

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELUOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "STONING JESUS."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Pleads For a Fair Consideration of the Claims of the Religion of Christ—Anything is Better Than Being Indifferent.

New York City.—The following sermon entitled, "Stoning Jesus," was preached by the great evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, on Sunday, Dec. 17. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him." John x: 31.

The shining of the sun produces two effects in the world, one exactly the opposite of the other. In one place it enlivens, beautifies and strengthens; in the others it deadens, mars and decays. So it is with the Gospel of Christ. It is unto some a "savor of life unto life," unto others it is "a savor of death unto death."

So it was with the coming of Christ into the world. He brought to light the truest affection and the deepest hatred. Men loved darkness rather than light, so Christ's coming into the world could only disturb them.

If you go into the woods on a summer's day, and if it is possible, turn over one of the logs which may be near to you, you will find underneath hundreds of little insects; the moment the light strikes them they run in every direction. Darkness is their life; they hate the light. But if you journey a little further and hit a stone, which for a little time has been covering the grass or the little flowers, the moment you would lift the obstruction these things would begin to grow. The light is their life; they die in the darkness.

Christ's coming into the world provoked the bitterest prejudice and called forth the deepest devotion. Simon, a devout man, was in the temple when the young child Jesus was brought in, and he took Him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, "Lord, lettest now Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for now my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Anything is better than that; better, spoken of as a believer and to be practically denying Him. How can you be indifferent to Him?

A man working on one of the railroads in the State of Indiana discovered, one morning, that the bridge had fallen, and he started down the track to meet her, saw her coming, and, raising his hands, pointed to the bridge, but on she came, having no time to lose. He threw himself across the track, and the engineer, thinking him a madman, stopped the train. The man arose and told his story and saved the lives of hundreds. Christ did this for you; He purchased your redemption by the giving of Himself whether you have accepted this salvation or not. Will you stone Him for that?

UNBELIEF. IV. When He said: "I and My Father are one," they cast another stone at Him. That was unbelief. Indifference was not unbelief; hatred, that is, unbelief, was the crowning sin of the Jews. Many are hurling it at Him to-day. He has promised to save us if we only believe, and we need only to trust Him to be saved. A little girl in Glasgow who had just found peace was heard counseling one of her playmates in this way: "I say, lassie, do as I did, grip a promise and hold it to it, and you will be saved," and there is salvation in the child's words.

Now read the verse that immediately follows the text: "Many good works have I shewed you from My Father; for which of those works do you stone Me?" It is supposed that some of the Jews had actually struck Him with a stone, and drew forth from Him words tender enough, pathetic enough to turn aside the hatred of one who had a heart of stone.

no more STONE HIM. 1. Because of what He was, they called Him the bright and morning star, the fairest of all the children of men; that we might have our eyes open to behold Him!

2. Because of what He is to-day. In 1517 there was a great riot in London, in which houses were sacked and a general insurrection reigned; guns in the towers were thundering against the insurgents and armed bands were assaulting them on every side. Three hundred were arrested, tried and hanged; five hundred were sent into prison, and were to be tried before the king, Henry VIII. As he sat in state on the throne the door opened and in they came, every man with a rope about his neck. Before sentence could be passed on them three queens entered, Catherine of Aragon, wife of the king; Margaret of Scotland, sister of the king, and Mary of France. They approached the throne, knelt at the feet of His Majesty, and there remained pleading until the king forgave the five hundred trembling men.

But there is a better intercession than that going on for you and me at this moment. Will you stone Him for that? Looking out from the windows of heaven the Son of God beheld people heavily laden, bearing the weight of their sins, groping about in their blindness, crying, "Peace, peace," and there was no peace. And He said, "I will go down and become one of their bone and flesh of their flesh; I will open their eyes and bear their burdens, forgive their sins and give them peace. Between man and the Father's house was a great gulch, wider than the distance from east to west, deeper than the distance from north to south, but Christ's coming bridged the gulch over. Across the chasm He cast His cross, and on the other side I see Him standing. His arms outspread, His attitude one of pleading. Listen! you will hear Him saying, "Come unto Me, come unto Me, whoever will, let him come." Will you stone Him for that?

A Will Power. It is the written law of God that man shall receive according to his gifts. The law holds in every relation in life, as we deal with men so will men deal with us. Every man in life is his measure declared. The law of reciprocity holds on all occasions. A man is not entirely subject to his environment. We often hear people complain that they are victims of circumstances, but God has given us a will power which if we but properly exert it will prevail over the evil influences of our surroundings.—The Rev. H. E. Cobb, New York City.

What a Man Really Is. What a man intends to be is what he really is. He may, indeed, realize that he ought not to be that, but to be something better. He may, perhaps, wish, at times, to rise above his chosen course, but this amounts to little while he really, in his heart of hearts, intends to pursue the other path. God knows what we intend to be, and He judges us accordingly. This is the idea of the inspired declaration: "As he thinketh within himself (as a man purposed in his inner self), so is he."—Sunday-School Times.

