"INSANE FROM SIN"

Sunday Discourse By Dr. Chapman, the Noted Pastor-Evangelist.

The Effect of Wrong-Doing Upon the Mind—Self Indulgence Ruins Men, Self Denial Makes Them.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the most popular of our pulpit orators, has never preached a more dramatic and powerful sermon than the following one, entitled "Insane From Sin." It is founded on the text, "In the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones." —Mark 5: 5.

You are doubtless familiar with this New Testament chapter in which our Lord is represented as having power over devils, disease and death. Over devils when He cast out the evil spirits from the man in the tombs, finding enough in him to fill a herd of swine, and enough swine to fill the sea, as an old preacher used to say; over disease when He healed the woman who had faith enough to touch His garment's hem, and power over death when He stands at the home of Jairus and commands his little daughter to awake and restores her to her weeping parents. It is a comforting chapter in the light of the fact that He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

In speaking of "the sinfulness of sin" I desire to present it at this time in its effect upon the mind. Insanity has been described as a chronic disease of the brain inducing chronic disorder of the mental condition, yet there is a sense in which the fevered patient in his delirium and the drunkard in his excitement or stupor is insane. There are two kinds of insanity, first, congenital, or that which is inherited where brain development is arrested. Second, acquired, or that in which the brain is born healthy, but has suffered from morbid processes affecting it primarily, diseased states of the general system implicating it secondarily. In our treatment of this theme I have to do with both of these, for in the first we see how the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations, while in the second we behold an exhibition of that insanity of sin which is due to individual excesses or the breaking of God's laws. The Bible is full of illustrations.

It is not necessary that I should go to an institution to find men who are insane. I turn to the pages of this old book and read the story of Nebuchadnezzar, the king. Now you see him on his hands and knees eating grass, and his nails are like birds' claws and his hair like eagles' feathers. Yet as we read we find he lifted his eyes to heaven and God set him free. There is not less for a man in this City of New York—no matter what his bondage—if he will but lift his eyes up he may be free.

Then we turn to I. Samuel, second chapter, and we see the man who wrote the Twenty-third Psalm, David playing the fool before the man of whom he was afraid, crouching upon the sides of the door posts and becoming disgusting.

In the tenth chapter of Exodus we read the story of the man who was the king—whose face I had the privilege of seeing as a mummy in Egypt—the man who said, "I will let the people go now if you will take away the swarm of flies—if you will take away the frogs." And the frogs were taken away, and the flies, and he did not let them go, for God hardened his heart—an insane man, but not more insane than the man who has promised ever since he was a child that he would be a Christian and give up sin, and is still its slave.

Turn to the New Testament, and here we find the picture of the prodigal. When he came to himself—when he was not himself he was satisfied with swine, so long as he had forgotten his father and his mother, whom tradition says he killed, he was satisfied, but when he came to himself he was not. Ah, the young man, with the memory of a sweet mother back in Ohio, who has stepped into the evil of sin in New York and turned his face away from Christ, he is insane. It is the hope of the minister and the prayer of at least one hundred people in this church that during this series of meetings some of these young men may come to themselves, and then come to Christ.

I.

I have been going through the institutions, where I have had the privilege of looking upon the insane people confined there, and I have found out the following:

First, many people are insane because of the sins of their parents. Results of crime on future generations.

At the recent meeting of the Congress of Criminal Anthropology at Geneva, Switzerland, Dr. Legrain, physician-in-chief of the asylum of Ville-Evrard, gave the results of his investigation, which extended over a period of years and showed how sin, like disease, is transmitted from drunken father to appetite enslaved son; how in such soil the seeds of crime and madness develop and ripen in the last generation into sterile idiocy and the extinction of the race.

First Generation.

He traced the course of four generations of drinkers in 215 families. One hundred and sixty-eight families showed unmistakable symptoms of degeneracy; sixty-three cases of mild insanity; eighty-eight were mentally unsound; forty-five at times dangerously insane; many of the children were weaklings and died at an early age, six out of eight in one case, ten out of sixteen in another. These six latter who remained were all feeble minded and had epileptic fits and a prey to evil instincts. Thirty-nine families found convulsions; epilepsy in fifty-two; hysteria in sixteen; meningitis in five; 108 families out of the 215 counted one out of every two individuals victims of periodical alcoholic delirium; 106 families of the 215 insanity had developed.

Second Generation.

Ninety-eight observations gave the following: Fifty-four families had one or more members who were imbeciles or idiots; twenty-three families there were those who were morally irresponsible, untimely births, extraordinary mortality and hereditary diseases caused the children to die in appalling numbers. At this stage fathers and mothers had become common drunkards with but eight exceptions. In forty-two families he found chronic cases of convulsions, and epilepsy in forty. In twenty-three families insanity exists.

Third Generation.

