TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S YOUTH.

A Tour Through the Grand Old City of Nazareth.

Text: "He came to Nazareth, where He was brought up."-Luke iv., 16.

What a spiendid 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 sisternood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing 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 limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trimity of places torical 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. Baby-hood, 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. 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 oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the filthiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of scap. 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 hundred French, Napoleon Bonaparto 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 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 this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl surround-ing 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 de-cades, 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 start-ling rebuke to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary with the long years of preparation necessary 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, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. All Christ's boynood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by His mother's side He trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been

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 barriels, their hogsheads of water in floods, gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in rounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talked and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evileye," are playing, and women with their stings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlace, and in shirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move-son 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
fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range
from bottom to too, or one cavern in their 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

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 sevent en 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 which 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 sur-

rounding it.

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hoplessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer ap-pears on the scene and dishonestly demands ome of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," says the two honest shep-herds, "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 calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating His own shepherd 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 tripouters. grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip! goes the knife and off falis a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer. "What do you do that for?" "Oh," rays the farmer. "that is a dead 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 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 taketh away, and every
branch that beareth fruit. He purzeth if. branch that beareth fruit. He purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit. Capi one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atome for the sins of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to humine the darkness of the Solit and to transfigure the bemispheres! 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 studies and our theology. They and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jeru-salem. And but for that annual influx our salem. And but for that admin into cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have halted 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 New Hamp-shire and the hills of Virginia and the shire and the hills of Virginia 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 destines the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From

plow boy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscurs 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

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 instruments just as crus!. On every street of every
city the crucifixion goss on. Every vear
shows its ten thousand of the slain. Ob, 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
outside on some timbers, when one of those
timbers broke and the boys fell, and the
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. Flenty
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 reth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long age entered a school in Germany and he towed 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 doorflashed 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 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, supporting His widowed mother after He was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and anger and view and plane and plane and view auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surfaces of the earth shoving 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 best for the ocean notlowing a ladie; He who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight beavens quiver with aurora conmidnight heavens quiver with aurora constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman: "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything 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 clergyman. "Have you ever seen it? This mystery of Godhood and humanity interjoined I cannot 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 yillege of Palestine where these thes

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 embarrassment of the housekseper, 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 bevorage 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, 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 these water jars at Cana said to be the very the embarrassment of the housekseper, who 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 nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gal-

Among the arts and inventions of the fu ture I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alco-holism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent jour-ney—I traveled through Italy and Greece, and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Turkey, and how many intoxicated reopic do you think I saw in all those five great realms. Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at

that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Night had fallen on the village and its surround-ings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and camphor, an odor which the oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and brides maids, flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelopes her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resources of her father's house permit. Her attendants are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those oriental wo-men eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose in their cheek, and the diamond in t in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the blackness of the night in their long locks, and in their step is the gracefulness of the morning. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" As the two processions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christuses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet Him when He comes garlanded with clouds and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There He comes down off the hills of heaven, the Bridegroom! And let us start out to ball 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 presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late, The door is shut! 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 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 climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the biesseds—biessed 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 hord, and are an and again the tired beauty. 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 byacinths 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 Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Look-out Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount out 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 Safed, 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 vailey of Hattin, between here and Lake Gallilee, is an amphitheatre, as though 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 more startling novelties than were ever an-nounced 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 arrogant; blessed are the super-cilious; blessed are the tearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Caesars and the 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 Europe 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 merciful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the falsely revited.

THE GREAT TRACT DISTRIBUTOR. England has, it seems, lost "the Napoleon of Tract Distributors" by the death of Mr. Charles Watson, of Providence House, Halifax. The deceased gentleman is said to have been firmly convinced that the more temperature illustrations. perance literature is scattered broadcast over the land the sooner will the voice of the peo-ple demand local opinion. Accordingly, he, for more than forty years, supplied gratui-tously temperance trades and books. He once stated that in twelve months he had distributed nearly 5,000,000 tracts.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. A prominent Nebraskan estimates that the annual liquor bill of that State is \$24,000,000.

The largest local W. C. T. Union in Illinois is that at Bloomington, which numbers 259 According to Dr. Norman Kerr the two

things to guard against in case of the approach of cholera are panic and alcohol. Iowa claims the honor of being the first State to erect a Woman's Christian Tem-perance union cottage on its fair grounds. Indiana has followed her example, and now New York is to build.

The British Woman's Temperance Associa-tion recently held a social meeting for nurses at the Morley Rooms, London. An address was made showing how nurses could promote temperance and Christianity.

