#### PEACE, BE STILL.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AT CAPERNAUM.

Lessons Deduced from the Voyage of Christ and His Disciples That Stormy Night on Gennesaret-Never Fear While Christ Is

CAPERNAUM, Dec. 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a group of friends on "The Stormy Passage," taking for his texts the verses of the Gospel following: John vi, 17: "Entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Caper-naum;" and Mark iv, 39: "And he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea." He said:

Here in this seashore village was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my life—I cannot say the hope, for I never expected the privilegeto stand on the banks of Galilee. What a colemnity and what a rapture to be here! I can now understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when sitting on the banks of this lake he wrote:

It is not that the wild guzelle

Comes down to drink thy tide, But he that was pierced to save from hell Oft wandered by thy side. Graceful around thee the mountains meet.

Thou calm reposing sea; But ah: far more, the beautiful feet

Of Jesus walked o'er thee. I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we sailed on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eyes and the shore of Lake Galilee, as it now is, with but little signs of human life, disappears, and there comes back to my vision the lake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of

rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill an oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

THE VOYAGE REGINS From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing mes sengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from star-board to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no oner is Christ prostrate, and his head touched the pillow, than he is sound asieep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child

on the bosom of a sleeping mothem Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the mouning of the storm, as it comes on with great strides, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and then

SAVED BY CHRIST. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat. walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward he cries: "Peace!" Looking downward he says:

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with his feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cryout: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship, for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do, with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage.

THE NECESSITY OF GOD'S HELP. There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been and Baxter saw in England, and Robert Mcwith them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the t p of Mount Hermon, and lash I have often heard my father tell of the fact Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it | that in the early part of this century a revicould not hurt them. But here is another val broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some erosity was often tried by visitors asking man who starts out in worldly enterprise, people were very much agitated about it. and he depends upon the uncertainties of this. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too life. He has no God to help him. After many people into the church at once;" and awhile the storm comes and tosses off the they sent down to New Brunswick to get masts of the ship; he puts out his life bont John Livingston to stop the revival. Well the long boat; the sheriff and the ancitioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; the blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not | emn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren,

what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship! Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing.

THE TROUBLES OF THE APOSTLES. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat, and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say, if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire, Hugh Mc-Kail in the hour of martyrdom, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters-did they find it smooth sailing! But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say. Some young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian." Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ! Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Chris-tian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly flad a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ! Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation-great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great poundingand had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and he will deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. NO REAL CAUSE FOR FEAR.

In the tones of these disciples, as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They Master, carest thou not that we persay, "Master, carest thou not that we pur-ish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrightened. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrightened. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the church of God; we are going to founder; the church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrightened by iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrightened as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation: Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion! Give truth and error a fair grapple and truth will come

But there are a great many good people who get affrightened in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale. We are afraid the church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it:" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say, some day, coming upon deck: 'Throw overboard all the cargo," and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean! Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals—because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat. Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through Cheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton and the long boat; the sheriff and the anc- there was no better soul in all the world

is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through be tween the finger and the thumb, and he said: 'Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling nowfalling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane; and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse. Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

GOD AND MAN. Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the Oh, how tired he looks; what sad bont. dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him, he is a man-bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say: 'Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence: he is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: "Oh, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!" A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that

Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin.

The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you-the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhapait was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your to welcome your children life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white look of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church, Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms-all gone, all gone,' Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in beaven, in banks that never THEST LINES the There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul-the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shrick of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears; calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus be-

ing our guide. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide, We're home at last.

Glory to God! all dangers are o'er We stand secure on the glorified shore: Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last.

#### A Wonderful Watch.

The most ingenious, perfect and complex watch ever manufactured was sent out from the works of Patek, Philippe & Co., of Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1387, and is now in possession of Baron Nicholas. It is what is known as the full sized "hunter." On one side there is a dial of the regulation kind, exhibiting the hour, minute and second hands; also an independent chronograph hand, which marks the fifth of seconds. dial has repeating mechanism, which strikes the hours, quarters and minutes. The opposite dial has hands pointing to the months, weeks and days. Another large central hand on this dial, if set at the beginning of each year, correctly points to all moon phases, and also acts as a perpetual calendar. It is so constructed as to admit of its keeping two different times, say standard on one side and sun time on the other.-American

Tippoo Tib. Much has been said about Tippoo Tib's responsibility for the assassination of Maj. Barttelot, but, in my judgment, Tippoo Tib's action to a certain extent was prompted by a benevolent intention. W " is to said that he delayed the supply of men necessary to make up Barttelot's contingent at Bonalya, and thus aroused the suspicion of foul play that occurred later on, his motive was a good one, inasmuch as, knowing the lawless character of the Manayemas, he appreciated the difficulty which white men would have in controlling them, and sought to prevent an opportunity for the mutiny wal-quently resulted in the death of 1.

