

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Mend the Nets."

TEXT: "James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets."—Matthew iv., 21.

"I go a fishing," cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and to most of the apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the Third century the queen of Egypt had for pin money four hundred and seventy thousand dollars, received from the fisheries of Lake Moaris. And if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth, and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day, Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer, found among some old fishing tackle the manuscript of his immortal book "Waverley," which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that to-day we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text?

It is not a good day for fishing, and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line and the fish will not bite it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Perhaps the last fish you hauled in was so large that something snapped. Or if you were fishing with a net there was a mighty floundering of the scales, or an exposed nail on the side of the boat which broke some of the threads, and let part or all of the captives of the deep escape into their natural element. And hardly anything is more provoking than to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures through some imperfection of the net they splash back into the wave.

This is too much of a trial of patience for most fishermen to endure, and many a man ordinarily correct of speech in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net. Now the Bible again—and again represents Christian workers as fishers of men, and we are all sweeping through the sea of humanity some kind of a net. Indeed, there have been enough nets out and enough fishermen busy to have landed the whole human race in the kingdom of God long before this. What is the matter? The Gospel is all right, and it has been a good time for catching souls for thousands of years. Why, then, the failures? The trouble is with the nets, and most of them need to be mended. I propose to show you what is the matter with most of the nets and how to mend them. In the text, old Zebedee and his two boys, James and John, were doing a good thing when they sat in the boat mending their nets.

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out and leaves the place through which he swarmed a tangle of broken threads. The Bible weaves faith and works right together, and the Gospel right into their natural and forgiveness. Some of our nets have meshes so wide that the sinner floats in and out and is not at any moment caught for the heavenly landing. In our desire to make everything so easy, we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the Gospel net, escape into the world and go into indignities and swim all around Galilee, from north side to south side and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out.

The poor advice nowadays to many is: "Go and do as you did before you were captured for God in heaven." The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian, do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so through these meshes of permission and laxity they wriggle out through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go, and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven before we knew where they were in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we do a Gospel fishing let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in, and as hard as possible to get out.

There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. There should be no rivalry between ministers. God never repeats Himself, and He never makes two ministers alike, and each one has a work that no other man in the universe can accomplish. If fishermen are wise, they will not allow their nets to entangle, or if they accidentally get entangled, let the work of extraction should be kindly and gently conducted. What a glad spectacle for men and angels when our recent dedication day ministers of all denominations stood on this platform and wished for each other widest prosperity and usefulness, but there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after their muskets. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right, and it is such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eyes and hand busy. There are about two hundred million souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God, and it will require all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them.

Oh, brethren of ministry! Let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. I had hoped that the millennium was about to dawn, but the lion is yet too fond of the lamb. My friends, I notice in the text that James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, were busy not mending somebody else's nets but mending their own nets, and I rather think that they who are engaged in Christian work in this latter part of the nineteenth century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. God help us in the important duty!

In this work of preparation we need to put to the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a great practicality we will catch a hundred souls there now we catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality and we will fail. Out at the fisheries there are set across the

waters what are called gill nets, and the fish put their heads through the meshes and then cannot withdraw them because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man, and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with your gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our Gospel nets when we are mending them.

Again, in mending our nets we need also to put in the threads of faith and trust into all the tangled meshes of unbelief. Our work is successful according to our faith. The man who believes in only half a Bible, or the Bible in spots; the man who thinks he cannot persuade others; the man who halts, doubting about this and about that, will be a failure in Christian work. Show me the man who rather thinks that the garden of Eden may have been an allegory, and is not quite certain but that there may be another chance after death, and does not know whether or not the Bible is inspired, and I tell you that man for soul saving is a poor stick. Faith in God and in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the absolute necessity of a regenerated heart in order to see God in peace, is one thread you must have in your mended net or you will never be a successful fisher for men. Why, how can you doubt?

