

### DR. CHAPMAN'S SERMON

A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: Reviving Old Customs—Lessons From the Life of Isaac—Better Had He Died Upon the Altar—No Man So Bad as Some Parts of His Career.

NEW YORK CITY.—It may now be stated as a fact that the sermons of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman are heard and read by more people than are those of any American pulpit orator. His style seems to have made a deep impression on that portion of the public which likes to read its discourse in the weekly paper.

For these admirers Dr. Chapman has prepared the following sermon, entitled "Reviving Old Customs." It is preached from the text Genesis 26: 18. "And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham, his father."

There are three names in the New Testament inseparably bound together. We rarely think of one without having immediately suggested to us the names of the other two. These three are Peter, James and John. These were specially chosen of Christ for conspicuous service, and were the particular objects of His divine affection. There are three names in the Old Testament quite as intimately associated, and one can scarcely speak the name of one of the three without finding himself running at once in speech to the other two. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Old Testament trio. I do not know how familiar you are with the story of Isaac. I have found myself that I knew very little about him. I am quite familiar with the account of the intended sacrifice on Mt. Moriah, and the fascinating story of his meeting with Rebekah, but concerning other incidents of his life I know very little.

As a matter of fact Isaac does not show off to advantage between Abraham on the one side and Jacob on the other. Abraham because of what he was, the father of the faithful, and Jacob because of what he became, for by the power of God he was changed from Jacob, the cheat, to Israel the prince, having power with God and with men, and one cannot help but feel as he reads the whole story of Isaac's life that it would have been better for him had he died upon the altar. He made a splendid start in life, but so did Noah and Lot, and so have many of you, but that is not enough. At the beginning of his career Isaac goes away beyond the olive tree, and I have mentioned. We are so taken up with Abraham and his willingness to offer his son that somehow we have forgotten Isaac's willingness to be offered. He really made a splendid start in life, but so did Noah and Lot, and so have many of you, but that is not enough.

The subject of wells is interesting. In Oriental times a well of water was a fortune. When a king dug a well he became as famous as if he had built a pyramid. Great battles were fought to gain possession of wells and mighty conquests were fought for their defense. Castles and towers were erected to secure their possession. Abraham dug at least four wells; how many more I do not know, but these four were filled in by the Philistines, and it is with their reopening that we have to do in the text. I like to speak of wells because there is music in the very sound of the word. In Isaiah, the twelfth chapter, second and third verses, we read, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation." This is not only in the Old Testament figure, but a New, for Jesus said, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4: 14. Therefore the gospel is a well, and you have never had a drink of spring water as you have been weary in your tramp up the mountain of sin, and the plain that could compare with the refreshing influence of a drink of the water of life from the well of salvation. Some of you have had sorrows, but these four were almost breaking; you have wondered where you might find help; stoop and drink this morning of this old gospel well. Some of you have fallen and are seeking for a hand to this awful struggle of life, but in your failure you have wondered if there could ever be restoration; stoop and drink this morning, and you will find that as you drink you will take up your life, and this is the secret of victory over sin. Some of you are exceedingly weak, and you dare not trust yourself for another day. I bid you drink of the water of life, and you will find a strange new strength taking possession of you. Isaiah 55: 1-2.

I. These wells had names. It is a little singular as we study the story of Abraham and Isaac to find the names given to the wells, and likewise singular that in these names we find a revelation of our own experience in the journey of life. First, the first well was named "Strife." We have all had a drink at this well. We have had it in our business as we have been striving for success; we have met it in our homes as we have aimed to conduct them as homes should ever be conducted. We might as well understand that as we dig wells in this world we must expect opposition. We cannot be left alone, and this strife will come from one of three sources, perhaps from all three.

First.—The world. Jesus said to His disciples, "Marvel not if the world hate you. We must expect to be hated of the world. It is rather old-fashioned in these days to say that He has a personality, but I have had so many dealings with him myself, and have seen him so perfectly in the lives of others that I know he is a person, but in many respects the greatest strife must come from the flesh. This is a hint of this in the story of Isaac. What envy was to Cain, and wine to Noah, and lewdness to Ham and wealth to Lot, the desire for venison was to Isaac, for when he was dying and his thoughts should have been centered upon Jehovah he longs for venison that he may satisfy himself, and the story of his getting that venison and his being traded for a birthright is one of the sad bits of history of the Old Testament, but let it be known that whenever a man pampers himself and lives for himself he is on the way to do as he did.