#### Strategie.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, of both of which he was exceedingly fend. His genhim, just to hear what he would say, to give them one or both of his pets. On one occasion Johnny told a gentleman

who had often teased him in this way that he might have the colt-but nor the dog. His mother naturally expressed surprise,

CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW.

We used to bang up our stockings.
When I was a child, dear me; Nor ever thought for a moment

Of having an Xmas tree.
You see, we were old fashioned children,
Not wise little women and men;
St. Nicholas came down the chimney— We had wide-open fireplaces then

We went to bed in the twilight, To waken ere yet it was dawn, And empty with trembling flagers The stockings on Xmas morn. But now the tree with its tapers Is lit on the eve instead, And hugging their Xmas presents

The little ones go to bed

But then, pray where is the stocking Could hold all the wonderful things-The trie raphs of human invention The modern St. Nicholas bringer

Now at an takes the place of his reinder. Those fleet, fairy coursers of yore And since we have closed up the chimneys He needs must come to at the door -Mrs M P Handy

#### FILSEY.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM LIVE IN 400 STERDOM

"I reckon this is goin' ter be er buster, maid old Uncle Billy Botsworth as he came into the family sitting room of the old farm house with a great load of wood on his shoulders. With a crash he deposited his burden on the spacious hearth, where a huge fire was already blazing, and began to pile on the long, dry sticks of beech and hickory until in a few moments a perfect sheet of flame was roaring up the wide threated chimney.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her accustomed corner by the "jamb," busy with her knitting, made no reply, while Uncle billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots, and, having filled and lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy himself. Outside a furious snow storm was raging, and already the earth was heavily carpeted with white. Pres ently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in from doing up the chores, and, like their father, were soon divested of caps, coats and boots, and seated before the rousing fire talking over the events of the day.

A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined them, and then the family circle was complete. No. not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone; and she and her husband a poor mechanic, went out west to build up or themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her hus bard drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say good-by. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done; but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her, and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the gate latch, and, with tear filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar surroundings, when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.

'Don't yer come in here," he yelled, honrse "Don't step your foot inside o' that gate Mary Ellen Botsworth. You're no darter o mine. Take yer batchet-faced paint-slinger an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned as his words; then, without a word, turned and went to the buggy. Her husband helped her in, and then, standing up and shaking his whip at Unole Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you wasn't my wife's father, I'd thrash you till you couldn't walk for a week. You object to me for a son-in-law only because I am poor; but I'll see the day I can buy an' sell you's if you was black, darn you."

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help things ony to quarrel; let's go."

It was well that Will beeded her advice for old Uncle Billy had started for the buggy with murder in his eye; and there is no tell when we let go of this world and try to ing what might have happened had not Milton and Jacob at this juncture made their appearance and urged him to be quiet. So Mary went from home an outcast; and

as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and, with tours in his eyes, said, reproachfully: "Pap, you oughtenter have done it."

And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the

door just in time to take in the affair, echoed her son's words: "No, pap, you was too hasty," she added Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl;

an', though I'd ruther she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will pros per them both "You are right, mother," said Jacob, the elder of her sons, "you are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the

best girl in Indiany; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth the havin'." As for Uncle Bilty, seeing his whole family up in arms against him, he vouchsafed no reply, but turning, strode rapidly in the direc

tion of the barn.

From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And although he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, yet he never by sign or inquiry showed that he ever thought of her, or and the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive.

But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the fire thinking; and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home; but he still remained silent. At each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming one was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters with their families would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact that, through no fault of his he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Everybody missed Mary, the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary. As he was lusy with his thoughts, gazing while moshly into the fire, and now and then punching up the fore sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly oke up and said:

Tomorrer'll be another white Christmas. tunkes two on 'em right band runnin'. ree years ago was a mighty mild winter, we had a green Christmas that year," here the o'd fady paused and heaved a

No one said anything and she contin-"I recollect now there was more buryin's disear in the Bald Hill daryin' groun' or there has been since all phy together."
Yes, assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflective-"a green Christmas allers makes a fat rave, and, they say, an' I never knowed it

"I recken it if be good adagnin' temerrer." served Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll one over in the bols. Eh! what's that?" The exchanation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious bark-of old "Maje," the watchdog, the sound of visces in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat in-

daily and wondering who could be heir visitors. They had not long to wait; or a minute latter the sitting room door was dung open and Jacob strode in, bearing to his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pup, look at your grandson; Filsey's come,

an' this is her boy,"

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thundercloud. "Take him away: I don't

want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong who had spoken, and who stepped into the can buy and sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me for a son-in-law ome back and see her mother and all of you mee more, and I said she should; and, more than that, I said you should treat her and sales right, or I'd make you, and, by thunder. Til de it! Understand me, I ask no favots for myself, but for this poor girl here, the von've treated so mean, and who still laves you, but who wants to come home for a little while, I will speak for, and hight for, too, if necessary," Even while he was taking, mother and daughter were coping in each other's embrace, and Grander seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an'

row, son, do right." knock under. I've made a mistake an' am

mured, in a voice husky with emotion, "it's

all forgot now, an"-But he did not finish the sentence. And, while Mary was kissing grandma and all were Write for plans. silently crying for joy, he began to hustle round and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles distant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his services in this direction were not needed.

