

COMMENDABLE ANGER

Talmage on How to Be Angry and Still Sin Not.

Discriminates Between the Offense and the Offender—We Should, He Inaugurates at One and Pity the Other.

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A delicate and difficult duty is by Dr. Talmage in this discourse urged upon all, and especially upon those given to quick temper; text, Ephesians iv, 26: "Be ye angry and sin not."

Equipose of temper, kindness, patience, forbearance, are extolled by most of the radiant pens of inspiration, but my text contains that which at first sight is startling. A certain kind of anger is approved—aye, we are commanded to indulge in it. The most of us have no need to cultivate high temper, and how often we say things and do things under affronted impulse which we are sorry for when perhaps it is too late to make effective apology! Why, then, should the apostle Paul dip his pen in the ink horn and trace upon parchment, afterward to be printed upon paper for all ages, the injunction, "Be ye angry and sin not?"

My text commends a wholesome indignation. It discriminates between the offense and the offender, the sin and the sinner, the crime and the criminal.

To illustrate: Alcoholism has ruined more fortunes, blasted more homes, destroyed more souls, than any evil that I think of. It pours a river of poison and fire through the nations. Millions have died because of it, and millions are dying now, and others will die. Intemperance is an old sin. The great Cyrus, writing to the Lacedaemonians of himself, boasted of many of his qualities, among others, that he could drink and bear more wine than his distinguished brother. Louis X. and Alexander the Great died drunk. The parliament of Edinburgh in 1661 is called in history "the drunken parliament." Hugh Miller, first stone-mason and afterward a world-renowned geologist, writes of the drinking habits of his day, saying: "When the foundation was laid, they drank. When the walls were leveled for laying the joists, they drank. When the building was finished, they drank. When an apprentice joined, they drank." In the eighteenth century, the giver of an entertainment boasted that some of the guests went away sober. Noah, the first ship captain, was wrecked—not in the ark, for that was safely landed—but he was wrecked with strong drink. Every man or woman rightly constructed will blush with indignation at the national and international and hemispheric and planetary curse. It is good to be aroused against it. You come out of that condition a better man or a better woman. Be ye angry at that abomination, and the more anger the more exaltation to character. But that aroused feeling becomes sinful when it extends to the victim of this great evil. Drunkenness you are to hate with a vivid hatred; but the drunkard you are to pity, to help to extricate.

Just take into consideration that there are men and women who once were as upright as yourself who have been prostrated by alcoholism. Perhaps it came of a physician's prescription for the relief of pain, a recurrence of the pain calling for a continuance of the remedy; perhaps the grandfather was an inebriate and the temptation to inebriety, leaping over a generation, has swooped on this unfortunate; perhaps it was under an attempt to drown trouble that was sought after; perhaps it was a very gradual chaining of the man with the beverage which was thought to be a servant, when one day it announced itself master. Be humble now, and admit that there is a strong probability that under the same circumstances you yourself might have been captured. The two appropriate emotions for you to allow are indignation at the intoxicant which enthralled and sympathy for the victim. Try to get the sufferer out of his present environment; recommend any hygienic relief that you know of and, above all, implore the divine rescue for the struggle in which so many of the noblest and greatest have been worsted. Do not give yourself up to too many philippics about what the man ought to have been and ought to have done. While your cheek flushes with wrath at the foe that has brought the ruin, let your eye be moistened with tears of pity for the sufferer. In that way you will have fulfilled the injunction of the text: "Be ye angry and sin not."

There is another evil the abhorrence of which you are called to, and it is on the increase—the gambling practice. Recent developments show that much of this devastation is being wrought in ladies' parlors. It is an evil which sometimes is as polite and gracious as it is harmful. Indeed, there never were so many people trying to get money without earning it. But it is a haggard transgression that comes down to us from the past blighting all its way. I have seen in the archives of the nation in this national capital a large book in which one of the early presidents of the United States kept an account in his own handwriting of gains and losses at playing cards—on one page the gains and on the other the losses, and there are many pages. In other days many of national reputation went from the halls of congress and the senate chamber to spend the night in notorious gambling saloons. One of the ablest men

of the centuries, Charles Fox, got ready for his speech against "The Petition of the Clergy" by spending 22 hours at the gambling table. Irving's life of Oliver Goldsmith says that the great poet lost £30, all his earnings, in a short tour to see the world. Gibbon, the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," came to his own decline and fall through gaming practices and in a letter in 1776 said: "I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly. I have never lost so much in five days as I have to-night, and I am in debt to the house for the whole."

