



FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

THE PULPIT. A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY ADAM MACDONALD REOCH

Theme: What is Your Life? Text: For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—James 4:14.

This is an apt metaphor with which to represent the brevity and evanescence of life, but it does not tell the whole story. The cloud which the text speaks of as floating lightly in the sky we have imprisoned in our machinery and compelled to do mighty things.

Life and action carried on in accordance with true ideals will result unfailingly in progress. Two often the monotony of life consumes the energy which should go toward the realization of our ideals, and when we stand before the doors of large opportunities we are overcome with fear and hesitation.

Life is, in short, the opportunity to find our true self, and until we have done that we can never hope to find the true God. If a man gains the whole world and loses his soul, he profiteth nothing, for a man can actually and permanently possess nothing except himself.

Coming from Chicago one day before I was a saved man, an eleven-year-old boy named James Taylor boarded my train at Hebron and, missing his hold, fell under the cars. A section man pulled him out and laid him on the platform.

From the platform the boy made a grab for his hat that was just beyond his reach and he realized that his other arm was broken and one leg gone. He began to beg us to kill him. They placed him on a stretcher, and some one ran for his mother, who lived just a block away.

My God, Frank, is this you? "Yes, mother," he replied, "and now you pray for me?" Wringing her hands, she sobbed: "O Frank, I can't pray! I don't know how!"

There on her knees, at the side of her dying boy, she turned to us and pleaded for some of us to pray for him, but we each one had to admit that we did not know how, and he died before us without a prayer.

A poor blind woman in Paris put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she answered. On being pressed to explain, she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow-straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?'"

Let a man build up his moral constitution by thinking noble thoughts, derived from the habitual practice of reading good books, performing noble deeds, associating with noble men and honorable men.

No matter how insignificant you may be, you can exert some beneficent power over the world of men in your own pastimes, and diffuse a calm and blessed light on those that fall within your environment.—Cardinal James Gibbons.

The fact of the matter is a stronger assurance than all the visions of the outward sense. When fortune smiles around me, I may think that I am happy; when sanctity and love breathe within me, I know it.

According to what a man is, is the quality of the virtue that goes out of him, and he cannot cease to impart this peculiar life unless he sinks into the lethargy of death.—Sears.

We should not found our praises of God on things that are far apart in their occurrence. We should look for His "wonderful works" in those that are most constant. The rejoicing that is in the Eternal Father should be no more suspended than are His bounties.—N. L. Frothingham.

France is about to amend its present law to provide that a patent shall lapse if its holder shall fail to exercise his right in France or in the colonies of France for a period of three years from its granting.

The Sunday-School CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

Heroes of Home Missions—Matt 10: 7-16. Righteous Lot. 2 Pet. 2: 6-9. Courageous Nathan. 2 Sam. 12: 1-7. John the Baptist. John 1: 15-28. Jesus. John 1: 9-13; Matt. 15: 21-28. Peter. Gal. 2: 7-9. A daughter of Jacob. John 4: 25-42. Home missionaries preach as they go; their "walk" is a "conversation."

Every missionary is a test for all whom he meets; to reject his projects you (v. 14). The Christian is to have the serpent's prudence minus its sting, the dove's innocence minus its weakness (v. 15).

John Elliot's great work was as a pioneer preacher to the Indians of Massachusetts. He translated the Bible into their language and founded settlements of Christian Indians, all in the face of the bitterest opposition and slander.

David Brainerd's heroic work was among the Indians of Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey, in the first half of the eighteenth century. He died when still a young man, after a self-sacrificing life which was true to his sentiment: "I cared not where or how I lived or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ."

Joseph Ward, a Congregational pioneer in South Dakota, founded Yonkton College, was its first president, and worked to make a second New England of Dakota.

John L. Dyer, "Father Dyer," the great Methodist pioneer in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado and New Mexico, was called "the snowshoe itinerant" because for one winter he carried the mail on snowshoes for thirty-seven miles over the mountains.

Marcus Whitman, the Presbyterian pioneer in Oregon, is famous for the heroic ride he took in the winter of 1842 to interview Tyler and Webster and prevent the United States from abandoning the great region. He was massacred by the Indians in 1847.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS SUNDAY, MAY 30.

Profitable Hospitality—Luke 14: 12-14—Local Charities. While we should help all men, we owe a special interest to our own neighborhood. God would think more of our professed love for China if we gave a little more consideration to that unattractive Chinese laundryman in the basement around the corner.

I owe more to my home than to my neighbors, more to my neighbors than to the rest of the city, more to the city than to the state, etc., but no man can use this as an excuse for neglecting the heathen. Christian love spreads itself like water in leveling up the human race.

In considering the question of charity we should discriminate between justice, charity, and pauperization. If an honest, industrious man is trying to support a large family on a miserable wage, he doesn't want charity any more than you do—he wants justice. He wants better wages, a distribution of opportunities for himself and family on the basis of brotherhood, and not on the basis of warlike competition. It is all nonsense to talk about equal opportunity under a present competitive system.

Almighty God never intended that one man should feed off in a lifetime more than Adam could have earned if he had started in at six dollars a day and worked for 60,000 years. The true spirit of charity should lead us not only to relieve suffering but to work for justice.

The charity advanced by Jesus deals with the physically incompetent (verse 13)—"the poor, maimed, halt, blind." When able bodied impostors followed him around the lake (John 6: 26) to enjoy another free lunch he was very quickly disposed of them.

