THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV JOHN E ADAMS.

Theme: Hope.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday night the Rev. John Erskine Adams, pastor of the Ross Street Presbyterian Church, preached the second sermon in a series of three on I. Corinthians 13:13: "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three, but the greatest of these is Love." The subject last night was "Hope." Mr. Adams said:

The man who wrote these words practiced what he preached. It was he who said: "Brethren, be ye followers together of me." Whenever he pointed up the steep slopes of duty he was ready to jump into the lead and show the way. He was the first to lay himself upon the altar when he enjoined upon others the duty of sacrifice. He never slumbered while others were on the bridge; he never stopped to rest while others were on the march. Me, had not only the enlightenment of his counsel, they had the energy of his conduct; not only the illumination of exegesis, but the inspiration of example. Great as was his preaching, the practical illustration in his own life of the things he urges upon others is still greater. Unlike the modern general who, from the distance of miles, perhaps upon some eminence, from which he surveys the entire field of battle, mobilizes and moves his men by semaphore, aide or telephone; himself far removed from danger of shrapnel or Mauser, Paul never sounded the charge that he did not plunge into the thickest of the fight. Did he preach Christ as the ultimate ideal and goal for which men should strive? Of himself he says: "Not as though I had already attained . . . But one thing I do—I press toward the mark for the prize."

We are not surprised, then, to find in him the apostle of hope. When he places it among the graces, he does so because it had graced his own life. He can urge upon others the duty and privilege of optimism because he knows what it is to glory in his own infirmities, and count all worldy losses as gains. He ever walks with buoyant and springy step. With him the shadows never lengthen and the night never deepens, it is always day. He walks in the light; he is a child of light; he rejoices in tribulation, and through its leaden skies the star of hope ever shines.

Hope is defined as the desire of some good, accompanied with an expectation of attaining it, or a belief that it is obtainable. It is more than an emotion, therefore, or a wish, or a desire, it is a confidence, an expectation; it almost reaches the stage of conviction. It is the philosophy of optimism, and as such it abides and deserves to abide. We are told that travelers in the Alps, standing upon the "middle ground,' see, beneath them, the shadows and valleys and darkly flowing river, and above them the snow-clad heights on which the sun rests long after the valley beneath is in the grip of the night. At one time, then, it is possible to look down into the shadows or up into the sunshine. Pessimism is the philosophy of the downward look; hope lifts its eyes unto the hills from whence cometh man's help; and believes that the best and not the worst is yet to come.

David was an optimist. In the Forty-second Psalm he is facing a crisis. He cannot stand upon middle ground. He must either descend or ascend; it is the abyss or the mountain top. And so, he lays hold upon the one refuge from pessimism and despair, and calls upon his soul to hope. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the health of His countenance."

Hope abides because it is the survival of the fittest. Despondency unfits, humbles, dethrones. It saps the very strength from manhood. Frances H. Burnett in "The Shuttle," gives us the picture of the English lord, sitting hour after hour, holding the wasted hand of one of his common laborers, who is stricken with typhoid fever, and calling back through the power of hope the life that had almost gone out in despair. The great specialist, who has been called in in the hour of crisis, when the faces of the watchers are pale, and fear has frozen the very fountains of life and energy, gives the verdict of "Hope," and instantly the body straightens, the back stiffens, the blood courses through the veins.

Hope is energy. The provisions have failed; the boat leaks, the seas rise, strength is gone, and intolerable thirst alone remains. But, upon the horizon there rise the masts and then the hull of the liner. Hope at once energizes. With the vestige of remaining strength, the distress signal is hoisted, it is seen; it is answered, the steamer's course is changed, and rescue is at hand. Hope is the granitic element of nature. Of Samuel Adams, Bancroft says: "Difficulties could not discourge his decision, nor dangers appall his fortitude. Of despondency he knew nothing; trials only nerved him for superior struggles. His sublime and unfaltering hope had a cast of solemnity, and was as much a part of his nature as if his confidence sprung from insight into the divine decrees, and was as firm as a sincere Calvinist's assurance of his election."

