

The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: The Man Jesus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church on the theme, "The Man Jesus," the pastor, the Rev. Ira W. Henderson, took as his text John 12:27: "Sir, we would see Jesus." He said:

Let us go with these certain Greeks of whom John bears us record and see Jesus. Down the long perspective of the ages let us look at Christ, the man.

A study of the career of the Savior will indicate two central and crucial elements in His character as a man. Jesus was a man of parts; He was also a man of power.

The Lord was not a meekish believer. He had definite ability and the energy to put His gifts into direct achievements.

The Christ was a man of parts. As a philosopher He is peerless; as a teacher He can teach us all the way to death; as a preacher to mankind His messages convince. His ministry is a present and a constant joy to the weary and a sweet remembrance to heart and soul alike.

Jesus was a man of power. His spirituality is unsurpassed. His goodness is the godly kind that we admire. His sincerity makes the heart sure; His commanding positiveness is refreshing. His constancy was sublime.

Jesus was a man of parts. In His clear and comprehensive statements of eternal truths He stamped Himself a philosopher without an equal. To Him God was the first great cause—the personal, spiritual giver and ruler of all life. For Him union with the will of God in a holy, godly life is the highest good for men and for society.

In the mind of Christ sin is disobedience to the will of the Father and His wages is deliberate separation from Him—that is to say, death. The things that last unto eternity, and it was to the attainment of eternal graces as the end of human existence that Christ turned the attention of mankind. A glance into the depths and ranges and experiences of His many messages touch will convince any man, however skeptical he may be, of His predominant position among this world's philosophers.

Jesus is markedly a teacher as He unfolds and explains the mysteries of divine verities. With the simplest language and the most charming parables Jesus sent home changeless truths. Does He desire to show the uselessness of trust in riches He pictures to us the rich man with his barns and his lands and the wreck thereof. Under His touch the leaven in the loaf reveals to us the men and the women we should be. He lights a candle for us, and we strive to spread His truth throughout the globe. The Lord sends us out into the highways and the byways to bid men lay fast hold upon salvation, free, rich, sufficient. As a teacher Christ is masterful. He takes a mustard seed and we see the coming of the kingdom. A man hides a talent in a napkin and stands forever as a danger signal beside the king's highway. The foolish virgins are a lesson to us to be ready for the coming of the Master. These and the rest of the parables of Jesus are the most convincing of implications, weighty with concentrated principle.

Jesus taught spiritual and moral principles. He was not foolish enough to endeavor to give to us a set of rules which should be like a sort of guide book or directory. He gave no set of statutes. Realizing that we are men and not automatons our Lord suggests the principles and then leaves the individual to work out for himself and for the glory of the Spirit of God and the application of the principle of his own life. Christ didn't worry about the geographical situation of Judea or over the question as to whether the world is flat or round. Those points at issue were quite beyond His concern. His mission was to teach spiritual and moral truth, and He had neither time nor taste for anything else. Why should He worry over secondary and transient matters when the souls of men were in dire need of that primal truth which is necessary unto eternal life?

Jesus also taught with authority. He knew that the truth was in Him and He let no man contradict Him with success.

He spoke and to those men—believing and unbelieving—it came as the voice of God. The honest-hearted believed unto salvation; those who didn't want to accept His truth sent Him away in scorn and crucified Him at the hands of His own people. Jesus to His death not because they did not realize the force of His words but very largely because He spoke too much truth to suit them. Some one has said that there is no more hazardous task than that of trying the torch of truth into those hidden recesses where the light has never shown. Jesus found this to be true.

Christ's application of His theories to the needs of every day and His positive insistence upon the fulfillment of the demands of godliness and ultimate truth upon the lives of all men are the secrets of His marvelous power as a preacher. He not only preached abstract theory but also showed how these ideas could become factors for uplift in the busy lives of men. The duty to love God and to serve the truth was not with Him a mental problem, but a fact of life. Christ never minced words.

He knew that which He was after, and He never failed to make His hearers see what He meant. Vivid direct, without a waver, Christ sent home the truth. And it was this that gained Him both friends and enemies, as it will any man who dares to state the truth, fearlessly, impartially, with God-given wisdom and divine zeal. How sick we all are of that popular preaching of the day, which is aimed nowhere and hits nothing—whose main and prevailing characteristic is that it is inconsequential and flabby, effeminate and devoid of the power men should show.

The winsomeness of the ministry of Jesus is a fact that merits our attention. The love that flowed from His heart, the tenderness of His voice, the gentleness that radiated without ceasing from His soul, the healing virtue of His hand, all these stamp Him as a minister who can teach us how to aid men best.