No man who begins drinking is sure that he can keep from drinking immoderately; while the latest medical researches have proved that even moderate drinking injures one's nervous and mental powers, lessens one's ability to resist disease, and also aids in developing any latent disease or weakness.

Work at Beverly, Mass., on the summer home of President Taft was rushed. William E. Corey did not deny that he was a prominent figure in a huge copper combination.

Colonel John Jacob Astor is the owner of the largest collection in the world of automobiles for personal use. Jacob Riis was elected honorary president of the Playground Association of America, in session at Pittsburgh.

Rear-Admiral Harber and the officers of his squadron were received by the Mikado and dined by Admiral Togo at Tokyo. Learning that Magistrate Walsh had died poor, his associates made up a fund of \$1900 for his widow, in New York City.

Professor Charles Waldstein, of Cambridge University, and Mrs. Theodore Seigman, of New York City, were married in London. W. K. Vanderbilt offered to pay the expenses of uniting the fragments of John Jay Park into a practically new breathing spot for New York City.

Marquis de Villalobar, first secretary of the Spanish Embassy at London, will succeed Don Ramon Pina, the Spanish Minister at Washington, D. C. Rodman Griscom, brother of Lloyd C. Griscom, the American Ambassador to Italy, was received in private audience by King Victor Emmanuel, at Rome. Dr. Harry W. Wiley, the Government's food expert, and about 150 delegates to the International Congress of Applied Chemistry, sailed for London. The hide of a cow weighs about thirty-five pounds, but that of a horse is about half that amount.

THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

Wise Teddy, O'Shinn. "Just a wee drop," said the man in the store. He knew little Teddy, who'd been there before. "A little won't hurt you, at least not this once. Just take it now, sonny, and don't be a dunce. See here, I will put this nice sugar-lymp in, and here's to the health of young Teddy O'Shinn."

But Teddy looked up with his honest blue eyes. And he gave little face was most thoughtful and wise. "I'm ter'pance," he said, "and I can't taste the stuff. And how should I know when I'd taken enough? A taste mightn't hurt me, but maybe it might. And I know a way that is sure to be right. It never will hurt me," said Teddy O'Shinn.

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THE FATHER'S PART.

A day or two ago it seems to me, I said within my prayers—"Dear God above, Bless Thou our baby with abundant love; Keep it from pestilence and close to Thee."

A day or two ago—and yet to-night I'm bound to give her up to love's de-mand. A just request, Christ-sanctioned, and I cannot raise to wrestle with the blight.

A day or two ago—I begged God's grace. Because she was a little and so dear. The kind and gracious, calmed my fear. Straight-limbed and strong she grew before my face.

And yet—my night's petition was the same. I did not seem to know it when she above. But Bless our little one and keep her true. Ascended from my lips each night that came.

To-night one spoke—I know him clean and strong. Told of love, and then of love re-toured. I must say "Yes," but how my heart heart yearned! And all the years ahead, how long—how long!

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness. Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who has been struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling-blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it; will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day; will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a ray of light, or a cruel, or an un-kind word or thought.

The gloom cast, the shadow thrown, the fault-finder, the sarcastic man, the man who is always sitting you a thrust somewhere, does a vast amount of harm in a community. Wherever they go, wherever they go, wherever they go, who are always looking on the dark side of everything, who see little good or beauty in life, are bad neighbors, and, as a rule, unsuccessful, unpopular, and little mourned when they die.

It is the inspirer, the man who cheers and gives you hope and encouragement, the sunshine bearer, the man who always has a kind word for you, who is ever ready to give you his hand and his help, that is loved during his life and missed after death.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Stephen, in the hour of his martyrdom, looked up into heaven and saw Jesus, and he sank down amid the pelting stones like a child hushed by the voice of his father. We should break out into view if we look toward Him with longing and expectant trust, and though we be in the very valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil. To see Jesus will soothe one in pain, will comfort one in sorrow, will bring a new perspective on life, will doubt, give hope in discouragement, and in every way invigorate and uplift the soul as no other experience can do.



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When hearts are breaking and tears are falling, and the light is gone, to see Jesus is to find true comfort, to see Jesus is to find true peace, to see Jesus is to find true joy, to see Jesus is to find true life, to see Jesus is to find true hope, to see Jesus is to find true strength, to see Jesus is to find true courage, to see Jesus is to find true love, to see Jesus is to find true life.

May the courage, may the insight, may the deep confidence in truth and in the search for it which made our fathers in the faith strong, come to us. New questions meet us in our own day, new forms of thought, new ways of life, new customs, and new, unanimous spirit, the manly faith of those willing to do, to dare, if need be to die for truth.—S. M. Crothers.

The Path of Safety. We yield ourselves up to evil thoughts and suggestions, take counsel of them, listen, and then wonder that we become their victims. Our safety is not chiefly in strength of will, but in cleaving to a holier companionship which shall arouse the better elements of the soul.—Ephraim Peabody.

Only Fleeting Words. Take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that thou wouldst not willingly hear. Thou shalt be the hardest judge of thyself, and to think no one weaker than thyself. If thou dost walk spiritually, thou wilt not much weigh fleeting words.

Compensation. It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.—Scottish Reformer.

The first operation in this country upon a human being in which the cavity of the thorax was opened with the lungs were inflated from a chamber containing air at a greater pressure than that of the atmosphere was performed recently at the German Hospital by Dr. Willy Meyer. Many operations in the thorax have been difficult because as soon as the cavity of the thorax is opened the lungs collapse because of the atmospheric pressure.