

TALMAGES SERMON.

TALK ABOUT WOMAN'S USEFULNESS.

There Are Dangerous Allurements or Traps That Must Ever Be Avoided—“She Shall Be Called Woman”—Gen. 21: 12.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific purpose and to move in particular spheres—man to be dominant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, and between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that a man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the wondrous, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple—and Matthew Simpson the bishop and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled it into two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human personality will ever decline the sphere, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how a brown-thresher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in high commercial spheres, she will have great influence on exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overcome any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

My chief anxiety is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in the world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers deceiving; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defections. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home and that you may be queen in it. Better to be there than a Victoria's coronet. Better to wear than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, fill it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hall never yet kindled. There are shades in every city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering about it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantages of angels that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after while, and they may win high position; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine de Russia, or of Anne of England, or of Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway;

sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—Oh, she was the queen! The chariot of God came down to fetch her; and as she went up all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to know yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother, mother! Ah, she was the queen—she was the queen! Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the balcony box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for alderman and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature to the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and trapping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed on such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give God your heart, give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand will no longer be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you will start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of his hand and midnight will break into midnoon; and another wave of his hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Marlam, who struck the timbrel of the Red sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with the sisters of charity, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some ten or fifteen years ago, when they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that state marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted. Were they opened again? Oh, yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans; but when Deborah appeared upon the scene, Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation," and "Old Hundred," and "Brattle Street," and "Bethany." They were so very intangible. These men found they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in battle array; but oh, what poor success! For that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymn books in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer-meetings was a very poor business! No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the east had as much faith in God as their sisters of the west had, and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grog-shops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets Burgundy, and Cognac, and Heidsieck, and old Port, and Schiedam Schnapps, and lager beer, and you would save your fathers, and your husbands, and your sons, first, from a drunkard's grave, and second, from a drunkard's hell! To this battle for home let all women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not in Britain, although more than oriental luxuries crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor

in Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them, grew the sun, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When do you put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and sweater at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towns and battlements; but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they had clapped their hands and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here," and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their bells, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! home! home!" And then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woked me up. The children wanted more play. Children always want to play more.

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

PROSPERITY BRINGS A BIG BOON TO LABOR.

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Operatives Receive Increase of Wages in the Textile Factories of New England and the South.

The wage-earner's share in the general prosperity is coming to him in liberal allotments. On top of the vast increase in wages paid, as shown by the recent industrial census of the American Protective Tariff league, covering conditions as they existed in March, 1899, have come additional increases since that time which affect millions of men who work for wages and other millions dependent upon them. Last week some 60,000 operatives in the great cotton manufacturing centers of New England were granted a liberal advance in wages. Next came the 26,000 workers in the mills controlled by the American Woolen company, who have just secured an increase of 10 per cent. Last, and most significant of all, since it shows how irresistibly contagious is the epidemic of higher wages in prosperous times, and because it brings the wage rate of that section more nearly to a parity with the wage rate of competing localities in the north, comes the announcement from Augusta, Ga., that the cotton manufacturers of that city are to raise the wages of their 8,000 employes on Jan. 1. This is regarded as an indication that other mill men of the south will also take action on the question. Manufacturers in the north, with very few exceptions, now have granted an advance, and the step has been taken in spite of the knowledge that if wages in the south remained unchanged, New England manufacturers would be placed at a decided disadvantage. The news from Georgia, therefore, is welcome intelligence to northern manufacturers. It is estimated that by Jan. 1 from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty thousand cotton mill operatives in the north will be working under an advance of wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total in the United States to above a hundred and sixty thousand. All this is in perfect accord with the claim that protection tends to increase wages by increasing the sum total of employment. The cotton and woolen manufacturers of the United States have a stronger grip than ever before upon the great home market, with its 75,000,000 of liberal buyers. Hence the rise in wages. The connection is obvious and indisputable.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

As Related by a Drummer Just Returned From Michigan.