Second.—"Hatred." This is a strange name for Abraham's well, but so he called it. Some of us have been there, and alas, have tasted the bitter waters of it. It is sad thing to have hatred in your heart. "It hinders prayer; beclouds heaven, takes the angel out of your face; chokes the spring in your throat; gives your hands the wrong twist in writing letters; puts between the lines which almost breaks the heart of the reader." He who hates cannot sing, he cannot pray, he cannot offer a sacrifice. Matthew 23: 23. "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, do this first, and then shall thy gift be offered." Do this and the song will return to you, and God will accept the sacrifice. The bitter waters of Morah were made sweet by the casting in of the wood of a certain tree. I tell you of a tree on which Christ died; get the peace of this Christ into your experience, live for others, suffer for others, die for others if need be, and the bitterness of your life will be instantly changed.

Third.—"Room." This, too, is a strange name for an Old Testament well, but with the opening of this well the strife ceased,

for instantly Isaac had found the place where God was willing he should stay. There is a place for every one to stand in this world. God so intended it. We have crowded men out of their positions in these days. It is true that with the formation and progress of great trusts there is little opportunity for some of us, but this is not in accordance with the plan of God. Somewhere there is a well waiting to be discovered, and God expects you to drink and to be satisfied. It may be that that well is in a foreign land, perhaps it is in the slums of our own city, possibly it may be in your own home, and who knows but that it is in this church, only find God's plan for your life and help to fill it in and you will be full of joy.

Fourth.—"Covenant." This is the name which was given to the fourth well. We must pass through discipline. It is not necessary that we should complain about it for this is life. When Paul wrote his letter to the Galatians he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and this Scripture is frequently quoted as if it were for the unregenerate man, and while it may be applied to him it is not for the Christian. We reap what we sow and sow what we reap, in the light of this the wonder is we have had so little discipline. "Reckon up the prayers you ought to have offered and never spoke; the deeds you ought to have done and never accomplished; reckon up all neglects, all offenses against God and man; all weakness of character and the wonder is that we have not been cut off altogether." But I summon you to the well of the covenant and bid you open it up. What if we have discipline and trial when we stand before God, who declares, "I will be with thee," and also explains to us, "That our light afflictions are but for a moment, and that as they are heavy, they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I bring you good cheer this morning, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

But you will notice that Isaac digged again the wells of water which emphasizes my subject, "A Revival of Old Customs." I am very sure that there are some old customs which in these days we need to have revived. First.—The old custom of making the home a haven of rest, a type of heaven, and a place of refuge for all the members of the family circle. We greatly underestimate the powerful influence of home upon a young life. When Isaac went out to live for himself you will notice that he pitched his tent by the well Lahai-roi. I think this must have been because in his childhood's days with Hagar, his nurse, and Ishmael, he had half-brother, he tarried there where Hagar must have told him the story of Jehovah, and it is just the natural inclination of his heart in his manhood days to go back where he may be reminded of the happy scenes of his childhood.

You doubtless know of the boy sent as a waif from our city who was found in his new western home tearing the lining out of his cap, and when asked why he did so, he said, "It was my mother's dress and she loved me." I have preached everywhere to men in this country and I have always found that there was one name that could stir the heart of the murderer, the thief, the gambler in his den of iniquity, the outcast on the street, and that name was "Mother." Nero's mother was a murderess, and gave to the world the most cruel man in history. Lord Byron's mother was a proud, intellectual, worldly minded woman and she gave to the world the most intellectual antoast of his day. George Washington's mother was a good, plain, sensible woman and gave to America the father of his country.

We need better homes to-day. Our homes for our children should be as our parents' homes were for us. If we go back to our homes to-day and study our children we will find that they have not a fault or a virtue that their parents have not got. Oh, for a revival of the old custom of having a family altar in a home where the father acts as a priest and the mother as a saint; we could stir the whole country for Christ.

One of my dearest friends was profigate until he is a man grown. In a great western city he had determined to die, and threw himself down on his bed to collect himself before the awful deed, and jarred a little book off from a shelf just above his head and it struck him in the eye. With an oath he threw it from him, and then it dawned upon him that it was his mother's Bible given him to read. He would cross the room to pick it up just to show her some mark of respect, and read upon the fly leaf written in her own hand, "Dear boy, you can never get away from your mother's prayers." Instead of being a self-murderer he became one of the country's greatest preachers. I wish that we might dig again the well that our fathers digged before us and make our homes like heaven.

