

STORY OF THE INCARNATION.

TOLD IN A NEW AND PRACTICAL WAY BY OR. TRALAGE.

A SERMON FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sunshine and Shadow on the Cradle of the Light of the World-Practical Uses of Religious Festival Days-A Doll Text Full of Startling and Eternal Interest.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The story of the incarnation is here told by Dr. Tralage in a new way, and practical use is made of these days of festivity; text, Matthew 1, 17, "So all the generations from Abraham to David are 14 generations, and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are 14 generations, and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are 14 generations."

From what many consider the dull and most unimportant chapter of the New Testament I take my text and find it full of practical, startling and eternal interest. This chapter is the front door of the New Testament, through which all the splendor of evangelism and apostolicity enter. Three times 14 generations are spoken of in my text—that is, 42 generations, reaching down to Christ. They all had relation to him. And at least 42 generations must affect us. If they were good, we feel the result of the goodness. If they were bad, we feel the results of their wickedness. If some were good and some were bad, it is an intermingling influence that puts its mighty hand upon us. And as we feel the effect of at least 42 generations past we will in turn influence at least 42 generations to come. If the world shall last 1,000 years. So you see the cradle is more important than the grave.

I propose to show you some of the shadows upon the cradle of Bethlehem and then the sunshine that poured in upon the pillow of straw. Notice among the shadows on that infant's bed that there was here and there a specimen of dissolute ancestry. Beautiful Ruth his ancestress? Oh, yes! Devout Aza one of his forefathers? Oh, yes! Honest Joseph his father? Oh, yes! Holy Mary his mother? Oh, yes! But in that genealogical table were idolatrous and cruel Ammon and oppressive Reuben and some men whose abominations may not be particularized. So you see bad men may have good descendants. One of the most consecrated men I ever knew was the son of a man who lived and died a blasphemer. In the line of a progressive Reuben comes a gracious and merciful and glorious Christ. Great encouragement for those who had in the 42 generations that preceded them, however close by or however far back, some instances of pernicious and baleful and corrupt ancestry.

To my amazement I found in those parts of Australia to which many years ago felons were transported from England that the percentage of crime was less than in those parts of Australia originally settled by honest men and good women. Some who are now on judicial benches in Australia and in high governmental position and in learned and useful professions and leaders in social life and the grandsons and granddaughters of men and women who were exiled from Great Britain to Australia for arson and theft and assault and fraud and murder.

Since we are all more or less affected by our ancestry we ought to be patient with those who wrong, remembering that they may be the victims of unhappy antecedents. How lenient it ought to make us in our judgments of the fallen! Perhaps they had 42 generations back of them pushing them the wrong way. Five hundred years before they were born there may have been a percentage of iniquity augmented by a corrupt parentage 200 years ago. Do not blame a man because he cannot swim, nor the rapids of Niagara. Do not blame a ship captain because he cannot out-ride a Caribbean whirlwind. The fathers of this man who does wrong may have been all right and his mother all right, but away back in the centuries there may have started a bad propensity which he now feels. One of the Ten Commandments given on Mount Sinai recognizes the fact that evil may skip a generation, when the commandment speaks of visiting "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but says nothing about the second generation; and if evil may skip one generation why not two and three and four and five generations, making a mighty leap and alighting very hard upon the head and the heart of some poor victim? Better be a little merciful towards the culprit lest after a while some hereditary evil born in the year 1800 or 1700, having skipped the centuries, alight just as heavy upon you.

Another shadow on the cradle was that it stood under a depraved king. Herod was at that time ruler and the complete imperator of all deprivities. It was an unfavorable time for innocence to expect good treatment.