"Speaking about a man having plenty of nerve in time of danger," said the commercial traveler, tilting his chair at a more acute angle against the wall, "reminds me of a terrible experience I had last week. I was doing a few of the little towns in Michigan, and got caught on the road in a driving rainstorm one night. It was a lonely place, without a house in sight. I went on until the horse gave out, and then made for a building that seemingly rose by magic from the ground. It was a weird, rickety place, but the old man who offered me a night's lodging looked harmless enough, so I went to bed and made the best of a bad bargain. The first part of the night was all right. No sound except the dismal beat of the rain against the window and the scurry of rats up and down the wall. I slept fitfully, fearing, I knew not what, and with my revolver under my pillow. Suddenly I was awakened by a terrible noise, unearthly and awful. It was a deep, reverberating sound, but I found it impossible to locate the direction from which it came. The cold, gray light of dawn lay on the scene. The air was tense with expectancy, and with a bound I sprang from bed and rushed wildly to the window. The noise certainly had come from within, and I flung open the sash with trembling hands, and discovered the truth. "Well?" asked several as he paised and flicked the ash from his cigar tip meditatively. "What then?" "Nothing. No one was hurt. It was only the day breaking," he said gently, and he turned to ring for ice water, as they all fainted.

STRANGE PROPHECIES.

Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, Predicted Truly.

Clement V. and Phillip IV. procured the condemnation of Molay, the grand-master of the templars, to the stake, says Chamber's Journal. As he was led to execution Molay cited his persecutors to appear before God's throne, the king within forty weeks and the pope within forty days. Within these respective times both died. Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, condemned to death Fra Moriale. When he pronounced the sentence the culprit summoned the judge to meet death himself within the month, and within the month Rienzi was assassinated. In 1575 Nanning Koppzoom, a Roman catholic, tortured to death during the religious strife in the Netherlands, repented his heinous crime, and was executed on the way to the scaffold. A clergyman, Jurian Epezzoom, tried to drown his voice by clamorous prayer. The victim summoned him to meet him within three days at the bar of God, and Epezzoom went home and died within that time. While at the stake Wishart openly denounced Cardinal Beaton: "He shall be brought low, even to the ground, before the trees which have supplied these fagots have shed their leaves." The trees were but in the bravery of their May foliage when the bleeding body of the cardinal was hung by his murderers over the battlements of St. Andrew's.

Good Fortune.

The following story is classed under "True Animal Stories," but is really a fish story: Not long ago a hawk caught a fish in Long Island Sound, but while flying with it to the woods to devour it at leisure, the fish floundered from the hawk's hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting. The dog caught the fish as it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to an appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, evidently impressed with the belief that his good fortune may be repeated.

THREE DEMOCRATS.

Thoroughly Disgusted with Bryanism and Tammanyism.

Living in the same block in New York city are three men who voted for Bryan in 1896, but who now unite in declaring that they have had their fill of Bryanism and Tammanyism, and will no longer train with a crowd that seeks to belittle the country's grand record of expansion, progress and prosperity. These converts to Republicanism write to the New York Sun as follows:

"To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: We, the undersigned, take great pleasure in reading the brief but brave statement of J. Maginiss in the Sun of Nov. 23 regarding the level head of our president, William McKinley, through all the country's troubles since the beginning of the war with Spain and up to the present time. "We are three Democrats, living in the one block, and we all voted for Bryan in 1896. But listening to the Tammany snarling at our system of government, at our progression, at our successes during our late two years' work for the new kingdom, "The Bryanism of repentance. Repentance openly confessed and pledged by baptism. "3. "Book . . . of Esaias." (Isa. 40: 3-5.) "The Voice." John is called "a voice" because: (1) He raised the voice of God's thought. "Of one crying." Heraldry, proclaiming: "In the wilderness. The world, was indeed, a moral wilderness when the time drew near for the coming of its King. "Preparatory to the coming of the Lord." "In the mountain regions, the washing of the hillsides by the heavy winter rains destroys, each year, a large portion of the best laid roads. "5. "Every valley." Ravines. "Mountain and hill." All obstacles that made the road difficult or dangerous. Compare the way the road bed of a modern railway is prepared. "The roughness shall be made straight." New and shorter roads shall be built. "Rough ways . . . smooth." By repairing the old roads. "6. And all flesh. All persons. The work for the whole race. "7. To the multitude that came forth." This multitude included all classes—the people of all grades, the unbelieving Sadducees, the formal Pharisees, the dispersed publicans, and all who were either Jewish or Roman we know not. "8. To be baptized in his name." Some of them apparently as a substitute for repentance. "9. Generation. offspring. brood." Of vipers. Their actions, and the character of the viper nature of sin in their hearts. "Who hath warned you to flee." They had come to be baptized, not to repent, to go through a form, not to change their natures. "From the wilderness to come." The punishment that must come upon the guilty nation. "8. Bring forth therefore." Prove by your lives that your repentance is sincere and true. "Begin not to say within you, selves," as your secret hope and confidence. "We have Abraham to (as) our father." We must be saved because we belong to the race of Abraham and the kingdom he founded. "Omit the factors of the promise to him and his children, even if we do not repent, and whatever our character. "God is able of these stones." "9. The ax is laid (is lying) unto (at) the root of the trees," all ready to cut them down when the time came. Yet there was a brief respite, with the possibility of such a change into fruit-bearing trees if the ax need not be used. "Bring not forth good fruit is hewn down." Because it takes the place of something better. "10. What shall we do then?" To show that they truly repented. What good fruit should they bear, so that they would not be hewn down and cast into the fire? "11. He . . . saith unto." To the multitudes in general, as distinct from the particular classes mentioned in the next verses. "He that hath two coats." Tunes: "the under and less necessary garment, distinguishing the rich, upper class, and the most indispensable 'cloak' of Luke 6: 29.—Int. Crit. Com.

"12. Came also publicans." Tax gatherers, collectors of the revenue. "Each of them was required to pay within a certain limit to his superior, with the privilege of raising as much more as he pleased for his own profit." Thus there was abundant opportunity for extortion and oppression. See on publicans, in city of H. "Exact (extort) no more than that which is appointed you." Do not give up your business, but do it in the right and just way, no matter what others do, or what losses come from your honesty. "14. And the soldiers. Omit the soldiers, probably not Roman soldiers, but "armed men acting as police in Judea," a perfectly legitimate business. "Demanded." Too strong a word; rather to say within you, "lenses" to man." They had large opportunity for robbery, violence, harassment, and blackmail. "Neither accuse any falsely"; i. e., in order to extort from him his property—Bills, "Be content with your wages." So as not to be tempted to make gain in unjust ways. "15. Were in expectation." On the quiver, all excitement and interest. "Mused." Reasoned, questioned, argued. "Whether he were the Christ." The Messiah. John was such a great prophet, the greatest of all prophets, with such noble and kingly qualities, that it is not likely that he were not actually the expected Messiah. "17. Whose fan is in his hand." The fan is not a fan in our sense; it is a broad light, wooden shovel, with which the grain is thrown up to the breeze, so that the wind may carry off the lighter chaff while the heavier grain sinks down clean. "And he will thoroughly purge." Cleanse, separate the good from the bad. "His floor." Threshing-floor, which is usually a circular area of beaten earth, surrounded by a low bank. "The wheat." The good, the true members of the kingdom. "Into his garner." Granary, the right place for the wheat; the kingdom of heaven.

"18. The country is now in the highest condition of prosperity ever known, and why not let it continue on that same road and keep the same good engineer at the throttle? "But the cry is, the workingman doesn't prosper. We are workmen, and we say they do, in spite of all the great hordes of Italians and other cheap imported labor. We will vote for Mac next fall, and let well enough alone. H. Nolan, M. Hart, S. Cassidy. "New York, Nov. 30."

The signers of this declaration represent a type of the average shrewd, level-headed American citizen, who can be fooled sometimes, as he was in 1892, but not all the time, and who finally sets his thinking apparatus to work and figures things out for himself. It was inevitable that as a result of this mental activity a change of political predilection should occur. Such a change has taken place, and is still going on all over the country. The year 1899 has been a wonderful eye-opener. There are many thousands of men who in 1900 will follow the program outlined by Messrs. Nolan, Hart and Cassidy: "Vote for Mac next year and let well enough alone."

Golden Days in the West.

