

OUR OFFENCES PARDONED.

God Will Never Throw Them Up to Us Again.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten, by William Henry Gosselin, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text—Hebrews viii, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindus is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forget-me-not. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Memorials, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Ceos 500 years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events or put facts and dates and names in proper perspective, have through this art had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserable depot waiting for a rail train fast in the snowbanks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen strangers, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, by first with a piece of chalk drawing on the black and sooty walls of the depot the characters of Walter Scott's "Margaret" and then reciting from memory the whole of the poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend, through great age, lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true he said, "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me. "Have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said; "you were my guest last night, and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all!

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean THE ART OF FORGETTING. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text declares it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of His own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember more is to forget and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetfulness is so great that if two men appeal to him and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralists, with his imperfections, and the pragmatist, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten forever and forever. Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

Let the Lord in my text and wholly forget, sublimely forgetting. There is no happiness for you under any other plan of procedure. You are all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malice, cynical pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women rot that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. They have spent much of their time in calling the roll of all the rats that have nibbled at their reputation. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. If they see two people whispering, they think it is about themselves. If they see two people laughing, they think it is about themselves. Where there is one sweet pippin in the orchard there are fifty crabapples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget.

THEY NEVER WILL FORGET. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done to him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and sunny. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their genialities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of little, and they have had enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is they have by the help of the Eternal God, learned how to forget.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are persuaded I am, incapacitated to pay and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say, "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say, "You know about that big debt I owe you. I have come to get you to let me off. I feel so badly about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply, "With a little impatience, I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion." The following day I come in and say, "My dear sir, about that debt—I can never get over the fact that I owe you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do forgive me, that debt." This time you clear your patience and say, "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I FORGAVE YOU THAT DEBT. Do you doubt my veracity, or do you not understand the plain language in which I told you that debt was cancelled?" Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them? No you drag the load on with you, and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only forgiven, but forgotten. Not only forget your pardoned transgressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of some people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big scoundrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven debts, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk or to what bad places you went or how many free rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Stamp it, brother, give it to us in bulk. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I had done none of those things which seemed to be, in the estimation of many necessary for Christian usefulness. For I never swore a word of ever god drunk or went to compromising places or was guilty of assault and battery or ever uttered

A SLANDEROUS WORD, or ever did any one a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough, and I said to myself, "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experiences." But afterwards I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any prindation by the laying on of the hands of dissolutes and infamy. And though an ordinary mortal life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it. We have never plunged into outward abominations. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelical meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once committed, so much so that I felt like putting my hand on my pocketbook or calling for the police. These reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or cut-throatery. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified, forget the wickedness of the past, and allow others to forget it.

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God—yes, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prosaic than the ruins of Methrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of

SOME BROKEN ARCH, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was intercepted into the daylight of Christ's assassination. The neighing of the war-horses—for some of the soldiers were in the saddle—was one sound, the banging of the banners was a second sound, the fear of malignants was a third sound, the weeping of friends and followers was a fourth sound, the plash of blood

on the rocks was a fifth sound and the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a plain in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travellers and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured and thereby the other lives were saved are inscribed the words "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracings with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith and I accept the promise and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

heavenly "multum in parvo!" Just one word from each, but heart meets heart in those two words. The heart broken is comforted; the Father of mercies and God of all comfort has spoken. Whether it be as Frederic Whitfield says, the sorrowing, broken hearted Mary, or the tired and terrified disciples in the upper room, or doubting Thomas, or the weary, disappointed toilers on the lake, as Jesus shows Himself, the risen Christ to each all is made right, and the all sufficiency of Christ for every state of man's heart is made manifest. The heart of man needs only to see Jesus. Let Him present Himself and all will be well, and the heart will be filled with joy and gladness and repose quietly in Him.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. INTERNATIONAL LESSON. MARCH 30.

Text of the Lesson, John xx, 1-18 Golden Text, John xi, 25.