Seven observations, or families, gave him a total of seventeen children; all were mentally unsound and physically stunted; two were insane, four subject to convulsions, two epilepsy, two hysteria, one meningitis, three scrofula.

Summing up the 814 cases found in the 215 families he found 32.2 per cent. were alcoholics, 60.9 per cent. are degenerates, 13.9 per cent. morally irresponsible, 22.7 per cent. have convulsions, nineteen per cent. are incurably insane; 174 disappeared from this world before or almost before having drawn their first breath; ninety-three cases of tuberculosis, which bring the total of those who died from hereditary alcoholism up to one-third.

There is no fifth generation, for the last line is a microcephalous idiot. Thus Moses was right, as proven by science, when he said, "God visits the iniquities of the parents unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him." There is no fifth.

Sin is an awful thing. If I could uncover it so that some of you could see it you would shrink back from it as you would shrink from a man who is a leper.

There are very many people who are insane from over work. It is the tendency of the times. Permit me to read to you an editorial given in one of our recent papers:

"Never was there such a craze for speculation as our age presents. Young and old more or less feel its force. Slow gains are discounted. Stock gambling is patronized and recognized to an alarming extent. The speculating spirit is rife in all directions and in all ways. Those who cannot rent an office in Wall Street patronize the bucket shop and curbstone brokers. The tricks of trade are mastered, and fortune hunting is pursued with avidity. Risks are incurred and principle sacrificed in the haste to become rich. Great syndicates are formed day by day and their luring baits tempt many people. Little savings are insured ample profits. Trade is becoming largely speculative. Old-fashioned business methods and ideals are passing away, and much is being sacrificed to more rapid modes of enrichment. Some succeed, but the larger number fall in their ventures. Fortunes are lost as well as won. Money changes hands, and thousands suffer where hundreds gain. Wrecks of characters lie all along the pathway of speculition. In all ranks and grades of society are found the victims of wild, reckless gambling. Greed of wealth is becoming too much an American vice. Its allurements are proving too strong for our bright, energetic and ambitious young men, and there is a call for a steadier, wiser and safer spirit in business affairs."

Second, there are many people insane today because of self-indulgence, the lack of self-restraint. Self-indulgence ruins men, self-denial makes them; self-indulgence sells a man's birthright for a mess of pottage, and he tries to get it again only to find that it is impossible; self-denial makes one to be possessed of increasing strength; self-indulgence led Belshazzar on until we find him in the centre of the feast where the fingers of a man's hand write upon the wall, "Weighted in the balances and found wanting," and the same thing is true to-day, it is the lack of self-restraint that has made many a man to lose his soul. Dr. Talmage tells of the man whom he saw on the shores of a lake in Scotland creeping out from under the hull of an old wrecked vessel and lifting up his hands tremblingly said, "Please, sir, will you give me a penny?" "For what?" said the minister. The answer was, "For strong drink." Dr. Talmage said to him, "I am a minister and I cannot give you the money for that, but I will help you. What is your name?" and he said the man buried his face in his hands, shook with emotion, and then finally said, "My name is"—and he sobbed it out. "Why," said Dr. Talmage, "I knew a man by that name in Edinburgh, a prominent merchant; did you know him?" "God pity me, sir," said he, "I am that man; sin slew me, and I am here; my wife is dead, my children are in the poor house and I am on my way to hell." What a warning for every man who gives way in the least to sin.

There are many men in the insane institutions to-day because of self-indulgence and lack of self-restraint. Who was it that said, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city?" Why, if a man could only take a city what a hero he would be! The word of God says that every man may be greater than he that taketh a city if he will rule his own spirit. Self-indulgence ruins, self-denial makes men. Self-indulgence sells a man's birthright for less than a mess of pottage. Be not deceived. God is not mocked, whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap.

I came across one young man in the insane asylum who came from one of the first families in the country. There is not a man better born than he. He had everything that money could buy. Not only was he lacking in self-restraint himself, but his people were lacking in self-restraint. If the boy desired to go to school he was at liberty to go; if he preferred not to go to school he could stay at home. After a while there came a defect in the brain; after a little while it was insanity, so that now he is in an insane asylum. I heard him say, "Will you permit me to go to father and mother?" "Certainly, certainly," the keeper said. "He will never go. He will never be ready to go. He rises in the morning, then he falls back on his cot; he begins to dress and then stops; he will just about be ready to-night; to-morrow morning he will have the delusion again. He never quite gets up to his desire. That is his mania." There is many a boy, possibly in our church, whose home atmosphere is like that, and it is a most dangerous one. I do not know that the fathers were strict enough. I do not think my father was too strict. In my boyhood's home life was the forming of my character. I should like to hold up to every boy and every young man the highest ideals of manhood, and I ask you to take Christ.