The recent new discoveries of zinc and lead in southern Missouri, which have given a spur to industry all over the state, is only one of the factors which are giving an impetus to the business and social development of this section. The gold discoveries of Colorado, Montana and other mining states, which are frequently chronicled, do not attract much attention, but they are contributing to the immense increase in the production of that metal in the United States which is taking place every year, and which is likely to score a bigger gain this year than in any previous time since the California and Pike's Peak gold fields were first opened. These are particularly halcyon days for the western states. The great grain crops are contributing their quota to the sum of the factors which are making 1899 the most prosperous year which the west has ever known. The gains of this region are reflected in the table of bank clearances published every week, the returns of the earnings of the railroads centering in this section, which are given to the public occasionally, and the total of the transactions of the postoffices, which are given out by the government every month or two. The figures from the postoffices, which have just been furnished from Washington, show a gain in every western city, the increase in some cases being almost without example in its extent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Difference Between Good and Bad.

Out of these evidences of prosperity can be drawn added reasons why intelligent business and working men of the country should give their support to the party of sound money and protection in every contest which arises, whether in city, or state, or nation. The difference between good and bad legislation can be estimated by the difference between the good years we are now enjoying and the bad years of the Democratic regime.—San Francisco Call.

Making Cheap Tissues.

Procure some cheap tissue paper of the right pink shade. Fold each sheet across in half, and then the half into three. With some sharp scissors cut out one edge of several folds together into scallops about one and one-half inches in length. Cut the other edge subsequently apart with scissors or knife. Divide the strips into two or three thicknesses, then with the scissors blade cut each scallop so that it turns over like the petals of a cabbage rose. For the center take the same width of strips, but half the length, and form the edge into scallops only half an inch across, pleat these scallops with the fingers as minutely as you can. Lengths of wire are needed, a little longer than you care to have the stalks. Thrust the point through one end of the strip of paper with the small pleated scallops, and, having inserted it, turn down the end, thereby holding the paper firm. Roll the rest of the strip around the wire, tying it with cotton, and do the same with the longer strip with the large scallops, tie these around firmly, and you will see what a pretty, well-shaped rose you have, which the wire stem enables you to fasten where and when you like.

are running overtime with the largest forces in their history, which, coupled with the splendid state of commercial interest, speaks volumes for South Bend as an active, growing and progressive business center.

Uniform testimony to improved conditions and an increased volume of business are given in these interviews with the wholesale and retail merchants of South Bend. They all tell a cheering story of the changes wrought by "McKinley prosperity."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, JANUARY 21: LUKE 3: 1-17.

The Preaching of St. John the Baptist—"Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord"—Luke 3: 4-A Temperance Lecture.

1. "In the fifteenth year of the reign." The Greek for "reign" is a vague term applicable to the rule of emperor, king, or proconsul (governor). (Int. Crit. Com.), and hence would apply to the two years of the "reign of Tiberius Caesar" as co-regent, equally as well as to his sole reign. "Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea." "Preparatory to the coming of the Lord." "In the wilderness." "The word of God came." "The usual formula for the divine commission of the prophets" (Jer. 2: 1; Ezek. 6: 1). "In the wilderness of Judea (Matt. 2: 1). The barren, thinly populated region west of the Dead Sea and toward Jordan."

2. "The country about Jordan." Note that the population went out to John, not he to their cities and synagogues. There are two methods of evangelization. One of which is good, and is to go out to men; the other is to attract men to you. "Preaching." Proclaiming, heralding. He was the herald of the Messiah King for the new kingdom. "The baptism of repentance." Repentance openly confessed and pledged by baptism.

3. "To be baptized in his name." Some of them apparently as a substitute for repentance. "9. Generation. offspring. brood." Of vipers. Their actions, and the character of the viper nature of sin in their hearts. "Who hath warned you to flee." They had come to be baptized, not to repent, to go through a form, not to change their natures. "From the wilderness to come." The punishment that must come upon the guilty nation.

