse must have been of a very interesting character, for we are told "they wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." It was the first distinct public announcement of his Messiahship, and it stirred the hearts of many who were looking and longing for the good tidings of the hope of Israel. There were many who were waiting for the coming of the Lord, and were ready to receive him into open and anxious hearts.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. It is a characteristic of the Gospel that it is first addressed to "the poor." This is a proof of its universal adaptation. All men are spiritually poor. Sin has impoverished the race. It has stripped men of all true wealth, and reduced them to spiritual bankruptcy. The true wealth of the soul is that which is in accordance with its nature, and lasting as its duration. Holiness and the favor of God alone can make us rich. Sin has robbed us of both, and without the Gospel we must remain hopelessly and forever poor. Earthly wealth cannot supply spiritual needs. We may spend money for that which is not bread, for man cannot live by bread alone. The supplies of riches, the offers of pleasure, the promises of fame, are but a mockery to the lost sinner seeking a way of pardon and peace. When a man realizes his poverty of the spirit, this bankruptcy of the soul, then he can appreciate the value of Christ as one who was "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor."

2. How attractive should be the Gospel of Christ to every variety of spiritual need. It has comfort for the broken-hearted, deliverance for the enslaved, sight to the blinded soul, freedom for the oppressed spirit, acceptance for the guilty and condemned, relief for every want and woe which poor sinners can endure.

3. What a preacher is Christ. He is a Scriptural preacher. He is an intelligible preacher; the common people hear him gladly. He is a loving and sympathizing preacher. He is a faithful preacher. He is an eloquent preacher. He is a preacher who illustrates his doctrine by his life. He is a preacher who convinces the understanding and wins the affection of his hearers.

4. Would that all preachers would take the Lord Jesus as their model. The great Apostle said: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." This is the true title of a minister, the servant of the church "for Jesus' sake." A true minister is a shepherd under Christ, and he thinks far more of the flock than he does of the fleece.

It is better to preach so as to turn the critic into a Christian, than to turn the Christian into a critic. "We seek not yours, but you."

5. The Gospel ministers to our necessities rather than to our desires. When our Lord first began to preach he "was glorified to all." But when he became more pointed in his preaching, they rose up against him and drove him out of their city. We must sometimes preach at them, as well as preach to them. Then, instead of being canonized, we must expect to be canonaded!

6. Every year of the Gospel dispensation is an acceptable year of the Lord. "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation."

In a Bear's Clutches.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE IN WAYNE COUNTY.

The following story comes from Damascus, Wayne county: "Lottie Merrill, the female hunter of this section, has just had another adventure and one which came so near costing her life that she will probably in the future never resume her masculine sport. A few days ago, just after the great sleet storm which swept over the country, Lottie determined to go deer hunting. Donning her snow shoes she started to cross Drig Swamp, a dense mass of scrub oaks and laurel. When she had reached the centre of the marsh she discovered the foot-prints of a very large bear on the crust. She followed the trail out of the swamp for about two miles, when she discovered the den which the animal inhabited. Entering the cave she found two little cubs on a bed of leaves in one corner. The cubs were about the size of kittens and were easily captured.

"Lottie was just emerging from the cave when she was met by an immense she-bear. The bear had heard the cubs yell and was making all possible speed to rescue them. Before Lottie could draw her rifle to her shoulder the animal was upon her and grasping her in her paws gave her such a terrible squeeze that she fainted, when the bear, thinking her dead, released her grip. She fortunately soon regained consciousness and while the old bear was playing with her cubs the plucky huntress drew her rifle and shot her in the side. The bullet did not strike the animal's heart, and as the brute dashed at her again Lottie drew her hunting knife and with one bold stroke nearly severed the bear's head from the body.

"Lottie was just congratulating herself on her successful escape when the dead bear's mate made his appearance. Lottie's rifle was unloosed and she was totally unprepared for a second encounter, but determined to "fight it out." The struggle was a long one. Fortunately the young lady was not encumbered in her motions by petticoats, for in all her hunting expeditions she wears pantaloons of doeskin, with a long blouse. When, finally, Lottie thought the bear was dead she stooped over to cut his throat, and the animal, with one stroke of his monstrous paw, tore the clothing almost completely from her body. During the protracted struggle the bear had reached the edge of a cliff fully a hundred feet high and sloping at an angle of more than forty five degrees down to the Wallinpauck creek. As the animal grabbed Lottie he commenced sliding on the slippery crust down this almost perpendicular slope. Lottie was carried with him and every foot of distance traversed added to their velocity. When they reached the foot of the slope they struck against a tree, completely killing the bear and breaking two of Lottie's ribs, her left arm and one of her limbs. She managed, however, to crawl about a mile to a house, where she received medical treatment. The first bear killed weighed when dressed 403 pounds and the male one 484 pounds. Lottie, who is improving slowly, has the cubs in her possession, but she says it will be some time before she will take another expedition of this kind."