The hundreds of millions of men and women now standing in the church on earth, and the hundreds of millions in heaven, attest the power of the Gospel to save. With more than a certainty of a mathematical demonstration, let us start out to redeem all nations. The rottenest thread you are to tear out of your net is unbelief, and the most important thread you are to put in is faith. Faith in God, triumphant faith, everlasting faith. If you cannot trust the infinite, the holy, the omnipotent Jehovah, who can you trust?

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right we would accomplish more in soul-saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But where shall we get them mended? Just where the old Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. "James, why don't you put your oar in Lake Galilee, or hoist your sail and land at Capernaum or Tiberias or Gardara, and seated on the bank mend your net? John, why don't you go ashore and mend your net? No, they sat on the guards of the boat,

or at the prow of the boat, and they took up the thread and the needle, and the ropes and the wooden blocks, and went to work: sawing, sewing, tying, tying; weaving, weaving; pounding, pounding, until the net mended, they push it off into the sea and drop paddle and hoist sail, and the outboard went through amid the shoals of fish, some of the descendants of which we had for breakfast one morning while we were encamped on the beach of beautiful Galilee. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They mended their nets where they were, in the ship.

"Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library, and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about the survival of the fittest," and I will read up what the theologians say about 'advanced thought.' I will leave the ship awhile, and will go ashore and stay there until my net is mended. Do that, my brother, and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net, they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the Gospel boat, where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they, do you ask? I answer all you need you have where you are, namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution, and adopt what is called advanced thought, the bigger fool you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James the son of Zebedee and John his brother sat. That is where all who get their nets mended stay.

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological filigets, had better go to mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religion and try to foist on us a new religion let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy for such a work, taking the advice of Talleyrand to a man who wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one, when he said: "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day." Those who propose to mend their nets by secular, skeptical books are just like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends in reading Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler," and Wheatley's "Rod and Line," and Scott's "Fishing in Northern Waters," and Pullman's "Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art, but that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes home with empty basket and a disappointed heart.

Meanwhile a man who never saw a big library in all his life, has that week taken with an old fishing tackle, enough to supply his own table and the table of all his neighbors, and enough to salt down in barrels for the long winter that will soon come in. Alas! Alas! If, when the Saturday night of our life drops on us it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy, trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentalities, while some humble Gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting house.

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649 Massaniello, a bare footed fisher boy, dropped his fishing rod, and by strange magnetism took command of that city of six hundred thousand souls. He took off his fishing jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his hip as a signal, and they were rent. He waved his hand away from him, and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an everyday occurrence in heaven.

God takes some of those, who in this world were fishers of men, and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended, and suddenly hoists them and robes them and scepters them and crowns them and makes them rulers over cities, and He marches armies of saved ones before them in review, Massaniellos unhonored on earth, but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who kept their nets mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

But do not spend your time fishing with hook and line. Why did not James, the son of Zebedee, sit on the wharf at Cana, his feet hanging over the lake and with a long pole and a worm on the hook dipped into the wave, wait for some mullet to swim up and be caught? Why did not Zebedee spend his afternoon trying to catch one eel? No; that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line; they were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one soul and next month another soul brought into

the kingdom. Sweep all the seas with nets—sweep nets, sinesets, drag nets, all encompassing nets—and take the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations be born in a day, and the hemispheres quake with the tread of a ransoming God. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on, what two occasions will be to us the greatest?

The day of our arrival there will be to us one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall have put in parallel lines before us what Christ did for us and what we did for Christ—the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God! What will we do and what will we say when on one side are placed the Saviour's great sacrifices for us and our small sacrifices for Him—his exile, his humiliation, his agonies on one hand, and our poor weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other? To make the contrast less overwhelming, let us quickly mend our nets and like the Galilean fishermen may be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

## PLUCKY QUEEN NATALIE.

She is Dragged From Her Home by the Servian Government.

