



"Let men of every color, and men of every clime, Ring out the glorious anthem and the grand old Christmas chime, And in a flowing bumper we will

drink before we go To the gallant boy that kissed his girl beneath the mistletoe. A merry, merry Christmas, and good cheer to one and all."

In joyous tones goes ringing clear through palace, cot and hall; "Let everyone be happy, light-hearted, glad and gay, For the merriest day in all the year is royal Christmas Day."

# You Need Patience

Less of This Grace in the World Than Any Other—An Admirable Virtue.

Washington report—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful Text, Hebrews x, 36: "Ye have need of patience."

Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abundant in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, or a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a co-worker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student Timothy, I conclude he was speaking of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. In his imprisonment, in his long and arduous journey, in his wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs—those at the door of a theater and those on the street—Mara Hill, left him emaciated and invalid with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snapshot of himself when he describes his appearance and his somber delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyes when speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says, "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

We admire that most which we have least of. Those of us with unimpressive visage most admire beauty; those of us with discordant voice most extol musical cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible appreciate in others the equanimity and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with his hands full of the agonies of a lifetime, writes of the "God of patience," and of "ministers of God in much patience" and of "patience of hope," and tells them to "follow after patience," and wants them to "run with patience," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the startling charge, "Ye have need of patience."

Some of the people ordinarily most excellent have a deficit in this respect. That man who is the impersonation of amiability, his mouth full of soft words and his face a spring morning, if a passing cloud splash the mud across his broadcloth see how he colors up and hear him denounce the passing jehu. The Christian woman, an angel of suavity, now that some social slight is put upon her or her family, hear how her utterance increases in intensity. One of the ablest and best ministers of the gospel in America, stopping at a hotel in a town where he had an evening engagement, was interrupted in his afternoon nap by a knock at the door by a minister who had come to welcome him, and after the second and third knock the sleeper opened the door and took the intruder by the collar and twisted it with a force that, if continued, would have been strangulation. Oh, it is easy enough to be patient when there is nothing to be impatient about.

Do not boast that you are placid and optimistic and free from the spirit of scold. If those who are unfortunate could change lots with you they would be just as sunny. It is not wisdom that makes you so happy, but capacity to discard your food in three hours and enough coupons cut off to meet all your expenses, and complimentary mention, and capacity to lead your horses in the stable because you need a brisk walk down the avenue. The recording angel making a pen out of some plume of a bird of paradise is not getting ready to write opposite your name anything complimentary. All the sublime equilibrium of imperturbability is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you as they sometimes do. Under the harrowing workings you get a disagreeable feeling at the base of your brain, insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your berth goes down with your fortune. Your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were pressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you, now the card basket in your hallway is empty and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription.

Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage where you need something to rest yourself upon. But I know of a reinforcement that you can have if you will accept it. You can have the word of the sidewalk messenger of God. Her attitude is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel,

but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that were popular with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietness in her manner and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you should run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should you so severely exhort those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves we ought to be lenient with our neighbor's imperfections. Yet it is often the case that the man most vulnerable is the most hypocritical. Perhaps he is profane, and yet has no tolerance for those who are profane. He is a thief, for while the latter is robbing a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction, and yet feels himself betrayed by some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst and of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at his side burnished like a looking glass, so that those that approached that laver might see their need of moral cleansing we would be more eomic of our denunciation.

But here comes a warm-hearted, sympathetic, Christian man. He says, "There is a man down in the ditch. I must get him out. God help me to get him out." And standing there on the edge of the ditch the good man soliloquizes and says to himself, "If I had had as bad a father and mother as he had and all the surroundings of my life had been as depraving as those that have cursed him, myself would probably have been down in the ditch, and if that man had been blessed with as good a father and mother as I have and had been surrounded by the kindly influences which have encompassed all my days he would probably have been standing here looking down at me in the ditch." Then the good man puts his knee to the side of the ditch and bends over and says to the fallen one, "Friend, give me your hand," and with one stout grip he lifts him up to God and heaven. There are wounds of the world that need the probe and the sharp knife and severe surgery, but the most of the wounds want an application of ointment or salve, and we ought to have three or four boxes of that gospel ointment in our pocket as we go out into the world. We all need to carry more of the "balm of Gilead" and less of the "balm of Goshen." When I find a profane Christian man harsh and merciless in his estimates of others, I silently wonder if he has not been misusing trust funds or beating his wife. There is something awful the matter with him.

Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflicted, and who escapes it, in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own name declaring they did not say this or did not do that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot by any newspaper puff be taken for more than you are worth nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society, you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you cannot escape their reprehension. Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience."