Worse Than Kleptomani.

From the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, of St. Paul, are astonished—almost dismayed—at a remarkable peculiarity only lately observed in their son, a boy 10 years old. The boy is a healthy one, with nothing odd in his appearance, except that close observers might consider his head disproportionately large. He attends a downtown Catholic school, and in school appears as a rather bright scholar, but without particularly studious habits—just a stout 10-year-old boy, with a boy's inclination for play and mischief, but quick to learn when he has to study. The peculiarity is that the boy's left hand is a wonderful magnet. Metal articles of light weight attach themselves to his hand so that considerable force is required to remove them. Knives, pins, needles, buttons, etc., enough to cover his hand, will thus attach themselves so firmly that they cannot be shaken off. Still more, the attraction is so strong that a common coal scuttle can be lifted by it, and heavier implements have been lifted by stronger persons taking hold of his arm. With heavy articles, however, the boy complains of sharp pains darting along his arm. In a less degree his left arm and the whole left side of his body exert the same power; but it is not at all manifest on his right side.

The way of salvation is a highway; highways are always free; peasants have the same rights as peers; the beggar has the same warrant to travel this road as the monarch; proud nature does not like this: "Whoever will, let him come."

BRITISH DEFEATS.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

There are only two wars in our history in which we can be said to have withdrawn beaten from the field. The Hundred-Year War with France terminated in the final and utter discomfiture of attempts to establish ourselves in that country. We fought seven obstinate years to prevent the independence of the States and failed. From all other contests we have either emerged victorious or the affair has ended in a tie. But the number of partial defeats we have had to endure in the course of long wars is hardly realized by members of the "Rule Britannia" school. Pessimists, on the other hand, should remember that their countrymen have a speciality for retrieving disasters. Most true is it that Englishmen never know when they are beaten.

Hallam considers that the naval glory of England can first be traced "in a continuous track of light" from the period of the Commonwealth; and that is about the case. But the beginnings of that period were singularly inauspicious. It was on the 28th of November, 1652, that Van Tromp surprised and defeated our fleet in the Downs. Next day he hoisted the broom at his masthead; but we were not swept long from the Channel. In February of the following year Blake came up with the Dutch admiral of Portsmouth and totally defeated him, capturing or destroying eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen. In June he again attacked them off the North Foreland, when such a spectacle was witnessed as we can never hope to see in these days—two fleets of about one hundred men of war each engaging. Six Dutch ships were taken and eleven sunk. The rest escaped into the Calais Roads. The Dutch were shown no mercy. They bravely reassembled the remains of the fleet and sped northwards, but were attacked off their own coast in August. In this action they lost thirty ships and the gallant Tromp was killed. Other triumphs followed under the Protectorate and the earlier years of the Restoration; but Charles II.'s government ended by so scandalously mismanaging things that De Ruyter one day sailed up the Thames and destroyed several English ships of war. The sound of the cannon could be heard at Whitehall; but the King was amusing himself the while by chasing a blue bottle fly, which it is understood he ultimately captured, but not without assistance from certain members of his court who have acquired an unenviable notoriety. This was in 1667; but the Dutch were not long to brag of the humiliation they had inflicted on us. The long conflict with Holland for supremacy at sea was finally decided six years later, when she formally conceded us the honor of the flag salute.

The French have occasionally beaten us at sea—notably off Beachy Head in 1690, an event which caused a panic in London; nor was our prestige reasserted till years later, when Admiral Russell gained the great victory of La Hogue. An Anglo-Dutch squadron commanded by Rooke managed to get itself defeated off St. Vincent in the summer of 1693—an affair much talked of at the time, resulting as it did in the loss of eighty merchantmen of the Smyrna fleet, but now forgotten. From the date of the Seven Years' War the object of all foreign admirals has been to avoid contact with their English friends. Two incidents in the naval campaign of 1805 strikingly illustrate the pitch of superiority at which we had arrived. On July 22d Sir Robert Calder, with fifteen sail, attacked the Franco-Spanish fleet of twenty, capturing two and forcing the rest to retire. For this imperfect victory, though gained against such serious odds, he was tried by court-martial and reprimanded. Another fact: Villeneuve had to meditate in October as to whether he should meet Nelson, and called a council of war to decide the knotty question. The advice his captains gave him was not to risk an engagement unless he had half as many ships again as the English. Ultimately the want of provisions compelled the French admiral to leave Cadiz, and his doom was sealed. The figures of Trafalgar are these: English, twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, a schooner and a cutter; French and Spanish, thirty-three sail, five frigates and two brigs. Their weight of metal was 2626 guns to our 2148.