The Lord was a man of power. Power is to ability what electricity is to a dynamo. A man of parts must become a man of action before he is of much use. The world is full of geniuses who are impotent. They carry the light in their life, but they simply because they lack energy and force. Jesus was a man of many powers.

His spirituality is unsurpassed. He had a right basis for His philosophy and His life. He had the right point of view, and thus of necessity saw things in their right relations. His spiritual philosophy colored all His mission, messages and ministry, and gave individuality and peculiar meaning to His words and deeds. Christ began right. He put God at the center of His system of life and of course all went well with Him. The insight of Christ and His spiritual sense are our need.

Jesus was a good man, and goodness is greatness and power. Christ was not a meekish believer. He was a good man in the best sense of the word; that is to say, He was a godly man. He was a clean minded, pure hearted, noble acting man, and no matter what may be the mental or moral condition of any man, if he be not good he cannot hope to be most of use. Godliness must be a characteristic of any man who would mold a lasting and revered memory. Christ was not meekish. You know how He dealt with the problems of His day; how He dealt with the Pharisees, the scribes, the lawyers, the priests, the people who waited to be healed. He was straightforward and more than conscientious. He was constructively, progressively, cumulatively righteous. He moved ahead. He was kind, true, pure, noble, just, in His own good. Meanness was beneath Him. The truth was His glory. Cleanliness of life was the sign of His inward grace. He was a gentleman, a true nobleman. He was an aristocratic democrat, who showed His birth and His breeding in His manner.

Jesus was sincere. He was not a patch work, but a whole pattern. He leveled to any plumb. He met specifications to the letter. There were no weak spots, no faulty places in His life glazed over with pretended character. Jesus was a whole, wholesome, well rounded man, without defect whatsoever. His sincerity inspired trust, for He lived the sort of life He asked other men to enter. Every man knew and knew where Jesus stood—with the right always.

Jesus was positive. He didn't suppose or guess or just think. He knew and was sure. His knowledge was from personal experience and it was certain. Because Christ is dead certain of what He speaks about we lead Him Lord. And do we wish to lead other men to Him we must also speak with conviction out of personal knowledge.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Foreign Missions: Christ in the Continent of Asia.—Isa. 49:8-13.

A picture of idolatry.—Jer. 7:17-20.

Shamed by hypocrites.—Matt. 23:13-15.

Faith shown by works.—Jas. 2:14-18.

Constrained by love.—2 Cor. 5:11-15.

Weakness no excuse.—1 Cor. 1:26-31.

Our gold for Him.—1 Chron. 29:3-5.

The nations without Christ may all be called "the bound nations." Every foreign missionary society is a Freedmen's Bureau.

Half the world's population is on the continent of Asia, and probably half of these never know what it means to have their hunger completely satisfied.

Many have indeed come from China, the land of Sinim, to our own land. How are we using that glorious foreign missionary opportunity?

There may be some singing and some joy in a Christian land, but the permanent joy and song are only when Christ comes.

Mission Notes from Asia.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the new National Missionary Society of India—an interdenominational organization to evangelize the country by native Christians.

One of the first missionaries sent out by the American Board wrote a leaflet on the subject of the people of Asia for missionary aid. A young physician, Dr. Scudder, read the tract by chance while waiting to see a patient. As a result, the Scudder family have given to India 20 missionaries and 529 years of service.

Mohammedans can be converted. A single organization, the Church Missionary Society, has 3,000 native Christians in Bengal, and 6,000 of these are from Mohammedan families.

The Tibetan "Bible" fills 333 volumes, but it teaches only a very corrupt kind of Buddhism.

One of the most important events in Chinese history is the substitution of a modern for the ancient and absurd system of education.

The pioneer missionaries to Japan are still with us. When they began work there were no Christians in Japan and Christianity was under the ban of the government. Now Japan has about 45,000 adult Protestant Christians.

Epworth League Lessons

SUNDAY, APRIL 28.

Opened Doors (1 Cor. 16:9) Missions Passages for Reference: Luke 14:21-23; Acts 8:4-6; 14:27; Phil. 12-18.

Our Scripture references tell us of the spread of the kingdom in the early days of the church. Paul writes that a great door is opened to him in Ephesus, which prevented his coming to Corinth. In the persecution that arose when Stephen suffered martyrdom the believers were scattered, but as they went they preached the word. Philip went to Samaria. "And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." God wonderfully opened the way for his Word.

As a basis for our faith in his leadership, it would be wonderfully helpful to study chapters that have not taken it up to study the course laid down for "Studies in the Apostolic Church." The Acts of the Apostles will mean more than ever before.

