THE PULPIT.

BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. WILLIAM T. PATCHELL.

Theme: Testimony of a Man.

San Jose, Cal.—Sunday the Rev. Dr. William T. Patchell, pastor of the First Congregational Church here, preached on "The Testimony of a Man." The text was from Isaiah 40:9-11. Dr. Patchell said:

So far as man is concerned, the master problem is the question of his place or standing in the universe. He wants to know whether he is a machine or a god. Is he a cunningly contrived piece of mechanism, assembled by the four winds and organized by the sun, or is he a free creative personality? His conquest of the soil, his control of the great nature forces, his adaptation and adjustments, his analysis and synthesis, witness his oneness with the physical universe; but he handles it rather as a creator, as a god, and his very success sets him apart from that he controls. So, too, when he investigates and classifies the forms of life, he discovers that he is, and is not, one with that he reveals.

We read: "And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the birds of the heavens, and to every beast of the field; but for man there was not found a helpmeet for him." To have such lightning utterance blaze out of the dim past and take its place at the head of our proud modern science is significant and tremendously interesting, for it states as a fact that which our science is rapidly verifying, that by way of knowledge man does but isolate himself. He tells the stars, but himself he cannot tell. He classifies all forms of being except himself. He generalizes everything but that which generalizes. The greater his knowledge, the darker the problem he himself becomes, for "it is evident that he is excepted who did subject all things unto him." He isolates himself. He is dark with excess of light. He is escaped from a universe to which he is organically and vitally related, for to his confusion he learns that in all the wide ranges of creation there is "not found a helpmeet for him"; that this universe of life and matter implicates a deeper undiscovered universe to which something within himself reacts; that except he discover and relate this unknown within himself to this unknown without himself, he must surely die. And henceforth his quest is become the mad search for that which shall be "bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh." He must find another being like himself if ever he is to discover himself, for he must determine and define himself in terms of another.

The challenge is imperious, and so terrible that he can find no rest. He must go forth! To it he will sacrifice every interest and subordinate every desire. His own body he pierces; his first born he slays. In darkness, in cold, in pain, in wild joy, he seeks to liberate this awful passion which smolders in his bones like fire—he must find another being like unto himself—one compacted of his own unrevealed being—and his lonely cry, "What am I?" leaps across the abyss. He searches the spaces for God.

This need he call spiritual. He declares that within himself lie certain imperious qualities and energies; love, joy, truth, peace; that these must discover and relate to another spirit, else life shall turn to ashes. So we witness in the long process of development that man, every man in some measure, tries to interpret the secret of his spiritual being. The philosopher, the artist, the statesman, the poet, the scientist, the theologian—these are the outstanding ones who have given themselves to the uttermost in this mad quest.

Out from these many strivings and gropings emerges one unique and significant figure, which by its persistency witnesses above all others to the solidity and strength of the spirit's need. It is the speaking-prophet, whose conventional expression in modern life is the man in the pulpit.

When we go to church Sunday morning we accept the pulpit as we accept most things—without much thought. If we give it thought, we see at once that back of the pulpit stands the church. Were we to question the presence of this church and pulpit very likely we would say that we wanted a church and then built it; that we decided to organize, to build, to have a choir, a janitor, perhaps a ventilating system, ushers, a Bible school, a prayer meeting, Sunday services, a pulpit, a preacher.

But this is not true. Back of a church lies a long historic process, without which no church could be organized to-day. Out of the clash of innumerable interests the church emerges, not as an arbitrary creation but by way of a selective process. By selection and rejection it bears witness to certain powerful and persistent human meanings. It sums up a history; it becomes at last a symbol.

The organized universe as man sees it is very transitory. Like clouds in the air, the systems take shape and disappear. Nothing is stable, nothing remains. You recall that only the other night we were roused from early sleep by the house rocking on its foundation. I leaped to the floor only to find it twisting horribly under my feet. Even as I called to the dear ones, and groped my way through the reeling building, I had a vision in the darkness of some vast unhuman being of another creation, who had strayed this way. Her head was lost in the sky-depths, and as she moved across the world toward some awful unknown purpose her sweeping garments struck the tiny building in which we lived, and the solid earth shook under her tread. Nothing is stable; nothing remains. The roses of to-day are born of yesterday's death; cities crumble, nations disappear, civilizations perish, planets die, and suns blow in dust down the void. Everything is momentary, fleeting; change, decay, death; this is the order. True of the moth, equally true of the star to which it aspires.