Third, there are very many people mentally unbalanced to-day because of some hallucination. A poor woman cried out as I passed along through the wards of the institution, "Doctor, I am burning up; if I could only have a breath of fresh air I would feel perfectly well again." A man who used to be a leader of society was actually burrowing in the ground like an animal, all the dignity of his manhood gone, and the woman who was once the pride of her home a mental wreck, and when I said to the doctor, "What is it that causes this?" his answer was, "It is sin in very many cases." I know very well that there are many who are insane because of inherited tendency and some because of over work, their poor overstrained nerves have given way, but I have seen a countless number in these latter days insane because of sin, and it is against this that I cry out.

II.

There is a kind of insanity in the position which men occupy with regard to being Christians.

First, let us suppose a case of sickness where the patient gradually grows worse, the temperature is high, the pulse is rapid, the heart is entirely wrong, the skin is dried and parched, the case is critical, a cure must come quickly or not at all, and you go to the afflicted one and propose a cure because your disease was the same and you have been cured. Suppose the patient should remark, "I do not feel that this remedy will cure me, after a while I will try it." Possibly that is a specie of insanity, but suppose he declares that he will wait until he grows better and the disease has practically left him; in this, too, he is insane. But suppose he tells you that he cannot understand how the remedy would cure him, and that until he can comprehend it he will not accept it. Could anything be more insane than such a position? Or suppose he should say, "I would take it, but I know one who tried it and failed." I ask you, is not this a species of insanity?

Second, what would you say concerning the position of such a sick man? I know what you would say. You would look at him and say, "Poor man; he is insane; feelings have nothing to do with the matter; you cannot grow better without a remedy. The doctor understands the case and you do not need to understand it." This is what you would say, but I know thousands of people who are away from Christ and staying away from Him for these very reasons.

Some years ago a young man threw himself into the river from a steamboat, and at once the cry of "Man overboard!" startled all the passengers. They threw back the searchlight in the darkness of the night and could see that he was sinking, but suddenly some one threw him a rope, and a cheer went up because he had caught hold of it. He drew the rope toward him until at last they saw him lift himself out of the water and then throw it as far as he could and go down beneath the waves. He was an insane man, having escaped from his keepers, but the man who rejects Christ, it would seem to me, is more insane, for he has turned away from the only cure for sin and rejected the only hope of heaven.

III.

There is a beginning to all of this. Have you heard the old fable of the ring, valuable because of its gold, to be sure, but that was not all? Whenever its wearer stepped wrong the ring pressed his finger and he would step right again. It was a fable of something that is true. That ring is conscience. There is many a man in my audience whose consciousness of sin five years ago kept him from evil. Macbeth, one of Shakespeare's characters, having committed murder says: "Will all great Neptune's ocean make these hands clean?" And, lifting them up, cries: "These hands will make the very sea red."

I speak to some young men in this church whose conscience is still working. You can put your hands over your eyes and there is before you the face of a sweet mother, who said to you: "My boy, it is a very wicked world. I am afraid for you without a mother's presence." You have a memory of that mother. Your conscience is saying, "You had better give up that sin." God keep you from it.

There are special sins which I should like to suggest this evening in closing. I need not speak of the sin of drunkenness. You have heard of it this evening. John B. Gough used to say, "God forgive me, I do not speak it boastingly. Five years of my life were a dark blot. I know what the burning appetite for stimulants is. I have felt its woes and I have seen it in many men who have died the drunkard's death but as God is my witness, I say, take away from me the friends of my old age, let the hut of poverty be my dwelling place, let me walk in the storm and live in the whirlwind, when I do good let evil come upon me, and the shouts of my enemies as the sound of many waters, do all this, O merciful God, but spare me from the death of a drunkard." I beseech you, if conscience appeals to you now that you yield at once to its teachings. Charles the Ninth after the massacre of St. Bartholomew said to the doctor, "I am fevered in body and mind; oh, if I had only spared the innocent, the preachers and the children." Rousseau declared in old age that the sins committed in his youth gave him sleepless nights. Richard the Third having slain his two nephews in the tower would sometimes in the night spring from his couch and touch his sword as if to fight the demons coming up against him. All this was conscience. In the name of God do not stifle its voice and reject its warning.

I should like to say a special word to the boys. I have the memory to-night of a boy who told me that he had left his father's home and his father's employ because he had begun to take money from him, and the habit had so grown upon him that it was impossible for him to resist. "I began," said he, "with a penny; my last theft was $5 at a single time. Oh, sir," said he, "do you think God will forgive me if I confess it to my father?" It is a mistake to step aside the least in a life of sin and I call upon the boys to turn squarely about.

I remember the man of whom they told me his mania was that he could not forget. This man could not forget, nor do I think we can forget. There is Cain with the mark of murder. He cannot forget. There is Pilate, with the memory of Jesus before him and his hands red with His blood. He cannot forget. Judas, with the clinking of the thirty pieces of silver, he cannot forget. Abraham, looking down into the depths, says, "Son, remember."