The State banner of the Colorado Woman's Christian Temperance Union bears the text, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt," with blossoms of the golden rod, symbol of courage.

Archbishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, Australia, has taken the total abstinence pledge before a vast congregation, in order to give an example to his people. This is an example that the ministers of all denominations might well follow There are 200,000 women in the Woman's

Christian Temperanco Union, 135,000 in the King's Daughters, 100,000 in the Woman's Relief Corps, and 35,000 in the Eastern Star, an aggregate of nearly 500,000 banded togother under various names for loyal service to all manner of human need.

A call is issued by the National Temperance Society for the tenth national convention to be held at Saratoga Springs in June, 1891. All religious bodies, national and 1891. All religious bodies, national and State, and all national and State temperance organizations are entitled to delegates. Each body may send seven delegates, of which the presiding officer and secretary shall be two.

One Hundred and Fifty Years Old.



Here is a pine tree 150 years old. The sketch was made in Japan a few months ago for a London paper. Dwarf trees are regarded with the utmost favor by the Japanese of the old regime,

A Mountain Retreat.



RELIGIOUS READING.

Every new day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new; Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning, There is assurance of hope for you.

All our past days are forever now over, The tasks are all done, and the tears are all sheet.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover.
Healed be the wounds which have smarted and bled.

Yesterday now is a part of forever.

Bound in the sheaf which the Master holds

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight.

Well-jet them go, since we cannot relieve them. Cannot undo, and can never alone:

God in his mercy forever forgive them; Only the new days are truly our own. Diligent then, let us wisely improve them, Knowing that soon our account must be given; Reverent in feeling, and faithful in duty,

Every step onward a progress toward heaven.

GOD LOOKS AT THE HEART. They who busy themselves with many outward works of charity, and engage heartily, it may be, in some "philanthropic cause," without active love to Christ, with-out being at one with him, without seeking his presence and spending time with him, are wanting in every essence and stamina of Christian charity,

Christian charity.

They are wanting root to live on; and it would be well if they seriously examined their hearts to see if there be no selfish motive—some inducement that has in view such as the desire to be thought well of by their fellow creatures, and the acquiring influence over others, a restlessness of mind which by doing something for others satisfies for a time and quiets it. Good works are in themselves ever to be commended, but God looks at the heart and sees why we do them.

And those persons are most pleasing to him who, out of pure love of Jesus our Lord, are sweetly constrained for his sake to succor all who are in distress, in need, sick-ness, or any other adversity, as far as they can, and say nothing about it to themselves. For is it not the peculiar nature and excel-lence of Christian character to feel, when we have done all that is in our power to do, that we are still unprolitable servants, and consequently should greatly shrink from making our charitable actions known?—(Thomas a Kempis.

When Dr. William Butler was speaking in Bareilly, in India, concerning the objects of misslouary labor. Rabo Ram Chander Bose, a well educated Hindoo, was interpret-Rose, a well educated Hindoo, was interpret-ing for him. Among effect objects of mis-sionary labor, Dr. Butter mentioned the es-tablishment of the Christian home in India. As he uttered the word "home," the inter-preter, though acquainted well with both languages, suddenly stopped as if in confu-sion, and Dr. Butter feared that he might be ill, but he tirrned to the missionaries sitting on the platform, and said: "What am I to do will that word home?" We have a word for 'house," and one for 'ramily," but none for 'home."

He had been in America, he knew what a Christian home was, and he knew it was so foreign to Hindooism that they had neither the idea to express nor the word to express it. There is no real home, until its foundation

There is no real home, until its foundation is laid in the grace and fear of God. Said the Psalmist, "Lord Thou hast been our home in all generations." He is the home of His people, their refuge in every time of need, in every time of troubla. And He setteth the solitary in families, and gives to them the blessing of a Christian home. them the blessings of a Christian home.

Happy are they who know the biessedness

such a home, but how sad it is to think that some have no heart to enjoy the privi-leges which such a home affords. They now He space unto you when He was yet in break away from its restraints, and rush Gaillee." It would not do for us to say of outward into darkness, and not only less the blessings of the earthly home, but miss the oys and glories of the neavenly, the eternal home, the city that hath foundations whose builder and whose maker is Go i.- [The Armory.