The church witnesses to man's superb and pathetic determination to discover in all this mad movement some ultimate meaning to which he may attach.

If this pulpit is valid, it means that a searching God and a searching humanity have found each other; that they flow together in the soul of a man; that he shall be the meeting point of man and God; that he shall experience, apprehend and speak this union—this oneness; that he shall interpret God to man; that he shall interpret man to God. Like the slender rod of the wireless transmitter, he shall be attuned to respond, out of a million vibrations, to those which rush down out of the Heart of the Infinite. These he shall translate to all the world. But to do it he must be attuned, as well to every cry of earth; all its joys and agonies must be his own; the wars and sorrows of man, his dim aspirations; all wrongs and injustices, all science and art and culture; all coarseness; the grotesque criminal, the mowing idiot, all beauty; the love of a mother, the sacrifice of a friend—these must be his. Above the din of the factory he must hear the shriek of the child; through the city's roar must come to him the low sob of the oppressed, the muffled groan of the underworld, where men writhe, the hot curse in the palace where men sin, all selfishness, all moral grandeurs must be his, and all the wandering cries of earth must break at last upon his heart.

His commission is the 53d of Isaiah, his inspiration is Calvary; in him, in his soul, God and man must flow together, two vast tides meeting and mingling and blending—not a flame of fire, not an altar and a ritual, but a man; a living soul; sweating blood drops, agonizing and interpreting, and bringing together man and God. This is the pulpit and its meaning.

Humanity is not long out of the woods, standing erect and looking at the stars is a recent achievement. The life of the spirit is still somewhat alien. The airs from that land touch our brows strangely; but the marvel, the wonder, the incredible blazing wonder is that we respond at all! That we hear, however dully; that we apprehend, however dimly; that amid the fierce multitudinous cries we do detect this one high note and, however falteringly, respond! This is the wonder! For through thick darkness and across unknown heights a far journey have we come! But we have come, and though in our strong crude moments we may jeer at our own spiritual aspirations, nevertheless the church, the pulpit, and the speaking, interpreting man, witness to our final conviction of the reality of the spirit's life.

And it symbolizes and reveals at last the loftiest and most powerful achievement of the race. Greater than industry, greater than commerce, greater than government, or philosophy or literature or science or art, it reveals the hidden forces of the human heart, and by it we declare the secret conviction of our soul—that we are spiritual beings related to a vast thrilling spiritual order whose meaning is thus revealed. The man who believes himself called to occupy it may well cry: "Woe, woe is me!" for he shall stand between the living and the dead.

Has the pulpit justified itself; has it revealed the secret? Has it brought God and man together, making valid his dimmest aspiration? Witness Paul: tortured, wrung, until at last he sings his hymn of love and the world grows suddenly gentle and still to listen. Witness Joseph Parker or Philips Brooks. Have not these succeeded? Witness Brown, the drawn face of the man; his tragic mien. What crushes him so terribly? "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine vat?" What is it but the crucifixion of a soul trying to relate a sorrowing, suffering humanity to a loving, suffering, sorrowing Father! Day and night the cry breaks up against his heart; the cry of man's pain and his sin; day and night he hears the voice of God speaking tenderness and love; and he is trying to bring them together, to make them one.

Wherever in any pulpit stands one who brings God down into life, one who can translate the confused voices of mankind and speak them up to Him, there stands one who reveals and interprets man's place in the universe.

I know not what God's expectations may be, nor how bitterly we fall short of the achievement which might be ours, but this I know: the way has been long and very rugged. I see the crudeness, the confusion, the impotence; but through these running I catch strange and marvelous light gleams as from the very throne of God.

No, not meeting God's expectations, and yet perhaps God smiles even while He weeps, perhaps He is pleased and proud a little bit, even while He holds us to be broken in the shallows. As I look over the process, the fearful process of Creation; as I behold the first dull face blinking at the stars; as I hear the first awed whisper "God;" as I see dynasties, nations, civilizations, races, move shadowy across the horizon; as I behold the savage bending low before his fetich; as I see this act become the gorgeous ritual; as I see at last a father ascending the mountain to bind his son, his only son Isaac, as a living sacrifice upon the flaming altar; as I behold men sinking themselves in the slums; as I hear the call from the plains of China where martyred men and women gave their lives; as I hear the voice of prayer ascending and the clarion call to righteousness, I sometimes think we have discovered and revealed the meaning at last.

