

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON, THE FAMOUS DIVINE.

SERMON ON THE CO-OPERATION.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, 14th Street and 1st Avenue, on the above text, the Rev. Ira W. Henderson, the pastor, took as his text Ex. 17:12, "Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up by his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun."

And Joshua and the army of Israel, upon the field of conflict, co-operated. And Amalek and his host were discomfited.

The text and the circumstances are illustrative of the law of co-operation that rules in every phase of life. Without co-operation life could not be maintained. It is a central necessity to the preservation of the integrity of the world of men and of nature.

Moses relied upon God and God placed His confidence in Moses. Moses leaned upon Aaron and Hur for support. Joshua looked to Moses for victory. The inter-reliance of them all was inevitable. Their interdependence was natural. Their ability to do each other and with God gave them the victory. Moses was essential to the success of the movement. So was God. But not less essential was the faithful co-operation of Aaron and Hur and Joshua and the army. Moses made no effort to do Joshua's work. Joshua reveals no desire to attempt the labors for which Moses was inspired. Aaron and Hur stuck to the task to which God had called them. The army followed its leaders with fidelity and effect. No one tried to do the other man's work. But each man did his own. And they did it with unanimity and with forcefulness. They co-operated. Each did his best for the good of all, in his own way and in his own station. And they were victorious in a hard fight.

Co-operation is the law of all life. Turn wheresoever you will and you will observe the evidences of the working of the law. Color depends upon the blending of the primary colors in the heavens above. Nothing removes the light and the differentials of color. If all shades will disappear, the tree cannot germinate or bud or blossom or fruit or mature alone. It is by the beneficent and self-sacrificing operations of the sun and the wind and the dew and the rain and the earth and the night that the tree can live. And if these fail to co-operate with timeliness and sufficiency the tree will die. If any one of them fails to do its part for a time the life of the tree will be impoverished and its future put in jeopardy. Not otherwise is it with man. Were it not for the co-operation of his fellows and of the natural order that is manifest about him he could not long endure. For man is as dependent upon the co-operation of nature as is the tree. That which the tree needs he needs, and more abundantly and insistently. That which the tree requires for its preservation and sustenance he must have and more. For as his life is more expansive than the life of the tree, so his requirements are more varied. And that which writes itself as the law of the life of the man and of the tree demands obedience in every sphere and phase of life.

That which is true of life in the broad is true of life in its narrower relations. It is true of commercial life. For the complex and marvellous commercial society that exists in our day would not be without and depends absolutely upon the faithful and intelligent co-operation of every department and every member of the society. The success of the society is more illustrative of the laws of interdependence and co-operation than trade. We sit down to our humblest meals only to be brought face to face with the absolute dependence which we have placed, ordinarily unconsciously, upon multitudes of men and women, in the fields and the shops, upon the railways and the seas, to secure and to provide and to deliver to us the common necessities of life. Their co-operation gives us our meals. Our co-operation offers them a chance to labor and to live. Not otherwise is it in mechanics. All movement is dependent upon co-operation. And the slightest lack of co-operation upon the part of the simplest and smallest essential portion of a mechanical device will mar the harmonious and perfect working of the whole and may render the mechanism, regardless of its beauty or its design, useless and inefficient. You may build the most perfect of machines, but if you do not give it the co-operation of its parts, it will never work. If you fail to attach it to the source of primal power, your press is as useless as thought it never were. And so it is in military affairs. An army wins, if it wins at all, because of the co-operation of divisions. Co-operation won for the Old Guard and for Wellington deathless fame that night on the field of Waterloo as the sun set upon the power and the imperial overlordship of Napoleon. In the same way, the Old Guard and Wellington snatched victory from the face of impending disaster made the Duke of Wellington a hero and exact a blood bought victory. Co-operation made it possible to write history differently. Co-operation taught and enabled the heroes of a hundred battlefields to die with glory upon the field of honor. Similarly, co-operation is essential in social life. No man can live apart from society. He must live as related with it, dependent upon it, and obligated to it. The good of each must be the concern of all, and the welfare of all the solicitude of each. We must all do our part, or the fabric we have constructed and of which we are the interior cannot endure. And the health and perfection of our social system is in direct proportion to the co-operation of each and every individual citizen toward the preservation and intensification of the best and salient features that are woven into the texture of our social order.