When Richard Cour de Leon was a prisoner the people could not tell where he was. The cry went up, "Where is the king?" An old musician said, "I will find him." And so to every penal institution he made his way and played the tune of Richard Cour de Leon. After a while there came a fluttering sign that Richard de Leon heard. I wish I could awaken the memories of your boyhood. I wish every man here could remember his mother and father, the old minister and the music of the chime, "Delay not. Delay not, O sinner draw nigh." They told me that sometimes in the minds of the poor people who are insane there will come a streak of light, a little prophecy of hope. I have an idea in every man's soul there has been such a ray of hope from heaven. You can be a Christian if you will. God help you to be a free man.

Love For God.

Prayer becomes a necessity when we know what God's love for us means. To read the story, as the Bible tells it, of the love which made the world and man, and of the love which sent God to live and die on earth for us; to go over the years of living and see how goodness and mercy have followed all the days; to pick out the blessings till they grow into glowing clouds always hovering over the human experience—these show the divine love so mightily that one cannot keep away from the contemplation! And so the human love grows until it reaches God, and bows at His feet, and presses its littleness into the very vastness of His nature, and draws its breath from the very presence of Him who is Himself love! Prayer—why we cannot help loving then! The very life is a prayer, a clinging, delighted gazing into a Face which knows no turning, a holding to the Hand which never loosens its grasp, a speaking to a Father whose one great desire is the child's happiness. Every act of ours, every need, every pleasure, every pain is as much God's as ours, and we know it, and knowing it as we go to Him as the child to its mother, as the bird to its nest, as the withered flower to the moisture which falls and kisses its upturned hungry face. Granted a God and all else follows. His love for us, our love for Him, presupposes prayer as a necessity.—Floyd Tompkins.

Prayer Kept Him From Falling.

A story illustrating the power of prayer to keep from falling is related of a Scotchman employed in a great steel factory, who after many years of drinking gave up the habit.

It was prophesied by those who knew him best that he would not hold out through the hot weather, but contrary to all prophecies he stood firm.

They asked him how he succeeded, and he said it was because at the beginning of every hour he asked the Lord to keep him through the hour. At the end of the hour he made a dot at the day of the month on a calendar near him, and prayed for help for the next hour. So the Lord carried him through the day, and so he expected the Lord to carry him through his life.

Every Man's Duty.

"Doing as well as we know how" is better than not doing even as well as that. But doing as well as we know how is not enough, unless we know just what is right, and then do that. God's commands are positive and exact. We are told to do this, or not to do that. God never tells us merely to do our best, or according to our knowledge. It is our duty to know what is right, and then to do it. Even under human governments it is said that it is every man's duty to know the law. And divine government has as high a standard as has the human. We have a responsibility for knowing, as preliminary to doing. Do we realize that?—Angelus.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

THE crucifix is not the Cross.

Sincerity is the secret of success.

Singing saints are seldom sad ones.

He who was often weary can always give us rest.

To break our mirrors will not make us beautiful.

The worldy-wise may be eternally foolish.

It takes more than money to make a living.

Strength in prayer cannot be measured by length.

It is vain hope that the chains of habit will rust off.

To be at our best tomorrow we must be at our best today.

When a father is too tender his sons usually balance things.

You cannot worship the Father while you are wounding the child.

Good intentions do not improve with age.

Grapes of peace do not grow on thorns of passion.

We do not need the Cross without if we have the Christ within.

Self-knowledge will cure self-love.

Practical piety must be personal.

Half a truth may be a whole lie.

Iniquity is the first cause of infirmity.

The love of God is the light of man.

The avalanche starts with a pebble.

The greedy man always cheats himself.

Sense and sanctity are not antonyms.

Profanity is often a species of insanity.

Humility is one of the gates of heaven.

The flames of lust quenches the light of life.

Permanency of pleasure depends on purity of purpose.

The world's premiums are never worth the cost of the coupons.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments for October 5.