And when again I behold Himself, even God, binding His own Son, the Child of His heart, upon that same mountain top, as I witness the cross, the dark heavens open and through the rent veil I catch a glimpse of the Heart of the Eternal, and it seems to me that at last in Jesus Christ, God and man have come together. That in Him we have found the way. For we gave Jesus to God: He gives us the Christ. And to-day wherever men live that Christ, wherever a father carries love into his crushing service, wherever a mother brings joy and tenderness, wherever a sacrifice is made and unselfishness prevails, wherever men find themselves in losing their lives into sweet helpful uplifting service, there is verified the reality of the spirit and man finds his place in the universe with God.

Taxicab Trick.

"I'm just pinning on my braid," said the young woman who had been called to the telephone. "'Oh, about twenty minutes, I guess."

"That is a trick," she said, "that came in with taxicabs. A man going anywhere with a woman in an old-fashioned cab would have squandered half a week's salary before he would telephone her about the stage of her toilet. But with taxicabs it is different. They eat up money faster than the old cabs, and it is nothing unusual now for an escort to ask how much longer it will take to get ready. Within fifteen or twenty minutes of the time set he calls a taxi and gets here as you are going down stairs. Not very romantic, no; but it's sensible and saves money."—New York Sun.

LIKE DADDY.

"You must go to school, child, and learn to be intelligent and industrious."

"Don't want to be intelligent and industrious. I want to be like daddy."—Bon Vivant.

The Sunday=School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 24.

Subject: Warning and Invitation, Matt. 11:20-30—Commit Verses 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

TIME.—Midsummer, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. Warnings of Unutterable Woe to the Impenitent, 20-24. The works of God are a call to repentance (cf. Ro. 2:4; Acts 17: 30, 31). The greater and more manifest the works the louder the call to repentance. If we see great works of God and do not repent, we bring greater guilt and condemnation upon ourselves. Chorazin and Bethsaida had been witnesses to marvelous workings of God's grace and power in Jesus Christ. These should have brought them to repentance and the acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Saviour and Lord. But they had not repented. They had closed their eyes and hardened their hearts and that which was intended for their salvation became their condemnation. Christ accepted brings salvation and eternal life; Christ rejected brings greater condemnation and more intolerable judgment and penalty (Heb. 10:28, 29). Their impenitence was utterly without excuse and Jesus upbraided them for it. But we have more light than Chorazin and Bethsaida. How then must Jesus regard those who do not repent among us? Sodom was a very guilty city. Its vileness has become the synonym of all that is most indescribably loathsome in vice, but the guilt of New York and Chicago, London and other American and English cities is greater than that of Sodom; for these cities have rejected greater light. The amount of light given and rejected is the measure of the guilt of the nation and of the individual. Capernaum thought it would surely be exalted to heaven because of the great grace bestowed upon it, but Jesus said this would drag it down to hades, because that boasted grace was despised and neglected. Our blessings as a nation will drag us down to hades unless we repent. Jesus contemplated the coming judgment of Chorazin and Bethsaida with unutterable sorrow (cf. Matt. 23:37). How great must be the sorrow with which He contemplates the judgment soon to come on the men and nations of to-day who reject the wondrous light given them. Jesus puts the rejection of Himself as the supreme sin and the one meriting heaviest condemnation, another proof of His deity. Jesus is the supreme manifestation of truth and God. The rejection of Him is, therefore, the final revelation of a heart wedded to darkness, error and sin; it is the supreme, decisive, damning sin (cf. Jno. 3:18, 19).