The Prefect of Belgrade, Servia, who was charged by the Regents with the duty of expelling ex-Queen Natalie from Servian territory, went to the latter's residence the other day, and, in spite of her earnest protests, compelled her to enter a carriage, which drove toward the quay on the Danube where the royal yacht was moored.

The news that the ex-Queen was really to be expelled from Servia had, in the mean time, spread throughout Belgrade and had reached the students' quarters. The latter promptly tuned out in force, and as the carriage containing the unhappy lady was being driven toward the Danube, it was surrounded by a crowd of students who seized the horses' heads, brought the vehicle to a standstill and loudly cheered the royal prisoner. The students then detached the horses from the carriage and dragged the ex-Queen, who remained seated in the Prefect's conveyance, back to her residence, cheering loudly as they passed through the streets.

The Prefect, assisted by a force of gendarmes, tried in vain to regain possession of the ex-Queen, but the students escorted her to her residence in spite of all the efforts made to prevent them. On their way there, however, several collisions took place between the gendarmes and the students, but the latter came off victorious. The citizens and merchants generally sided with the ex-Queen. The residence of Natalie is defended by students. Intense excitement prevails. A conflict occurred that afternoon, the troops firing upon the Queen's supporters, killing two and wounding many others.

## PLEASURE SEEKERS DROWN

Eight Go Sailing on the Schuykill; Only Five Return.

Three lives were lost by the upsetting of a sailboat on the Schuykill River, off Gibson's Point, in the lower section of Philadelphia. The victims were Mrs. Susan Pascoe and her infant son and Miss Mary Carr. There were also in the party Fred Tidman, Samuel Peitz, Robert Chamberlain and Mrs. Mary Jones, a twin sister of Mrs. Pascoe, and her four-year-old son William.

The party started out for a sail down the river, Tidman, the owner of the boat, acting as sailing-master. In an attempt to "go about" the ropes became tangled around Chamberlain's feet and the boat upset. The three men are all good swimmers and they succeeded in getting the women and children on to the bottom of the upturned boat, but they became hysterical and frequently got into the water. Finally, Mrs. Pascoe, with her infant and Miss Carr, sunk.

After drifting about for some time those still clinging to the boat were rescued. Mrs. Pascoe's body was recovered about an hour afterward. She held her child tightly clasped in her arms.

## DISPERSED THE POSSE.

A Desperado Kills a Deputy Sheriff and a Policeman and Gets Away.

It became known the other day that Bo. Brewster who started the Jesup (Ga.) riots last year, was in Ferdinand, Fla., and that night Deputy Sheriff Jos Robinson informed Chief of Police Higginbotham. They organized a posse of eight men, and at daybreak they surrounded the house where he was and demanded surrender. The colored desperado answered the demand by poking a Winchester rifle through the window and firing at Robinson, the ball striking just below his heart and killing him instantly. As Robinson fell the Winchester barked again, and Policeman Bud Bizzinbotham was sent to the ground by a bullet through his thigh. Shot after shot was then fired by the desperado, but fortunately without effect. The posse had to seek shelter.

Firing continued for an hour. After firing all his cartridges, Brewster made a dash for liberty and succeeded in getting to the woods, the posse being too small to follow him.

## EDISON'S CONJURY.

Wonders Which He Has in Store for Musicians and "Sports."

Thomas A. Edison arrived in Chicago. When asked if he had an electric novelty in store for the Columbian Exposition, he said:

"I have a thing in view, but the details are yet somewhat hazy. My intention is to have such a happy combination of photography and electricity that a man can sit in his own parlor and see depicted on a curtain the forms of the players in opera on a distant stage and hear the voices of the singers. When the system is perfected, which will be in time for the fair, each little muscle of the singer's face will be seen to work, every color of his attire will be exactly reproduced, and the stride and positions will be natural and will vary as do those of the person himself.

"To the sporting fraternity I will state that ere long this system can be applied to prize fights. The whole scene, with the noise of the blows, talk, etc., will be truthfully transferred. Arrangements can be made to send views of the mill a la stock and race ticker."