The law of co-operation is nowhere more impressively and gloriously explicated than in the movements of the galaxies that, through endless generations, course the heavens that are spread in matchless beauty by the hand of God above our heads. The contemplation of what would happen if the interplanetary and intergalactic forces were to cease, and the action of the forces and influences that maintain the equilibrium and control the courses of the superheated bodies that crowd the heavens cease, inspires awe. Ceaselessly, majestically, noiselessly, so far as we are aware, they rush through space; each in its own orbit, each attending strictly to the laws that are operative in its own career. The correlation of forces that is active among them is the secret of their transcendent movement through the ether and the firmament. No man can live apart from society. He must live as related with it, dependent upon it, and obligated to it. The good of each must be the concern of all, and the welfare of all the solicitude of each. We must all do our part, or the fabric we have constructed and of which we are the interior cannot endure. And the health and perfection of our social system is in direct proportion to the co-operation of each and every individual citizen toward the preservation and intensification of the best and salient features that are woven into the texture of our social order.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Hearing and Doing (James 1: 19-25).
Passages for reference: Ezek 33: 20-32; Matt. 13: 14, 15; Rom. 2: 13; 2 Cor. 4: 3, 4.

Continual church attendance sometimes makes us careless. The most regular and reliable attendants are often listless listeners. We may need Jesus' reminder to Mary's sister, who sat and listened: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things" (Luke 10: 41). We may be so concerned about ushering, about choir work, about getting members for the League, about planning some form of church work, as to utterly miss the meat of a message. A celebrated pastor was called to the bedside of one of his most faithful members and church attendants. The first greeting was, "Prepare me to meet God." The pastor's surprise brought this reply: "I am without Christ. I never heard the service. I sat in my pew and planned the week's secular business." Even our daily Bible readings have little profit. We read much as the Roman Catholic says his beads—a duty done with hope of gaining merit. We need look into one or two verses until it becomes a gladdening, liberating message to us. We need, then, to listen and read with the purpose of getting personal help and direction. The Sunday school class must not be attended or taught listlessly. Some of God's gems can be added to my treasure if I am alert. No bright-eyed young person will whisper and laugh with another in a religious service.

Theorizers and exhorters are less needed than practicing examples. Jesus showed how to do a thing and then glowed with the resultant beauty. We are to follow suit. Doctrines count less than righteousness. "He that doth good, shall righteousness be his" (1 John 3: 7). Leaders in deeds is the demand of the day. We must be practical in preaching and practicing. "But the tongue can no man tame" (James 3: 8). "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16: 32).

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

OCTOBER TWENTIETH.

Topic—The duties of the day. Prov. 24: 30-34; Rom. 12: 11.
Trust God for to-day. Ex. 14: 10-14.
Seek divine wisdom daily. 1 Kings 22: 57.
Prize Him daily. Ps. 98: 1-13.
Work to-day. Matt. 21: 28-31.
Report to-day. Heb. 3: 7-13.
Sleep is essential to work—enough sleep; but too much sleep is fatal to work (Prov. 24: 33).
If one is a sluggard, there is nothing sluggish about the approach of poverty. It comes with a soldier's energy, a robber's craft (Prov. 24: 34).
Industry is not always set down among the Christian graces; but many a grace is dependent upon it (Rom. 12: 11).
"Fervent in spirit" is literally "boiling in spirit" with soul at the boiling point—getting up steam! (Rom. 12: 11).
Suggestions.
There is not in all eternity another day but to-day in which to perform the duties of to-day.
Christian Endeavor that is not good for Monday is not good for Sunday.
Duty is a great word, but chiefly because it leads to a greater word, to Love.
Are you looking forward to future faithfulness? Your only hope and guarantee of faithfulness is your faithfulness to-day.
Illustrations.
Think of each day as a present, handed you, boxed and wrapped in cloth of gold, by the Lord of Time Himself.
The chain that holds your anchor fast is made of separate links, each forged a separate day.
There is no other way for the tree to be beautiful than for each leaf to be beautiful. So with your tree of life.
No mountain is made of a single piece, but of countless tiny grains. So is a heroic life made of small heroic deeds.
To Think About.
Is my ambition for large things spilling the little things?
Do I consider all days important?
Am I faithful to my smallest tasks?