II. Promises of Unspeakable Joy to Those Who Come to Jesus, 25-30. In v. 25 we find one of the most important principles upon which God deals with men in the revelation of His truth. If we are to get God's infinite wisdom we must renounce our finite wisdom. The man who is full of his own wisdom cannot have God's (cf. Is. 5:21; 1 Cor. 1:18-27). If we are to be wise with the true wisdom, we must take our place as fools to be taught by the All-wise (1 Cor. 3:18-20). Jesus Christ rejoiced in the Spirit and thanked God that this is so (Luke 10:21, R. V.). The 27th verse contains a tremendous statement of the authority committed to Jesus. It is to be taken in the broadest and most absolute sense (Matt. 28:18; Jno. 3:35; 13:3; 17:2; Eph. 1:20-23; Phil. 2:10, 11; Heb. 2:8-10; Acts 10:36). God has actually committed the whole universe, celestial as well as terrestrial, into the hands of Jesus Christ. We have a wonderful and mighty Saviour. He is also a wise Saviour, He thoroughly knows God. He alone does, and those to whom He wills to reveal Him. How foolish then are those who seek to know God by a study of philosophy or theosophy, or comparative religion. Outside of the revelation Jesus Christ makes of the Father, God is, indeed, as the agnostic says, "the Unknowable." But there is one who knows God and who is ready to give to any one who will believe on Him an understanding that he also may know God (1 Jno. 5:20). The words of v. 28 are among the most wonderful that ever fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake. Here again His deity shines out bright and clear. What presumption or lunacy it would have been in Jesus to have said this if He were mere man. But that it is neither presumption nor lunacy is amply proven by the fact that thousands upon thousands have put these words to the test of actual experiment and found them absolutely true. Jesus does give rest. Note four things in this wonderful invitation: (1) Who invites—Jesus. (2) Whom He invites—all that labor and are heavy laden. Commentators have sought to set various limitations upon this, e. g., "those who labor under burden of guilt." It includes those, but is not limited to them. It means just what it says, "All that labor." Christ invites every one that has a burden. It may be sin, remorse, doubt, sorrow, sickness. No matter what, overburdened man, Jesus says, "Come." (3) To what He invites—rest. That is what the human heart craves, that is what Jesus gives. (4) The condition, "Come." That is all. Note also to Whom we are to "Come," "unto Me," not unto a creed, not unto a church, unto a person, and that person, Jesus Himself. Not to a priest, not to a pastor, not to some great theologian, not to the Pope, "unto Me," right straight to Jesus, He only can give rest, but He can. If you haven't rest, it is because you haven't come to Jesus. Come now. Then Jesus proceeds to tell of a deeper rest still—rest in service. "Take My yoke upon you," surrender absolutely to His will (Jno. 14:21-23; 15:10-14).

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

Mabel—"Granny, Teddy's eaten my cake."

Teddy—"Well, Granny, didn't you tell me always to take Mabel's part?"—Ally Sloper.

A ROAST.

"It takes Freddie so long to make up his mind?"

"Why should it? He has almost no material to work on."—Cleveland Leader.

THE WARFARE AGAINST DRINK

TEMPERANCE BATTLE GATHERS STRENGTH EVERY DAY.

How Do You Like the Samples?

Samples of wine and samples of beer,
Samples of all kinds of liquors sold here;
Samples of whisky, samples of gin,
Samples of all kinds of bitters—step in.
* * * * * * *
Samples of headache, samples of gout,
Samples of coats with the elbows out,
Samples of boots without heels or toes,
Samples of men with a broken nose,
Samples of men in the gutter lying,
Samples of men with delirium dying,
Samples of men cursing and swearing,
Samples of men all evil daring,
Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;
Samples of old men, worn in the strife,
Samples of young men tired of life,
Samples of ruined hopes and lives,
Samples of desolate homes and wives,
Samples of aching hearts grown cold
With anguish and misery untold;
Samples of noble youths in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face.
Samples of hungry little ones
Starving to death in their dreary homes.
In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth
But our "samples" have nurtured or given them birth.

Oh, all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,
Who deal out death for a single dime,
Know ye that the Lord, though He may delay,
Has in reserve for the last great day
The terrible "woe" of whose solemn weight
No mortal can know till the pearly gate
Is closed and all with one accord
Acknowledge the justice of their reward.
—Virginia J. Kent.

The Curse in France and Switzerland.

A poster prepared in 1900 by the Medical Society of Nancy and signed by nearly all the physicians in that Department, stated that more than eleven per cent. of France's 36,000,000 inhabitants, i. e., 4,000,000, are alcoholists.

Figures given by Magnan for the Parisian (Insane) Hospital of St. Anne for the year 1894 show that 30.11 per cent. of the men received and 9.05 per cent. of the women were alcoholists in the true sense, but if all those are included "for whom alcohol opened the door of the insane asylum" the corresponding numbers would be 38.12 and 12.81 per cent.