Historians say that it was at a time of peace that Christ was born, but his birth aroused an antagonism of which the Bethlehem massacre was only a feeble expression. War of the mightiest nature of the earth opened against that cradle! The audience that came forth that night from that surrounding of camels and sheep and oxen challenged the iniquities of all the centuries and will not cease until it has destroyed them. What a pronouncement went forth from that black and barbarian throne, prophesying, "Stay all the babes under 2 years of age, and that wide slaughter will surely include the death of the one most precious and most threatens my dominion! Awful time was it for the occupant of that cradle! If he escape the knife of the assassin, then the wild beast's paw, or the bandit's clutch, or the mid-

night chill between Bethlehem of Judaea and Cairo, will secure his destruction. All the powers of earth and all the demons of hell bombarded that cradle.

Another shadow upon that cradle was the obscurity of the place of birth. Bethlehem was an obscure village. David, the shepherd boy, had been born there, but after he became general and king he gave it no significance, I think never mentioning it but to ask for a drink of water out of the old well to which he used to go in childhood—the village so small and unimportant that it had to be separated in mind from another Bethlehem then existing and so was called Bethlehem of Judaea. There was a great capital of Jerusalem; there were the 15 beautiful cities on the beach of Galilee, any of them a good place to be born in; there were great towns famous at that time, but the natives who day celebrate was in a village which Christ intimated had been called by some "the least among the princes of Judah." Christ himself never mentions the town famous for all time and all eternity. So heroes in later days by their deeds have given celebrity to neighborhoods that would never otherwise have been heard of beyond the radius of a few hundred miles. What a place for Christ to arrive at and to start from! The hero of the eternities!

O men and women of Messianic opportunity, why do you not make the place of your nativity memorable for your philanthropies—by the churches you build, the free libraries you open, the college you endow? Go back to the village where you were born, as George Peabody went back to Danvers, Mass., and with your wealth bless the neighborhood where in childhood you played and near by where your father and mother sleep the last sleep. By some such charity the Bethlehem angels will come back again, and over the plain house of your nativity ring out the old anthem of "Good will to men." Christ, born in an obscure place, made it so widely known by his self-sacrifices and divine charity that all around the earth the village of Bethlehem has its name woven in garlands and chanted in "Te Deums" and built in houses of prayer.

It was while the peasant and his wife were on a visit for purposes of enrollment that Jesus was born. The Bible translators got the wrong word when they said that Joseph and Mary had gone to Bethlehem to be "taxed." People went no farther than to get taxed than they do now. The effort of most people always has been to escape taxation. Besides that, these two humble folk had nothing to tax. The man's urban property was the limestone rock, which was not worth taxing; the woman's sandals which kept her feet from being cut by the limestone rocks, which Bethlehem is mostly made up of, were not worth taxing. No; the fact is that a proclamation had been made by the emperor that all the people between Great Britain and Parthia and of those lands included should go to some appointed place and give their names in the register, and announce their loyalty to the Roman emperor. During that patriotic and loyal visit the first cry of the Divine Boy was heard.

They had walked 80 miles over a rough road to give in their names and take the oath of allegiance. Would we walk 80 miles to announce our allegiance to our King, one Jesus? Caesar Augustus wanted to know by the records on which that man and that woman wrote their names, or had them written, just how many people in his empire he could depend on in case of exigency. In all our churches there are so many half and half disciples, so many one-third secessors. They rather think the Bible is true at any rate, parts of it, and they hope that somehow Christianity will disenthrall the nations. They stay away from church on communion days and hope when they have lived as long as they can in this world they can somehow sneak into heaven. Oh, give your names! Be registered on the church record down here and in the Lamb's Book of Life up there. Let all the world know where you stand, let you have to go as far as Joseph and Mary walked, if you have to go 80 miles before you find the right form of words and just the right creed, start in this modern December, as those villagers started in an ancient December, and amid the congratulations of church militant and church triumphant give in your names. It was while Joseph and Mary were on a visit of duty, obeying a reasonable command of Emperor Augustus that the star pointed to the place of nativity.