Hope is life's song. Once Elijah lost it, and life was paralyzed. Having seen hope slip away from him, he was ready to die. The wilderness is about him and within him. The best thing God can give him is the grave. And this man is not a coward. He has fought to death, on Carmel, Baal's priests. He has won many other battles, but now he is in the grip of despondency, and his imperial spirit is broken. But God calls him up from the depths, and when nature's elementary forces, when fire and wind and earthquake fail to rouse his slumbering soul, the still, small voice of God sings to him the song of Hope, and the prophet is strengthened.

The worst thing that has ever been thought of hell is that in its fiery depths all hope is abandoned. So long as the man waits, through the long hours, for the dawn, and so long as he believes that the dawn will come, hell is not ready for him, the celestial gates are still swung wide open.

If hope is all this, then we do well to cultivate it, to cherish it, at all hazards. Better part with anything than it. Better give up your friends than your hopes. Better part with your money. The only man without God in the world is the man without hope. We need to cherish it, for ourselves and for others. The most selfish life in the world is the hopeless life. "Noblesse oblize"—It is our duty to help and not to hinder; to lift up and not cast down; to be sign posts along the way, rather than stumbling blocks in the way. There is no influence more blighting in all the world than that of a man who sedulously cultivates the philosophy of despair. He is nothing but a nuisance, and an infernal one at that, because his philosophy is hell-born. He becomes a hinderer rather than a helper. He is deliberately withholding from others, in their cares and burdens and sorrows, that cheer and courage which God has meant him to impart. If that alone were true, it would be bad enough, but other things are true. He is not only withholding; he is infecting, he is poisoning. He is offending one of God's little ones. He pretends to be your friend, but he is drilling holes below the water line. He is pulling out the bricks from the wall and the rivets from the bolts. He is undermining the moral constitution of every one he meets. He is damping men's ardor, he is chilling their enthusiasms, he is putting clouds into clear skies, because he is discounting hope. The further such a man keeps away from his fellow men the better for them. He has no business with them. The only proper place for Elijah was the wilderness and the juniper tree when he had ceased to hope. And the only proper place for him when new hope and joy had been born within his soul was back among the sons of men. When our Lord's soul was troubled He was alone, the shades of night were about Him, His disciples slept. When He spoke to other than God it was the message of hope: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." There is only one heart strong enough to bear the weight of a hopeless soul and that is the heart of God. He alone is the "joy of the comfortless, light of the straying, hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure."

The world has no time and no use for the man who has no time and no use for hope. A gentleman on being asked to contribute to the erection of a monument replied: "Not a dollar. I am ready to contribute toward building monuments to those who make us hope, but I will not give a dollar to help perpetuate the memory and influence of those who live to make us despair." The men who find the world waiting for them, responsive to them, grateful for them, are the men who bring into its darkness something of light and into its sufferings and sins, the aleviation and stimulus of hope.

A singer sang a song of tears, and the great world heard and wept;
or he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years, and the hopes which the dead past kept;
And souls in anguish their burdens bore, and the world was sadder than before.

A singer sang a song of cheer, and the great world listened and smiled.
For he sang of the love of a Father dear, and the trust of a little child;
And souls that before had forgotten to pray looked up and went singing along the way.

Perhaps, after all, to those who are listening to-night, it is not necessary to say all this. You know it already. If you don't, it is because you have never yet entered into the joy of your Lord, which is not reserved, simply for the life to come, but is imparted to His followers in the life that now is. It is a joy that no man taketh away. For it is the joy that comes from the knowledge not only that in the hiding of God there is safety, but that in the hands of God all things are made to work together for our good. It is the joy of the consciousness that the bars and bolts that once held us in the prison have been withdrawn, and the door has swung open, and we have passed out into the light. And it is the joy that, having passed out into the light there is given to us not only freedom from bondage, but affiliation, the privilege of partnership with God; the power to do and to become. And if we still feel ourselves hedged about by unpropitious circumstance, and assailed by the temptation of that illicit self which still clamors for recognition and claims enthronement, there is born within us the hope that out of struggle and defeat, out of strivings and groanings, out of bondage and imprisonment, we are at last to come off more than conquerors through Him who has loved us and redeemed us by His blood. When we receive Christ, who is our Hope, the Bright and Morning Star of Life, we enter into privilege and possession. All things are ours; the world about us, the skies above us; the heritage of soil and the heritage of souls; the deep happiness of proprietorship in the things of the life that now is and the fadeless hope of the life everlasting: All things are ours, for we are Christ's and Christ is God. What place is there for doubt, or despair in such a life? Why should we not, if we believe in Him, who, though unseen, is ever with us, rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory? What matters it that the sorrows of the present seem not joyous, but grievous? They are the light afflictions which are but for the moment, and which work out for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look at the things which are seen, while the shock of the storm is upon us, the cathode rays of hope reveal beneath the deep calm the unseen things which are eternal.