France stands third on the list of countries where suicide is the most frequent, her rate being 246 per 1,000,000 inhabitants.

During the debate on the abolition of the death penalty in the French Chamber of Deputies, July, 1908, Joseph Reinach, vice-president of the anti-alcohol group in the Chamber, said:

"It is not the penal laws that are responsible for the increase in crime; it is alcoholism. Of that statistics allow no doubt. And why should not crime increase with the increasing consumption of alcohol, which weakens the will and dulls the intelligence, delivers the brain up to unresisted impulses, and so paralyzes moral responsibility that it becomes only a fiction? It is much easier to rub the rust from the guillotine and set it up again in our public places than to institute an effective fight against alcoholism, this scourge of our time, this destroyer of our military strength, this annihilator of our vital energy; and it takes less courage to set up and maintain the guillotine than to touch the privilege of the private distillers to reduce the sale of alcohol!"

"In 1884," writes Dr. R. Hercod, of the International Temperance Bureau, "the Swiss Federal Council was of the opinion that moderate beer-drinking was an antidote against spirit-drinking. It afterward recognized this as a mistake, and in the message of March 15, 1901, admitted that we were threatened in Switzerland with a beer and wine plague."

Switzerland has been for a number of years the centre of an active scientific investigation of the alcohol problem, and is the only country thus far that requires in her mortality statistics definite information regarding alcoholism as a contributing cause of death. Her official statistics for 1901 gave the rate of deaths due wholly or in part to alcohol as twelve per cent. For the decade from 1892 to 1902 the average rate was 10.2 per cent.

These statistics have furnished the basis for the often recurring statement that in Switzerland every tenth man dies from alcohol.

Dr. Herman Blocher says the alcohol question is the question of existence for the Swiss people.

Industrialism and Drink.

The use of alcohol to drown trouble and to make a man forget the worries of the day, as suggested by Prof. Munsterberg, is not favored by the industrial leaders in Germany and Austria. A resolution passed at the Fifth Industrial Congress, held in Vienna, declared that alcohol weakens the thinking power of the laboring man so that he is not in a condition to consider means of bettering his condition, and that in that country alcoholism is one of the greatest hindrances to the physical and mental advancement of the working classes. This Congress resolved, says Der Abstinent, to engage in an active campaign of lectures and literature to teach the people the destructive consequences of the use of alcohol for the workman and his family.

Abstainers Have Advantage.

In the treatment of typhoid fever, pneumonia and malaria, the fact that the patient has used spirits either in so-called moderation or excess is a very important one in the treatment.

The mortality of these and other diseases is very much larger and the complications more positive when it occurs among drinking men, than in total abstainers.

Temperance Notes.

In surgery the treatment of injuries, dislocations, fractures and sprains will vary widely in persons who use spirits from those who are abstainers.

Every advance of scientific medicine along etiological and clinical lines brings into increasing prominence the influence of alcohol in the causation of disease, and the necessity of recognizing this in the questions of diagnosis, prognosis and the various health problems which occur in everyday life.

Wounds and injuries are more easily infected and heal more slowly, and are followed by greater depression, lower vitality and longer convalescence in drinking persons.

In private practice the symptoms of fever and local inflammations and localized pains, are very often traceable to alcohol which, when removed, is followed by recovery.

Preliminary announcement of the plans for the World's W. C. T. U. Convention to be held at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1910, are already being issued, and indicate a gathering of record-breaking interest in White Ribbon circles.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

Story of Jim Owen.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Dallas, Texas, told this remarkable story during the special services held in the Greene Avenue Baptist Church:

"I'll tell you of the most marvelous conversion I ever saw. I have told you it was my joy every summer to preach in the cattle camps in West Texas. One year when I went some of the men came to me and said, 'There is one man here on whom you need not waste your time, and that is ex-Sheriff Jim Owen. He'll come once, then he'll curse you all over the mountains; he always does.' They described him to me so that I could not miss him. One evening I went to preach, and as I stood before that great congregation in came Jim Owen. I preached and the Spirit of God moved mightily over that great audience and many sinners came, but there Jim sat with a most intent gaze upon his face, but apparently unmoved.