III. There are some wells that have been filled in in the past by those who are worldly-wise and this morning I seek to open them. First—I would open the well of the way of salvation. The Scripture declares that man is a sinner and deserves to die, but the same Scripture states that Jesus took our place and died in our stead. A heathen on account of his sins had walked for miles with pebbles in his shoes that he might do penance, sat down beneath a tree and heard a missionary preaching of Jesus, and cried out, "That is what I want; give me Jesus." Oh, if I could but men this well from which our fathers drank and make you see the Savior treading the wine press alone, suffering for you until His heart strings all ye snapped, dying in agony for you across the cross, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Let us open this old well and drink of its waters. And then I would open the well of consolation for the afflicted. "Why do you mourn for your baby?" said a woman to her friend. "He is better off. Suppose he had lived and become a prodigal and broken your heart with his sin. Away with all such consolation, falsely so called. Your baby is with Him, in His presence, who took little babies in His arms and blessed them, and when His preachers, who said, 'The angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven. Your child is with the King, rejoice; he cannot come to you, but you may go to him. All things work together for good to them that love God.'" Stoop and drink this morning and go away refreshed.

Then I would open the well of the preaching of the gospel. Dr. Talmage has said in one of his sermons on this same text that we have stopped singing, "Come ye sinners and be comforted," for we have reached the time when men do not count themselves sinners. I would to God that we might revive the old custom of preaching as men who preached in other days. When Livingstone preached the gospel that led 500 souls to Christ he was describing the human heart in its uncleanness. When Edwards preached the sermon that stirred all New England, there was, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." When Whitfield preached the sermon, the power of which is still felt in our country, his text was, "Ye must be born again." "Do you preach," said a man to me, "that men are lost without Christ, and are you not afraid in a congregation like yours that they will become offended?" Preach it, certainly I preach it. I would be afraid that God would be offended if I did not preach it. Now hear me, ye men of wealth and women of position, without Christ you are lost. It is not an easy statement to make, but the word of the Lord has spoken it. Oh, that men would stoop trifling with God's word, twisting its statements so as to draw forth some other meaning than that intended, and oh that men would stop trifling with God, treating Him as if what He had said in His word was not true when He declared "that all men are sinners and need a Saviour."

### POST MORTEM PROOFREADING.

Always Easy to See Errors After They Are Irremediable.

When I was reading proof on the old National Republican, says a writer in the Washington Trade Unionist, I had a post mortem assistant located in New York, but I never knew who he was. He took the paper and read proof carefully on-it for several days, forwarding the result to the business office.

After he had sent several papers containing the results of his labors he put in an application for the job, but he didn't get it. His ignorance of local geography and affairs caused him to make some very amusing corrections, but I'm not denying that he found quite a number of legitimate errors, and one can in any daily newspaper.

Of course, I was prejudiced in the matter, and my judgment was not as cool and impartial as would have been that of an uninterested party, but I thought that was a pretty mean way to try to get a fellow's situation away from him. I have known that method of procedure to be attempted several times, but I have never known it to succeed.

It is always easy to see errors after they are irremediable, but it takes the eye of an eagle, the watchfulness of a ferret and the alertness of a pointer to run them to earth while they are legitimate prey.

I remember the remarks of my old boss, when I was running the inking machine on the lightning hand press, with which he rushed off the edition of 248 copies, during the first year of my apprenticeship.

If he stopped for a few minutes to jelly a visitor or to hunt around his bench for a quid of tobacco that was being worked overtime, my eyes were going over the paper, and generally I had an error to show him. He would unlock the form and correct it, giving me baleful looks in which the malvolence was at least an inch thick. Finally, one day he burst out:

"You dog-dagged brat, if you ever find another error in this paper after I have locked it up I'll fire you on the spot!" That cured me of post mortem proof reading, and I have stayed cured.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

To be light-hearted is often to be simply light-headed.

There are criminals that can be classified, but there are no criminal classes. Sincerity often consists in frankness in stating opinions which are not worth stating.

Life is a succession of choices. One cannot often have this and that, but this or that.

If we cannot make ourselves happy we can make others happy, and they in turn can create happiness for us.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, for every man has need to be forgiven.

Our duty to God is cheerfully acknowledged, but toward our neighbor we rarely realize we have any special obligation.

It is so easy and pleasant to discover sins lurking in the pursuits for which you are not inclined. Many of us possess wonderful powers of perception in that direction.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that blithely smiles. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations, for as a wolf resembles a dog so doth a flatterer a friend.

It has been said that bright thoughts do not occur to ignorant people, neither can they, for there is nothing within to suggest them. The daily, ordinary level determines the height to which we can rise on rare occasions.

When we see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, such, we think, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of need they leave us naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need, but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

Wilhelmina's Wealth. The Queen of Holland is among the richest of royal personages. Part of her enormous fortune belongs to the crown, while the rest is her private property. The royal estates in Holland and the East (which include the Dutch East Indies) are also of great value. On her marriage with Prince Henry the young Queen set aside twenty millions of marks, the arrangement being that the interest, which is nearly £300,000 a year, will be at his own disposal, while the capital is ultimately to pass to the youngest children of the marriage. If there are no children, Prince Henry is to have absolute power of disposing of will of five millions of marks, while the remainder will eventually revert to the Queen's estate.—Tit-Bits.