Now abideth hope; its fingers point upward and onward—and God is at the end.

Unfading hope! When life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh, then Thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!

Some of Wesley's Health Ideas.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who thought on many subjects besides religion, gave some attention to certain rules of health. He laid stress on cold baths, fresh air and abstinence from "strong, especially spirituous liquors," as necessary to health and realized that "a quiet, peaceful mind is the most powerful of all the means of health and long life."

His cure for baldness will hardly commend itself to-day. "To cure baldness," he writes, "rub the part with onions until it is red, rub it afterward with honey or wash it with a decoction of boxwood or electrify it daily." For bleeding at the nose he recommends "to drink whey and eat raisins;" also "to keep a roll of white paper under the tongue."

He insists that consumptives drink quantities of milk and states that he knew of a deep consumption cured by the sufferer every morning cutting a little turf from the fresh earth and lying down to breathe into the hole for an quarter of an hour.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 26.

Subject: The Parable of the Tares, Matt. 13:24-30, 36-43—Commit Verses 37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43.

TIME.—Autumn, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—By the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. Two Sowers, 24, 25. Here, as in the preceding lesson, Jesus appears as a sower of good seed; but in the preceding parable "the seed is the Word of God;" in this parable "the good seed are the sons of the kingdom" (v. 38). But the sons of the kingdom are themselves the product of the Word of God (Jas. 1:18; I Pet. 1:23); so that there is a close connection between the two parables and the two sowings. It is by sowing "the Word of God" that the Son of man sows "sons of the kingdom." There are in this world "sons of the kingdom" only because Jesus had sown them. The world is "His field." He has purchased it by His blood; the devil has forfeited it by his unfaithfulness. But the devil does not like to relinquish the world of which he was once the prince (Jno. 12:31). But the world belongs to Christ, "the sons of the evil one" are sown in it, but they don't belong in it, and when the harvest comes they will be gathered out and sent to their own place. There is deep significance in two words in verse 25, "His enemy." The devil is our enemy, but he is primarily Christ's enemy. There is no one whom he hates as he hates the Son of God. Christ receives what the devil aspired to, the worship of the universe (Heb. 1:6; Rev. 5:11-13; comp. Matt. 4:9; Ez. 28:16, 17). The devil seeks to caricature and thwart Christ's work at every step. Christ sows good seed in His field, the devil comes by stealth and sows tares. The parable brings out very clearly the personality of the devil, the certainty of his existence, the malignity of his heart, the activity of his movements, the cunning of his operations, the subtlety of his methods. If there is not a personal devil, the enemy of Christ, this parable is meaningless. There is absolutely no necessity in the drapery of the parable to bring him in. He is in the parable because he exists in fact. The tares in the world are his work. Christ sows "sons of the kingdom" by sowing good seed, "the Word of God;" the devil sows "sons of the evil one" by sowing bad seed, doubts and questions and error (Gen. 3:1, 4; 2 Thess. 2:9, 10). The devil did his work "while men slept." He always acts under cover and while men are off guard. He does much of his work to-day while Christians and ministers are dozing. He brings in the subtleties of disguised infidelity ("higher criticism," etc.) and masked pantheism while we are nodding, and some day we wake up to find the "tares" springing up everywhere among the wheat. When the devil had done his work he "went away." He got out of sight. He always does. He even stirs up some to argue that "there isn't any devil anyway."