"After the service we stood around talking, and some said: 'Jim Owen was here to-night, but he'll never come again. He'll curse you out; he always does when any preacher comes. He'll come once and then curse you and the church out,' but some of the others said, 'No, I believe he will be back; he had a peculiar expression on his face that he never had before; he'll come again.'

"I started for my lodging place, some rods from the camp, away from the noise, over a mountainous region, when I heard someone talking, but as I drew nearer I realized there were two of them, and that they were praying. I did not mean to eavesdrop, but I was held to the spot.

"They prayed something like this: 'Oh, God, Thou hast promised that if two of us shall agree on earth as touching anything that we shall ask, that Thou wilt give it us. We are praying to-night for Jim Owen. They say he can't be saved, but oh, God, Thou canst save the vilest sinner, save him and let the people know that nothing is too hard for God; save Jim Owen, that Thou mightest close the mouth of the people and get glory to Thyself.' That's the way to pray, that's the way to pray.

"I slipped away—they never knew I heard their prayer—but I did not sleep. The next evening, when I stood up to preach, in came Jim Owen. All the sermon that I had prepared fled, and I said, 'We'll sing a stanza, and then I'll ask this brother in front to lead in prayer, asking that God will give me the right message. His Spirit knows the needs of these hearts.'

"I preached that night from the parable of the Prodigal Son, telling it as simply as to a little child. I said: 'Here was a man well reared, but he abused it; good environment, but he trampled it under foot and went away despite the protests of his father and friends and wasted his substance; but when he had spent all he came to himself. Oh, that men would come to themselves! He said, "I will arise and go unto my father, and shall say unto him, father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."

"'He not only made the good resolution, but he kept it. He arose and came. Now I see that old father at the gate; he's watching. "Oh, how I wish my boy would come home; how often have I longed for him! Who is this coming? It walks like my boy, but so many have passed that I thought walked like him, but as he draws nearer, he looks more like him," and when he was yet a great way off the watching father recognized him and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

"'If there is a man in this audience that is in this poor prodigal's condition, I've a friend for him. If there is such a man and he wants to come back, let him come down the aisle and take my hand,' and Jim Owen sprang to his feet and came, reeling like a drunken man because of the intensity of his emotions. Everyone was on is feet in a moment.

"Jim took my hand and said, 'Mr. Truett, do you mean to tell me that if I surrender myself to Jesus He'll save me?' 'That's exactly what I mean.'

"'But,' he said, 'I'm the worst man this side of Hell, can He save me?' 'He died to save the vilest sinner this side of Hell and He'll save you if you will surrender to Him.'

"'That's right, Jim, the preacher's right,' said the men.

"'If I surrender now to Him, when will He save me?' 'He will save you now, Mr. Owen, right now.' 'That's right,' said the men, 'that's right, Jim.'

"Then he said, 'Lord Jesus, the worst man out of Hell surrenders to You just now.' Everyone was crying, the men and women kissed him, and there was great joy, for the chief of sinners had been saved. God loosed his tongue and he turned to those men and gave the most marvelous testimony I ever heard.

"For years there had been a great feud between him and another man, and the next day he went to his enemy and said, 'Friend, you're not afraid of me and I'm not afraid of you, and I've come to ask your forgiveness for all the wrongs I have done you. I'm a new man now.' Thus the breach was healed, and they came together singing the praises of God.

"Friend, Jesus of Nazareth is mighty to save."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Secret With God.

No attempt is ever made in the Scripture to reconcile the two agencies of God and man. Had such a reconcilement been necessary, God would certainly have suggested it. It is one of the "secret things that belong to the Lord our God."—Hitchcock.

The Yoke Easy.

Mix the Word with faith, and you will find that His yoke is easy, His burden light. He will finish His work in you.—J. Hudson Taylor.

A PRETTY COMPARISON.

Daughter—"But I don't intend to marry yet; I want to study."

Mother—"Absurd! The men will only think less of you in the end if you know much."

Daughter—"Oh, now, mamma! you always expect other men to be like papa."—Boston Transcript.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

"Papa, why is it that the deaths of celebrated people are always put in the papers and never the births?"—Rire.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Topic—Christ Winning the World. John 12: 20-32.

The broad declaration. John 10: 14-18.

The prophetic announcement. Isa 49: 5-13.

Salvation for all. John 3: 14-18.