Though I am not just now in the furnace as you are, there is no knowing how soon I shall be, and I remember well enough how the furnace feels to have deep sympathy with you in your trials. Sympathy, but not regret; I can't make myself feel very sorry for Christ's disciples when he takes them in hand. He does it so tenderly, so wisely, so lovingly, and it can hardly be true—can it!
—that he is just as near and dear to me
when my cup is full of earthly blessings as
it can hold as he is to you whose cup he is

empt, ing.
Thave always thought they knew and loved him best who knew him in his character chastiser; but perhaps one never loses the memory of his revelations of himself in that form, and perhaps that tender memory and dens and hallows the day of prosperity. As any rate, you and I seem to be in full sympathy: your empty cup is not empty, and my full one would be bitter if love to Christ did not sweeten it. It matters very little on what paths we are walking since we fluid him in every one. How ashamed we shall be when we get to heaven of our talk about our trials here! Why don't we sing songs instead? We know how, for he has put the

songs into our mouths.

I think I know something about the land of Beulah, but I do not live in it yet, and what is this joy If it is not a bestitude, if it is not a foretaste of that which is to come? It is not joy in that which he has done for me, a sinner, but adoring joy for what he is, though I do not begin to know what he is! It will take eternity to learn that lesson. I wish I could put into words all the blessed thoughts I had lost week about God's dear will; it was a week of such sweet content with the work he gave me to do. Naturally I hate nursing, and losing the air makes me feel unwell.

But what can not God do with us? I love dearly to have a Master. I fancy that those who have strong wills are the ones to e loy God's sovereignty most. I wonder if you realize what a very happy creature I am and how much too good God is to me? I do not see how he can be ap such mercies on a poor somer, but that only shows how little I know of him. But I am learning to know him, and shall go on learning forever and ever, and so will you. I am not sure that it is best for us, once safe and secure on the Rock of Ages, to ask ourselves too closely what this and that experience may signify. Is it not better to be thinking of the Rock, not of the feet that stand upon it? It seems to me that we ought to be unconscious of ourselves, and that the nearer we get to Christ the more we shall be taken up with him. We shall be like a sick man, who, after he gets well, forgets all the old symp-toms he used to talk so much of, and stops

God has a particu'ar p'ace and a special service for every soul. Do not mistake about this! A man may be in the wrong place, but it is his doing, and the right one is empty because of his failure to fill it. God makes no mistakes when he places men.—
[Bishon Wordsworth.

feeling his pulse, and just enjoys his health, only pointing out his physician to all who are diseased.—[Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss.

[Bishop Wordsworth. It is a miserable smallness of nature to be shut within the small ness of nature to be shut within the small circle of a few personal relations, and to fret and fume whenever a claim is made on us from tool's wide world without. If we are impatient of the dependence of man upon man, and grudge to take hold of bands in the ring, the spirit in us is either evil or infirm.—[Charles Emerson.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 30.

Janus Risen," Luke 24 1-12-Golden Text I Corinthians 15, 20-Commentary.

1. "Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them." On Friday afternoon His body wrapped in linen, with about a humired pound weight of spices which Nicodemus provided, was by him and Joseph of Arimathea laid in Joseph's new tomb, wherein was never man yet lais. (John xix., 38-42). According to Matthew and Mark, some of the women of Galilee who followed Him, ministering unto Him, saw Him die as they stood afar off, or rather were standing afar off when He died, and also saw where Joseph and Nicodemus buried Him. Then they reand Nicodemus buried Him. Then they re-turned and prepared spices and ointments and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment (xxiii., 56). These are they commandment (xxiii., 56). These are they who come so early to the sepulchre. With sad and heavy hearts they come to add one more kindness to the many which they have already stowed on Him whom they loved

so well.
2. "And they found the stone rolled away from the sepuicher." They said as they came,
"Who shall roll us away the stone from the
door of the sepuicher?" (Mark xvi., 3) But
they find that difficulty removed ere they
come to it. When love leads us on in His come to it. When love loads us on in His service, even though it often be unnecessary and unbelieving effort. His love and power rolls away all the stones, how much more does He do this when our service is believing as well as loving!

as well as loving?

3. "And they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." Putting the various accounts together, it would seem that Mary Magdalene was the first to find the sepulcher empty and the stone rolled away, and that she, too, was the first to tell Peter and John she, too, was the first to tell Peter and John John xx., I, 9. Then it would seem that John xx., I. 2). Then it would seem that the other women came and saw an angel sitting upon the stone which had been rolled away, and also an angel sitting in the sepulcher, and that each told them to go and tell His disciples that He was risen (Matt. xxvii., 2, 7; Mark xvi., 5, 7). Mary Magdalone seems to have lingered after the others, so blinded by grief and tears that she either did not know that it was anywelly the part from the content of the con that it was angels who spoke to her from the temb, or did not care to know; neither did she know Jests Himself when He first did she know Jesta Himself when He first spoke to her until He called her by name. So blinding is unbelieving grief. If Mary and the other women and the disciples had only believed His simple statement that He would rise again the third day they would not have been found looking in a sepulchre for a lifeless body or seeking the living among the dead. dead.

