HISTORIC NAZARETH.

THE TOWN IN WHICH CHRIST LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS.

A threat threen Bowl Scooped Out of the Vattey For Privacy and Separation-A Losson to the World of the Need of Proparation.

BROOKLAN, N. V., November 28, 1890. The interest in the series of sermons in which for, Talmage is describing his recent tour in Palastine and inculcating these lessons angwork. The subject to day was "Among the Holy Hills," and the look, Lake 4: 16, "He same to Navaroth, where he was brought Following is the sermons

What a splendlid sloop I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving derusalem, and all of us as khidly frested as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening, the genial Sister-hood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-oved Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the conlass of all Palastine, He houses of white impatone, three its name ! Nagaroth, historical Nasaroth, one of the trinity of places that all thristian travellers much see or feet that they have not seen Falestine, namely, Bethlehem, durinalem, Nasareth, Raby-hood, boyhood, munhood of Him for whom I balleve there are lift a million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die whather under ave, or down in the hoods or straight through the Arac

Grand old village to Sagarath, even putling aside the enternt associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nahlous is the fitthiest fown I ever saw although its chief industry is the mann facture of wan. They export all of the Namenth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for, as we fode into the village the afternoon before, the showers which had put our mackintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under command of the clouds, those thorough street commissioners. Reside that, Nasareth has been the scene of battles passing it from the Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most vanderful of the battles being that in which twenty five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty and hundred franch, Napoleon hundred franch, that greatest of frenchmen walking these very streets through which Josus walked for nearly thirty rears. The morals of the two, the antipoles. The snows of Russia and the places of Exept appropriately following the one, the devolucies of earth and the hallelujahe of Heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town to so hear thelly alknowed in a great green how), the sides of the how), the surrounding Afrenn hills. The find of nature, who is the find of the filble, evidently scooped out this valley for privacy and separation from all eades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and wouth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth, he spent thirty of thom in this town in gotting rouly an starte ling robuses to those who have no patience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special infection for the Church or the world. The trouble is with most young on the develock tefore is is ready, and non ex many sink in the first exclone, Stay in the stops as a subordinate until you are they as it equipped. He a good eme to be an employed Bo content with Nasaroth mutit you are ready for the buffetings of derivation. You may got so gloriously equipped in the thirty years, that you can do more in three years than most men can are inplied in a prolonged lifetime. These little cussional amapt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this world while fain chiefly anxious to have them pre-

All Christ's boyho d was spont in this vik lago and its surroundings. There is the very well, culted "The fountain of the Virein," to which by his mother's side he broke ted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thoument yours This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water women's work. Moores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and ever-lasting aprings rolling out into that well their burrels, their hogsheads of water in flocks, gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by offer groves and wide spares in which people talk and children the against the "exil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue, and searies, and white, and green, neve on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus could have then with, being in humble cire constances, and having no attendants. do not buttere there was one of the surfourting fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their educate did not explore, nor one species of bird flying across the tops that he could not call by name, or one of all the species of faunt browsing on those steeps

You sen it all through His sermon, a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations of discourses you discover his early abareabouts. What a boy sees beburen seven and seventeen always sticks to hing. When the Apostle Poter preaches, you see the fishing note with which he had from his parliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy four hear in it has bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood actended. And in our Lord's sermous and conversations for see all the phases of vihage life, and the mountainous life surrounding the They m after time he orespond Jornsalem!
Jornsalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickme under her wings!" He had seen his mether open the family wardrobe at the okes of summer and the moth millers fring out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt," In child-hood flo has seen a mile of flowers, white as the know, or red as the flame, or blue as the sen, or green as the tractops, and no won-der in His manhood sermon He said, "Conshir the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the temb of Reby bond where now stands the tomb of Neby hemail, he had seen winging past Him so near as almost to therey His nair; the partridge and the hoopee, and the thrush, and the esprey, and the crane, and the reven, and no wonder afterward in a manhood sermon He said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nasareth and on the road to it there are a

out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder he brings afterwards the large quadruped and the small in-out into file sor-mon and, while useing the Pharison enterful about small sins, and reckloss about large once, ories out; "Woe unto you, blind guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow

guides, which strain out a gnat and swallow counci."