Costly Baskets of Fruit. There is a wide range in the price for which the fruiter will put up a "steampship basket." He can easily make it cost \$40 or \$50. Strangely enough the fruits which go to make up the most expensive baskets are not the imported, but the domestic varieties out of season. Peaches at \$1 each and plums at fifty cents in the middle of winter are more expensive than almost any of the tropical varieties brought from the Indies by steamer. Most of the hothouse fruit for the local market is raised in New Jersey.—New York Post.

Any one attending a spiritualistic seance in Bohemia is liable to a fine of \$40, a decree to that effect having been issued by the Government of the province.



### Jewelry Men.

Sea scenes are favored for summer belt buckles.

La Vallieres will flourish on the summer girl's neck.

Finest gilt filigree finishes some of the loveliest shell combs.

Rhinestone belt buckles for the back are either oblong or oval.

Cupid is lugged in, however, as a summer scene is not complete minus the little god.

It is different with turquoises, especially turquoise matrix, which has been brought to shame by floods of dime imitations.—Philadelphia Record.

### Supersensitive Children.

There are children born into the world in these days of nervous and industrial strain and strife so highly strung, so intensely sensitive, that they shrink from a sharp word as some natures would not recoil from the sting of a whip. A curt reprimand will bring the tears welling to the eyes of such a child, and a sob to its throat. A sensitive plant will die under rough treatment that may be given a hardier plant with perfect impunity. Children are very like flowers. Some of them require more light, more warmth, more care, more consideration, more direct manifestation of affection than others do. Denied these they never attain their fullest possible development, but are often hopelessly dwarfed.—Rochester Herald.

### The Boa Beautiful.

It is no longer a simple matter to find an odd and pretty boa, so quickly are all the new ideas snapped up and made common.

One very pretty one is of bluish naive chiffon, fringed with hyacinths. This is for wear with a theatre gown. A white chiffon boa is spotted with velvet pastilles and interlined with plush. A Marie Antoinette boa is of rose-hued chiffon, the flat pleats confined by a trellice-work of forget-me-nots and button roses. Another is a cascade of point d'Alencon frills, falling above and beneath a collar of embroidery in faint tints and gold on an ivory ground—very quaint and very French in effect.

### Cure for Uneven Shoulders.

Doctors and tailors have noticed that the number of patients and customers who have uneven shoulders are increasing. The right shoulder is usually higher than the left. This is true especially of men engaged in office or literary work. The effect is due to the way men sit or write at their desks. The right elbow rests on the desk, throwing one shoulder higher than the other. Few persons when writing keep the shoulders erect. The reason that few women clerks are so affected is because the most of them use the typewriter, which forces them to sit more erectly.

When you notice that you are affected the best thing to do is to change your way of sitting at your desk. Two simple exercises will help you out. The arm of the lower shoulder should be extended upward, the hand grasping a dumbbell; that of the higher shoulder should be lowered and be made to support a heavy weight.

### Shirtwaists of Crash.

From crash are evolved some of the smartest models of strikingly novel aspect. Shirts come of this loosely woven fabric in blue—a dull, odd shade, which reminds one of the blue peasants' costumes in the pictures of Breton and Dutch humble folk the painters send from abroad; also in tan and in gray, the latter being especially stylish. These waists are made with six half-inch side pleats on each side, turning toward the arm and stitched to have the effect of box pleats. The waist closes with four very large pearl buttons set on a box pleat two inches wide. The back is ornamented with six—three on each side—of the narrow pleats, which converge becomingly to the waist line. The fullness of the sleeves is gathered into a two-inch-wide straight cuff. To wear with the waist is a stock with turnover and tie of white lawn, hemstitched and edged with a narrow border of blue crash. The tie finishes with a natty little bow in front.—Boston Herald.

### The Gowning of Women.

These are days when, as Shakespeare says, "rooks and daws and maidens bleach their summer frocks." The summer frock is a concomitant of warm weather that we would not willingly do without. However much they may delight in young leaves on the elm, the perfume of lilac-blossoms, the morning notes of the birds, and other outdoor matters that poets like to sing of, mankind in general, if they are honest, will tell you that the chief joy of the season is in the privilege of looking at, and being with, carefully gowning women. Here is one note of spring that the city man has oftener than his country cousin. The latter may see green fields and running brooks, but the former sees more marvelous frocks and frills. This habit of spring gowning is a good thing. Daintily dressed women, whether their frocks be of silk or of muslin, help to make the world brighter. They add a great deal to the sum

of life's cheerfulness. There are very few women who need any encouragement to make themselves attractive; but if any do, they should realize that gowning is not merely to be indulged in for their own pleasure. It is a positive duty.—Woman's Home Companion.