GRANDMOTHER CONNELLY, 110 years old was burned to death in her home at Beaver Meadow, Penn., on a recent night. Rather than submit to the supposed indignity of going to the almshouse, she set fire to the bed clothing upon which she lay.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in California, will start with fifty teachers, seven of whom only are full professors.

## SHOWING THEM THE TOWN.

HELPING STRANGERS TO SEE A GREAT CITY'S SIGHTS.

The Work Which is Done by "Chaperon Bureaus"—A New and Useful Feature of Metropolitan Life.

The time has passed for the "unprotected female" to look forward to a visit to New York with fear and trembling. She need not wait the convenience of any male relative, or write imploring letters to city friends asking to be met and taken in just when their spare rooms are full, or they are planning a trip to Lakewood. All she has to do is to send a postal card to the chaperon bureaus—a comparatively new feature in New York, though long familiar in London—saying when she is coming and in what part of the city she desires to stay. Then she checks her trunk and starts, with no more thought for the morrow than a lily of the field.

On arriving at the station she is met by an attractive-looking woman in a tailor-made gown, who wears a little knot of blue and white ribbons on her left breast. This is the professional chaperon, and in less than no time baggage checks have changed hands, a direction has been given to an expressman, and both women are on their way to the comfortable boarding house where rooms have been engaged. During the journey the chaperon chats easily, points out places of interest and inquires whether the visit is for shopping, pure and simple, or for amusement, in the sense of sight-seeing and meeting with friends. Such attentions are especially needed by quite young girls, and most of all, perhaps, by elderly women who have outlived the love of experiment and adventure.

Arrived at the boarding house, the chaperon settles all preliminaries, and either gives her charge such bits of information as may make her independent in going about town, or promises to call at any time she may be needed, either ending the connection then and there or becoming guide, philosopher and friend for the whole of the stay. If the stranger be disinclined to look after herself, the chaperon knows what is going on at every theatre in town, when the trains leave for everywhere, which line of street cars is most convenient, where every one lives, and all about picture galleries, libraries and places of interest. She takes the visitor over the Brooklyn Bridge, to the top of the big buildings, and let's her grip her (the escort's) arm black and blue when they whisk round a curve on the elevated railroad. She nearly walks her feet off from shop to shop after bargains, and gives her opinion about bonnets and gowns when desired. All this time she is bright and amiable, never shows herself bored or wearied, and gracefully ignores the fact that she is earning her living by "knowing her New York," and is an agreeable companion at so much an hour.

The announcement of the chaperon bureaus, "All legitimate service promptly rendered," scarcely expresses the number of things the energetic women in charge do for travelers. They have nicely appointed dressing rooms, where a refreshing bath may be had, or hair dressed and a different gown assumed if an evening entertainment is to follow the day's shopping. Parcels are received and sent over to the station in time for the train, telegrams are dispatched, letters are typewritten and appetizing lunch baskets are packed; stewardesses are tipped, parlor car tickets are secured and the novel bought to read on the way. Alladin's lamp seems to have materialized in those modest offices, so promptly is the "Certainly, madame, in fifteen minutes," heard in answer to almost any request.

The lists of available chaperons are classified according to age, religious belief and temperament, so that a congenial companion is assured, and the most conservative need fear no jarring remark or suggestion. With a laudable desire to have plenty of irons in the fire, the managers of these bureaus recommend dressmakers, let rooms, do shopping on commission, retail Turkish bath tickets, sell—some of them—investment securities and place advertisements in newspapers, all at so reasonable a fee that it is a temptation to let them do all things down on their catalogue just for the fun of it.

The most amusing part of it all is that one bureau keeps a list of men—divinity students and steady college boys—who will perform all the above-mentioned services for the youthful visitor from the rural regions, without once calling him "hayseed" or letting him find out how frightfully his coat is cut.—New York Recorder.