On land we have proved ourselves second to none, without being able to claim a decisive superiority over France. The principal defeats we have sustained from the former power in modern times are at Steenkirk (1692) and Lادن (1693), both lost by William III. The carnage was fearful on both occasions, about 34,000 men being put hors du combat on those two days. Follows next on this gloomy roll Almanza (1707), when a French refugee, Ruvigny, Earl of Galway, commanded the English, and an English exile, Berwick, commanded the French. In a few hours Galway contrived to lose 18,000 men, 120 standards, and all his artillery and baggage. Never did we get such a drubbing. But Oudenarde, next year, and Malplaquet, the year after, were to efface the recollection of this disgrace.

In the war of the Austrian succession we were twice seriously beaten by Marshal Saxe, at Fontenoy in 1745, and at Lafeldt in 1647—the Duke of Cumberland being our commander on

both occasions. He was beaten again at Hastembek in 1757. All Hannover was lost by this defeat. The Duke, who had been captain-general since 1744, was now dismissed. And yet, in the opinion of able soldiers, the Duke was an unlucky rather than an unskillful general. Even in war success is not always the measure of talent. Napoleon said of Wellington, "Fortune has done more for him than he for Fortune." Those were dark days for England. We had just been shooting Byng for losing Minorca when Cumberland came to such signal grief. In a couple of years from that date, thanks to the genius of Pitt, we were at the head of the world.

The separate defeats sustained by England in the first American war are not worth enumerating. In spite of some brilliant victories we were finally beaten, and there was an end to the matter. In the second American war both sides could claim equal honors, both by land and sea, though we marched as victors into Washington. In our war with the first French Republic we were defeated oftener than one cares to remember. The Duke of York displayed a perfect genius for being outmaneuvered. Ministers seriously thought of bringing him before a court-martial, but yielded to the entreaties of the king that such a disgrace might be spared his house. They insisted, however, that in future the command of armies in the field should be at the absolute disposal of the cabinet, instead of being in the personal gift of the sovereign, as they had hitherto been. In her contest with the Empire and its allies England suffered, at the most, two or three reverses. The gravest was the failure of the Walcheren expedition. The Turks also repulsed an attack of ours on Constantinople in 1807, which year also witnessed the defeat of General Whitlock by the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres.

Nearly every barbarian nation with which we have come into contact has had the honor to win one victory over us. Equally, of course, it has had to rue its triumph. The Ashantees, the Kaffirs, the Zulus, the Afghans, the Chinese, all these have taught us the lesson that it is rarely safe to despise your enemy, however contemptible he may appear.

SPEECH OF HON. S. S. COX.

IN REGARD TO THE APPOINTMENT BILL NOW BEFORE CONGRESS.

Mr. Cox explained and advocated the provisions of his bill. Under it the slave States would gain eight and lose two members; the Middle States would lose three and the New England States would lose three, and the Western States would gain ten and lose two. The old slave States would make a net gain of two; that is, the West would gain eight, while New England, New York and Pennsylvania would lose six. If any one claimed that that was sectional or partisan, he might calculate the net gains North and South from the numbers 290 to 319, and the South had a net gain over the North. Under the late census the general increase of the country had not differed from ante-bellum times more than thirty per cent. It might not be accurate to say the Southern States had increased more than the Northern, though practically they had done so, owing to the defective census of 1870. Whether true or not, such divisions of the North and South had lost their significance. In any event, the North continued to exceed the South in Congress, in the Electoral College, in the Senate, and in population. But the wonderful increase of five States west of the Mississippi was the salient feature of the census. In twenty years they had doubled their numbers, leaping from one-tenth of the population to one-fifth. These five States had increased 87 per cent. No State east of the Mississippi had attained to 50 per cent, while the Pacific States had gained 58 per cent during ten years. The orb of power might be departing from the East, but yet with its radiance full it was the star of empire holding its western way for new conquests. Along with it rose above the horizon the Southern cries to add its symbolic cluster to the constellation. The Federal representation of this country was in every sense republican in fact, form and spirit. It might be said that with all that popular basis and its results the people of the United States had "the same greed for gain, ambition to excel, love to rule, desire for intrigue and play of unruled prejudice, jealousy and passion, that had made the history of other nations tragical even to their decline and fall. Still, in spite of that demoralization in its worst aspect the answer might be made, who shall compete with us in our abundant harvests; our rich balances of trade; our increase in commerce and our inexhaustible mines of coal, copper, gold and silver; our unexampled exportations and importations; our attractive forces; our stupendous inter-communications and their incomes and outgoes by rail, canal, lake, river and sea; our inventive faculty with its miracles of manufacture; and above all and beyond all, what can rival the star which, as it moves westward, from ever renewing centers of restless population, has in a century added 47,000,000 to its active energies? These extraordinary advances in greatness and glory were due to the representative system which struck no name, however humble and dependent, from its roster of nationality. France and Spain might