II. Two Crops Growing Together, 26-29. There are just two classes of men: "Sons of the kingdom" or "children of God," and "sons of the evil one" (v. 38, R. V.), or "children of the devil" (1 John, 3:10). The two classes are not always distinguishable or separable at the outset (vs. 29, 30), but they will be distinguished and separated when they are ripe, the one for heaven and the other for hell. But it will, fortunately, be the angels and not men who do the separating (v. 41). History furnishes countless instances of the devil's sowing tares among Christ's wheat (e. g., Jno. 13:2; Acts 5:3; 20:29). Both history and the Word of God warn us against deciding that all that appears "among the wheat" must itself be wheat. While the tares were not distinguishable from the wheat until they began to grow, they were tares from the very first. There were those who wished to root up the tares at once, but the time was not ripe, nor were they competent to do the task. There are those who in haste long to extirpate "the sons of the evil one" at once from the world, but the Master says, "let them both grow together until the harvest." Premature separation, by religious persecution, would mean injury to wheat as well as destruction to tares. This history has abundantly proven. This parable does not forbid church discipline. "The field is"—not the church, but "the world" (v. 38). Church discipline is positively commanded in the Bible (1 Cor. 5:3-5, 11; Rom. 16:17; 2 Thess. 3:6, 14). In the delay in separating the chaff from the wheat we have another illustration of God's long-suffering (cf. 2 Pet. 3:9).

III. Two Harvests, 30, 35, 36-41. Separation comes at last. It is "in the end of the age" (v. 39, R. V. Marg.). "The reapers are the angels." They are to be the ministers of God's boundless grace towards "the sons of the kingdom" and the executioners of His wrath towards "the sons of the evil one." The tares are to be "gathered" and the wheat is to be "gathered;" but the one for burning in "the furnace of fire," where there is inconsolable grief and impotent rage (v. 42), the other into God's storehouse, "the kingdom of their Father," where "they shall shine forth as the sun." Is the fire literal? It is in the interpretation of the parable as well as in the parable itself. Evil is not to gradually disappear from the world, but to grow side by side with the wheat "until the harvest."

More Than Knowledge.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

"I want to assume a convincing expression of injured innocence," said the Pittsburg man charged with grafting.

"I'd advise you to go to all the baseball games."

"But I'm in no mood for diversion."

"Of course not. But what you want to do is to study the expression of a base runner when the umpire calls him out."—Washington Star.

BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

The Scientific Basis.

The primal basis of the present war against the liquor shop, whether legalized or not, is neither religious, political, moral nor financial. It is, first of all, scientific. If alcohol is useful as a beverage, or even if it is no worse than harmless, there can be no just war against it on any of the grounds above suggested. But if its use is injurious to the human mind and body, if it is destructive of human happiness, if it impairs a man's usefulness, if it destroys the peace and purity of society, then society in self-defense must make war upon it.

The determination of this matter is a scientific problem. If science decides against alcohol then the whole problem of the manufacture and use of liquors as a beverage becomes a religious, moral, political and financial problem and society must deal with it in all its phases. Let us then look first for the

Verdict of Science.—Rapid strides in recent years in scientific investigation has demonstrated that alcohol taken into the human system is never a food but always a poison. Different poisons attack different organs of the body. Alcohol first attacks and injures the brain. More and more emphatic becomes the verdict of science that alcohol in even small quantities is a poison and that only temperance is total abstinence.

Professor Kraepelin, one of Germany's greatest scientists and formerly a moderate drinker, says: "I became a total abstainer only as the result of scientific investigation. Even if a single dose of alcohol had a favorable effect upon body or mind, nevertheless in the face of the everywhere recognized alcohol evil we must exterminate it, root and branch, because there is no other salvation from our misery."

One hundred German university professors of medicine, many of them having international reputation, recently issued an anti-alcohol manifesto urging their countrymen to labor for total abstinence, and closed by saying: "The practice of moderate drinking remains the ultimate source of intemperance."

The voice of the scientists of all nations is rapidly approaching unison on the alcohol question. We see, therefore, the scientific basis on which it is possible to explain all the misery, crime, poverty, wretchedness and inefficiency that result from the use of alcohol.

The Problem Enlarges.—The fact that alcohol is a poison and its use impairs the moral and religious faculties instantly makes it a moral and religious problem and requires that the church shall deal vigorously with it. Because it destroys a man's earning power and increases the burdens of society in caring for its victims it becomes a question of finance. Because it interferes with the rights of society it becomes a political problem.