1, 2. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher and we know not where they have laid Him." These were the words of Mary Magdalene to Peter and John on her return from the sepulcher early on the morning of the resurrection. As all the lessons of the quarter have shown us the plots and doings of the risen and ascended Christ, it is not amiss on this review day, which happens to be Easter, to consider again especially His resurrection. We see in these women as in the apostles, true believers in and followers of the Lord Jesus, with life and the future all dark to them because they knew not of the resurrection, and they knew not because they believed not. In the lesson of the quarter we have seen thousands upon thousands of men and women made new creatures in the power of His resurrection. We need to be often reminded that if Christ be not risen all preaching is vain and none has been saved or ever will be, but Christ being risen up from the dead, and having all power in heaven and earth every purpose of the Lord shall be performed (1 Cor. xv, 12-28).

3-5. The two disciples ran because of Mary's message, and John, the fleetest of the two, arriving first, stooped down and looked in and saw the linen clothes lying, but did not go in. It may have seemed to him too sacred a thing to step into such a place, or it may be that he feared he might see the precious body there. We cannot know fully his thoughts and feelings, until he shall some day tell us himself, but this we surely know, that if he had believed this Lord's words he would not have been surprised to find an empty tomb, but might rather have joyfully exclaimed, "He is risen!"

6-8. Peter, more impulsive, when he comes, goes right into the sepulcher, then John follows, and they both see the linen clothes lying and the napkin that was about His Head wrapped together in a place by itself and they believed Mary's testimony that the body was not in the tomb, but beyond that, as to what had become of the body they were in the dark, as the verses following testify.

9. "For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead." Besides His own oft repeated words they might, with unannounced eyes, have seen His resurrection in Ps. xvi, 10; Isa. xlvii, 19; Illi, 10; Hos. vi, 2, or at least a strong suggestion of it, but their hearts were set upon a kingdom which, according to their way of thinking, was to be established there and then, and being filled with their own thoughts they had no place for His thoughts and purposes.

10, 11. The disciples went to their own home, but Mary remained at the sepulcher weeping. Luke says that Peter departed wondering in himself at that which was come to pass (Luke xxiv, 12), not believing that Christ was risen, but believing simply that His body was not in the tomb and wondering what had become of it and what it all meant. We are reminded by the disciples and Mary of a time when every man went to his own home. Jesus went into the Mount of Olives (John vii, 53; viii, 1). Did you ever see a precious body laid away from your sight, and the friends and relatives all went to their homes, but you, having left that which was the house in which the one who was dearer to you than life had lived in the tomb, felt that you no longer had what could be called home? If so you can sympathize with Mary.

12, 13. "Woman, why weepest thou?" Thus spake the angel to her, and she answers in about the same words she had used to Peter and John. Words seem idle when there is this aching void in the heart unless they come from those who can truly sympathize, who have themselves experienced our sorrow.

14, 15. "Woman, why weepest thou?" This time the words are from Jesus Himself, and they mean more, for He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities (Heb. iv, 15, 16). It would seem that as Mary faced the angels and they spoke to her she must have been looking at some one behind her, and as she turned to see whom or what they were looking at, she, supposing she saw the gardener, speaks to him of the body she cannot find. I imagine her talking to Him whom she so loved and not knowing Him, but see also chapter xxi, 4, and remember the two walked to Emmaus with Him and knew Him not till they saw His hands as He broke bread in the house. How grief and unbelief do blind us and how much sorrow we might escape if we would only believe God!

16. "Mary!" "Master!" What a heavenly "multum in parvo!" Just one word from each, but heart meets heart in those two words. The heart broken is comforted; the Father of mercies and God of all comfort has spoken. Whether it be as Frederic Whitfield says, the sorrowing, broken hearted Mary, or the tired and terrified disciples in the upper room, or doubting Thomas, or the weary, disappointed toilers on the lake, as Jesus shows Himself, the risen Christ to each all is made right, and the all sufficiency of Christ for every state of man's heart is made manifest. The heart of man needs only to see Jesus. Let Him present Himself and all will be well, and the heart will be filled with joy and gladness and repose quietly in Him.

17. "I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God and your God." The question is often asked, Why did our Lord not allow Mary to touch Him when just a little later the same morning He allowed the other women to hold Him by the feet and worship Him? (Matt. xxviii, 9.) Why not be content with the Lord's own reason, "For I am not yet ascended to my Father?" The inference is plain and easy that before the other women met Him He had ascended to His Father and returned. During the forty days He evidently ascended and returned many times before the more illustrious sinners who he has not yet returned, but He will (Acts i, 11), and soon now.