We are many who, while they believe that God has something to do in the opening of doors in the early church days, are hardly ready to admit that he does the same thing now. But these are people who are not posted on the modern missionary movements. Some time ago the burden of the prayers of the most aggressive of the church people was that the doors of the non-Christian world might be opened to allow the Word of God to enter. The hatred of anything foreign was so strong that the doors of the nations were tight closed against the message of peace. The strongest proclamations were posted against those who espoused the cause of Christianity. After the apostolic age the doors of the world seemed to shut against the church, but in the days referred to the church besought the heavenly Father to swing them open again. Marvellously did he reward their prayer, for the doors have swung open. They are standing open, but the church is not entering them as rapidly as she ought. God answered prayer beyond all that men asked or thought.

How the Printer Erred.

It was a typographical error that threatened to bring streaks of gray into the locks of the editor of a newly started weekly which purported to chronicle the doings of the smart set of a Western city. In reality, however, it sold out the edition and filled the readers with a desire to see what would develop in the succeeding numbers. The subject of the paragraph was a pink luncheon given by a well-known matron. When the edition was given to the public it was found that the opening line of general eulogy were followed by the bald statement, "The luncheon was purk."—Lippincott's.

New York's School Children.

The Department of Education is in receipt of the third biennial school census of Greater New York. It shows there are 888,427 children attending school in this city, and that 952,485 persons between four and eighteen years live here. The number of foreign born children is about eighteen per cent of the entire population.—New York Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HUMANITARIAN.

"On what ground," the alienist asked, "do you declare the prisoner insane?"

"On the simple ground of humanity," replied the alienist; "for if he isn't crazy he's up against it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Episodes in the Career of Gordon Cumming, Greatest of Lion Hunters

The name of Gordon Cumming is to the popular mind, perhaps the most familiar in the annals of African sport. To middle aged and elderly people he is still the lion hunter, par excellence, of South Africa, the very type and ensample of those adventurous Nimrods who have earned their fame in the wilds of many countries.

The second son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, Rousley Gordon Cumming was born in 1820. After a brief period of schooling in the Madras Cavalry, the Royal Veteran Newtonnall Company, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, Gordon Cumming, always a passionate lover of sport, became so enamored of the life of the hunting field that he resigned his commission in the Cape Rifles and for the next seven years devoted himself with irresistible ardor to the pursuit of South African game. Few hunters ever had greater success. He slew every variety of quarry to be found between the Cape and the Limpopo; many a grim lion, scores of elephants and rhinoceroses fell to his rifle. His athletic figure, clad as often as not in a flannel shirt, a Highland kilt and a broad brimmed hat, with bare, bristly arms and legs, and red beard, became familiar at many a Boer outpost and homestead and in many a native village. One of the most unconventional and picturesque heroes of the good days in South Africa, Gordon Cumming's strong personality and daring feats will remain alive and undimmed in the annals of South African pioneers. The great hunter made his first real appearance in the veldt in 1843, when he shot many a head of game on the northern plains of Cape Colony, between Colesberg and the Orange River. Springbuck in tens of thousands, black wilde-beest, quagga, blebok and gembok were here met with, and many a fine trophy fell to his rifle.

Pursuing his way steadily northward, Cumming crossed the Orange and enjoyed much sport, shooting many varieties of game—bartebeest, brindled and white-tailed gu, koodoo, Burchell's zebra and oryx antelope. Mighty herds of blebok, almost as innumerable as springbok, were seen.

Gordon Cumming's first adventure with a lion happened in this wise, in the Griqua country—now Griqualand West. A lioness was found devouring a blebok. At first she sallied out at her disturbers, but thinking better of it, started at a smart canter for a range of hills. Mounted on his good horse, Colesberg, the Highlander spurred briskly in chase, and, finding himself overhauled the lioness subsided to a trot and presently sat up on her haunches like a dog, with her back to Cumming, appearing, as he describes it, to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is coming after?" Now she sprang to her feet, and showing her teeth and growling fiercely, made a short run forward, making a loud rumbling noise like thunder. Finding she could not intimidate the hunter, she quietly lay down. All this, it is to be remembered, happened upon a bare, open plain. There was no escape, and the other must go down. The Hottentots came up and Cumming arranged that one of them, Kleinboy, was to hand him his spare rifle in case his first shot proved insufficient. By this time the men were in a precarious stew; their faces assumed a ghastly paleness. The lioness ran forward, and "I had," he says, "a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us and keeps advancing, turning the horse's tail to her, I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was in the middle of us. At this moment Stolofus' (a Hottentot's) rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind; the lioness sprang upon Colesberg (the horse) and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches. * * * I was cool and steady and did not feel in the least nervous, having fortunately gained confidence in my own shooting, but I must confess that when the whole affair was over I felt it was a very

awful situation and attended with extreme peril. "When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horse, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot; this she quickly did, for seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had taken she quitted Colesberg, and turning her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me. Taking one step to the left, I pitched my rifle to my shoulder and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain."