4. "Bring forth therefore." Prove by your lives that your repentance is sincere and true. "Begin not to say within you, selves," as your secret hope and confidence. "We have Abraham to (as) our father." We must be saved because we belong to the race of Abraham and the kingdom he founded. "Omit the factors of the promise to him and his children, even if we do not repent, and whatever our character. "God is able of these stones."

5. "The ax is laid (is lying) unto (at) the root of the trees," all ready to cut them down when the time came. Yet there was a brief respite, with the possibility of such a change into fruit-bearing trees if the ax need not be used. "Bring not forth good fruit is hewn down." Because it takes the place of something better. "10. What shall we do then?" To show that they truly repented. What good fruit should they bear, so that they would not be hewn down and cast into the fire?

6. "He . . . saith unto." To the multitudes in general, as distinct from the particular classes mentioned in the next verses. "He that hath two coats." Tunes: "the under and less necessary garment, distinguishing the rich, upper class, and the most indispensable 'cloak' of Luke 6: 29.—Int. Crit. Com.

7. "Come also publicans." Tax gatherers, collectors of the revenue. "Each of them was required to pay within a certain limit to his superior, with the privilege of raising as much more as he pleased for his own profit." Thus there was abundant opportunity for extortion and oppression. See on publicans, in city of H. "Exact (extort) no more than that which is appointed you." Do not give up your business, but do it in the right and just way, no matter what others do, or what losses come from your honesty. "14. And the soldiers. Omit the soldiers, probably not Roman soldiers, but "armed men acting as police in Judea," a perfectly legitimate business. "Demanded." Too strong a word; rather to say within you, "lenses" to man." They had large opportunity for robbery, violence, harassment, and blackmail. "Neither accuse any falsely"; i. e., in order to extort from him his property—Bills, "Be content with your wages." So as not to be tempted to make gain in unjust ways. "15. Were in expectation." On the quiver, all excitement and interest. "Mused." Reasoned, questioned, argued. "Whether he were the Christ." The Messiah. John was such a great prophet, the greatest of all prophets, with such noble and kingly qualities, that it is not likely that he were not actually the expected Messiah. "17. Whose fan is in his hand." The fan is not a fan in our sense; it is a broad light, wooden shovel, with which the grain is thrown up to the breeze, so that the wind may carry off the lighter chaff while the heavier grain sinks down clean. "And he will thoroughly purge." Cleanse, separate the good from the bad. "His floor." Threshing-floor, which is usually a circular area of beaten earth, surrounded by a low bank. "The wheat." The good, the true members of the kingdom. "Into his garner." Granary, the right place for the wheat; the kingdom of heaven.

SUN WORSHIP AND SACRIFICE.

The First Thing Buddha Did Was to Forbid the Latter.

"I think," said Raja Sivaprasad in the Nineteenth Century, "that sun worship was the original worship of both the Persians and the Hindus. I have even seen animals as the sun rises gaze on it with awe, which perhaps the first beginning of this feeling of reverence for the source of light. The Vedas are full of sun worship. But the priests of the Hindus gave up the simple, direct worship of the sun, and brought in by way of sun offerings animal sacrifices consumed by fire, for they looked upon fire as part of the sun. In course of time people began to think and to question with regard to this sacrificial worship. Then came Buddha, and Buddha, being a good and great man, when he saw the animals' throats cut, thought: 'How can good possibly come of doing evil?' And the first thing he did was to forbid sacrifice and say: 'Not hurt any creature is the best virtue.' Buddha went out from his home and meditated. Then he came back to Benares, and at Saranath argued with the Brahmins, who justified their sacrifices on the authority of the Vedas. But Buddha said: 'What are the Vedas but the work of man's and rishis? There is nothing supernatural about them.' And so the great schism arose. Buddha against the Brahmins and the Brahmins against him. Many of the rajahs and maharajahs came and heard him and were converted, till at last Buddhism was in the ascendant, for we have in India a saying, 'As is the king, so are the people.' Then came King Vikramaditya, in whose honor a new era was founded, reckoning by which we are now [this is in 1892] in the year 1949. King Vikramaditya was a Kshatriya, and believed in Brahmanism, and with his reign Brahmanism and Vedic religion began to revive. After many centuries appeared Sankaracharya, a Brahman, who undertook to persecute and drive out the Buddhists. He said: 'These people do not believe in a Creator. How can they possibly be tolerated?' And he drove them out, and re-established the Vedic religion. By this time the disapproval of animal sacrifice had become firmly rooted. And as sacrifices were enjoined in the Vedas, Sankaracharya got over the difficulty of his saying that it was only in the golden age, when the animals slaughtered could be required to life, that sacrifices were required; there was no need to sacrifice now. To this day animal sacrifice is dispensed with among the majority of the Hindus, although not so among the Kshatriyas and among many of the Sudras."