DO SPIDERS SLEEP?
The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms, that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night-flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening you will be likely to see an orb-weaver spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the centre thereof, or in a little nest above and at one side will be the architect of the web, waiting what we call the "trap line," and waiting for some night-flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily do that and yet not lose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap line and secure its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who chiefly hunt during the day, but as a rule these industrious animals work both day and night.—From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMPLEMENTS FOR OCT. 20 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: The Capture of Jericho, Josh. 6: 8-20—Golden Text, Heb. 11: 30—Memory Verse, 20—Commentary.

Jericho was a walled city of entrenched power. Israel was an unarmed host. The contest appeared to be unequal. But the inequality was merely apparent. As it turned out, faith without armament was mightiest.

It must have seemed silly to those who sat on the wall in fancied security and laughed, to see such an army march in silence around Jericho twelve times in seven days and be dumb for more. The besieged were doubtless as curious about the outcome as were they who marched with silent faith in and at the word of God. Israel had learned perseverance through privation and confidence through experience. The citizens of Jericho were to learn that the apparent unwisdom of God in the secret of the salvation of men. The silence of Israel was destined to be the lull before the storm.

The victory at Jericho is a lesson in the fruits of faithful obedience and in demonstration of the effectiveness of the unusual and apparently foolish methods God uses to force the fulfillment of His purposes.

The falling walls of Jericho sounded the praises of faithful human obedience and divine decrees. It may have seemed unwieldy to Israel to do as they did, but they put their trust in God. The tactics were as un military as they were original. The whole proceeding was odd. To the men on the wall it must have been strikingly fantastic, and to the soldiers of the city, the military procedure was more absurd than the code. After six trials marching brought no results. It was, on the surface, thoroughly absurd. What over the opinions of the Israelites may have been, they obeyed the word of Jehovah who had said, "I will be with you, and you shall prevail." They may have grown weary but they never stopped until they were told to do so. They were under marching orders. The spectacle of the silent, tramping thousands must have been terrific.

The tumbling battlements of Jericho demonstrated the finality of God's odd way. The likelihood is that, whatever the terror that ultimately surged through the minds of the defeated city men, they were scornfully amazed at the strategy of Joshua for some days.

If he had besieged them in due and ancient form they might have foreseen the possibility of their overthrow. But to walk a wall to pieces was new to them. If they had been thrice as numerous as the Israelites that Joshua would never have been guilty of such a movement had he not been certain of an outcome favorable to himself.

The lesson is supremely applicable to modern conditions and to the warfare of the church against the sinners and entrenched sin. Today America is dominated by sinful and rapacious men who sit snug and snug and tight within the city of their self-interest and of self-aggrandizement at the expense of the public welfare and the common good. Politicians and journalists, merchants and financiers, a greedy, godless lot, make up the census of the modern Jericho. They laugh at morality. They scoff at religion. The councils of the church are their preachers to them. The councils of the sincere souls who desire to destroy their city and their power simply excite their derision. They disdain that simple declaration of the Gospel of God in Christ.

But just as surely as Joshua saw the walls of Jericho totter and crash to earth, so shall we if we are faithfully obedient to the will of God, see the destruction of the city and the reign of sin which affront and insult and flout and exploit us. For God lives.

The method is so simple in comparison with the devious and diverse procedure of the forces of sin that oftentimes we wonder whether it will succeed. It is the dodging of Jehovah. But it will. The continued and cumulative revelation of the truth that is inseparable from moral and religious principles will surely have effect. We may wonder why our earnest proclamations of divine verities do not destroy sin at once as they have in the face of ages of testimony to their righteousness and for God so many yield themselves to sin. But the fact remains that no force has been so efficient as this; no factor in life is so able and likely to destroy modern sin and undo the guilty machinations of modern men.

