

teachers when expounding the Scriptures. All eyes fixed on Him.

II. *The Carpenter's Son's Claim.*—The message of mercy and love read as His text. The opening words of His sermon are alone given. No doubt he explained the passage, and showed how wonderfully it was fulfilled in Himself. Who were His congregation? Just the common people of a small town, many of whom had known Him from His youth. To them He tells the good news—that the time of release from the worst slavery is at hand, that those who are "tied and bound with the chains of sin" may be loosed, those in darkness may have light, those who are "weary and heavy laden" may have rest. Who is to bring all these blessings? One "anointed" by God's Spirit, the Christ! the Messiah! And when? (verse 21.) Now "this day." Then He must mean that He is the Messiah!

III. *The Carpenter's Son Rejected.*—What do His hearers think of it all? They like the "words of grace" spoken in such a winning way, they admire His power and eloquence. They are fascinated at first. But alas! their hearts remained unchanged, and ere long you can notice the altered looks—murmurs. What! He—the carpenter—He set Himself up to be God's Messiah! Jesus voiced their thoughts for them. He knew that jealous feelings were aroused, because He had not done His miracles there first. Notice the two instances He gives in which prophets, not being honored in their own country, conferred their blessings on strangers. This maddens them. Does this carpenter compare Himself to Elijah? See what their rage leads them to do; forgetting time, place, everything, the whole congregation springing up, seize the gentle Jesus, drag Him out, along the streets to the edge of the cliff, that they may hurl Him down to be dashed to pieces. Suddenly—He is gone! Where? None can tell! So they have seen a miracle, but—it has separated them from their Saviour.

How are we like these Nazarenes?

(a) The same Saviour comes to us with the same Gospel. Have we not the same wants? see Prov. viii. 17, 18; S. John xiv. 18, 27; Acts xxvi. 18; Phil. iv. 19.

(b) Perhaps a likeness in another way for some. They rejected Jesus, we may do so without going so far as they did, by simply neglecting Him. S. John i. 11.

(c) What made them reject Him? May not this rage of the Nazarenes warn us to what we may come if we have been familiar with Him—in His word, and church, and sacraments—and yet have never learnt truly to love Him and believe in Him.

WANTED TO BE HEARD FROM.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, anti-septic, cleansing and healing.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A filial spirit: "Father."
A catholic spirit: "Our Father."
A reverential spirit: "Hallowed be thy name."
A missionary spirit: "Thy kingdom come."
An obedient spirit: "Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven."
A forgiving spirit: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."
A faithful and adoring spirit: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen."

THE CONSECRATION OF SELF.

"For their sakes I sanctify myself." These words mark one's highest—no, one's only—hope of not failing utterly in the trust God has given us. "For their sakes I consecrate myself." For the sake of those whom God has set me to teach and guide; for the sake of those whom, whether I wish it or no, whether I am conscious of it or unconscious, my life must tell; for the sake of my pupils; for the sake of my home—I consecrate myself. I may be able to do nothing else at all for them, but I can do this: I can seek, with frank and sharp self-scrutiny, with true contrition, to purify my soul by God's forgiveness; I

can, thorough Christ my Lord, falteringly it may be, yet not quite insincerely, dedicate myself day after day to him; I can try to submit my life to the grace and guidance of the Holy Spirit. I can do this, not because of any virtue, any strength that is in me—but because his power and his love are infinite, and his compassion fails not; because he himself has promised to dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—*The Hallowing of Work.*

THE OMNISCIENT GUARDIAN.

A painter named Leach died recently in England. When a boy he attended a large boarding school. It was not customary for the parents to visit their children at school; but the loving mother felt such a strong desire to see her son that she arranged this plan: All around the playground of the school were high blocks of buildings. Mrs. Leach hired an upper room in one of these. Into this room she went every time she came to the city, and there, from the window, looked down upon the happy little fellows below. One among them all her fond eye would seek out. He did not know that any one was looking down upon him. He did not think that his best friend on earth was so near; that if he had spoken her name, she would have answered him at once: but on he went with his play, while that tear-dimmed eye followed him wherever he moved. She was an emblem of our ever-watchful God.—*Biblical Museum.*

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make their home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they should pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions—depends upon you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Appelton's Journal.*

VALUE OF READING.