But while you are hotly indignant against the crime, how do you feel about those who were felled and slain? They did not know that their small boat was so near the maelstrom. Some of them were born with a tendency to recklessness and experiment and hazard. They inherited a disposition to tempt chance. Do not heap on them additional discouragements; do not deride their losses. Help them to start again. Show them that there are more fortunes yet to be gained than have yet been gathered and that with God for their friend they will be provided for her and through the Saviour's mercy they may reign forever in the land where there are no losses and infinite gains. While you may reside in the face at the fact that gambling is the disgraceful mother of multitudinous crimes, of envious jealousies, revenge, quarrels, cruelties, falsehoods, forgeries, suicides, murders and despair, be careful what you say of the victim of the vice and what you do. He needs more sympathy than the man who came up from inebriety and debauch and assassination, for many such repeat and are saved, but confirmed gamblers hardly ever reform.

During the course of a prolonged ministry I have seen thousands redeemed, many of them who were clear gone in sin, by Almighty grace rescued. In all parts of this land and in some parts of other lands I have seen those who were given up as incorrigible and lost recovered for God and Heaven, but how many confirmed gamblers have I seen converted from their evil ways? A thousand? No. Five hundred? No. Fifty? No. Two? No. One? No. I read in a book of one such rescued. I have no doubt there have been other cases, but so evil does its work so thoroughly and eternally as gambling. Such almost hopeless of reformation ought to call forth from you deeper sympathy than you feel for any other unfortunate. Pity by all means, for those who, shipwrecked and bruised among the timbers, have nevertheless climbed up to the fisherman's cabin and found warmth and shelter, but more pity for those who never reach shore, but are dashed to death in the breakers. Be angry at the sin, but sympathize with the victims.

One act of fraud told of in big headlines in the morning papers rightfully arouses the nation's wrath. It is the interest of every good man and good woman who reads of the crime to have it exposed and punished. Let it go unscathed, and you put a premium on fraud, you depress public morals, you induce those who are on the fence between right and wrong to get down on the wrong side, and you put the business of the world on a down grade. The constabulary and penitentiary must do their work. But while the merciless and the goddess cry: "Good for him!" "I am glad he is within the prison doors!" be it your work to find out if that man is worth saving and what were the causes of his moral overthrow. Perhaps he started in business life under a tricky firm, who gave him wrong notions of business integrity; perhaps there was a combination of circumstances almost unparalleled for temptation; perhaps there were deviations; perhaps he was born wrong and never got over it; perhaps he did not realize what he was doing, and if you are a merciful man you will think of other perishes which, though they may not excuse, will extenuate. Perhaps he has already repented and is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and is as sure of Heaven as you are. What an opportunity you have for obeying my text. You were angry at the misdemeanor, but you are hopeful for the recovery of the recalcitrant. Blessed all prison reformers! Blessed are those governors and presidents who are glad when they have a chance to pardon! Blessed the forgiving father who welcomes home the prodigal! Blessed the dying thief whom the Lord took with Him to glory, saying: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!"

There is another evil that we ought to abhor, while we try to help the victim, and that is infidelity. It snatches the life preserver from the man afloat and affords not so much as a spar or a plank as substitute. It would extinguish the only light that has ever been kindled for the troubled and the lost. Let the spirit of infidelity take hold of a neighborhood, and in that town the marriage relation is a farce and good morals give place to all styles of immorals. Let it take possession of this earth, and there will be no virtue left in all the world's circumference. All the sins rebuked in the Ten Commandments would be dominant. The torch that shall kindle the conflagration of the earth in its last catastrophe will not do as much damage as would infidelity and agnosticism, if they got the chance. Be angry with such theories of unbelief and hatred of God. Never laugh at the witticisms of those who would belittle the Bible with their jocularity. Quote to them the four lines of Whitier:

And weary seekers of the best
We come back laden with our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the best of our mothers' read.