Another beam of sunshine striking through the shadows above that cradle was the fact of a special divine protection. Herod was determined upon the child's destruction. The monster put all his wits together in stratagem for the stopping of that young life just started. He dramatized piety. He suddenly got religious. He would leave his palace and take chariot and have steeds whipped up so that he could kneel at that cradle. We have to smile at what the imperial villain said when he ordered, "Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word, that I may go and worship him also." All the detectives he sent out failed in the search. You cannot reasonably account for that unhurt cradle except on the theory of a special divine protection. And most cradles are likewise defended. Can you understand why so many children, with all the epidemics that assail them and all their climbing to dangerous heights and all their perilous experiments with explosives and their running against horses' hoofs and darning of trolleys and carts fast driven, yet somehow get through, especially boys of high spirit and that are going to amount to much? I account for their coming through all right, with only a few wounds and bruises, by the fact that they are divinely protected. All your charges of "Don't do this" and "Don't do that" and "Don't go there" seem to amount to nothing. They are the same reckless creatures about whom you are constantly anxious and wondering what is the

matter now. Divinely protected! The man of your time and age but for that, have been dead long ago but for that.

Another gleam of light scattering some of the gloom of that Christic pillow in Bethlehem was the fact that it was the starting place of the most wonderful of all careers. Looking at Christ's life from mere worldly standpoint, he was amazingly beyond all capacity of pen or tongue or canvas to express. Without taking a year's curriculum in any college or even a day at any school, yet saying things that the mightiest intellects of subsequent days have quoted and tried to expound. Great literary works have for the most part been the result of much elaboration. Edmund Burke rewrote the conclusion of his speech against Warren Hastings 16 times. Lord Brougham rewrote his speech in behalf of Queen Caroline 20 times, but the sermon on the mount seemed extemporaneous. Christ was eloquent without ever having studied one of the laws of oratory. He was the greatest orator that ever lived. It was not eloquence Demosthenic or Ciceroic or like that of Jean Baptiste Massillon or like that which William Wirt, himself a great orator, was overcome with in log cabin meeting houses of Virginia when the blind preacher cried out in his sermon, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

Christ's oratory was unlike anything that went before or came after. Even the criticism of the world said, "Never man spoke like this man. Dramatic? Why he took up a child out of the audience and sat him on a table and by the embarrassed look of the child taught humility. He sent the prosecutors of a poor, single father, who had been driven out of the room by one sentence of sarcasm. Notice his power of emphasis and enunciation when he re-voiced the hypocrite's cry, "If any man will be first he must be last." His power of hyperbole: A camel trying to crowd its hump through the eye of a sewing woman's needle and all that learned talk about a gate called the needle's eye, only belittling the hyperbole. Power of sarcasm: The hypocrite styled by him "the whole world being none other than a Pharisee." His power of peroration: The crashing of the timbers of the poorly built house on the beach of the Mediterranean to take advantage of circumstances: When an auditor asked him whether they ought to pay taxes to Caesar, Christ practically said, "If any gentleman in this audience has in his pocket a Roman penny, I wish he would just hand it up to me. And someone who had a Roman penny, handed one to the speaker, and then came the overwhelming answer of Christ, "Render to Caesar the things that are God's, and to God the things that are God's."