God is able to reward obedience now as He was at Jordan in the days of Joshua. He is as able to win victories by apparently insignificant means as He was at the time. His strength has not failed. Nor is His wisdom weakened. His capacity is co-existent with eternity. We have only to obey Him to secure success. Whatever may be the strength, the cynicism, the hypocrisy, the rapacity, the effrontery, the unbridled self-indulgence of the inhabitants of our modern Jericho we may out-wit and uproot them if we will obey God and simply declare His truth. For the truth is a stay and a sword. It is as supreme as it is superb.

The modern Jericho is as real in its way as was the Jericho that Joshua overcame by the grace of God. The certainty of the downfall of the modern Jericho is as sure as was that of Jericho of old. God is with us. Obedience will have fruitage.

DANCES AT AGE OF 110.

Dr. Oaler's theory that all men reach the height of their power at forty years received a severe setback yesterday when Rabbi Barnett Wolinsky danced with the agility of a boy in celebration of his great-granddaughter's marriage and his 110th birthday.

In reality the rabbi was 110 years old on July 21, but he postponed the celebration of his birthday until yesterday, when his great-granddaughter, Miss Etta Wolinsky, was married to Burnett Greenberg at his home, 98 Forsyth Street. In the presence of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, Rabbi Wolinsky danced a famous Russian dance in celebration of the double event.

Rabbi Wolinsky was as free and easy in his motion as if he had not passed the century mark by ten years, and after he had danced for twenty minutes, he displayed not the slightest sign of fatigue.—N. Y. Herald.

The Latest.
Rounder—Wedderly wasn't at the stag party last night, was he?
Bouncer—No; he was stormbound.
Rounder—Why, there wasn't any storm last night.
Bouncer—Oh, yes, there was. His wife had a brainstorm.—Chicago News.

Delays Are Dangerous.
Young Scads—I don't want to go to college, dad.
Old Scads—You'll have to, my boy, because you can't afford to neglect it. I had to give a college a million last year in order to get my degree.—Puck.

A Natural Infirmary.
Mr. Roxton (with morning paper)—Gad! Patsett's auto was wrecked last night and the six occupants were badly hurt.
Mrs. Roxton—Poor Mrs. Patsett! I wonder how she received the news.—Puck.

Risky Acrobats.
Kind Lady—What is your father, little boy?
Tough Kid—He's a circus acrobat, mum.
Kind Lady—What kind of an acrobat?
Tough Kid—Porchclimber.

It Would Seem So.
Gyer—Speaking of the seasons, summer is the pride of them all.
Myer—How do you figure that out?
Gyer—It goeth before a fall, you know.—Chicago News.

Couldn't Fool Him.
Waiter (in restaurant)—Would you like a plate of green turtle soup, sir?
Uncle Hiram—Gosh, no! Ef you ain't got no ripe turtle soup, I don't want any.—Chicago News.

A Naughty Baby.
Tommy—Ma, baby is naughty.
Mamma—Is his own cake finished?
Tommy—Yes, ma; and he cried while I was eating that, too.—Punch.

Paper Clothing Worn By Tourist.

When W. O. Chambers walked in to the Northern Hotel and shook hands with the proprietor before writing Plauen, Germany, after his name on the register, there was nothing in his appearance to indicate that he was clothed very differently from the ordinary well-dressed commercial man, says the Seattle Times.

Nevertheless, he was wearing a suit of clothes made entirely of paper, even his shirt and hat being made of that material. His shoes were leather and his necktie of silk, but the other garments mentioned carry with them a story of long years of ceaseless toil on the part of a German chemist and financial genius, shillities of an extraordinary character. Mr. Chambers chatted a few moments with a reporter regarding the paper clothing. He is on his way to Alaska to visit a brother whom he has not seen for ten years.

Heretofore, he has been working twenty years to make a paper yarn which would be practical," said Mr. Chambers. "He was successful, and now many factories are making paper yarn from wood pulp. It has been woven into every kind of cloth, loose and thick mesh. From it not only shirts, coats, trousers, and hats are now being manufactured, but even carpets, rugs, and matting. There are some shoes now being turned out, but I left before any were ready. The substance is called xylolin. The process is secret and has been patented in the United States. On my arrival in America, a large assortment of samples of the finished product was sent to Washington to the Department of Commerce and Labor, so that the American manufacturers or others interested could examine them."—N. Y. Herald.