Thunder it out from the pulpit and the press, in the home and in the school, in the mine and the factory; thunder it out everywhere and all the time that King Alcohol is our bitter enemy and the time has come when he must be dethroned.—The Keystone Citizen.

Striking Testimonial.

A striking testimonial as to the beneficial effects of abstention from alcohol is furnished by Mr. Cordeaux, the British Commissioner for Somaliland, in his latest report to the Colonial Office. He mentions that one of the considerations which materially affect the public health of that country is that the population is practically entirely Mohammedan, and therefore total abstainers from all alcohol. The consequence is that the country has been free from any case of malignant disease during the last ten years. He also refers to the very marked difference shown under anaesthetics by the Somalis as against both the European and other races addicted to the use of this stimulant. Serious respiratory trouble is practically never met with among the Somalis, and struggling while going under is quite unusual, yet the people are of a both nervous and excitable temperament.

A Remarkable Letter.

The following letter of Justice J. L. Frisbie, who was a captain in the Civil War and later Minister to Nice, France, is self-explanatory:

"To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of Hillsdale, Mich.:

"Gentlemen—I hereby most respectfully tender the resignation of my commission as Justice of the Peace of the city of Hillsdale, to take effect March 1, 1910. Causation: County Prohibition (local option), no drunks, no vagrants, no disorderlies, no business to further make the office desirable or in any way profitable. Really there is no use for more than one justice of the peace in the city of Hillsdale under present conditions."—Philadelphia Record.

Real Cause of High Prices.

A leading butcher of Cincinnati asserts that whisky is the real cause of high prices. He says: "It's the farmer's fault that meat, and principally pork, is as high as it is, and the people can blame whisky. The farmer will not raise hogs which he has to fatten with corn when he can sell his corn to the distillers for a much greater profit than he could realize by putting it into his hogs. It naturally follows that the demand for pork becomes greater and the supply less, hence the advanced prices."

Temperance Notes.

Recently 130 of the saloons of Richmond, Va., were legislated out of existence.

Intemperance is increasing among women in London. It is stated that 8900 women in that city have each been convicted of drunkenness more than ten times.

I s'pose you might say, lookin' at it one way, that liquor's great stuff to sort of even up things. Of course it takes shingles off a man's barn, but then it puts patches on his pants.

Aaron Skinner, of Barton, Vt., who died about two years ago, made this provision in his will that the residue of his estate after the other bequests were paid, should go to that good organization, as he called it, the W. C. T. U., and his executors turned into the hand of the State treasurer $1696.66.

In Tennessee there is a law under which owners of property on which liquor is illegally sold may be fined and imprisoned. Attorney-General McCairn, of Nashville, has sprung a bomb under the violators of the law in that city by giving a week's notice to property owners that he intends to prosecute under this statute.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand,
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
Yet Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand,
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion—visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,
Deep love, fond hopes and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clinched in my grasp, till beauty it hath none;
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done!"

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so into Thy own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair, have grown
So one with Thee, so filled with love divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own,
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

—Pittsburg Christian Advicate.

Living For One's Self.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. — Romans 14, 7.

Nobody is independent. All human lives are inseparably joined. Things we said yesterday will be recalled with pleasure or pain by somebody twenty years from now. What we did last week will make somebody better or worse when our bodies have turned to dust.

Life is rather solemn business. Nobody is so insignificant as to be without influence. Most of us would be filled with horror if we could read the record of our lives and see how a word we spoke carelessly started some one on the way to ruin. And it would fill us with a bliss that is like heaven itself if we could see that there are persons who date all the good there is in their lives to some kindly deed of ours done simply from impulse.

However much we may wish at times that we could do as we please without our deeds affecting the lives of others, yet a moment's thought will make us glad that human lives are thus bound together. There is dignity in life when we feel that a hundred years from now men may be better for our having lived. And on the other hand, there is responsibility in living, since after we are gone men may be worse for our misdeeds. It doubtless would be more pleasing if our goodness might bless others without our badness cursing them. But you cannot have one side without the other any more than you can have light without shadow. If it is right that men should be able to help one another, it must be right, because it is part of the same arrangement, that they should be able to hurt one another.