LIFE IN EAST LONDON.

Not a Cheerful Place, According to Walter Besant.

The dominant note of East London is that it is a hive of working bees, says Walter Besant in the Century. There are, it is true, a few drones in it. They are not the fat and luxurious drones of the other London, those who live in luxury without labor, and are downladen with the curse of idleness. Our drones, the East London drones, are the residuum, the bees of humanity, who cannot and will not work; they are miserable, half-starved, skulking drones. They beg, they thieve, they do anything with a willing mind so long as it is not work. They dwell in the slums; they are, in the language of the day, the "submerged," but all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot drag them out of the slough, nor can any river—not Abana or Pharpar, or even the Jordan itself—cleanse the Augean stable of their mind. The helping hand grows tired of pulling and tugging at them; they will not come; they sink back into their Malebolge; the black mud closes over their heads. Let them be. It is a city of working bees. As we linger and loiter among the streets multitudinous, we hear, as from a hive, the low, contented murmur of continuous and patient work. There are 2,600,000 of working people in this city. The children work at school; the girls and boys, the men and women work in factory, in shop and at home; in dock and in wharf and in warehouse, all day long and all the year round, these millions work. They are clerks, accountants, managers, foremen, engineers, stokers, porters, stevedores, dockers, smiths, craftsmen of all kinds. They are girls who make things, girls who sew things, girls who sell things. There are among them many poor, driven, sweated creatures, and the sweaters themselves are poor, driven, sweated creatures; for sweating, once begun, is handed on from one to the other as carefully and as religiously as any holy lamp of learning. They work from early morning till welcome evening.

Two Answers.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly gentleman and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there. "Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest-eyed, weather-beaten person of sea-faring aspect. "Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply. "And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman. "No, sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added, "I never had a chance!" The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a twinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate, which he would have been sorry to miss.

SHORT SERMONS.

Religion is built on the lines that regulate our lives.—Rev. Father York. Suffering is one of the prices of life. It is the device of God to test human kind.—Rev. Ira Billman.

God has a plan in every life. God works by long lines. He inhabits eternity.—Rev. John R. Shannon.

Some men have religion scientifically reduced to the God of Things as they are. Others ignore the matter of religion altogether.—Rev. Morgan Millar.

We are the resultant of all that we have said, thought, desired and done. If we have the temper of heaven in our hearts we will see God.—Rev. E. H. Ward.

The commandments, graven on stone with the finger of God, must be incarnate in life by a willing heart. We must struggle and ascend.—Rev. W. D. Williams.

The world is not to be saved by sacrifice but self-sacrifice. Sacrifice is the passing symbol; self-sacrifice is the eternal reality and power.—Rev. Frank Crane.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, JANUARY 21: LUKE 3: 1-17.

The Preaching of St. John the Baptist—"Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord"—Luke 3: 4-A Temperance Lecture.

1. "In the fifteenth year of the reign." The Greek for "reign" is a vague term applicable to the rule of emperor, king, or proconsul (governor). (Int. Crit. Com.), and hence would apply to the two years of the "reign of Tiberius Caesar" as co-regent, equally as well as to his sole reign. "Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea." "Preparatory to the coming of the Lord." "In the wilderness." "The word of God came." "The usual formula for the divine commission of the prophets" (Jer. 2: 1; Ezek. 6: 1). "In the wilderness of Judea (Matt. 2: 1). The barren, thinly populated region west of the Dead Sea and toward Jordan."

2. "The country about Jordan." Note that the population went out to John, not he to their cities and synagogues. There are two methods of evangelization. One of which is good, and is to go