Reading is an educator; whether it is a good or bad educator depends on what you read. Read good literature. The best books are within reach of the most meagre purse. Your trouble is perhaps not want of money, but want of time. No! We all have time to learn if we have wisdom enough to use the fragments of our time. Henry Ward Beecher used to read between the courses at the dinner-table, and, when he got interested in his book, would take it for dessert. Hugh Miller lay prone before the fire studying while his companions were whiling away the time in idle jests and stories. Schliemann, as a boy, standing in queue at the post office and waiting his turn for letters, utilized his time by studying Greek from a little pocket grammar in his hand. The man who uses his fragments of time has nearly one month more in the year than his neighbor, who is wasteful of the precious commodity.—*Irish Advocate.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TORONTO MAMMOTH SEED ESTABLISHMENT.—We have just received the most handsome Canadian Seed Catalogue we have yet seen; it is issued by The Steele Bros. Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, and contains description and prices of everything in seeds, roses, climbing vines, flowering bulbs and grapes; a book of 112 pages, profusely illustrated, has also a chromo-lithograph plate, showing four varieties of their "New Art Collection of Flower Seeds." New and rare novelties in flower, vegetable and field seeds occupy a large portion of the work. This firm occupy the Mammoth Seed House, corner Front and Jarvis streets, next City Hall, where they do an immense Wholesale and Retail Seed trade, doing business from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We bespeak for this house the patronage of all who are desirous of buying first-class seeds and encouraging Canadian enterprise. Send your address for a catalogue, they are mailed free.

FOR SWOLLEN FEET.—Bakers and others whose work keeps them standing a great deal, are often troubled with chafed, sore, and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortably their shoes may fit. The *Scientific American* calls attention to a powder used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldiers, called "Fusstreupulver." It consists of 8 parts salicylic acid, 10 parts starch, and 87 parts pulverized soapstone. It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing, and rapidly heals sore spots. Finely pulverized soapstone alone is very good.

Is there anything more unsatisfactory than a perfect house, perfect grounds, art and nature brought into the most absolute harmony of taste and culture? What more can a man do with it? What satisfaction has a man in it if he really gets to the end of his power to improve it? There have been such nearly ideal places, and how strong nature, always working against man and in the interest of untamed wilderness, likes to riot in them and reduce them to picturesque destruction! And what sweet sadness, pathos, romantic suggestion, the human mind find in such ruin! And a society that has attained its end in all possible culture, entire refinement in manners, in tastes, in the art of elegant intellectual and luxurious living—is there nothing pathetic in that? Where is the primeval, heroic force that made the joy of living in the rough old uncivilized days? Even throw in goodness, a certain amount of altruism, gentleness, warm interest in unfortunate humanity—is the situation much improved? London is probably the most civilized centre the world has ever seen; there are gathered more of the elements of that which we reckon the best.—Where in history unless someone puts in a claim for the Frenchman, shall we find a man so nearly approaching the standard we have set up for civilization as the Englishman, refined by inheritance and tradition, educated almost beyond the disturbance of enthusiasm, and cultivated beyond the chance of surprise? We are speaking of the highest type in manner, information, training, in the acquisition of what the world has to give. It is possible that our highest civilization has lost something of the rough and admirable element that we admire in the heroes of Homer and Elizabeth? What is this London, the most civilized city ever known? Why, a considerable part of its population is more barbarous, more hopelessly barbarous, than any wild race we know, because they are the barbarians of civilization, the refuse and slang of it, if we dare say that of any humanity.—More hopeless, because the virility of savagery has measurably gone out of it. We can do something with a degraded race of savages, if it has any stamina in it. What can be done with those who are described as "East Londoners?"—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

A boy should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which in other words means that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.