18. Her tears were dried, her heart was glad and she went as His messenger to comfort others as they mourned and wept, but as she told them the wonderful story they would not believe her (Mark xvi, 9-14). Neither did they at first believe the two who saw Him later on the same day, and when, in the evening, He appeared unto the eleven He upbraided them with their unbelief.

MISSING LINK IN JAVA. The Human Monkey of the East Indies. Prof. Ernst Haeckel tells, in his latest book, of a species of the gibbon which he had an opportunity to observe for several months at his own residence in Buitenzorg, Java. This species is found only in Java. Its scientific name being Hylobates leuciscus. The natives call the animal on account of the characteristic sound it utters. When the little animal stands erect it is scarcely taller than a child of six years. The head is comparatively small, the waist slender, the legs short and the arms long. The face of the monkey is said to be more like that of a man than of any other animal. The natives call the animal on account of the characteristic sound it utters. When the little animal stands erect it is scarcely taller than a child of six years. The head is comparatively small, the waist slender, the legs short and the arms long. The face of the monkey is said to be more like that of a man than of any other animal. The natives call the animal on account of the characteristic sound it utters.

QUITE A MIX-UP. A tramp, while loafing in the street the other day, saw a benevolent-looking cyclist riding towards him, and started to head him off. Just then a dog on the same side of the street noticed a rat on the opposite side and made for it. The cyclist took no account of the dog. The result was that the dog went between the legs of the tramp, and rolled that individual over on his back. The cyclist struck dog and tramp, and took a header over them. He hit frantically at the dog, and his blow landed on the nose of the tramp, while the dog made an assault on the tramp, and, missing him, made life exciting for the cyclist. At last they untangled themselves, and the tramp and the cyclist, hurled bad language at each other, while the dog stood and growled at both. Meanwhile the rat emerged from a grating, where she had taken refuge, and watched the three with evident interest as she calmly washed her paws!

HOUSEHOLD.

Chicken Potpie.—Cut up a chicken and put on in cold water enough to cover, taking care that it does not cook dry. While boiling, cut off a slice from bread dough, add a small lump of lard, and mix up like light biscuit. Roll out with a waffle cutter and set by stove to rise. Wash and pare potatoes of moderate size and add them when the chicken is almost done. When the potatoes begin to boil, season with salt and pepper, add dumplings and season again. See that there is water enough to keep from burning, cover very tightly, and do not take cover off until dumplings are done. They will cook in half an hour and may be tested by lifting one edge of the lid, taking out a dumpling and breaking it open. Dish potatoes by themselves; chicken and dumpling together.

Custard Corn Cake.—Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 1/2 cups Indian meal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, salt. Pour the mixture into a pan containing 2 tablespoons melted butter, and pour into the middle without stirring 1 cup sweet milk. Bake in a hot oven half an hour. Very nice.

Coffee Cake.—One cup sugar, 1 cup baking molasses, one-half cup lard, one cup of strong coffee; one teaspoonful of soda; one cup raisins or currants and made quite stiff with flour.

Mock Plum Pudding.—Three cups of bread crumbs, a pint of milk, two eggs, one cup raisins, three cups chopped apples and a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, with a pinch of salt. Eat with the same sauce you would make for a genuine plum pudding.

Dainty Apple Dessert.—Fill a deep pie tin with sliced apples, sprinkle lightly with sugar and pour over the top a batter made by beating together one egg, one-half cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter, to which add a half cup of milk, a cup of flour and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. When baked invert the pudding on a plate, grate molasses over it, sprinkle generously with sugar and serve with cream and sugar, or any pudding sauce you prefer.

Honeyed Apples.—Select smooth, ripe apples (tart); core them but do not break through the skin at the lower end; set them upright in a pan, touching each other. Fill into each cavity a teaspoonful of honey and a teaspoonful of butter. Put a scant half teaspoon of water and a scant half teaspoon of sugar together and pour them into the pan. Cover and set into a brisk oven for fifteen minutes; remove cover and bake until tender—fifteen minutes more should be sufficient.