indulge in their revolutions; Russia and Germany might tremble before communistic and nihilistic terrors, and England might boast of her rule in Asia, Africa and Ireland, and proudly echo the praise which her Poet Laureate lavished on her as

A land of settled government, A land of just and old renown, Whose freedom broadens slowly down From precedent to precedent.

But she had no popular representation in her parliament founded on the people. It was left for the people of America, of her colonies a century ago, to erect a monument high and splendid around the temple of liberty, and to guard it with a unity and force which the division and variety made by mountain and river and the strong passion of hostile armies could not sever. By it society was assured protection, stability and progress. In rearing this monument every one had bidden over against his house as in the days of dismantled Jerusalem, so that by the whole mass of the living people of the United States freedom broadened decennially, not "from precedent to precedent," but expanding and strengthening like the boles of the oak, by the inner growth, drawn from soil, sun and sky, into intense robust life, which defied the storms of centuries.

The Oldest Language Upon Earth.

The story goes that three old men—a Mohammedan, a Jew and a Brahmin—seated on the ground beside a well, disputed together as to which was the first language spoken upon earth. The discussion waxed so hot, the voices were raised so loudly, that the sound drew to the spot a young Englishman. The youth had been out shooting; with his gun in his hand, and his game at his feet, he now stood, leaning against a tree, listening to the discussion between the three men.

The Mohammedan, with vehement gestures, and many an oath, declared that no language could equal the Arabic.

"Is it not the language," he cried, "in which Mohammed (blessed be his name!) received the holy Koran? Is it not that in which the Most High gave laws to the faithful? Will ye, oh ye unbelievers, cast dust on the grave of the Prophet by doubting that Arabic is the oldest language on earth?"

The Jew shook his gray head, and his brow was knit into many wrinkles as he made answer. "The language which Abraham our father, which Isaac and Jacob (peace be on them!) spake, must be honored above all other tongues. Surely it was heard in Paradise, before Eve plucked the forbidden fruit! The oldest and most sacred language assuredly is the Hebrew."

Then spoke the Brahmin, in tones of scorn: "All languages compared to Sanscrit are as the bulrush compared with the spreading banyan. Nay; even as the banyan sends forth shoots, when they touch the earth, springing forth young trees, so other tongues spring from the life-giving Sanscrit. He must be void of wisdom, and ignorant as a woman, who doubts that the most ancient language is Sanscrit."

The disputants grew so angry, that it seemed as if to words might succeed blows, when the young Englishman stepped forward.

"Oh venerable men!" he said with courtesy, "you have numbered many years and I but a few; yet let me arbitrate between you. I know what is the most ancient and honorable language spoken on earth."

"You know!" exclaimed the Mohammedan in surprise. "You have but down upon your lips, and will you teach graybeards like us?"

The Hindu muttered to himself—"The Sahib log think that they know everything! They can make roads and bridges, and send messages through wires; but what can they tell of ancient languages to a Brahmin?"

"The language of which I would inform you is not only the first spoken on earth, but it is the one now spoken in heaven," said the Englishman.

The three men stroked their beards, and uttered exclamations of astonishment at the presumption shown by the youth.

"And yet more," continued the youth, his eyes, blue as the sky, sparkling with animation as he went on—"without learning to speak this language, no man, whatsoever nation he be, will ever be suffered to enter heaven."

"Does your honor know this language?" asked the Mohammedan quickly.

"Yes, God be praised!" the Englishman replied.

"And where did you first learn it?" asked the incredulous Jew.

In a softened tone the young man replied, "I learned it first from the lips of my mother."