Sometimes we intentionally influence people, as when we argue with a man to bring him to our views, but perhaps the mightiest influence is exerted unconsciously. As the iceberg chills the air for miles around it or as the honeysuckle makes the air about it heavy with fragrance, so men radiate helpful or hurtful influences. Our character, whatever it may be, is contagious.

It was said by a man who was dying, "Oh, that my influence might be gathered up and buried with me." That cannot be, however much we wish it. Our influence goes on blessing or blasting people forever. Of another man it was said, "His presence always made men better." What a fine thing that is—to have such a character that when you meet people you make them wish to be nobler, purer, truer!—Frank M. Goodchild, in the Sunday Herald.

God Chooses Our Opportunities.

God has brought us into this time; He, and not ourselves or some dark demon. If we are not fit to cope with that which He has prepared for us, we should have been utterly unfit for any condition that we imagine for ourselves. In this time we are to live and wrestle, and in no other.

Let us humbly, tremblingly, manfully look at it, and we shall not wish that the sun could go back its ten degrees, or that we could go back with it. If easy times are departed, it is that the difficult times may make us more in earnest; that they may teach us not to depend upon ourselves. If easy belief is impossible, it is that we may learn what belief is, and in whom it is to be placed.—F. D. Maurice.

Trust and Obey.

Do not look forward to the changes of this life in fear; rather look to them with full hope that, as they arise, God, whose you are, will deliver you out of them. He has kept you hitherto—do you but hold fast to His hand, and He will lead you safely through all things. Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow, and every day.—Francis de Sales.

Garments of God.

Sorrows are often like clouds which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of "God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Happy Confidence.

May we live in Thy world with no servile and degrading fear, but with the happy confidence of the dutiful child at home.—Charles G. Ames.

Robin's Nest in Railroad Van.

In a fold of the canvas covering of the Great Eastern Railway delivery van at Billericay a robin has built her nest and laid three eggs. Nest and eggs of course go the rounds with the van for about ten hours daily and the bird returns to the nest when the van reaches the yard again at night.—Westminster Gazette.

More than 400,000 persons emigrated from this country during the year 1907. This is a much smaller number than shown by the previous year.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Money, Men and Prayers: the Three Great Missionary Needs—2 Cor. 8: 1-9; Matt. 9: 35-38.

Prevailing prayer. Acts 12: 5-11.
God's gold. 1 Chron. 29: 14-16.
The call. Isa. 6: 8-10; Matt. 9: 9.
Helpful prayer. 2 Cor. 1: 10, 11.
Gifts from the heart. Ex. 25: 1-8.
Say not, No. Jer. 1: 1-10.

One gift must be made to God before we can make any other; that gift is the heart (2 Cor. 8: 5).

We are to give because we love men, but the prime and fundamental motive for giving is because we love Christ (2 Cor. 8: 9).

Where the harvest is great the work is hard, but the rewards are also great (Matt. 9: 37).

No one can work successfully in Christ's harvest field if he merely goes there of his own will or on the advice of his friends; he must be commissioned by the owner of the field (Matt. 9: 38).

Suggestions.

Money is condensed life. When missions have not enough money it is because they have not enough life interest back of them.

It is idle to reckon whether money, men or prayers are needed the most in missions. The three needs fit together, and all are supplied in proportion as any one is supplied.

It has been well said that the question for each Christian to settle is not, "Should I go to the mission field?" but "Why should I not go?"

Modern missions need not merely men but fit men, trained men, useful and adapted men.

Illustrations.

Western farmers have been known, in their great need of laborers in harvest time, to enter railroad trains bringing students home from college and actually compel the young men to go out into the fields and help gather in the waiting grain.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

The Christian's Victories—2 Cor. 2: 14-17; Rom. 8: 35-37.