Subject: Joshua Encouraged, Josh. i., 1-11—Golden Text: Josh. i., 9—Memory Verses, 8, 9—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "Now." This indicates a close connection with what precedes. It is quite probable that the book of Joshua originally begun with the last chapter of Deuteronomy, "After the death." After the thirty days' morning were over. "The servant of the Lord." This was the official title of Moses, as invested with a special mission to make known the will of God, and conferred great honor and authority. "The Lord spake." The Lord did not speak with Joshua face to face as He did with Moses, but probably through the high priest. Num. 27: 18-22. "Joshua." His name was originally Hoshea, Salvation, or Help. To this was added afterwards the prefix "Jeh," Jehovah, and his name became Jehoshua, shortened into Joshua—Salvation from Jehovah. This name in the Greek is Jesus, and in Acts 7: 45 and Heb. 4: 8 Joshua is called Jesus. Moses the "lawgiver" led Israel to the border, Joshua the prototype of Jesus brought them over. Joshua was born in the land of Goshen, Egypt. He was a descendant of Joseph, through Ephriam. At this time he was about eighty-four years of age. He was distinguished for his courage, faith and piety. "Son of Nun." Nothing is known of Nun only that he was of the tribe of Ephriam. "Moses' minister." It was customary for great prophets to be thus attended by ministers or servants. Thus had Joshua been trained in the best possible school. Moses was the servant of Jehovah and Joshua the minister of Moses. A servant is less honorable than a minister, but it is unspeakably greater to be Jehovah's servant than the prime minister of the greatest earthly potentate.

2. "This Jordan." Called the "descender" because of its rapid descent of a thousand feet between the sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. It is one of the most peculiar rivers in the world. It has many turnings and windings so that although the distance between the two seas is only sixty miles, yet the river traverses a distance of at least two hundred miles, and during that distance there are twenty-seven large cataracts, besides a great many smaller ones; thus on it goes a foaming torrent plunging down into the "Sea of Salt" where its waters are lost in a "briny seething caldron." It is sometimes deep and at other times shallow enough to be forded. "All this people." According to the second census (Num. 26: 51) the warriors, men over twenty years of age, numbered 601,730, besides 23,000 Levites. This justifies an estimate of not less than 2,000,000 people altogether.

3. "Your foot shall tread." The entire land was before them, and it depended upon their courage and faith how much of it they possessed.

4. "From the wilderness." The boundaries of the land are here defined. "This Lebanon." A double range of mountains which formed the northern boundary. "Euphrates." The eastern boundary. This was the largest, the longest and the most important of the rivers of western Asia. "Hittites." A tribe of Canaanites living in the southern part of the promised land. They were the most powerful tribe in Canaan and the especial terror of the ten spies. Gen. 15: 16. This was an important promise, Ye shall possess the land of even the dreaded Hittites. "Great sea." The Mediterranean. Called "great" in comparison with the seas of Canaan. It is 2500 miles long and 1200 miles in its greatest width, and has an average depth of over half a mile. "Going down." Meaning that this is the western boundary. "Your coast." This was a larger territory than the Hebrews ever possessed, except for a short time during the reigns of David and Solomon.

5. "Not any man," etc. What a promise is this! He was to have victory in every conflict. But the divine promise implies a condition. See vs. 7-9. "I will be with thee." Joshua needed no other allies, but he needed these great promises. A crisis had arrived in the history of the nation, and he knew that Jehovah alone could bring them into their promised inheritance. "Not fail thee." 1. God's presence gives constant victory. Any man may conquer who fights with the Lord on His side. 2. God's presence is given irrespective of ability or social condition. God walks with all who fear Him—the poor, the needy, the persecuted, the downtrodden. 3. God's presence once given will remain with us forever, unless we disobey Him.

6. "Be strong," etc. Better, "be strong and firm." It denotes strength of hand and arm to lay hold of and retain anything within one's grasp; and firmness in the knees, and ability to maintain one's position against the attack of foes. The expression occurs with increasing emphasis four times in this chapter, and is rather a command than an exhortation. "Shalt thou divide." See R. V. The Lord shows Joshua that "he is the last link in the chain which unites prophecy and fulfillment," that "all the glorious possibilities of his nation hinge upon his own personal valor and fidelity." Joshua was to use all his military skill, and avail himself to the utmost of all the means, natural and providential, placed within his reach. God will not help them who refuse to help themselves.

7. "All the law." All the moral, ceremonial and political precepts given from Jehovah to the hand of Moses. Joshua is admonished that the law must be strictly and carefully observed, if the great work to which he has been called was to be successfully accomplished. He was to carry out its provisions to the letter. "To the right....or....left." Perfect obedience is represented by a straight line, and a course of sin by a crooked way. "Mayest prosper." There is no real or lasting prosperity outside of a perfect obedience to all of God's commandments.

8. "Book of the law." Moses had already written the law, and they were to diligently study it and meditate upon it, and their lives were to be governed according to its precepts.

9. "Thy God is with thee." As the soldier's valor is stimulated by the eye of his captain, so a vivid realization of the presence of God is a safeguard against fearfulness and discouragement.

10. "Officers of the people." These were the leaders of the army whose offices embraced various duties. It seems to have been a part of their work to act as heralds, and to prepare the tribes for action.

11. "Prepare your victuals." The word denotes food obtained in hunting. Although the manna did not cease until several days after this, yet the supernatural supply probably began to decrease as the natural supply increased. God never works miracles as a premium to indolence.

Odd Place for Serpent.