One dark windy night on the Limpopo River a terrible tragedy happened in his camp. The appalling roar of a lion was heard, followed by the shrieking of Hottentots, then one of them, Stolofus, rushed up to his master's wagon shrieking out, "The lion! The lion! He has got Hendrick. Hendrick is dead!" It was too true. Hendrick, Cumming's most trusted Hottentot, had been seized by the camp fire and carried off. They did what they could, but on such a night, pitch dark and windy, little could be attempted. The dogs were encouraged to attack the dangerous brute, but the lion repeatedly drove them off, and, safe in his bushy lair, actually devoured the unfortunate man within fifty yards of the camp. "As day broke," says Cumming, "we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank, and we proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the beast had consumed its prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with blood, and fragments of his pack coat lay around. Poor Hendrick! I knew that old coat, and had often seen some of its shreds in the dense coverts where the elephants had charged after my unfortunate after-riders. Hendrick was by far the best man I had—of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon driver, fearless in the field, very active, willing and obliging, and his loss to us all was very serious. I felt sick at heart, and could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after the elephants to divert my mind." Gordon Cumming shot an elephant and returned to camp two hours before sunset; then he orders horses to be saddled and goes in search of the man-eater. The lion had taken covert in some reeds, and the dogs were sent in to dislodge him. He held up the river bank, but presently turned and stood at bay. "As I approached," says Cumming, "his horrid head was to me, his jaws open, growling fiercely and his tail waving from side to side.

"On beholding the brute my blood boiled with rage, and setting my teeth I dashed my steel forward within thirty yards of him and shouting, 'Your time is up, old fellow,' I placed my rifle to my shoulder and waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot, he again rose, but I finished him with a second in the breast. The natives now came up in wonder and delight, and ordering John to cut off his head and fore paws and bring them to the wagons, I mounted my horse and galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead they danced for joy, calling me their 'father.' Thus was poor Hendrick avenged."

Fear, however, was a thing absolutely unknown to such a man. He would tackle anything living. The great python of Africa is not the kind of creature that the average man cares about handling in the wild state. A fearsome looking serpent, having great constrictive power and attaining as much as twenty feet in length, it is far from an attractive object in natural history. Yet Cumming once seized one of these monsters by the tail just as it was entering a crevice beneath a mass of rock, and getting a rawhide thong round the middle of its body tugged at it with all his might until the reptile relaxed its hold. The snake suddenly springing out at them open-jawed, snapped within a foot of their legs. Releasing his hold Cumming quickly overtook the monster and belaboring its head with a big bough, presently killed him.—Forest and Stream.

Why Saddle-Horses Are Poor Drivers. In harness only shall we find the thoroughly trained high-school horse not likely to be useful. His balance, acquired with much effort after diligent rehearsal, and maintained by constant practice, has always been accomplished with the bits in his mouth which forced response to the efforts of the hind quarters guided by the indications of the rider's legs and heels. When now he is thus bridled and finds no demands upon the hind legs by any signal which he has already been taught he is quite at sea and fails to answer pleasantly to his driver's demands. When furthermore he is required to overbalance himself by pulling from his shoulders at from 600 to 1200 pounds of weight in the shape of vehicle and occupants, he is further confused, and makes usually a most inferior beast for the purpose, while, through mistaking the guidance of the rider's legs, he wanders about in the most awkward fashion once he is between the shafts.—From "Controlling the Hind Quarters of Your Horse," by E. M. Ware, in the Outing Magazine.

Homeless Dogs. One result of the new act requiring every dog to wear a collar with its owner's name and address seems to be a promise of a great increase in the number of lost dogs which find their way to the Battersea Home. More than 4000 dogs had been admitted to the home.—Country Gentleman.

How Honest Men Become Criminals

"It is quite possible for a normally honest man to become a criminal by suggestion," was the curious statement made by a well-known New York detective who was in Washington recently on business. "I am referring now to men who permit themselves to develop an abnormal interest in the ways of professional criminals.