I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you. Cheerfully consent to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve him or damage his cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will quit your heart, and you will come into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood being on the earth stood before the earth was the glorious Christ. The world misunderstood his cradle and concluded that one so poorly born could never be of much importance. They charged him with inebrity and called him a winebibber. The sanhedrin misunder-

stood him, and when it was put to the vote whether he was guilty or not of treason he got but one vote, while all the others voted "Aye." They misunderstood his cross and concluded that if he had divine powers he would effect his own rescue. They misunderstood his grave and declared that his body had been stolen by infatuated resurrectionists. He so fully consented to be misunderstood that, harried and slapped and submerged with scorn, he answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

Again, this grace is needed to help in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subjects to occasional paroxysms! Almost every one has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism or neuralgia or sick headache or indigestion. A draft from an open window or a heavy meal or long overwork brings on the old spell, and you think you would rather almost have anything else, but that is because you have not tried the other. Almost every one has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases that prey to attack the human frame. The doctors with solutions and lancets and anodynes and cataplasms are in a brave fight against these physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But the scientist can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sick room and along the streets and in business places and shops where breadwinners are compelled to toll when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures or control a shovel. But every pastor could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to the hospital or to that hospital or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking chair or lies upon a pillow some one who has not seen a well day in ten years, and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it the one for the safety of your soul never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic.

Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf and banish worry and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied wrinkles in your face and accidulated your disposition, and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be. The grace of God for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the merits of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well established life insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of fire, flood, or demise. The sanitary influence of such insurance is not sufficiently understood.

Many a breadwinner long since deceased would now have been alive had he not been the reason that when he was prostrated his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety would have kept best physicians could do. Supposing these two duties attended to, in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. There are enough in the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes in long meter. Far better to have your patience cemented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate. Hardly any one lives to 100 years, but few live to 80, while the majority quit this life before you ought to be able, God helping you, to stand it as long as that, for then, by the grace of God, you will move into an improved residence and be compassed by all benign and excellent surroundings.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow, Inc., four overhanging torrents of lava and four volcanic cones. I stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices, "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river semicircles it with its brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of vainglorious pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces, which surrendered without one shot of resistance because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept and his pillow, which must have been very fine, for, oh, how short his stay! Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snow-strewn under which 50,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. To-day, while I speak, we come on a

high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with victories, but to-day we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rattle of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the twelve gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in heaven, for she needs no heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long suffering Patience, will at that gate say, "Good-by! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the realms of heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XII  
DECEMBER 23, 1900.

Christmas Lesson.—Matt. 2: 1-11.  
Commentary.—1. When Jesus was born—The date of the birth of Christ is uncertain, but the generally accepted date is December 25, B. C. 5. He was born four years from the time from which we count his birth in our common reckoning. In Bethlehem of Judea—To distinguish it from Bethlehem in Galilee, mentioned in Joshua xix, 15. In the days of Herod—Herod the Great. He was an Edomite, and, although a proselyte to the Jewish religion, was notorious for his wickedness and cruelty. He reigned 37 years in Judea, and died a few months after the birth of Christ. He was the father of Herod Antipas, who put to death John the Baptist, and to whom Pilate sent our Lord at the time of his crucifixion. From the East—Perhaps from Media or Persia, or, possibly, from Arabia. Lew Wallace supposes there were three men—an Egyptian, a Hindu and a Greek, who were brought together in the desert by the Spirit of God, and who thence journeyed in company, being

place for Him to be born in who is the true bread which came down from heaven.—Henry. Art in no wise least R. V.—Miche says, "Though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." The prince.—The thousands.—Miche v. 2. The tribe.—The tribe was subdivided into thousands, and over each subdivision there was a chieftain or prince.—Morian. A governor.—To control and rule. Which shall be shepherd (R. V.)—To feed and care for, as shepherd his flock. This governor who controls is also a tender shepherd. Christ is both shepherd and king.  
7. Privily called this wise man.—He desired to keep the time of his birth as secret as possible lest the Jews who hated Him should take occasion to rebel. A short time before this 6,000 Pharisees had refused to take the oath of allegiance to him. Inquired of them diligently.—Learned of them carefully.—R. V. He inquired of them the exact time and received positive information as to the time the star appeared.  
8. He sent them.—He assumed control but they followed the sections of the Lord. Search diligently.—Herod was honest in making this charge to them, he greatly desired to receive definite word concerning the new King. And worship Him also.—Worship Him. He only wished to find out the child in order to murder it.  
9. The star.—The star went before them. The same star which they had seen in their own country now again appears. The star had disappeared for a time and this led them to inquire in Jerusalem for the young King whom they sought.  
10. They rejoiced.—The Greek is very emphatic. They rejoiced exceedingly, because they saw they were about to find the child, and because they had such unmistakable proof of being in divine order. That alone is enough to cause any man to rejoice.  
11. Into the house.—They had left the stable that they were forced to temporarily occupy at the time of Christ's birth (Luke ii, 7), and were living in a house. Fell down.—they prostrated themselves before him according to the custom of the East. In this act the person kneels, and puts his head between his knees, his forehead at the same time touching the ground.