The three men glanced at each other in surprise; and then the Brahmin inquired, "And what is the language, O Sahib?"

"The language of truth," said the Englishman.

When the word was spoken, the clouds cleared away from the faces of the three; they stroked their beards and cried, "Well said. Truth is the language of God; truth is the language spoken in heaven."

"But it must be learned upon earth," said the Englishman earnestly. "Before I came to this land, I gave up pleasures by day and rest by night, in order to learn the language of Hin-

doostan. Were I not to know it, I could not remain in the honorable service to which I belong. And thus it is with truth, the language of heaven. God is truth itself, and a lie is to Him an accursed thing. It is written in his Word, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.'

Again the three men glanced at each other. There was not one of them that would not have lied for the sake of making a few pence more profit on a bargain, lies were to them common as the mosquitoes which buzzed around their heads; not one of them had ever thought of falsehood as a deadly sin, abhorrent to God.

The Mohammedan was the one to speak first.

"Upon what authority does the Sahib affirm that the gate of heaven is closed against those who speak not the language of truth?"

"On the authority of God's holy Word, which cannot be broken," replied the Englishman. "Hear, O my friends, what is declared of the abode of the blessed by Him who cannot utter untruth: 'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.'"

"Heaven will be very empty, then," said the Jew with a sneer. "Your favored Saint Peter, according to your own Scriptures, lied thrice, and with oaths and curses. Shall he be shut out from heaven, or shall his sin alone go unpunished?"

"Peter's sin was punished," replied the Englishman gravely; "but it was Peter's Lord, the Master, whom Peter had denied, who bore the penalty for him. The blood that flowed from the Saviour's wounded side can wash away all sin, whether of thought or word or deed, the sin of falsehood among the rest. But those who would be forgiven like Peter, must, like Peter, believe and love. When God's spirit comes into the heart, He comes to drive away evil from it; the unjust becomes just, and the proud becomes meek, and the lips that often were stained with falsehood learn the language of heaven—the language of truth."

Pope Leo's Kind Face.

Rome Correspondence, Chicago Times.

At last all the others were gone, and we knelt at the feet of the pope, while a monsignore in violet silk leaned over and read him our names. I was surprised at the genial expression of his face, the kindness of his keen black eyes, so poorly portrayed in his photographs. His robe was of white cashmere, and a gold chain hung around his neck, and on his head was a white skull-cap fringed with his silver hair. His feet in their crimson slippers rested upon a cushion, and people kissed the gold cross that was embroidered upon them. He sat in an armed chair, upon which was thrown a scarlet cloth, and an attendant in the back ground waited with his white mantle and crimson velvet hat corded with gold. The marchesa held his hand and spoke with him for several minutes, and then he turned and extended it to me, and I kissed a large amethyst on his ring, and looked up into his kindly eyes.

The marchesa having repeated that I was an American, and that I desired his blessing for myself and all the family, he laid his hand upon my head, and, turning to her, said: "An American, and how then did you come to know her?" "Holy Father, she lives in my house," was the reply.

"She is good," added his Holiness, with a merry smile in his eyes, and I, not wishing to rest under false pretences, said: "Beatissimo Padre sono Protestante," whereupon he made a little dry face, laughed, shook his head at me, and laid his hand in blessing upon my head a second time. I took courage, raised the rosaries, and he covered them with his hand. Then we went away, and I saw him heave a sigh of weariness. It must indeed be very fatiguing to see so many people. I have been informed since that two hundred persons were presented that day, and Pope Leo is far from strong. He has recently been ill, and his voice trembles from weakness; his hands are unsteady, and altogether his extreme feebleness is apparent to every one.

"GRIZZLY DAN," the hero of Montana, led a wonderful life. He was once set on by a whole tribe of Indians and obliged to run for his life. He headed for a cliff 700 feet high, dodging the bullets fired at him as he ran, being able through long practice to tell the course of a ball by the sound as it approached from the rear. Grizzly Dan unhesitatingly leaped over the cliff, to the amazement of the Indians. As he was falling Dan turned, raised his Winchester rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. An Indian toppled over with a ball through his left eye, and while he kept falling Dan kept pulling the trigger until seventeen redskins had balls through their left eyes and were falling over the cliff after him. The eighteenth shot only carried away an Indian's nose, as the air was so full of falling Indians between Dan and the top of the cliff that his aim was a little confused. He struck feet foremost in the river below, and swam to the opposite shore before the last Indian's dead body struck the water.

When a boy has a gold watch presented to him he will cheerfully travel two miles to regulate it in the presence of his enemies.