WHERE NO ONE LIVES.

WEIRD TALE OF THE GREATEST ESKIMO VILLAGE EVER BUILT.

Boom Town on the Ice Where Thirty-three Whaling Vessels Were Abandoned—All Went Well Until a Quantity of Liquor Was Found Among the Stores.

In South Africa, as is well known, news travels from one portion of the country to another by what is called the "Kafir telegraph" more rapidly than it does by regular white man routes. Some such a service must be common to the Arctic Eskimo, for many things seem to come to his knowledge from far distant sources.

Thus, in the fall of 1871 thirty-three whaling vessels were caught and abandoned in the ice near Wainwright Inlet, on the Arctic coast of North America, word seemed to flash along the coast and far inland among the Eskimo villages, and from igloo and tepek the people headed north and east and west to the shore where lay the greatest windfall in all Eskimo history. The whalers had escaped merely with their lives, their boats and scant provisions. All else was left behind; and the value of the whalebone, stores and vessels was not far from a million and a half in American dollars.

To this place of great riches traveled all tribes that had means of travel. From the bleak coast far east of the mouth of the Mackenzie river, from the sandy peninsula of Point Hope, from the villages of the northern shore of Kotzebue Sound, and from the far interior along the Kobuk, the Noatak and Selawik rivers the tribes saw the others pack up and move, and hitched up their dogs and followed, knowing well that the prizes for such a journey at such a time of year must be great else none would attempt it.

Early in December, about the time that the sun ceases to rise in the southward on that bleak coast, but merely lights the southern sky with a rosy glow at what should be noon, fully 3000 Eskimos had assembled and begun to build the greatest Eskimo village ever known in the history of the race.

The skin topk was set up. Where the wind blew down the snow bank from the ledges, they quarried rough stone and built igloos of these, chinked with reindeer moss and banked with snow for warmth. But many of them began to dismantle the ships frozen all about in the shore ice and build cabins from their wood, for the Eskimo knows how to build a rough wooden house when he has the material. If you will visit the Diomed islands, in the fierce currents of Bering Straits, today you will see similar stone igloos and other built of driftwood and rough boards, picked up heaven knows where, reinforced by canvas bought from visiting whalers, and skins of seal and walrus.

Such were the nondescript abodes of the new village; and here they settled down in the darkness and fierce cold of the Arctic midnight, content for near at hand were provisions and loot undreamed of in any Eskimo dream before.

The looting went on continuously, and at first there was enough for all. The igloos became crowded with arms and ammunition, implements, canvas, lines and utensils. The ships' stores were broken open and much taken, but far more wasted, because the ignorant men of the sea beach and tundra did not know the value of what they had in hand. The whalebone, of which there was much, they took ashore, and the hard bread was a special prize and fought for accordingly, but the flour, of which there were great quantities, they had not then learned the value of and the barrels and sacks of that were broken open and scattered about in wanton ignorance.

With plenty of the prized hard tack, with salt junk in barrels, with oil and wood galore, it would seem that the Eskimo millennium was near at hand, and that the tribes might live in peace and plenty together for a long time to come, and—who knows?—out of their prosperity found a permanent city and a higher scheme of Eskimo civilization than they had hitherto known. But alas! the means of their undoing, had come with the means of the upbuilding, and their untutored wills might not resist the serpent of their below zero Eden. There was liquor left behind on the ships. Not very much, if divided pro rata among three thousand people, but enough to fight to get, and to fight still harder because of when once gotten.

The fact is, a very little liquor will upset a great many Eskimos; and no man can describe the orgies that began in the new Eskimo city, once this had begun to get in its work upon the inhabitants. Tribal animosity, which had been stilled by plenty and a common object, broke out afresh, and the men of one village fought those of another until sometimes but a spare representative of each was left. As the wild orgy increased and the supply of real liquor gave out, they broke into the ships' medicine chests, and tinctures and solutions of deadly drugs were used with fatal effect.

The wild orgy lasted till the spring sun was well above the southern horizon, and scarcely half the people of the new city were left to see him rise. These were half clad and emaciated. The dogs, unfed had run away and been lost, or died in the night and trackless snow. The remnant of people were in no condition to travel, yet travel they would.

It is probable that there were enough stores left in and about the vessels to have supported these well until they had a chance to recuperate and still make a village unique in size, and prosperous, but the survivors of this city of the dead would have none of it. Dead lay in every igloo; and a house in Eskimo land, whether tent or igloo or temporary shelter, in which a person

has died, is henceforth tabooed, and must not be inhabited.