Have a lightning in your eye and a flash in your cheek and a frown on your brow for a dastard that would blot out the sun and moon and stars

Christianity and leave all things in an arctic night, the cold equal to the darkness. You do well to be angry, but how about those who have been kind of scepticism, and that is more millions than you will ever know of until the judgment day reveals everything. Ah, here comes your opportunity for gentleness, kindness and sympathy. The probability is that if you had been puffed with the same influences as this unbeliever there would not be a Bible in all your house from cellar to attic. Perhaps he was in some important transaction swindled by a member of the church whose taking of the sacrament was a sacrilege. Perhaps he read agnostic books and heard agnostic lectures and mingled in agnostic circles until he has been befogged and needs your Christian help more than anyone that you know of. Do not get into any labored argument about the truth of Christianity. He may be angry at that. He has a whole artillery of weapons ready to open fire.

Remember that no one was ever reformed for this life or saved for the life to come by an argument, but in humblest and gentlest way, your voice subdued, ask him a few questions. Ask him if he had a Christian parentage, and if he says yes ask him whether the old folks died happy. Ask him if he has ever heard of anyone going out of this life in raptures of infidelity and agnosticism. Ask him if it is not a somewhat remarkable fact that the Bible, after so many years, sticks together and that there are more copies of it in existence than ever before. Ask him if he knows of any better civilization than Christian civilization and whether he thinks the teachings of Confucius or Christ are preferable. Ask him if he thinks it would be a fair thing in the Creator of all things to put in this world the human race and give them no direct communication for their guidance and, if they did wrong, tell them of no way of recovery. I think if a famous infidel of our time, instead of being taken away instantaneously, had died in his bed after weeks and months of illness he would have reeked his teachings and left for his beloved family consolations which they could not find in obsequies at which not one word of Holy Scripture was read, or at Fresh Pond crematory, where no Christian benediction was pronounced. I do not positively say that in a prolonged illness, there would have been a retraction, but I think there would.

But let me confess at this crisis of my sermon that there is not an infidel in the Bible more difficult to obey than the words of the text. While it applauds a wholesome indignation, it warns against sinful anger. And there is in all the realm of passion nothing more destructive than indiscriminate hate. First of all, it frenzies the nervous ganglia. Those people who easily flare up on little provocation go into high dudgeon, take umbrage without reason, snap you up quick, have raised their nerves, and there is only one thing worse to ruin, and that is the brain, and we say of one that is given to frequent ebullitions of temper that he is an unbalanced man. A business man of our acquaintance said: "I cannot afford to get mad. It hurts me so."

A man thoroughly mad, can say enough in two minutes to damage him for 20 years. It only took five minutes for the earthquake to destroy Caracas. One unfortunate sentence uttered in affront in a speech in the United States senate shut forever the door of the white house against one of the most brilliant men of the last century.

Surpassing all other characters in the world's biography stands Jesus Christ, wrathful against sin, merciful to the sinner. Witness His behavior toward the robed ruffian who demanded capital punishment for an offending woman—denunciation for her sinful hypocrisy, pardon for her sweet penitence. He did not speak of Herod as "his majesty" or "his royal highness," but dared to compare him to a cunning fox, saying: "Go ye and tell that fox." But, alert to the cry of suffering, He finds ten lepers and to how many of the ten awful invalids did He give convalescence and health? Ten. Rebuking Pharisaism in the most compressed sentence in all the vocabulary of anathema—"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—yet looking upon Peter with such tenderness that no word was spoken—and not a word was needed, for the look spoke louder than words. "And the Lord looked upon Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly." Oh, what a look it must have been to break down the swarthy fisherman apostle! It was such a hurt look, such a beseeching look, such a loving look, such a forgiving look! Was there any other being since time began, such a combination of wrath against wrong and compassion for the wrongdoer? "Lion of Judah's tribe!" Hear that! "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world!" Hear that!