Ragout of Mutton.—Chop enough cold mutton to make about three cupfuls into small squares. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan, and when hot add a tablespoonful of flour; put in half a pint of water and stir until it boils; add salt and pepper if necessary, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a quarter teaspoonful of paprika and some chopped parsley; now add the mutton and let the frying pan stand over boiling water, until the meat is thoroughly heated; serve very hot.

Gingerbread.—This makes a ginger bread which is crackly and shiny on top. The secret of making it thus is to pour the shortening, boiling hot on the molasses and beat the batter as little as possible. Pour a small half teaspoonful of boiling hot shortening, lard and butter, or beef suet and butter mixed upon one half pint of New Orleans molasses, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon; then sift in about three-quarters of a pint of flour, to which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added; lastly add a well-beaten egg, then mix with a few deft turns of the spoon and bake in one large pan or two small ones in a moderate oven; serve hot and break, not cut, at the table.

and use milk instead of water occasionally, with either flour or cornstarch.

Dry the leaves and coarse unsightly bits of celery for soups, cutting them up fine, so they will dry quickly, or buy old celery seed, by the pound, of seedsmen. It can be had at a low price, as celery seed does not germinate when two years old, and a little goes a long way.

Don't fail to have a bed of parsley. It is delicious with cold or hot meats, used either as a garnish fresh, or as a seasoning, either fresh or dried. It is easy of cultivation after it is once out of the ground, but don't despair if it is slow in coming up, as it takes four weeks for the seeds to germinate. Dry plenty for winter, or take up a few roots and keep them among the plants.

Sprinkle a tender beefsteak with salt and pepper, roll it up in slices of stale bread, one layer, and bake in a very hot oven until the meat is just done.

Remember the parsley in making meat pies of beef. When you have scraps of lamb or mutton cover them in a pudding dish with a rich biscuit crust, adding a little water so the meat will not get dry, bake and serve with the following gravy: One tablespoonful butter melted, rub in 1 heaping tablespoonful flour, a little salt and enough hot milk to make it the desired thickness after a moment's boiling.

In their season add to the lamb pie oysters in equal quantity with the meat. Use scraps of veal cut up fine in the same way, adding clams instead of oysters, and only half the quantity.

The only seasonings that can improve chicken pie are a little salt, pork cooked with the chicken, and a cup of oysters to each chicken, added when it is put into the crust. When once used, they will never be omitted if obtainable.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. If caught in a fire find a wet handkerchief or towel around the head and over the eyes, wrap in a blanket and crawl or roll toward the floor and down the stairs. Do not stop for valuables if the fire is well under way.

Blankets should take the place of the old-time comfortable which collects and retains the waste particles from the breath and body during the night. Blankets can be washed, sunned, and thoroughly purified frequently.

If the kitchen walls are soiled by flies and dust and the colors of the wall paper dingy, instead of repapering or enduring the dingy walls all winter, let us suggest painting them. It has been done with agreeable results. Wipe off the dust with a dry cloth. Choose a bright, cheerful color and go over it all carefully. Paint the border contrasting color. The nicest way to cook bacon is to slice thin, remove the rind and lay the pieces close together on a fine wire broiler. Lay this over a dripping pan and bake for a few minutes in a hot oven until crisp and brown, turning it once. Drain on brown paper and serve on a hot platter. The dripping will be clear, rich fat, excellent for frying purposes, and the bacon crisp and easily digested.

Corn-meal mush seems a very simple thing to make, yet it is rarely well done. The meal must be good to begin with, made of corn dried by slow, natural processes and containing the little germ—the vital part, the muscle builder, the brain feeder. This germ, because it will not granulate and readily becomes musty, is removed by the modern process of grinding, leaving to be ground into meal only the devitalized portion, the part that even a rat rejects when he has access to a corn bin. The rat knows when he eats the corn kernel that he is getting the sweet, nutty part. If you can get meal ground by the old burr process, then have fresh water, fiercely boiling. Throw in a handful of salt, then stir with one hand and mix slowly, so that all of it shall encounter the same high temperature, that the starch cells may burst, as direct heat "pops" corn. When thick enough to almost hold erect the mush-stick, cover closely and set where it will give only an occasional "pour" for three or four hours, and do not disturb the surface or the flavor will escape. Eaten with good cream, it makes an excellent supper in itself.