In Alsace recently a four-year-old child, the daughter of a workingman, became very ill one day, but speedily recovered, and for some days afterward dismayed her parents by eating a good deal more than a child of that age is wont to eat.

Instead, however, of growing fatter, the girl grew thinner, and doctors, who were summoned to attend her, were unable to explain why the food did her no good. Finally the riddle was solved, for a serpent about twenty inches in length issued one morning from the child's mouth.

The serpent was killed and sent to the University of Strasburg, and since then the little one has enjoyed excellent health. It is supposed that the child swallowed the serpent while drinking some impure water.

If a man is able to make a bluff at crying a woman will forgive him anything.

The miracle is the flash that comes when God touches man.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

October 5.—"A Searching Question."—John xxi., 15-25.

Scripture Verses.—What kind of love does God expect? Matt. x. 37; Eph. vi. 24; Who are they that love him? Sol. Song i. 4; John viii. 42; Luke vii. 47; How can we show our love? John xiv. 15; 1 John v. 2; What is said of those who love him? 1 Cor. xvi. 22; What is promised to those who love him? Jas. i. 12; John xiv. 21, 23.

Lesson Thoughts.

Our Savior, who loved us even unto death, is interested in nothing else so much as our love to him.

Christ must always have the supreme place in every human heart. We ought to love Him more than any earthly good, so that there will be no hesitancy in choice, if there ever comes a conflict.

How much injury has been done by persons being more concerned about another's duty than their own? Our first concern should be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Selections.

Talent and energy and capacity to lead others are not qualifications enough for work of Christ. Peter possessed all these in a marked degree; but—did he love the Savior whose love he was to make known? He might speak like an angel, might prophesy, might be able to fathom deep mysteries, might give all he had to the poor; but without "charity" or love—love first for his Lord, and then love for his wandering sheep—he was nothing, and his words but as "sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal."

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone;
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more.

When the Pagan priests killed a sacrifice to foretell future events, the worst possible augury was in a heart small and shrivelled. This was a sure sign of calamity. It is so, too, when the omniscient Christ finds no love in our personal religion.

Suggested Hymns.

Come, Holy Spirit.
I belong to Jesus.
Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine.
Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered?
O Savior, precious Savior.
More love to thee, O Christ.

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS.

October 5.—Resume of Progress of Methodists Missions—Psa. 115. 1-3.

Methodism was born in a revival of apostolic zeal and spirit, and necessarily is missionary. The genius of Christianity is missionary work. "God had but one Son, and he was a missionary." The early disciples of Christ went everywhere preaching the new faith. Paul was a "foreign missionary." The mediaeval church was missionary. Our Anglo-Saxon race is the result of Christian missions. Early Methodism in both England and America was intensely missionary. The Methodist church was little else for a long time except a missionary society. America has been largely evangelized by Methodism because it was, and is, a missionary force. Methodism could not have been but for the spirit and work of missions.

The church had been organized in the United States for nearly forty years before this spirit was incarnated into an organized effort to evangelize the world. Our Missionary Society was organized in 1819, almost simultaneously with the American Board. For eighty-three years it has made an honorable and inspiring record. Its collections have increased from $823.04 in 1819 to almost $1,500,000 in 1901.

In our home field nearly one-half of our missionary money, and more than half of our workers, are within our own land. Our Home Missions, administered by the Missionary Society, are divided into four general divisions. 1. Missionary work in the Conferences in the North, including the mountain districts and the Pacific coast. 2. Missionary work, both white and colored, in the South. 3. Non-English-speaking, including American Indians. 4. Special work in our great cities. About $475,000 is spent annually in this field.

A study of the rise, growth, and future outlook of our Missions is full of inspiration. Africa, our oldest and in some sense most difficult field, is taking on new life under the administration of Bishop Hartzell. China has five Conferences, and under the leadership of Bishop Moore, is taking on new life under new conditions. India is honey-combed with the Gospel, and Bishop Thoburn is successfully guiding its six mission fields. Japan and Korea are hopefully growing. In the Philippine Islands we are planting a most hopeful Mission. In our cities and on the frontier our missionaries are succeeding in converting and saving the people. Eighty years have prepared the Church for a more liberal giving, a more systematic effort, and a more successful method in missionary work. The victories past should inspire praise and hope. The wonderful opportunities before us should incite every Epworth Leaguer to greater missionary enthusiasm.

Asphalt Were More Serviceable.

Notification was recently served on the residents of an up-town street that they would be assessed a certain amount each by the city for repaving made necessary in laying new water pipes. Several house owners rebelled and determined to petition councils to place the cost on the city. The most belligerent of the "kickers" was appointed a committee of one to ask all the interested property owners to sign the petition. Here was the first paragraph of the circular letter he sent around:

"Certain gentlemen, house-owners wish to file a remonstrance to the proposed repaving of ——— street with the members of both branches of councils.—Philadelphia Times.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR WHEN THE SOUL INVITES ITSELF.