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, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepher i goes out in the other direction, and the sheep stealer in another direction, and the sheep stealer in another direction, and each ore calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ years after, preaching on a great occasion and il-lustrating 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 terstranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grape vines. Clip goes the knife, and off fails a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch, and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I can it off?" Then the farmer, "the hars before the farmer that he have the farmer that the says of the says the farmer than the says of the says with his sharp knife, prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other fendril, "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you out 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 purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ, sermons and conversations! When a pig-con descended upon Christ's head at His haptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon He had seen. And then He has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning He could run up a hill near Nasareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascension, and yonder on the east and south—east Mount Gilbon, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and you der in the south is the Plain of Estraelon over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of His boy-hoed in His memory, do you wonder that Christ when he wanted a good pulpit made it out of a mountain-"seeing the multitudes He went up into the mountain." And when He wanted especial communion with took He took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his willowed me ther, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and auger, and vise, and measuring rule, and and drill, and adse, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shoving a plane. He who eleft 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 bed for the ocean, hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A sceptic 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 "No," said the sceptic, "I did not mean ex-actly that, I mean that I will not believe anything you have not seen! Have you a backboner" "Yes," said the sceptic, "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of (tod-head and humanity interjoined I cannot understand, and I cannot explain, but I believe

In about two hours we pres through Cana, the village of Palestine, where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, and 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 empty of the state of the sta barrasment of the housekeeper, 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 beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine, in which was not one drop of intoxicant. We got off our horses and examined some of 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 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 gallons of wine. What was that twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Frohably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is probable that the holise-keeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplust Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young poonle were about to start in the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping, and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nux vomica, in that beverage, and, as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes mountains and seas that keep thousands of years, and certainly He could make a beverage, that would keep four or five years. Among the arks and inventions of the future I hepe there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcohol 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 journey—I travelled through Italy, and Greece; and Egypt, and Palestine and Syris, and Turkey, and how many intexicated peo-

Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills, and a surface that give 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 steps." On and up over mountain sides where, in the latter season, hyacinths and daisies, and phlozes, and anemous kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak, look out on an en-chantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and founded into valleys, and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tonnessee and North Carolina from the top of Look-out Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington, Hail hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ point-ed 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. Aye, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin, between here and Lake Guilee, 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 announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot His word must have seemed the contradic-His word must have seemed the contradic-fion of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been:—Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the supercitious; blessed are the tearless; blessed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; 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 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; Biessed are the pure; Blessed

are the pracemakers; Blessed are the persecuted; Blessed are the falsely reviled. Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with His left hand built Palestine, and with His right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true, Mightiest book of the past! Mightiest book of the future! Monarch of

Hiding from Father,

There is something peculiarly sorrowful to me in the way in which the children of some households slip quietly out of sight when they hear fathers footsteps outside the door. There must be no noise or disorder, no laughing and shouting when father comes home, The children must "lie down" then, for father 'can't bear noise" and disorder "worries" him. Oh, it does, does it? It makes him nervous to hear the baby cry or the children laugh, does it? He likes to have the house perfectly still, does het Well, then, what inder the sun did he ever marry for! didn't be remain in that state of single blessedness peculiarly appropriate to men whom children "worry?" There are so many nice, he laugh of a child is never heard because

children are "not allowed" there.

Men whom children worry ought to forever remain within the walls of these delightful abodes. It would be better for them, and infinitely better for the children that come to them when they marry and establish homes of their own.

I know a great, tall, robust husband and father whose children have to "quiet down" the moment he comes home because their noise makes him "nervous," Poor man! could feel a little sorry for him, perhaps, if I had not often seen him in the Board of Trade building enduring its Bedlam like rack et with perfect self-composure. He is a stock broker and the noisest, loudest mouthed one on the street, but the moment he gets within the doors of his own home herbecomes so nervous that the laughter and childish prattle of his own children is more than he can bear. Sad, isn't it?
It is sad for the children. It cheats them out of so much of the joy of child-hood that

other children know-the romps with father, the rummaging of his pockets to see if he has brought them anything, the climbing into his lap to hug and kiss him, the going "to Boston town" on his foot, the "irot, trot to Banbury Cross," and the feeling dear and sweet to childhood that father loves them and that they can come to him with all their little cares and sorrows. It is sorrowful to see natural, childish affection smothered and rejected and at last killed by a father whose footstep is a signal for his children to hide from the face that ought to be the dearest one in the world to them.

A hose barber says it seems behind the age to have the bay rum, and things in bottles as we do now. It takes lots of time reach for the bottle, tilt it over the customer's head, and then put it back on the shelf. Say the handling of these bottles takes one minute's time for each customer. Suppose each chair has thirty customers a day; there's thirty minutes lost, and in a five-chair shop this would amount to two hours and a haif a day, and of course time is money. What is proposed is a small divided tank over each chair. The separate cham-bers of this tank would be filled with bay rum, hair oil, and so on, which would be be conveyed through flexible tubes attached the tank and suspended over the chair. Then instead of reaching for the bay rum. bottle you would simply press the buttom in the end of the bay rum tube.

A Tolstoi Colony.

A Tolstoi colony.