Like Him, let us hate iniquity with complete hatred; but, like Him, may we help those who are overthrown and be willing to suffer for their restoration. Then, although at the opening of this discourse our text may have seemed to command us to do an impossible thing, we will at the close of this sermon, with a prayer to God for help, be more rigid and determined than ever before against that which is wrong, while at the same time we shall feel so kindly toward all the erring and work so hard for their rescue that we will realize that we have scaled the Alpine, the Himalayan, heights of my text, which enjoins: "Be ye angry and sin not."

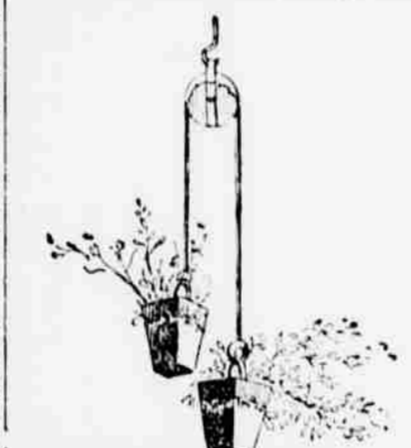
HORTICULTURE

PRETTY HANGING POTS.

As a Decoration for Country House
Piazas or for Windows They
Have Few Rivals.

Too often the beauty of summer blossoms is spoiled by awkwardly-shaped bowls or a harsh contrast of colored ware. A mistake most often seen is in choosing some elaborately decorated vase for holding the simplest flowers—violets, daisies or any of the wild blossoms.

The fish globe, that may be purchased in three different sizes, is one



DECORATIVE FLOWER POTS.

of the prettiest of flower holders. This is of clear glass, with a rim at the top that is capable of carrying a brass chain if the bowl is to be hung up. Brass and copper vessels that have been kitchen property are other unique holders for flowers. Green, it must be remembered, is the safest background for any kind of flower.

The hanging flower pots shown in the illustration are an attractive decoration for a window draped in white muslin. They may be adjusted to any desired height by lengthening or shortening the cord. Almost every flower that can be found in the garden or woods takes on a particular charm when placed in these hanging pots. They are as desirable for piazza furnishings as for indoor use, and are imported only in small quantities from Japan.—N. Y. Tribune.

FRUIT SPECIALISTS.

Not Improbable That They Will In
Time Control the Markets All
Over the Country.

Prof. Green, of Minnesota, is quoted as saying that the time is coming when fruit will be grown only by specialists. He says—or it is said that he says—that the ordinary man is too careless and shiftless and ineffectual in his treatment of fruit trees. He cannot compete with the man who makes a specialty of fruit growing and who cares for his orchards in the best ways known. Prof. Green is perfectly safe in such a prediction. In fact, he might pass it for a statement of present fact and not be so very far wrong. There are still a good many farmers who grow fruit as a "side line" without any particular care for the best methods; but anyone may observe that they cut a wonderfully small figure in the markets. A good illustration of the situation came to notice last fall. In one neighborhood the apple buyers were thick and prices were good—\$1.50 to three dollars a barrel. In another neighborhood in the same state apples were rotting on the ground by the hundreds of bushels and prices ranged from 75 cents a barrel down to nothing at all, with the barrel thrown in. The difference was merely that the former neighborhood had a reputation for apples based on the careful work of many professional apple growers, while the other neighborhood had grown its apples "on the side." The same thing can be observed in the peach growing business, and still more plainly in the pear growing business. The strawberry business, too, is practically all in the hands of specialists. This is a good thing and it ought to be encouraged, the only mitigating consideration being that this condition discourages some farmers who ought to grow fruit for their own use, but who are giving it up because they have been crowded out of the market by the specialists.—Country Gentleman.

THEY HELP THE FARMER.

The crow is a great destroyer of insects and does but little damage to crops.

The owl seldom attacks poultry, but prefers rats, mice and squirrels.

The mole is one of the farmer's best friends; it saves shrubs and plants by destroying worms and insects that prey on their roots.

The kingbird often destroys the farmer's bees, but the good which it does by protecting poultry from hawks and other birds of prey greatly overbalances the mischief which it may do.—F. F. Frantz, in National Rural.

American Vines in Austria.

It is interesting to note that just now Austria is importing American grape vines, as it has been found that the American grape vine is not subject to insect attacks to the extent to which the European vines are subject. This is of value to us, indicating the advantage we have in naturally hardy stock. The American vines have been introduced into France and Italy and now there are large vineyards with nothing except what grows on American stocks. Austria has been slow to recognize the situation so far as the hardier vines is concerned.