Drawn by love. Hos. 11: 1-4.

Love uniting humanity. Eph. 2: 11-19.

The end—one family. Eph. 3: 14-21.

The world, full of the sick, the weary, the lonely, the sad, the sinful, is still saying, "We would see Jesus" (v. 21).

Men are brought to Jesus by a chain of men, each telling his brother about Him (v. 22).

Where Christ is, His servants will be; and we may be sure that Christ is on every mission field (v. 26).

No man is driven to an enthroned Christ, but all men are drawn to a crucified Christ (v. 32).

Suggestions.

Christianity is winning the world, rather than conquering it; gaining its victories, not by force or even mainly by argument, but by love.

No less than the whole world will answer Christ's plans. Is less than the whole world in our plans for Christian work?

Christ wins the world, but only through Christians. We are nothing without Christ, but Christianity is nothing without us.

Illustrations.

In the swing of battle a man will do what he could not do otherwise. This will be true of us if we get into the swing of this peaceful war of Christ.

The momentum of a falling object grows as it moves. Christianity is a falling upward, and men progress ever faster as they draw near the throne of God.

Christianity wins the world as quietly yet as resistlessly as the sun wins the world each spring out the control of the ice.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

Missionary Topic—The Christian Awakening of Korea—2 Pet. 3: 9; Jonah 4: 10, 11.

Let us first consider Jonah. God always speaks to men in the terms they can most easily understand. Jonah had a wayward, stubborn heart which found it difficult to enter into the loving-heart purpose of the Eternal toward his children, and yet he could appreciate the kindly service of a gourd vine in shading him from the heat of a tropic sun and sorrow over it sudden destruction. So God uses the incident of the gourd and Jonah's tender pity for it to teach him of the mercy and love of Jehovah toward a vast city like Nineveh, in which the babes alone number six score thousand persons.

Turning now to the Second Epistle of Peter, we find a somewhat broader and different view of this great thing. There are scoffers in every generation who, in their blindness, fail to see the unending evidences of the presence and power of god in the affairs of the world. The judgment and the final recompense for good and evil are the subject of their constant sneers and jeers. Peter rebukes them by calling our attention to the fact that they err in two great fundamentals.

1. They err as to the nature of God and the processes of his providence, which, in their eternity, measure days by periods of a thousand years, while in actual achievement he often does the work of a thousand years in one finite day.

2. The delay in judgment and retribution is not due to any slackness or fault in the divine nature, but to the unfaltering love and tender mercy of God to all his creatures, he giving this period of probation and new trial to his wayward children that they may find the way of repentance and salvation. In this lies the hope of all heathen nations, for he is long-suffering toward them, and not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

JUST WHAT REAL SCRAPPLE IS.

Writer Gives a Few Hints About the Preparation and Eating of This Dish.

Scrapple comes in with India summer and last year's overcoat, says the Baltimore Sun. Next to buckwheat cakes, sauerkraut and hog-and-hominy, it is the most delicious breakfast dish known to the human race, but it behooves the consumer to have a care in buying it.

Bogus scrapple, unluckily, is all too plentiful. The basis of the real article is the fragrant liquor in which country sausage has been boiled, and its body or substance is furnished by home grown corn meal, ground in a water mill. Such scrapple is more palatable than venison and more nutritious than pemmican. It is particularly rich in proteids, carbohydrates, alkaloids, manganese, lime, naphtha and other bone and sinew making contents.

In the old days all of Baltimore's scrapple came from Pennsylvania. It came across the Mason and Dixon line at midnight, and was brought down to the city in Conestoga wagons. When the season's first wagon came rumbling down the York road, usually about October 20, there was a rush for it, and sometimes its cargo brought fancy prices—ten cents a slice, or even more. But to-day Baltimore is no longer dependent upon Pennsylvania for its scrapple supply. That made in Maryland is equal to the best. No doubt the future will see Maryland scrapple supreme in all the markets of the world, for the Eastern shoremen, as well as the Western Marylanders, seem to have an uncanny talent for the manufacture and improvement of delicatessen. The case of sauerkraut comes to mind at once. Twenty years ago that queenly victual had to be imported from Bavaria, but to-day the sauerkraut of Salisbury and Crisfield has left that of Munich and Weimar far behind it.