The remnant of the tribes scattered and fled toward their former homes, but only a part of these ever reached them. Scantly clad, their dogs dead or scattered, the journey was one of hardship and disaster long to be remembered, and the story of the village of "Numaria" (where no one lives) is still one of the mournful folk tales of the Eskimos of northern Alaska to-day.

The next spring an enterprising trader brought up in his ship a three-hole bidarka from Unalaska, a port in the Aloutians. When his ship was stopped by the ice he went on in the bidarka, paddled by two men, and reached the village of dead by way of the leads just opening in the sea between the shore of ice and the pack. Here he found no living thing save foxes and crows making revel among the bodies of the dead; but he did find such store of whalebone that he reaped a harvest which enabled him to visit the capitals of Europe in the style of a bonanza king. The Eskimos had concentrated the whalebone of the abandoned fleet in their igloos, and though they knew its value, their horror of the place had been such that when they fled they had neither taken it away nor concealed it.

Such in brief is the story of the village where no one lives. Few Eskimos today care to enter its precincts, and none will camp there. The ice and the gales of winter, the deluges of rain and the grass of summer work hard to obliterate it, but still it may be found and its ruins tell the tale of one brief winter to too much plenty and the evil effect of city life on the Innuut. With him, as with the rest of us, self-control is not easily learned where abstemiousness is continually forced. It takes a far abler man to stand sudden great prosperity than it does to survive lean years and narrow opportunities.—Winthrop Packard, in the New York Mail and Express.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A contented man is often only an egotist. Dreaming is sweet; doing is harder, but sweeter. In searching for means to an end we often forget the end.

Many a man is flattered who is not worthy of being praised. Those who weary in well-doing are those who do the least of it.

The man who is simply waiting to do something is not always waiting to do anything very important. It is the most nicely balanced scales which become most easily unbalanced. And it is not so with men?

The path of duty may be narrow, but it is not too narrow to allow us to walk abreast of our fellow men who go that way.

The present is ours, but while we are deciding what to do with it the future comes and snatches it away from us.

Many a man thinks he is a martyr to unpleasant duty when he is simply doing what he legally and morally is obliged to do.

A man's instinct tells him the difference between right and wrong. Thus he judges the acts of others accordingly—and makes exceptions in his own case.

NEMESIS OF THE TARANTULA.

A Tiny Insect Is the Worst Enemy of the Deadly Spider. That deadly pest of the southwest, the tarantula, whose bite is certain death to both man and beast, has at last found its nemesis in the form of a small wasp-like insect that is found quite numerous in some regions.

The discovery of a tarantula killer will be interesting news to all residents of the southland. The wonderful phenomena is no more than the black wash with silvery wings, which is common in this locality. Henceforward he will be known as the tarantula killer, and will be looked upon as a blessing to mankind by all who are mortally afraid of the tarantula.

The female wasp keeps a close lookout for the tarantula, which keeps just as close lookout from fear for the wasp. The latter lights quickly on the tarantula, stings it once, which produces a drunken stupor, and then drags the lifeless victim to a grave previously prepared to receive him. It must be remembered that the tarantula is not yet dead, just dead drunk, but he coils himself into a kind of knot and when safely deposited by the wasp in a desired location the victim is a sorry appearing aspect.

Undereath the tarantula the wasp digs another hole and in this she makes herself at home until she has laid her quota of eggs on the body of the tarantula. The warmth of the tarantula's body is sufficient to hatch the eggs and in due time the young tarantula killers show themselves and then begin to feast on the prostrate body of Mr. Tarantula. The remains are sufficient to keep the young wasps in food until they are large enough to hustle for themselves. This statement results from close study made on the matter by a farmer residing near Guthrie, who became interested in watching the movements of the wasp and kept a close watch afterward, learning therefrom the facts above given. This should exempt the black wasp with silvery wings from further execution at the hands of the human family.—Chicago Chronicle.

Jack Tar's Surplus.

A captain of one of the steel trust boats asked one of the wheelmen where he did with his surplus earnings. Here is the conversation: "How do you like to work for the company?" he was asked. "Pretty well," answered the man at the wheel. "How much do you make a month?" "I make more than I get, which is \$25.50," the wheelman replied. "What do you do with it all?" "Oh, I pay grocery bills, butcher's bills and support myself and family." "What do you do with the rest?" "I buy shoes for the children and books, so they can go to school." "What do you do with the rest?" "Well, I have to pay rent, of course." "What do you do with the rest?" "I pay doctor's bills, because you know, people fall sick sometimes." "But surely," ventured the captain again, "that can't take all of your month's earnings. What do you do with the rest?" "Well, I'll tell you," whispered the wheelman, confidentially, "the rest I pack in barrels and store away in the hold!"

It Was a Cinch.