## "A Snail's Face."

"A snail's pace" need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Florence Polytechnic Institute a few days ago the pace was ascertained exactly and reduced to figures, which may now be used by persons who favor the use of the exact terms. A half a dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and from this the average pace was ascertained. In working the calculation into feet, yards, rods, furlongs and miles it was found that it would take a small snail exactly fourteen days to crawl a mile.—St. Louis Republic.

Spain and Morocco will be united by cable.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### CLEANING WINDOWS.

Cleaning windows is an important part of the work in the routine of housekeeping, and while it does not seem a difficult task to keep the glass clear and bright it nevertheless requires a knowledge of what not to do. Never wash windows when the sun is shining upon them, otherwise they will be cloudy and streaky from drying before they are well polished off; and never wash the outside of the window first if you wish to save trouble. Dust the glass and sash and wash the window inside, using a little ammonia in the water; wipe with a cloth free from lint and polish off with soft paper. For the corners a small brush or pointed stick covered with one end of the cloth is useful. When you come to the glass outside the defects remaining will be more closely seen. Wipe the panes as soon as possible after washing and rinsing and polish with either chamois or soft paper. In rinsing one may dash the water on the outside or use a large sponge. It is preferable to a cloth.—New York World.

### CARE OF CHINAWARE.

One of the most important things is to season glass and china to sudden change of temperature, so that they will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold. This is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must gradually be brought to the boiling point and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The more common materials the more care in this respect is required. All china that has any gilding upon it may on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed first in hot and afterward in cold water and left to drain till dry. It may be rubbed with a soft wash leather and a little dry whitening, but this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off and the china spoiled. When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery. In a common dinner service it is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. The fact is when the glaze is injured every time the "things" are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old, ill used dish be made very hot indeed a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. These latter remarks apply more particularly to common wares.—Glassware Reporter.

### RECIPES.

Hollandaise Sauce—Cream a half cupful of butter, add the yolks of two eggs and beat well, then add the juice of half a lemon, one saltspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Just before serving add slowly one third of a cupful of boiling water and cook over hot water till slightly thick. This sauce, if well made, is particularly nice to serve with fish.

Virginia Pudding—Scald one quart of milk and pour it gradually on three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add yolks of six eggs and whites of two and grated rind of one lemon. Bake about twenty minutes or until well set and put away to cool. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth with a coffee-cup of powdered sugar; add juice of the lemon. Pour over the pudding when it is quite cold.

Haggis—Haggis "stuffed in a bladder and boiled in a pan" is what is eaten in Bonnie Scotland. To an even cupful of oatmeal (which must be soaked all night in water) allow half a cup of raisins, washed and stoned; the same quantity of dried currants, three of mutton suet, chopped fine, and a little salt. Mix well with sufficient water to form a stiff paste, fill a sausage bladder with it, tie up tightly and boil.

Plain Omelette—Break six eggs into a bowl, beat them very light and add six tablespoonfuls of hot water. Have an iron saucepan, about eight inches in diameter, hot, and melt in it one table-spoonful of butter. Pour in the eggs and shake the saucepan vigorously until the mixture thickens. Let it stand a minute or two to brow, run a knife around the sides of the saucepan, and double it over. Slip it into a hot dish and serve immediately. Just before folding it, sprinkle half a teaspoonful of salt over the top of the omelette.

Melton Veal—Take cold roast veal, chop fine and season with pepper, salt and lemon juice, add one-fourth the bulk of cracker crumbs, moisten with good rich stock; take one-third the amount of finely chopped lean ham: season with mustard and cayenne pepper; add cracker crumbs, as with the veal, and moisten with stock. Butter a mold and line with slices of hard-boiled eggs; put in the two mixtures—of ham and veal—irregularly, so that when it is cooked it will have a mottled appearance, press closely and steam one hour. Set away to cool, remove from the mold and slice before serving. Nice for lunch or supper.