"I wouldn't call it a safe thing for any man to attempt to figure out in his mind what he would have done to escape arrest had he been in the boots of some captured criminal whom he had read about. But that's a thing that thousands of men who think they're honest are doing all the time. When there's a big man hunt on they follow it with acute interest, put themselves in the place of the hunted man, and dope out schemes of escape for him. A certain percentage of such calculators are bound to experience the hankering, sooner or later, to put their schemes for evading the officers of the law into practical operation, if only for the foolish purpose of finding out how their plans will work.

"Working in New York now on a salary of a few dollars a week is a broken, middle-aged man who used to be treasurer of a bonding and indemnity company at a salary of \$10,000 a year. This man developed a queer bug for mentally tracing the movements of fugitives from justice, especially embezzlers.

"I was acquainted with this man, and he endeavored to pump me for all I knew about such cases. He liked to talk about the feeling ones. He laid out routes for them in his mind. He knew the extradition laws by heart and had at his fingers' ends every country in the world to which a pursued man could run without fear of extradition. Once I gave this man a talking to about this hobby of his.

"'You'd better can that stuff,' I told him, 'or it'll begin to fester in the back of your head and get you going. I've known such things to happen, and no man is more than one-eighth as strong as he thinks he is. If I didn't know you pretty well I'd have my suspicions of you as it is.'

"Well, he only laughed and told me that he was interested in the subject just as other fellows were interested in old fiddles or rare postage stamps or the trim of their whiskers. "Anyhow," he laughingly added, "if I did jump, and you were sent after me, you'd never be subjected to the embarrassment of taking me, because you'd never get me. If I couldn't beat all these pin-headed 'uglies in making a safe and sure getaway, so that none of you would ever nail me, I'd want to have my head bagged."

"Not more than six months after that he made his jump and I got him as easy as hot-footing a banana peddler. I went straight to the little villa he had taken outside Genoa, Italy. When I called him he was the most stupefied man you ever saw, for he'd made his hop at the beginning of his month's vacation, and had laid all his plans with what he thought was masterly adroitness, according to his chart, with thirty days' margin in consideration of his returning most of the swag he only got eight years.

"That man put himself in the way of becoming a criminal by suggestion. His studies of the movements of fleeing absconders developed an irresponsibility in him and an ache to put to the test the getaway plans that he spent so much of his time in darning out while yet he was an honest man.

"There is no calculating how many shoplifters, especially young women, are led to try that sort of thing through hearing and reading about professional lifters. Not long ago, in a New York department store, a girl was nailed while trying to lift a pair of inexpensive gloves. The girl had an account at the store for any amount that she chose to spend up to the thousands. She wasn't arrested, of course, but she was led to the rear office and chided by the head of the firm in a gentle sort of way.

"Perhaps you should put yourself in the hands of a specialist for treatment," he said to the girl, who wept softly. "With you, beyond a doubt, it is kleptomaniac—must be."

"No, it isn't," replied the girl with the utmost candor. "It's not kleptomaniac at all. I don't believe in such silliness. I just wanted to see if I could do it without being caught, that's all. A lot of the girls were talking about shoplifters—they seemed so fascinating—and the girls dared me to try. I meant to exhibit the gloves to them as a trophy and then send them back to you by mail, anonymously. You won't ever breathe a word of it, will you?" and the head of the firm, knowing pretty well which side his bread is buttered on, of course only tells the story without using the girl's name, but the incident illustrates an occurrence which is common. Plenty of women lift things from counters just to see if they can do it without being caught, and when they succeed in getting away with it once they try it again and again, and allow the habit to become fixed upon them until the inevitable day of discovery arrives.

"The people who become criminals by suggestion are nearly always the voracious plugs at any line of work they take up, for first-rate criminals are born, not made, by suggestion or in any other way. When Jimmy Hope, the crackman, was working he was just as much of a genius in his particular line as Paderewski is said to be at piano thumping or Saint-Gaudens with the sculptor's clay."—Washington Star.

President Follows Custom.

This is an age of illustration. Even staid and conservative newspapers use pictures as a matter of course. President Roosevelt is taking a hint from journalism. Illustrating his recent message to Congress with photographs from Panama.—The Unionist.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 28, BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Joseph Faithful in Prison. Gen. 39:20-40:15—Golden Text: Rev. 2:10—Memory Verses, 21, 22.

The Midianites take Joseph with them into Egypt. He is sold to a new master, Potiphar, the captain of the guard of Pharaoh. God wonderfully blesses all the work to which he lays his hands. He gains the confidence and the esteem of Potiphar. He is made the head servant in the captain's household. Fidelity to his trust in the face of opportunities for evil against which few men in a like capacity would have been proof lands him in prison. There is no justice in his condemnation. But into the dungeon they