The editor of the Glasgow Echo avers he is not much of a sport, but he says, "when we meet a cinch in the road to recognize it." He accepted a proposition the other day, made by a friend, through which he was to give his friend a dime for every time a woman passed them and did not put her hand behind her to learn if her skirt was all right behind. On the other hand, the editor's friend agreed to give him a nickel for each time a woman felt of her belt behind. "We got 62 nickels," the molder of opinion says, "and paid him one dime—a woman with both arms full of parcels came along."—Kansas City Star.

One Better.

Mrs. Witherby—"We must give some sort of affair, dear, if only to maintain our position." Witherby—"I suppose you want it to cost as much as possible?" "Oh, more than that!"—Life.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A white rust is an unexplained "disease" of English and German galvanized iron that has developed within a year or two.

In Roumania nearly all the sugar mills, distilleries, gas works, hospitals and manufactories now use petroleum refuse as fuel, as well as the state railway, upon which it is employed largely for the locomotives. Coal, which comes from England, costs \$10 per ton.

A Brooklyn firm of coffee dealers and sugar refiners is feeding 100 horses used in its business upon molasses. Each horse will eat from 10 to 15 pounds of molasses every day, the cost being about 15 cents. It is said that the horses thrive upon this fare. The firm says that it got the idea from the United States cavalry.

A California smelting works has recently had constructed a steel stack, 160 feet high, which is lined throughout with nine inches of firebrick. The total weight of steel in the stack is only 120,000 pounds, while the brick lining weighs half a million pounds. The first 25 feet of stack is made of one-half material, the thickness above gradually being reduced to one-quarter inch for the last 40 feet. To provide for expansion the brick lining is kept one-half inch from the steel shell, with occasional clots of mortar between the bricks and the plates.

Arizona engineers regard the Grand Canon of the Colorado as affording one of the greatest fields in existence for the development of electricity from water-power. In addition to the immense power of the Colorado itself, large stores of energy are available in the smaller streams that leap into the vast chasm. The plan by which the power of the main stream will, it is now thought, eventually be utilized is that of "picking up" the fall of the river by means of tunnels. At a point about 70 miles north of Williams it is said that a fall of 5000 feet can be found in a distance but little exceeding a mile.

The excellence of the Lick 36-inch telescope, and the steadiness of the air when the conditions are good on Mt. Hamilton, are attested by the statement of Mr. W. J. Hussey, one of the observers there, that double stars whose components are nearly equal in brightness, can be measured if the distance between them exceeds one-tenth of a second of arc. What this means in accuracy of definition may be understood by remembering the fact that one-tenth of a second is equal to the apparent diameter of the head of an ordinary pin, viewed by the naked eye—if the eye could see it—at a distance of two miles.

At the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Prof. Arthur Schuster called attention to the great waste of power in the science of meteorology, where the workers are nearly all devoting their energies solely to accumulating observations. Those engaged in calculating the results of the vast collections of data are but few, and those occupied in deducting from them the physical laws underlying meteorological phenomena are still fewer. As a consequence, undigested figures are accumulating to an extent which threatens to crush future generations. Observations taken without a view to the solution of some definite problem are of comparatively little value.

Hearing Restored by a Live Wire.

One of the happiest boys in Pittsburg is Charles McCormack, 11 years old, whose home is in Independence street, West End. His father, George McCormack, is scarcely less gratified than the boy, who has been almost entirely deaf for about seven years. His hearing was impaired by another boy, with whom he was playing, throwing a giant firecracker, which exploded close to his head. Medical men failed to restore the damaged hearing. Now he hears as well as he ever did, and it was brought about almost instantly by his stepping on a live wire Sunday, while playing in the street where he lives. He was thrown violently to the ground and was badly frightened, but when he rose he could hear as well as his playmates could.—Pittsburg Post.

Floats Ship With Acetylene.

M. Ducasse, a member of the council of management of the Aero club, who has already made remarkable scientific observations in a balloon, has invented a process of floating sunken ships. It was tried successfully on a 10-ton boat on the Seine at Marly, and consists of the use of small balloons inflated below the water with acetylene gas. M. Ducasse foresees the application of the invention to ships to prevent their foundering in collisions.—Paris Correspondence New York Herald.

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady, reproachfully, to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by The Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression: "She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro, and watching the fireflies flitting about her companions and said, in a musing tone: "I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haymows sometimes and set them afire?" Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked surprised. "Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed, 'Work of Firebugs!' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really,"

Large Ship With Acetylene.

Edward Atkinson never lacks for interesting suggestions in regard to the possible economies of life, and he has now been heard from on the subject of fuel. Speaking before the Illinois Manufacturers' association a day or two ago, he urged consideration of the use of cornstalks and straw as fuel, when pressed to the density of hard oak, as they might be. Such a fuel, he declared, would be cheaper than coal at 50 cents a ton.—Springfield Republican.

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Largely Supplied.

"Are you a man of family, Sir?" "Yes, Sir; my son-in-law moves in to-day."—Detroit Free Press.