Until about 20 years ago most of the immigrants to the United States came from the countries of western and northern Europe.

In general, they were industrious and thrifty. When they arrived their tendency was to scatter among the farms of the west and northwest. Many of them spoke our language; most of them were accustomed to free institutions. They were British, Irish, Germans, French, Swedes, when they came; then they became British-Americans, Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and so on; then they or their children dropped the prefix and the hyphen, and are now plain Americans. Of late years, says Youth's Companion, there has been an alarming increase of immigration from eastern and southern Europe. Twenty years ago Poles, Hungarians, Russians and Italians made up altogether less than one-tenth of the total immigration. For the nine months ended with the 31st of March last they constituted nearly seven-tenths. Nearly one-half of them were illiterate. These immigrants are a source of danger, not only because they are illiterate and ignorant of American institutions, but because they crowd into the cities. Of the Poles in Illinois, five-sixths are in Chicago; of the Italians in Illinois, three-fourths are in Chicago. The same tendency to colonize in the great cities appears in New York, Massachusetts and other states. Chemists prepare tables showing how much time different kinds of food require for digestion. If similar tables were to be prepared for the body politic, it would be found that the earlier type of immigrants required a comparatively short time for assimilation, and that those of the later type are assimilated with extreme difficulty, if at all. Every crowded ship load of this class of immigrants adds to the public burdens and teaches the need of restrictive legislation.

American mules were sent by the thousand to South Africa and evidently created a favorable impression.

Our Horses and Cattle Abroad.

Within the last two years many American horses have been sent by our soldiers in the Philippines and in China. Whether our horses are better for military and general service or not, their appearance in the orient has directed attention to horses and cattle in this country. Thirty and forty years ago American cattlemen and horsemen were sending committees to England and continental Europe to purchase horses and cattle for breeding purposes. Nearly every live stock district in the middle west had its commission in Europe investigating methods and purchasing animals. Now we have in the United States a Japanese commission made up of government officials and live stock specialists to select horses and cattle in the different sections of this country for Japan. It is significant, remarks the Chicago Inter Ocean, that this commission comes first to the United States and will visit the countries of Europe later. This means that the United States in not more than 50 years has become, through the attention of its horse and cattle breeders, through its variety of climate and soil, through its great extent of territory adapted to the growing of the finest horses and cattle, a center of interest to the live stock men of other countries. Undoubtedly the demand for our horses and mules growing out of the Boer war was of great advantage to our farmers and stock growers, and possibly the visit of the Japanese commission to look into our methods of stock growing and to purchase typical American animals is the beginning of a movement that will stimulate our ranchmen and farmers to continue in those efforts that have given us the finest horses and cattle in the world.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, 81 years old, who has given \$3,000,000 to small colleges providing other persons gave \$9,000,000, says most of his fortune has been donated, reports a Chicago exchange. "What an investment this has been!" declared the philanthropist, musingly. "It is far better than making money. I feel as if I am drawing 25 per cent. on my investments. I wish I could tell every rich old fellow the satisfaction there is in this giving. There are a few I have stirred up. I would there were more. I am glad I was a pioneer and helped stir this up. Why, now it is fashionable to give money to colleges. I have given something more than \$3,000,000, and this has caused others to give \$9,000,000 to meet it." Then came a chuckle from the doctor as he added: "And perhaps some of them did not want to shell out, either."

A recent report says that a number of American bronze turkeys have been presented to King Edward, and they will be kept at Sandringham. When the next delegation of American business men visits his majesty he will be enabled to pay them a very delicate compliment by taking the ax out into the shed and killing a nice plump gobbler with which to regale his guests.

The Cincinnati Times-Star prints a thrilling story of how two Cincinnati men who were startled by the appearance of a great serpent finally killed the animal. Serves the serpent right. If it had stuck to the seacoast it would never have been killed.

Dry sifted coal ashes on the floors of coops and frequent cleaning will help to keep young birds in a healthy state. Dry earth is equally good.