The colony of Barbary apes, on the Rock of Gibraltar, is the only one of its kind in existence, and is being protected by the British Government.

FOR THE EPICURE

Broiled Fresh Herring.

Cut off the heads of the fish, but do not open. Dip in olive oil seasoned with salt and pepper and leave for an hour. Arrange on a buttered gridiron and broil over a clear, slow fire for about fifteen minutes, turning frequently.

A Tasty Dessert.

A tasty dessert was invented by a Brooklyn housewife the other day. Sherbet glasses were filled with apple sauce—the red kind that is cooked until it is mahogany color—a little nest was made in the centre and this was filled with whipped cream and around the cream there were scattered finely minced nuts. This apple sauce may be kept in cans for an indefinite time, and is always useful, either as an accompaniment for the meat course or for dessert.—Indianapolis News.

Jugged Eels.

Take two pounds cleaned, skinned eels, remove all the fat from the inside and cut in pieces about two inches long. Dredge with salt and pepper, and place in a jar with a quarter cup of butter. Chop an onion and scatter over the eels with a tablespoonful minced parsley. Cover the jar closely and stand over the fire in a saucepan of cold water. Let it come slowly to a boil, then cook from an hour and a half to two hours, until tender. Serve in a deep hot dish.—New York Telegram.

Fish Steaks Au Gratin.

For this steaks of halibut, cod or any firm, white-fleshed fish may be used. Cut about three inches square and an inch thick.

Butter a small dripping pan, and having salted and peppered the squares of fish on both sides, lay them in the pan. Sprinkle with a few drops onion juice, a little minced parsley and some buttered crumbs. Squeeze over them the juice of a lemon and bake about twenty minutes, covered the first ten. Serve plain or with a cream sauce—New York Telegram.

Creamed Yarmouth Bloaters.

Remove head, tail and fins. Split in half all the way through, put into a saucepan full of cold water and cook just five minutes after the water comes to a boil. Lift out carefully and most of the bones will come to the surface so that they can be readily picked out. Have ready a hot sauce prepared as follows: Melt in a saucepan a tablespoonful butter, add a tablespoonful flour, and as soon as melted and bubbly pour in, little by little, a cupful rich milk and cream. As soon as thickened, remove and pour over the fish on a hot platter.—New York Telegram.

Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.

Blanch two pairs of sweetbreads and slice them. Cut the stems from twenty mushrooms. Beat the yolks of three eggs light. Cook together in the chafing dish blazer a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. When smooth pour upon them gradually one and a half cups of rich milk or cream into which a pinch of baking-soda has been stirred. Stir until smooth, then lay in the sweetbreads, cook for two minutes, and salt and white pepper to taste, and put in the mushrooms. Cook until very hot; pour in gradually the egg yolks and cook just long enough to heat thoroughly but not long enough to cause the eggs to curdle. Serve immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

Hints for Housewives.

Ribboned lettuce makes a pretty nest for an egg salad.

A spoon rest that hooks over the edge of a kettle is ten cents. It saves keeping the spoon in the kettle while cooking.

An old tobacco jar in the shape of a brown mushroom, with yellow stalk, has a forest gnome and field mice in half relief on the front.

When packing tie in bottle corks well, and put the bottle in the middle of the trunk. If packed in this way it will carry around the world.

Brass polished only with rottenstone and oil will have a deep, rich yellow tone, while the acid polishes leave it whiter and more brilliant.

When coal is needed on the fire in the sick room, it should be brought into the room in paper bags, which should be laid gently on the fire to prevent noise.

Cold water with but little soap should be used for washing colored silks. If the color runs vinegar should be stirred into the water until the color sets.

A teaspoonful of glycerin added to a gill of glue makes a cement that is a great convenience in the kitchen and is especially good for fastening leather, paper or wood to metal.

A stain remover that has proved successful with fruit and vegetable discoloration is made by adding four drops of carbolic acid to a half pint bottle of glycerine and rosewater.

Powder a little alum and mix with sugar. First put a little sugar in a teaspoon, then sprinkle a little powdered alum over it and cover well with sugar. It has saved a little girl many a time from croup.

Take three large carrots, peel, then grate on a coarse grater; to every cup of carrot add one-third cup fresh lard, set on back of stove in earthen or porcelain lined dish where it will simmer all day. Press through cheese cloth and put in small glass jars. It will keep for months.