He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fireplace as it had not seen for many a day, and, as they all sat around it and talked until long after the stroke of twelve, it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.-Ed. R. Pritchard in The Arkansaw Traveler.

#### Christmas Trees.

To Germany the civilized world is indebted or one of the most enjoyable of all Christmas delights, the Christmas tree, says an old issue of The New York Post. This custom was little known in England before the marriage of Queen Victoria, and was, we believe, introduced by the late prince consort. We call it a gift from Germany, and yet behind the quaint figure of Kris Kringle, coming from the snowy woods, with the tree rising high above his genial shoulders, laden with gifts and glittering with lanterns, as he suddenly invades the lowly German cottage on kindly errand bent, we see the yet more ancient toy plue tree, hung with oscilla, which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of the Saturnalia. But we who are not antiquaries are content to accept these pretty customs, come whence they may, and to improve on them if we can. A wide gulf is fixed between the puritanic days, when Christmas was frowned upon as a remnant of evil super-stition, and today, when nothing is too rare or good for the making of our homes bright and our sanctuaries beautiful in honor of the Author of the Christian feast. Wherever civilized man is found there in one form or ther we find the tokens of adoration an

Another newspaper says: The most popular tree for a Christmas celebration is the balsam. This tree attains perfection at the age of 20 years. After this it begins to wither at the top and gradually dies. The large balsam trees are cut in great numbers for churches and Sunday schools. The branches are strong and thickly covered with bluish green leaves. They are cut as young as 6 years. They are merely bushes then, however, and are used mainly by private families Next to the balsam in popularity comes the spruce. This tree, although it attains a greater height than the balsam, has a scroggy appearance. It is cut when it is about ten years old. The color is not so good, being a yellowish green, which withers very soon. The cedar trees are only cut by special order, as the demand for them is very limited. But they are the most fragrant smelling tree of the lot. White pine trees are used by the grocery and butcher shops to decorate with. They have a deep green color and last longer than any of the others.

#### The Christmas Holly.

In connection with the holly, which figures so conspicuously in all our Christmas decorations, we find a quaint old conceit chronicled, that every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your house is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will, in summer, enable you to relish that green world of which you show yourself not unworthy. In Germany and Scandinavia the holly, or holly tree, is called "Christ's thorn," from its use in church decorations and because it bears its berries at Christmastide, The loving sentiment imprisoned in the holly bough and translatable into every language will never be more happily expressed than in Charles Mackay's verses, "Under the Holly

Ye who have scorned each other, Or injured friend or brother, In this fast fading year; Ye who by word or deed Have made a kind heart bleed. Come, gather here! Let sinned against and sinning Forget their strife's beginning. And join in friendship now: Be links no longer broken, Under the holly bough. -Exchange. Be sweet forgiveness spoken,

#### The Yule Log.

In the noblest English houses of today they observe the old peasant superstition of light ing the yule log, "the ponderous ashen fagot from the yard," and great ill lack is foretold if its flame dies out in twelve days. Frumenty shouled porridge with milk, sugar, wine, spices and raisins) is served, also miner pies and plan publings. The Christmas pie of Yorkshire is a "bra'goose pie"-which Herrick, in one of his delightful verses, thus

Come, goard this night the Christinas pic. That the the Library neer so she-With the deal healer don't come night

pre in him where all about sits there.
Having the eyes still in his care.
And a wall of of any foure.
To will the

This was one of it! famous songs of the tails, or singing last the go about London till, singing their Cartsmas carels -- Frank

# WANTED!

Everybody to examine the plans and standing of the Union Central Life Insurance voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, room, his figure erect and eyes blazing with before insuring. It has the anger "field on a minute, I say," he continued: "I want a word Bill Botsworth, I lowest continuous death rate of any company. Realizes the on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to highest rate of interest on invested assets which enables it to pay large dividends.

> Policies incontestible and non-forfeitable after third year.

The Union Central issues endowment policies at ordi-Botsworth, rising with difficulty from ary life rates; these policies are now maturing and being paid in from one to two years Will can afford to fergive you, I don't see paid in from one to two years how you can help fergivin' them. Come earlier than time estimated by For an instant he stood struggling with his the company. They protect sassion, then love conquered. Extending his and to his south-law, he said: "Billy, I the family and estate during the younger years of life, and With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again. "There, there, child!" the old fellow mur- lar life rates. Other desirable policies issued. Call on us or

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