So I have shown you the shadows and the sunshine of this Christic cradle in Bethlehem. In these Christmas times, realize that there are many cradles under shadows. Oh, the story of empty cradles all up and down in cabins and in garrets or in stercoraceous cradles that will never rock again. Rachel mourns for her children and will not be comforted because they are not. But through all the shadows break gleams of sunshine, as the clouds of a Christic cradle were lifted by glorious light. Escaped from the struggles through which we have all passed and am not yet past, those who look heaven at one bound. Instead of an earthly career it is a heavenly career, with capacities, with opportunities, with a life beyond our comprehension. Instead of celebrating on earth the Saviour's birth they stand in the Saviour's presence, and amidst the celebrations of the old homestead it is to them eternal jubilee at a table where the angels of God are the cupbearers and amid the festivities that resound with a laughter and a music and a blaze with a brilliance and a glory "that no hath not seen nor ear heard, nor use in wishing them a merry Christmas, for the increments of heaven ring out upon men and angels alike, and there is no open, amid pleasures that never die. Oh, it is not a dull heaven, but a lively heaven, for there are so many hovering about the cradle, that the streets; they look out of the "House of Many Mansions," they stand on the beach to see the fleetest cast anchor within the harbor; they crowd the folks with greetings when the old folks come in; they clap their hands in the streets; they dance in an eternal gladness. See you not the sunshine that pours into the shadows of that cradle until they are all gone? But the shadows have their uses. There must be a background to every good picture. Turner always put at least one fleck of cloud on his canvases, and the clouds of earth will be the background to bring out more mightily the brightness of heaven. And will it not be glorious if after all this scene of earthly vicissitude we meet again in our Father's house and talk over the past in an everlasting holiday? But meanwhile look out for the cradle. How much they decide for this world and the next! When Christ was born at Bethlehem, that decided the redemption of the world. Oh, look out for the cradles! May a Bethlehem star of hope point down to each one of them and every hovering cloud be filled with chanting angels of mercy.

Just Like Boys.

You may see young gar-fish playing a game of leap-frog, just as you have seen the big boys at it. A floating hawk-bill turtle just now is the under boy, and again and again the gar-fish leap over him. Sometimes in the game the gar-fish lands squarely on the sleeper's back, when the inanimate turtle takes a long breath and dashes away, scattering the various little fishes that have assembled to see the fun. If you have ever had an aquarium, be sure and have some gar-fish in it and the turtle, and you can see the sport for yourselves.

Canada's Greatest Industry.



By the People, For the People.

Read carefully and become a Shareholder.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

Incorporated by Ontario Provincial Charter under the Ontario Companies Acts.

Head Office and Mill, TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital Stock, \$180,000.00 Divided into shares of \$1.00 each of which 100,000 shares are offered for public subscription. (Each subscriber of twenty shares to be furnished a twenty dollar knitting machine free to work for the Syndicate and to share in the net profits of all goods made.)

PRESIDENT: A. W. MAYBURY, Esq., M.D., Toronto.

DIRECTORS:

P. J. M. HORROCKS, Esq., Consumer's Gas Company, Toronto. H. M. HARDY, Esq., Toronto. J. H. HUNTER, Esq., Toronto.

BANKERS:

The Imperial Bank of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

SOLICITORS:

GIBSON ARNOLDI & CO., Toronto, Ont.

TRUSTEE AND TRANSFER AGENT:

STUART S. ARNOLDI, Esq., North British and Mercantile Co., Toronto.

This Syndicate has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing knitted goods cheaper than any existing company, to keep down prices, and to oppose the large knitting combines and companies which have joined hands to raise prices. To do this successfully it is necessary to get yarn at the first cost and to manufacture the goods with the least possible expense. Therefore—

- 1. The Syndicate will manufacture its own yarn and machines for which it has a mill and every facility.
2. The Syndicate will have all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its members.
3. The Syndicate will sell all goods made by its working shareholders.
4. To each subscriber of twenty \$1.00 shares the Syndicate gives free a twenty dollar Knitting Machine to keep and also supply each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods.
5. To become a shareholder, a worker, the owner of one of the machines, to be paid for the work you do, and also to participate in the equal division of the net profits, you have only to become a member of the Syndicate and take twenty \$1.00 shares which will cost you twenty dollars.

THE BUSINESS OF THE SYNDICATE

THE FACTORY OR MILL.

Shown in this cut is for the manufacture of machines and yarn only, all knitted goods being made by our shareholders at their homes, no knitting being done in the factory. It will be seen that to manufacture goods on so large a scale as this requires a large number of knitting factories, which would mean the investment of thousands of dollars, besides taxes, insurance and interest on same. We can make our goods cheaper than any other syndicate in larger quantities, but down the Combines and pauper shareholders a handsome dividend semi-annually.