Poem: Dwell Deep—With the Breaking of the Sabbath Has Come a Decline in the Joy of Attending Divine Worship—Passing of the Quiet Lord's Day.

Dwell deep, O my soul, in the love-depths divine;
In the depths of God's love there is peace.
Dwell deep, hour by hour, where God's fulness is thine;
From all care, in the depths, is release.

Dwell deep, far below the wild rage of the gale,
Far beneath the onrush of the wave,
Dwell deep, in the calm, where no blast can assail,
From all strife, in the depths, He doth save.

Dwell deep, where no foeman can ever draw nigh,
Far removed from all danger and fear;
Dwell deep in His love; to thy safe refuge fly,
Where His hand wipes away every tear.

Dwell deep, O my soul; in the depths, deeper yet,
Where with thee He communeth alone,
Dwell deep; all thy pain and thy anguish forget—
In the love-rest He gives to "His Own."
—Ernest G. Wellesley-Wesley.

Delight in God's House.

It has gone out of fashion to take delight in God's house. The good old days of the quiet, sacred Sabbath, whereon all go to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, are gone. We hear tales of our grandmothers, whose pure eyes are lit with a holy peace, sitting through long services, where sermon and prayer were deep and hard to be understood; we listen to the story of how our grandfathers, for love of God, went armed to church and took turns pacing up and down in front of the primitive building that their worship might not be interrupted by visits from savages, and we admire them as a simple folk with no higher social privileges than to gather in a log house every little while and have a dull sermon read to them. They were brave, certainly, and the tenacity with which they held to their religious views and left all else in life for the privilege of serving God in what seemed to them the right way, was beautiful. But we of this more enlightened age—why, we could not take the time for such long services! There is too much a-doing now. The world has waked up. We must have our sermons all frills and furbelows, or we care nothing for them. What would they have thought, in the days of the Puritans, of the efforts of the present day to attract an audience? People went to church then from pure love of it, because it was God's house, the place where they were always sure of meeting Him, their Father's home, their home. Just as the birds of the air seek their little nests for comfort and rest and refreshment, even so they sought the altars of God their Father, and felt it their home.

And the Sabbath was their free day in which they could all meet as one great family. With the breaking of the Sabbath has come the decline in the delight in God's house. For how can one delight in a thing for which one has no time or thought?

Still stands this solemn, impassioned psalm, like a bit of ancient curio, striking a strange note, scarce heard amid the work-a-day world's rushing on. In these times of buying and selling and getting gain, of pleasuring and feasting, of study and research, of building up new theories for everything under heaven, even the dear old Bible, what time have we for sentiment, and toward a house, a particular building? Is not God everywhere? Worship in His house is but a form. The old dispensation is done away with.

Ah! But God established those forms, and for the purpose of teaching His own the way to Him. Alexander MacLaren says: "So long as spirit is tied to body the most spiritual worship will be tied to form."

And it is no more unlikely that we shall wander from our God than it was that the thoughtless children of the wilderness should.

True, we have made God's house more and more beautiful as time has passed on. It is as lovely now as our own homes, and quite as comfortable, but is not this done largely from selfishness? Do we beautify it because we love it, and love our God, or because it gives us pain to be environed even for the short time each week that we are detained in a church by anything ugly or out of harmony?

But is it then possible for a busy man or woman, filled with life and happiness and laden with the joyous cares of this earth, to love the church where the sermon is ill prepared, or poorly delivered, or monotonously commonplace?

Truly, yes. Because it is God's house. God is never ill prepared to meet you, nor monotonously comonplace. He loves you. He is God! Is it not enough? Go there to look into His face. "It is He that hath made you and not yourself." He knoweth what you need. The way to love God's house is given in this hundredth psalm. "Enter into His courts with thanksgiving," not with criticism in your heart. Count your blessings while you sing His praise. Acknowledge His part in your life, His over-all-ness. "Bless His name." Then will His house truly become to you the house of prayer, the gate of heaven, your home. Then you can sing with all your heart:

I love Thy church, O God!
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Without Equal.

Be certain of this, that no misery can be equal to that which a man feels who is conscious that he has proved unequal to his part, who has deserted the post his captain set him, and who, when men said, "Such and such a one is there on guard; there is no need to take further heed," has left his watch or quailed before the foeman, to the loss, perhaps the total ruin, of the cause he had made his choice. —J. H. Shorthouse.

Our Real Possessions.

Time, study, sacrifice—these are the coin with which we buy our real possessions. They are exchangeable nowhere. God gives away nothing except on the most positive conditions. The disposition to receive can never be absent. An arbitrary salvation is impossible. There must always be an open door, a dustless window—something through which the light may come.—Presbyterian.

Just and Fair.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a talebearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being kind toward everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

All Confidence.