4. "And it came to pass as they were much by them in shining garments." These are probably the same two mentioned by Matthew and Mark. Jesus sent the seventy, two and two before Him (lake x. 1) the Spirit sent forth Paul and Barnabas, the Paul and Silas, Barnabas and Mark (Acta xiii. 2; xv., 39, 40s. In the beginning of the church's history, and also in Jesus's fast days, we read of Peter and John as fellow-laborers (huke xxii. 8; Acts iii. 1; iv., 19). So also we often and the angels two to gether, as when two accompanied the Lord to visit Abram and two appeared at the ascension (Gen. xviii., 1, 2; Acts i., 10).
5. "And as they were afraid, and bowed

down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living (margin, Him that liveth) among the dead. See His own words to John long afterward: "I am the first, and the last, and the living one; I was dead and behold I am alive forevermore" (Rev. 1, 17, 18, B. V.). We learn from this years that unballed on the series of the s verse that unbelief causes fear and turns our faces earthward. The remedy is to look up and see Him who is alive forevermore, and who has the keys of hades and death; who has all power in heaven and on earth; says. 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.'

6. 'He is not here, but is risen; remember

"risen" refers to the body, and the body re mains in the grave till the resurrection of the righteous at the coming of Christ; but we may truly say as we look into the grave, They are not here, they are with Christ

7. Saying, the Son of Man must be de-livered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. Many times had He said these very word just as plainly as these angels now said them (Matt. xvi., 21, xvii., 23; xx., 19; see also John ii., 19; Matt. xii., 40; but they had nover believed them.

s. 'And they remembered His words. That was the right thing to do. If they have save themselves much sorrow. The word of God is to be received, kept, hid or laid up in the heart, caten, talked about, meditated on.
9. "And returned from the sepulcher, and told all these things unto the cleven, and to all the rest." Remembering His wordmaker us forget our sorrow, and turns us away from the dead to minister unto the living. If we have not something to tell about Jesus our hearts must be very empty of the things which concern itim, and we had better ask ourselves if we really know Him. There are two appearances of Christ which occurred somewhere in connection with this lesson though not mentioned by Luke. His appear ance to Mary Magiatene before He had a cented to the Father (John xx., 10, 17), and His appearance a little later to the other worms whom He suffered to hold Him by

worms whom He suffered to hold Him by
the feet and worship Him (Matt. xxviii., 9.

10. "It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanon,
and Mary, the mother of James, and other
women that were with them, which told these
things unto the apostles." According to the
word of the angels, "Go quickly and tell His
disciples that He is risen from the dead,"
they departed with fear and great joy, and
did run to bring His disciples word." It was
then that Jesus mat them and said. "Es not
then that Jesus mat them and said." then that Jesus met them and said, "Be not afraid; go tell my brethren" (Matt. xxvii., 7-10). The explanation of any scenning discussion in the various accounts is that some of the evangelists summarize matters, while others give a certain item or items more in

detail. There are no contradictions.

11. "And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

Paul preached Jesus and the resurrection at Athens; some mocked, and others said: We will hear the again of this matter. When at Rome he preached the Gospel of the Kingdom, some believed and some believed not (Acts xvii., 32; xxviii., 23, 24). We are nowhere encouraged to hope that in this dis-pensation all who hear the Gospel will believe. The parables of the sower and the tares declare the contrary, and also the commission in Mark xvi. 15, 16. This is not to be wondered at, for the carnal mind a enmity against God. But these men to whom the women came were disciples; they had lived with Christ, had preached the Gospel and wrought miracles in His name, and to them the fact of His resurrection was an idlatale. Let us not wonder then if the Blessed Hope of His return and all that it signifies is to many true Christians only an idle tale.

12. "Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulcher, and steoping down he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and de-parted wondering in himself at that which was come to pass." This is probably the same visit to the tomb recorded in John xx., 6, 7, or if not, then Peter went twice to the tomb
—once with John, when Mary told them,
and again alone, when he received a personal
message by the other women. Some time
on this day He appeared to Peter (vs. 34); perhaps it was on this probable second visit to the sepulcher. The words concerning the linen clothes seemed to indicate that they were left lying just as when His body was lying in them. He having emerged from them without disturbing them. Blessed are all who believe. We shall be like Hum.—Lesson Helper.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

HOW TO COOK MEAT.