The above cut shows the Mill secured for manufacturing machines and yarn for the Syndicate.

The following extract from the Toronto Mail and Empire shows the efforts of some combines now in operation in Canada. Special to the Mail and Empire. HAMILTON, December 28th.—Knitting Factory Trust. John Moodie, of the Eagle Knitting Company, has given an option to a Toronto Company, which is getting the greatest interest in trying up all the knitting factories in Canada. In an interview, Mr. Moodie said the trust was backed by English and American capitalists to the extent of four or five million dollars. Options have been obtained on a number of mills, and it is expected that the proposed deal through the Hamilton factory would be enlarged. It is expected that the trust will take the big knitting business in Canada at the present time.

THE MACHINE

The Syndicate furnishes a high speed family seamless knitting machine, and will return made goods promptly to the Syndicate. The machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool yarn the same as hand work, but slightly faster. Each machine is sent together with simple that any one of ordinary intelligence can make any of the knitted goods furnished by the Syndicate, such as Gents' Socks, Ladies' Stockings, Golf and Bicycle Hose, Knickerbockers, Leggings and Toggles for Children.

THE PRICES

The Syndicate pays for knitting these goods are:—Socks, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Ladies' Stockings, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Gents' Golf and Bicycle Hose, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Leggings and Footless Bicycle Hose, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Toggles, \$5.00 per 100. These goods are cheaper than any other syndicate in larger quantities, but down the Combines and pauper shareholders a handsome dividend semi-annually.

WHO CAN JOIN. WHAT YOU MUST DO TO JOIN.

Any person willing to accept and honestly knit the yarn entrusted to them, and each person desiring to become a shareholder of stock, participating in the semi-annual dividends, and to do knitting for the Syndicate, should send in the following APPLICATION FORM, sign their name to it, fill in address and reference, and enclose it with Express note for \$20.00, Ontario, to whom all money orders are to be made payable.

APPLICATION FORM FOR STOCK AND MACHINE.

STUART S. ARNOLDI, Trustee and Transfer Agent, 26 Wellington Street, TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR SIR: I enclose you herewith \$20.00 in FULL PAYMENT for twenty shares of stock (subject to no other calls) in The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, and in FULL PAYMENT of my share of the preliminary expenses of the Syndicate, and one of your machines, with samples, instructions and yarn, which I wish sent me as soon as possible to enable me to begin work for the Syndicate at once upon receipt of same. The said stock to entitle me to participate in the semi-annual dividends of the Syndicate in addition to being paid cash on delivery for all the Knitting I do for the Syndicate.

Name your nearest Express Office, Your Name, Post Office, Name Reference, Mr., Address, ST. JOHN TELEGRAPH.

A TERRIBLE LANDSLIDE

Hotel, Monastery and Villas Carried Into the Sea. Rome, Dec. 22.—A terrible disaster took place this afternoon at Amalfi, the popular tourist resort on the Gulf of Salerno. About 2 o'clock an enormous rock, upon which stood the Cappuccini hotel, slid bodily into the sea with a deafening roar and without a moment's warning, carrying with it the hotel, the old Capuchin Monastery, below the hotel Santa Caterina, and several villas.

ILLUSTRIOUS PRECEDENT.

"That was a pleasing afterthought of yours," remarked the old preacher, who had listened to a sermon by one of his youngest brethren, "when you drew upon the analogies of nature to prove the immortality of the soul." "An afterthought?" said the younger clergyman, in some perplexity. "Yes, you thought of it about 2,400 years after Socrates."—(Chicago Tribune.)

"I've got a good motto for my new paper." "What is it?" "I see, referring to the circulation." "That's good. But, by the way, I didn't know you were a publisher."—(Philadelphia Press.)