2 Cor. 2: 14-17. The immediate cause of Paul's jubilate was the favorable report brought him by Titus, whom he had sent to visit the Corinthian Christians to learn what effect a former letter that he had written them, containing advices upon a particular matter, had produced upon their minds. Upon receiving the gratifying intelligence brought by Titus the great apostle immediately voices a song of thanksgiving to God for a splendid victory. Notice the word "always." Not every general leads a victorious army in carnal warfare, but God, always. Not only so, but the victory God gives us through Christ is complete and involves the utter confusion and complete destruction of the enemy, giving us cause for triumphing in Christ our Mediator, who, having redeemed us, uses his mediatory power, procured by his atonement, with the Father to secure for us triumph over our enemies. Bear in mind that Paul's concern for the reception of his letter was in nowise personal. It was prompted by a deep sense of his obligation to God and an intense desire for the success of his mission to the Corinthians. With this thought in mind we the more readily understand his reference to a figure very familiar to those to whom his letter was addressed.

Rom. 8: 35-37. Reference is here made to the trials and persecutions to which Christians are exposed by reason of their loyalty to Christ. Here, as always, the apostle prefaces his catalogue of the things which may affect us with a statement of the wonderfully complete provision made by God through Christ for our protection from the very things he names. The phraseology of his question is very significant: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" There is not the remotest intimation that anything can separate the love of Christ from us.

SURVIVES HUG OF BEAR.

Not for years have bears been so bold in this vicinity as they are this season, writes The Forks (Me.) correspondent of the New York World. The fourth man to be tackled by a bear in the woods near here was Wallace Durgin, who had his adventure near his father's house. Durgin had his rifle close at hand and made short work of despatching the brute, but this was not the luck of Ernest Gubtil, of New Vineyard. Gubtil had been hunting for moose for two weeks. He dropped a fine buck and then placed his rifle against a tree and began the work of dressing the carcass.

The hunter, knife in hand, was at work when suddenly he received a blow on the left side which sent him to the ground half stunned. Gubtil then found himself grappling with a black bear, which, when cold that evening, weighed 460 pounds. By means of rolling and tumbling, kicking at the bear and warding off attempts to grapple Gubtil finally, with the blood streaming from two dozen bad scratches, reached his rifle.

By exerting all his remaining strength Gubtil dropped the muzzle against the bear's breast as the brute rose, and, with the trigger close against his left hip, pulled. The expansion bullet killed the bear almost instantly. At the moment of the discharge the bear was making a blow for Gubtil's face, but the claws dragged against his shoulder. A trapper heard Gubtil's call and took him where he could get medical aid.

Reinforced concrete continues to widen the range of its application. The Western railroads are preparing to build this summer long stretches of reinforced concrete sheds. These will not only be stronger than the present timber structures, but they will be entirely safe from the menace of fire.—Scientific American.

A new inflammable celluloid has been patented by Professor A. Gautier. The chief feature of the process is the employment of an ether silicate instead of pure ether, which is ordinarily used with alcohol as the solvent in the agglutination of nitrocellulose fibers by means of camphor.—Scientific American.

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WISE WORDS.

Even a short man may have his long suit.

It's better to be correct than it is to be corrected.

How far can you get from home before you become a stranger?

Whisky and love never affect two men in exactly the same way.

A woman has less faith in her ideals after marrying one of them.

At this stage of the game the hog pen is mightier than the sword.

It doesn't mend matters to fix the responsibility of a railroad wreck.

The doctor who speaks but one language may understand many tongues.

Lot's wife may have looked back—and then again she may have talked back.

And sometimes a girl thinks she has lost her heart when it is only her appetite.

After a man gets on the shady side of forty he decides that he'd rather be rich than handsome.

A man can always find an excuse for doing things he wants to do that he knows he shouldn't do.

Jealousy has no mercy for its victims.

Marriage is seldom what it is contracted to be.

Many a man tries to stand on his rights who hasn't any.

Did you ever hear of a burglar trying to break into society?

If time were money, most of us wouldn't have a minute to spare.

His satanic majesty boosted his business when he invented politics.

A pessimist defines society as a lot of nobodies who talk about nothing.

Did it ever occur to you to try your own advice before turning it over to others?

The man who marries for money should be willing to take the humiliation that goes with it.

Probably the easiest kind of easy mark is the man who labors under the delusion that he understands women.

A company that will insure a man against his wife's relations would secure more patronage than any other insurance company.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Wonderful success has attended the cultivation of the sugar cane in Tampico, one company having produced last year 1,270,000 pounds of sugar and 25,000 gallons of alcohol

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