practical survey.  
The Word of God stands alone and unapproachable in the use of language at once simple and sublime. He is come whose advent had been foretold since the world began, for whom prophets and kings had waited long, and died without the sight, the concerning whom Isaiah prophesied:—"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."  
We are told by historians of antiquity that the star which was expected through the whole East, that about that time a king was to arise in Judea who should rule all the world. Centuries before the prophecy had been written, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." Thus evermore do God's Word and His Holy Spirit unite and agree to lead His children in plain paths, and to reveal unto them Jesus, Herod, filled with the spirit of jealousy and murder, seeking the young child to destroy him, was used of God to hasten these devout men on their way, but not suffered to touch "His anointed." Surely the wrath of man shall give thee rest; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Psal. lxxvi, 10.  
Jesus might have chosen to be born in a palace, but He came in the lowliest guise. "He humbled Himself." His cradle a manger, his birth-place the humble village of Bethlehem, his parents though of royal blood, yet poor; for when sacrifice was made for Him in the temple, according to the Levitical law, the offering was that required of the poor—"a pair of turtle doves." "Though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through His poverty might be made rich."  
The wise men, with a faith unshaken at sight of the humble surroundings of the Divine One, worshipped and presented their treasure. Treasure is that which is esteemed as very precious. "I will give Himself for us." Love gives all and demands all. The story is told of a Maravian missionary who went to the West Indies to preach the gospel to the slaves. He found them at work early in the morning and late at night, and too weary to listen to his message. He went and sold himself to their master and, as one of the slave gang, shared their toil and suffering, won their confidence, and preached unto them Jesus. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."—Mrs. J. E. Coleman.

ing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry Goddy. I go back to the world from which you came up, to resume my tour among capitalists and sick rooms, and bereft households, and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go as assuage and comfort and sustain, until I see world itself express, and on all its mountains, and in all its valleys, and on all its plains, there is not one soul left that has need of Patience."

### Leading Wheat Markets.

Following are the closing quotations at important wheat centres to-day—

	Cash.	May.
Chicago	80 1/2	\$0 74
St. Louis	79 1/2	79 3/8
Milwaukee	79 1/2	79 3/8
St. Paul	79 1/2	79 3/8
Toledo	79 1/2	79 3/8
Detroit, red	77 3/4	80 1/2
Detroit, white	77 3/4	80 1/2
Duluth, No. 1	77 1/2	75 1/8
Duluth, No. 1 hard	73 1/2	71 1/2
Mineapolis, No. 1	74 1/2	74 1/2

### Crops in Russia.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 10.—The official estimates for this year's winter and spring crops in 64 departments of European Russia are as follows:—Wheat, 65,800,000 poods; rye, 1,401,700,000 poods, and oats, 721,600,000 poods.

### Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—600 bushels of white sold steady to 1-2c lower at 67c to 67 1/2c, 200 bushels of red steady to 1-2c lower at 67 1-2c to 68c, 1,000 bushels of good 1-2c lower at 61c, and 100 bushels of spring unchanged at 61c.

Barley—1,800 bushels sold rather easier at 40c to 43 1-2c.

Rye—One load sold 1c lower at 51c per bushel.

Oats—900 bushels sold steady to 1-2c higher at 29c to 30c.

Hay and straw—Hay was plentiful and the market was steady. Twenty-five loads sold unchanged at \$13 to \$14 per ton. One load of loose straw sold for \$7.

Dressed Hogs—Offerings are small and the market is not active. Prices are steady and unchanged at \$7 to \$7 40c per cwt.

Butter—Pound rolls of dairy are coming forward a little more freely, and the market is easier. There is not a great demand. Twenty cents to 22c is the range to-day.

### Manitoba Grain Markets.

In the local markets trade has been quiet, though the river is open at Fort William navigation is practically closed, the large lake is gradually cleared on the first inst. There has been a difficulty in getting sufficient lake space towards the end of the season, which has operated against the value of wheat in this market. The price of No. 3 hard has ranged between 65 and 66c, the lower price being struck on Thursday, when there was a drop of a cent in American markets. Yesterday the price was 65 1-2c to 65 1-2c, with January delivery buyers at 66c and May 70c. Tough wheat is not much wanted, in fact at times no buyers can be found for it. The Ontario milling trade does not seem to care for our No. 3 hard or lower grades, besides that market is easily filled up at any time. Whether such wheat can be exported at present prices will depend on freight rates and the course of the outside market. Buyers at present are inclined to go slow until they have further information to go by. Prices at close of business are as follows:—No. 1 hard 77c, No. 2 hard 77 1-2c, No. 3 hard 65 1-2c, No. 3 northern 62c, tough No. 2 hard 67c, tough No. 3 hard 61 1-2c, and tough No. 3 northern 59c, all in store at Fort William. The local market was very weak on the break at other centres. No. 3 hard was offered at 65c, but at the close it would be hard to have for buyers at over 61 1-2c, which was the answer to Herod's question for it was an accepted truth that the Messiah must come from Bethlehem. The Bethlehem Bethlehem market reflects the loss of an old, the first

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