A Tolstoi colony has just been established in Vishnivolotski, Tver, Russia. The members are mostly aristocratic or wealthy, their chief being a rich land owner. They call themselves the Tolstowji. They work at agriculture all day long. The ladies among them dress like peasant girls and go about barefooted. The police are watching them closely, but so far they have failed to link the cracks with any political movelink the cranks with any political mo

Our Silver Wedding.

The year 1892 will be, not only the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent, but it will be the twents-fifth anniversary of the Brit.sh North American provinces confederation. The "silver wedting" of the Dominion is an important event our history and should not be allowed to see unoiseeved. The year also marks the entennial of the meeting of the Legislature of the Frovinces of Upper and Lower Canabarts under the Quebec Act, thinse being the first of the colonies granted a legislature by the Imperial Parliament. Canadians have very reason to be proud of the progress of seir country, in the past quarter of a canabart, and of top important position it holds on these continent and in the British Empire—Actor Free Free. anniversary of the British North America

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

JOE HESS AT WORK .- Mr. Joseph F. Hess the well known temperance missioner, revisiting many of the places of his former triumphs on behalf of temperance, has the cheering exiperience that many—perhaps most—of those who have been reclaimed through his instrumentality are yet true and firm "in the fatth." Of one town he writes us, "Of forty-five toughs who signed here, only one has gone back."

This is indeed good news, better, we openly confess, than we had reason to hope. We are always a little afraid of revivals, lest the work, a few months afterward should there seems to be unusual permanency and ''stay," and we are pleased to make this acknowledgment of the testimony of facts, whose evidence fools only dispute.—Canada Citizen.

From the very beginning of her ministry, Mrs. General Booth, lately decessed, was an unflinching advocate of testotatism and to her influence is due the acceptance of the rule Salvation Army any one who partakes of in-toxicating liquors. Each man and woman, boy and girl of the entire force is a piedged hater of alcohol in every form. This pledge has been the means of cutting of the new recruits from old companions who loved the strong drink and keeping them loyal to the Army of their adoption. "Mind, Herbert," Mrs Booth said to one of her sons "let my coffin he a plate one, for I want it to preach the same sermon as my bonnet." The unspoken sermon has been reverently listened to by hundreds of thousands of all sorts and conditions of men and women in all parts of the world .- The Citizen.

PLAYING FOOL.—An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask. "Is you got?" Smith you goin' down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in wain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered by the falling off of his customers, and the growing wants of his household. He resolved again wants of his household. He resolved again wants of his household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weekly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaimed; "No work again to day; what I'm to do I don't know." "Why, paps," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more!" "O hush, you poor child!" grouned his father, shame stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played foot too much already." But he never played it again, and to day his home is comfertable and happy once more.—The Citizen.

Political Atneism.

THE WAILINGS OF THE PESSIMISTS INJUR-ING THE BUSINESS OF OUR MER-CHANTS.

Sir, - Will you tell me, said a prominent country merchant the other day, why

the Globe and other Grit papers persist opposite Ma day after day in writing down this couptry? To give you an idea how it works. There is a customer of mine, a farmer, he is well off, he has already sold \$1,000 worth of stuff, his fruit alone sold for \$300. There is no mortgage against his place, he ought to be one of the happiest men in this sounty. I was trying to sell him an overcoat and a fur cap a while ago-his wife told me she was ashamed to be seen on the street with him all in rags. I couldn't sell him a dollar's worth poverty is in store for every farmer in Canada. The McKinley bill has closed our only market, and nothing but starva-

Now, sir, this kind of newspaper writing is wrong, and is is doing the merchants and everybody else a serious injury. This the third regular customer in Do not be mis-led by those housetwo weeks-all grite-who have refused to buy their regular fall and winter goods from us on account of this starvation and

poverty ery.

This kind of writing has the same effect on men as atherem. It deadens life. It makes men wretched and diseatisfied now, and blasts their bopes in the future of the

I am a Retormer myselt, but I take no stock in any journal or party who run down our country for political purposes; if every word was true, it's bad policy.

It's this kind of teeling which runs half the men in Canada—want of confidence in their town and the country around it. We can almost tell a farmer who reads the Globe by his long face and miserable, hopetess, helpless look.

Ah! you see that jolly red-faced little

woman there, just going out. She and her bushand come from England with £100. To-day they own a farm worth \$8,000. We sold her \$40 worth of goods this morning. Her husband is a moderate Conservative—he takes The Empire, not that he is any better for that-bu anything is better than the teaching of the Globe these days. They were laugh-ing and joking this morning about the McKinley bill. They are both loyalists. They live well, evjoy a real happy life. She thicks there is no home like her own, and no land on earth so peaceful, so happy, as that land we live in. Yours, etc.,

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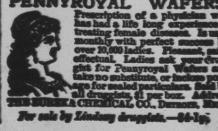
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