Treated For Pain In The Back.
The district attorney's office has offered to issue a warrant for the arrest of H. Storey, who styles himself a physician of the chiropractic school, and who is accused by testimony given at a coroner's inquest yesterday of having been responsible for the death of Domenico Permus, a San Bernardino farmer, one of his patients.

According to the testimony of Mrs. Premus, her husband was treated for a backache in the United States. At Storey's aid her husband fell downward across two benches, and placing a wooden spike against his vertebrae, pounded it with a wooden mallet. After this, Mrs. Premus swore, the physician raised himself from the patient's back. His hands rested on the patient's back. After five such treatments Premus died. The inquest developed that death was due to a hemorrhage of the lungs.—Los Angeles Times.

Wanted An Order Too.
"At a tea," said a Washington woman, "the late Miss Magruder told us a story about a little girl whom she once took out to luncheon. At the luncheon's end Miss Magruder handed her waiter a \$10 bill, and the man brought back on a plate a huge mound of greenbacks and silver. The little girl looked at the huge mound of change longingly. 'If you please, Miss Magruder,' she said, 'I'll have a plate of that, too.'"

On Color Audition.

"When you hear sounds and see colors they call it color audition," commented an interminable bore, beginning a narration.

"Stop one minute," said a vulgarian, with an appreciation or soul for large words, who was standing by. "They call it what, you say?"

"Color audition," said the man. "It means simply that you think you see a color whenever you hear a certain sound. When you hear a combination of sounds you see a combination of colors."

"Then if I would see a blue sound and a yellow sound at the same time," said the vulgarian. "I would see a green sound wouldn't I?"

"No," returned the bore becoming impatient. "You would see only the two colors, though the subimpression of the two might be green, just as in a 'pointillist' painting your eyes actually see only spots of different primary hues though the subimpression may be a combined color."

"All right," said the vulgarian. "Well, I wonder if you can depend upon color audition over the phone."

"The other day I heard a woman's voice, its tones were velvety brown to me."

"Judging from her voice I should say that that woman was a soft, duffy little thing with long eyelashes, clear, dark skin, and brown hair; I said to a friend."

"You're wrong, said he, 'That's Bess McGuinn, and she is nothing of what you say. She is a decided blond.'"

"But the funny part of it all was that my friend was wrong and I was right, and that the girl who was talking was not Bess McGuinn, but her best chum, who was all that I have said."

"Yes, that was funny," growled the vulgarian cynically.

The saddest part of all this yarn is that it is all so. Work it out.

Translating The Bible.
It will astonish many persons to know that the Bible is now translated and read in 400 different tongues. W. G. Fitzgerald relates in the October Harper's Magazine how this vast undertaking has been accomplished. It has cost many lives and millions of dollars. In addition to the first cost of translating, there is the expense of revising. The last revision of the Madagascari Bible cost \$15,000, and \$150,000 was paid Dr. William Carey and his staff for the Serampore version of the Bible in Hindustani.

Gold Coins In Marble Head.
M. Rodin bought recently in an old curiosity shop in Paris an ancient marble head of a man, and as the face was rather knocked about he sent it to a brother sculptor for repair. When the work was done this friend got into a cavity of the marble head and drove toward M. Rodin's studio. On the way the cab came into collision with a motor car and the head rolled out into the road and was smashed to pieces.

The sculptor picked up the pieces and found in a cavity of the slab two hundred gold coins of ancient date and considerable value.

"BOO-HOO" Shouts a Spanked Baby.

more ridiculous than any comment of a well-known religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are his sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out. "The religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the 'Yell-Oh Man.' Would you care to see the enclosed article on the 'Boo Hoo Baby' as the 'Yell-Oh Man's' successor?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory 'Post' and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of \$750,000.00."

"Here is a publication which has, in utmost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted, until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into a fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine."

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo hoo like a spanked baby and wants \$750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings."

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with 'back bone' following the adoption of our