The best methods of cooking meat are not practiced in ordinary kitchens because the reasons for certain procedures are not understood. For instance, a piece of meat is put over the fire and boiled rapidly till it is considered done, when it should have been subjected to only very moderate heat, and the water, instead of boiling madly, should have merely simmered, because the first process makes it tough and stringy, while the second leaves it tender and palatable. Joints of fresh meat require from twenty to twenty-five minutes per pound. Salted meat should have nearly twice as long cooking or it will not be tender. Judgement must be used regarding the size and shape. A large, flat piece of beef, having more surface exposed to the heat, will take less time to cook than a leg of mutton of the same size.

There is a belief among housekeepers that, in boiling, meat loses much of its value. On the contrary, careful experiment shows that a sirloin of beef, weighing twelve pounds, lost in roasting fortyfour ounces, while twelve pounds of beef lost only twenty-five ounces in boiling. The loss sustained in boiling, being capable of use as soup, can hardly be called a loss. It is therefore proved without argument that boiling is the more economical. But it can not be dealed that the flavor of roast meat is far superior. To be perfect it should be roasted before an pen fire with frequent basting and turnng, but such cooking borders on the impossible and we have a good resource in careful baking. The oven should be very hot and the beef put in without water in the pan. In tea or fifteen minutes the heat will have slightly crusted the beef, which should then be basted with clear drippings every ten minutes, The object of thus quickly searing the beef is to prevent the escape of the juices. If nine minutes to the pound be allowed, the result will be a very good imitation of juicy, rare, real roasted beef.

Broiling is one of the simplest and most wholesome methods of cooking meat, but it requires care. The want of constant watchfulness ruins steak, fish, or whatever is on the broiler.

Frying is a method worthy of more respect than public opinion grants it. It is the abuse of the practice which has brought it into disgrace. Throwing a lump of cold fat upon a cold frying pan and putting the meat on that, the careless cook leaves it to work out its own destruction, which it surely does, for as the meat and fat heat together the former is thoroughly soaked by the latter and becomes sodden, unsavory and unwholesome. Frying as it should be is actually boiling in fat, and it is impossible to fry properly without a large quantity of fat, be it lard or drippings, and it should be very hot before anything is put into it. To test the temperature a bit of bread should be thrown in. If it crisps instantly the heat is right, but if the bread scorches, the fat is too hot and the pan must be lifted to a cooler place. If the bread does not brown the fat is not hot enough. There is no extravagance in using a large quantity of fat, for it can be poured into a bowl and used again and again. Clarify it, when necessary, by boiling it up in water, then let it cool, when the sediment will fall to to the bottom of the water and the fat rise on i. If in boiling and roasting meats every scrap of dripping that runs out is saved, the accumulation will, in most

in the manner described. Poultry should be put into the pot breast downward, with warm, not hot, water enough to cover it, and be brought very gradually to the boiling point, and then allowed to simmer steadily till a trial of their joints shows that they are done. No rule can be given for the time required, for young fowls will take less time than old ones, -American Agricul-

families, afford abundant supply in frying

POTATO RECIPES.

Potato Salad-Slice freshly boile. pointoes (still warm) into a bowl; add a white onion cut into rings, a tablespoonful of capers, pepper, sait, and hopped parsley; pour over it a French drassing, or mask with mayonnaise.

Potato Soup-Slice six or eight potatoes into three pints of mixed milk and water; add a carrot, two or three stalks of celery, and a leek mineed together, a few whole peppers, and some salt. Boll an hour, strain into tureen, and serve with hot crou tons (stale bread cut into dice and fried crisp).

Potatoes as a Garnish-These are cut into tiny balls, by means of a scoop coming for the purpose, and boiled in saltwater; with chopped parsley and melted butter poured over them, they form an excellent garnish for fish. When used to garnish roust beef or yeal, they are boiled to a delicate brown in fat or lard. The remnunts of the potato which result from the cutting of these balls are boiled separately, mashed and reserved for cro-

Potatoes when properly warmed over are as appetizing as freshly prepared ones, and frequently allow one to econemize time as well as material. Among the following recipes will be found a few desirable dishes for breakfast or lunch-

Potato Omelet-Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice or small lumps. Rub smoothly together, without scorching, a tablespoon each of butter and flour; thin I slightly with stock or water; when boiling, add the diced potatoes, and heat thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a spider, pour into it the potatoes, brown underneath, add chopped parsley, and fold like an omelet. Serve quickly. This makes an excellent accompaniment for hash. If minced meat has been left from a previous meal, warm it, and fold within the omeiet instead of parsley.

Creamed Potatoes-Slice cold boiled potatoes into a sauce made by thinning a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour (thickened and smoothed over the fire) with hot milk. Heat through, and sprinkle with minced paraley. - Harper's Bazar.