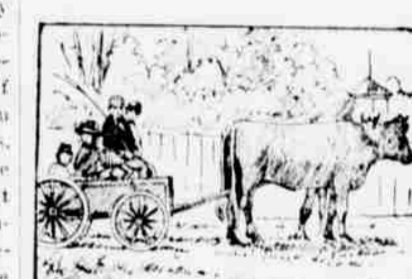
The surplus layers should be started on the way to market. The chicks will soon need more room.

FARM & GARDEN

WIDE-AWAKE FARM BOY.

Evidently This Youngster Is Determined to Make Agriculture a Profitable Occupation.

This article is for the boys; those live, up-to-date boys that like the farm and its stock. The boy that it is about lives in Portage county, and I know that you will be interested in hearing about him. Last fall the writer attended the Chagrin Falls fair, and on the road from that fair we passed a boy driving a pair of calves hitched to a wagon. He was sitting on the spring seat, whip in hand, as dignified as any grown man. The calves were well broken, and they responded perfectly to a word and a light tap of the whip which he carried in his hand. We noticed that he never beat them or yelled at



HARRY AND HIS TEAM.

them, as some grown persons do when they drive oxen.

We thought: "Now, here is a nice picture," so it was arranged that Harry Stebbins (for this is the boy's name) should bring his calves and wagon over to Mr. John Gould's the next day and have their photograph taken. The next forenoon Harry was on hand with his outfit, and Mr. Gould borrowed a neighbor's children to help fill the wagon, for that is the only way John has any children of his own. The sun was just right on the south side of the windmill, derrick and large maple in the yard. Sitting there in the morning sunlight, Harry looked as pleased as a "sure-enough" farmer. Snap went the camera, and the picture was taken as quick as a flash, and you can see all just as they looked.

You will think it must have taken Harry lots of time to break these calves. Yeg, it did, but then boys have lots of odd hours, and Harry used his training his calves, besides forming the habit of industry.

The managers of the fair invited Harry to bring his trained calves to the fair and go in the procession in the ring, and gave him a premium for doing so. That was why he was feeling so gay and proud coming home that evening from the county fair. His little yoke of steers, one year old, had won a prize all through his own efforts.

One day Harry's father wanted some bran from the feed store, two miles away, and Harry said he could go after it with his wagon and calves. There was a big hill to come up on the road home, and Harry's father thought that they could not haul more than 200 or 300 pounds, but Mr. Stebbins was surprised to see them bring home 700 pounds. Some time before Christmas Harry sold his calves for \$45 to a man in the neighborhood who wanted a young yoke of oxen for his farm. He is breaking another pair, getting them ready for work on the farm. Apparently this boy is cultivating a love for farm industries that will make the right sort of a farmer.—George E. Scott, in Ohio Farmer.

Our Sturdy Country Boys.

There is no question of the influence which the sturdy outdoor life has upon country boys; and the fact that the life is harnessed to regular, imperative duties is to the boy's advantage. He is developed gradually and healthily, his mind following his physical strength rather than the reverse. And around him, for his everyday observation and study, are the very best object lessons possible for a boy's developing life. He associates familiarly with nature during his work and recreation; and even during his sleep, the air which enters his open chamber window is laden with the odors of apple blossoms, or the harvest season, or, perhaps, is the pure, stimulating atmosphere of the white, undulating winter fields. But all goes toward making him stronger, sturdier, more self-reliant, more ambitious, more observing. He is healthy all through, physically, mentally, morally.—Farm Journal.

The Old and the New.

We cannot help admiring the fine spirit of conservatism which leads many men to cling to the faith of their fathers in many good things. But there is such a thing as being too conservative. When conservatism means ignorance, awkward methods, unsatisfactory returns, it is not a subject of reverence, but a source of stagnation and poverty. The true spirit of improvement is not a wild desire for something new; but it is a willingness to recognize that which is best and to utilize it whether it conflicts or coincides with former ideas. Let us not reverse the old things too much, nor exalt the new things merely because they are new.—American Cultivator.

Dry sifted coal ashes on the floors of coops and frequent cleaning will help to keep young birds in a healthy state. Dry earth is equally good.

The surplus layers should be started on the way to market. The chicks will soon need more room.