When faith in the authority of Scripture is destroyed it takes with it all confidence in Methodism.—The Rev. W. T. Euster, Evanston, Ill.

Quaint Auctioneering Method.

The inhabitants of a village in Surrey, England, recently witnessed a quaint mediaeval survival in the sale by auction of a local meadow. Long ago, when the world was not so busy as it is to-day, the landlord of the "white brown meadow" at Bourne bequeathed the meadow subject to an auction sale which every now and again adds to the gayety of this rural population. At each bid a boy sets out to run to a given point and the "white brown meadow" is let to the bidder whose offer is unchallenged when the last boy returns.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: To the Beer Wagon—A Remarkably Trenchant Editorial Warning to Young Men—Drink, and the Devil Will Laugh and Leer and Mock.

Hear the stamping and the rattle
As of cavalry in battle
Hither hie.
Hear the rolling down the ridges
And the thunder o'er the bridges
Coming nigh.

Do you, trembling, ask "What it is?"
'Tis the devil makes his visit
With his dells.
See the fierce and foaming horses
And his car that hither courses—
Woe on wheels.

He employs a human driver;
Thus the wicked sin-contriver
Men deceives.
Demons shut within a bottle
Able each a soul to throttle
Here he leaves.

And the wealthy tavern-keeper,
Sinking village morals deeper,
Takes them in.
Little does it seem to matter
How much sorrow he may scatter,
Woe and sin.

Men long sunk by drunken revels,
Serve as gods these bottled devils,
And they cheer
As they see the car advancing,
And the fiery horses prancing,
Coming near.

Daughters, sons and wives they offer,
All life's precious gifts they proffer,
All are brought
To be crushed—an act made lawful—
'Neath the wheels of that most awful
Juggernaut.

Be Temperate, Young Man.

The World (Independent, Kansas City, Mo.) under the head "Young Man, Don't Drink," has the following remarkably trenchant editorial message to young men:

The young man who drinks strong liquor is like the commander of a fortified city who deliberately admits a known enemy within its walls.

Drink is more hostile and more deadly than any army. It has sent more men to destruction and death than have all the armies of the world.

There is nothing in it. You can't gain by it; you may lose everything—health, position, reputation, self-respect, manhood, soul.

The first drink admits a demon that every successive drink strengthens, until some day it may be strong enough to dominate and glut its ravenous appetite with your brain and blood.

Don't deceive yourself about your strength. You know nothing about that until the test comes, and then it often is too late. You may never be sure you have the strength to resist until you ahev asserted that strength by resistance.

To resist once, or twice, or a dozen times, does not prove strength to resist always. It can be proved only by constant and unfailing resistance. Any man can resist sometimes. The only man who can have absolute confidence in his power to resist is he who never drinks at all. If you have the strength, use it. Assert it now. One drink more is too much. Be strong right now. It is your best chance.

And do not fall into the dangerous delusion that only weak men overdrink. Weak men do not, as a rule, overdo anything. It is the strong, self-confident man who drink as he does all else, with gusto and without fear, proud of his strength, who some day succumbs to the subtle, insidious poison that rots his body and palsies his brain.

Strong young man! If you can to-day mock at the assertion that one drink is too much some day you may think the same of ten drinks, and later of twenty. And when that day comes the strength that could not resist one drink, before appetite was formed, will be but as a straw in a whirlwind.

If you have not the strength and sense to stop drinking right now, when will you have it? Will continued yielding give you added strength or better sense?

When the raveled nerves of a disordered stomach and the flaccid tissues of a softening brain demand whisky, will you, who could not resist when strength and sense were whole and craving was unknown—will you be better able to resist then?

It is not an abstruse question of piety, or ethics, or morality; it is a simple question of common sense and health.

One does not need to become a drunkard in the gutter to be injured by whisky. It is poison even in small quantities.

Few physicians prescribe it any longer for any purpose except in hopeless cases to dull the senses at the approach of death. No physician of learning and honor administers it to the young in any case.

When impure, as most of the commercial whisky is, it is full of unknown dangers. When pure it is more dangerous still.

It is sometimes given to pups to stunt their growth and turn them into "freaks." The young man hoping for the highest possible mental and physical development should think seriously of this when tempted to put himself in the place of the pup.

Young man, don't drink!

There's is no good in it. The only possible result is harm to yourself and sorrow to those that love you best.

Refuse the first drink, or, if you have taken that and more, assert your strength now and refuse to take another, and the spirits of all dearest to you on earth or in heaven will lean and listen and smile.

Take it, and devils will laugh and leer and mock.

Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

European papers commenting upon the triumphal march of this circus through Belgium, after describing the prowess and skill of the artists, express surprise at the extreme rapidity with which the work is accomplished and the extraordinary order that reigns throughout, from the moment of arrival to that of departure. The secret of