

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Subject: "The Soul's Anchors."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler occupied his old pulpit in Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Lafayette Avenue and South Oxford Street, Sunday morning. A very large congregation was present. Dr. Cuyler, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, preached with his old-time vigor on "The Anchors of the Soul." He took as his text Acts xxviii: 29: "They cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day," and said:

The account of Paul's voyage to Rome is one of those graphic passages of the New Testament which never loses its interest. It not merely throws a strong light upon ancient navigation, but is strong confirmation of the truthfulness of the Acts of the Apostles, for modern nautical services have established every word of the narrative. The chief interest to us today is its rich, practical, spiritual instruction. The story of the storm and the shipwreck you have all been familiar with from childhood. For fourteen days the ship had been in the clutch of a terrific "blizzard," as we would call it, but which is described in the narrative as a "eurocydon." No sun or moon or stars appeared during that terrible fortnight. For safety much of the cargo was heaved overboard and they were obliged to bind around the crazy craft with hawsers in order to keep from foundering in mid sea. They imagined they were drawing nigh to land, and heaving the lead it tells of twenty fathoms. The next cast of the lead shows fifteen fathoms. They are now close on the lee shore. Only one maneuver can save them. They cast four anchors out of the stern, and it is a striking fact that pictures on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii depict the galleys anchored in that manner. What a long and weary night was that to the drenched and weary voyagers, while they listened to the terrific thundering of the breakers on the shore. But Paul, Christ's prisoner, is on board, and he is the real master of the situation. His precious life is insured by the presence of a member until their work is done. It was part of God's wish that the anchors should preserve the most valuable life then on the globe until Paul's mighty mission was accomplished.

Human life is a voyage, and all of you now before me are bound on it for the judgment seat and for eternity. It is not a voyage over smooth seas and under soft, south winds. Everything under God depends on the compass and the anchors. You observe that the anchors are not attached to anything afloat, but they cling through the waves and bite into the firm bottom. And so it is with our spiritual anchors. Make fast to God's immutable word and to the omnipotent Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. An anchor, too, is unseen. And so it is with the inward union with the unseen Christ that keeps many a man from being swept by temptation and brings composure to those in the depths of terrible trials. When Martin Luther was struck with a heavy head sea he used to slip the cable of the forty-sixth psalm and, throughout the voyage of life you and I have vital need of the anchor of our divine Master, the Captain of our salvation, has provided for our safety. What are the four anchors?

The first and foremost anchor is faith. That is often defined as trust in an unseen God, and we take God's word more implicitly than we take the word issued by the Government, because they bear the stamp of the United States with its vast resources behind it. But the mightiest spiritual force for you and me is the Christ-faith. Now, that is a great deal more than a mere opinion. Faith is infinitely more than a mere opinion. It is an act; it is the positive act of the soul saying hold of Jesus Christ as our Saviour, joining our weakness to His strength; our unworthiness to His merits; our weak selves to His infinite and almighty Self. We are not commanded only to believe in Christ, we are commanded to believe on Christ, if we would be saved. A friend of mine was staying at a hotel in Albany and noticed a rope in his room and had fast in it because he saw it was a well-braided rope. At midnight he was aroused by a cry of "Fire!" On the other side of the door the smoke and flames burst in, and he grasped the rope and let himself down in safety to the sidewalk. He believed on the rope. That is saving faith when you rest on Christ, clinging fast to Christ, trusting in Him alone to uphold you to the end and assuredly to the promise. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Salvation of the soul is an actual experience. It is the actual testing of Christ; the actual attachment to Christ, the actual love for Him hid in the very depths of the soul. The British Government requires all its agents to be members of the church. The chapter of Hebrews is the Holy Spirit's record of the stamps on the anchor of faith. My mother's Bible was marked all through with pencillings on the margin, proving how these various promises had been tested, and the anchor never dragged.

The second anchor is loyalty to Christ and obedience to His commandments. Every day I attach less importance to a religion of mere emotion. It is very pleasant to sing and sometimes to shout on the mountain tops, but a religion of mere emotion is subject to its ebbs and flows and is unreliable in the strain and stress of temptation. Loyalty to the teachings of Christ, loyalty to the everlasting right must be imbedded in the conscience if you and I are not to drift upon the rocks. Even faith without good works would be dead. It has been the lack of loyalty of conscience to the truth, integrity and right which has strewn the beach with so many pitiable and disgraceful wrecks. The great demand in these days is conscience; the great demand in politics is conscience, and no man is safe under the temptations of conscience or of public life when his conscience is loosened from God's commandments. God never insures a man, even in the church, except while his anchor is fastened to the divine principles of right with the cable of obedience to the Master. I would say to these dear young friends, beware of the first false step; keep off dangerous

HOT POTATOES AND HOT CHESTNUTS AS FOOD

They Provide Cheap, Good and Excellently Cooked Sustenance to the Cold and Hungry.

The man with the hot potato can and the man with his red, hot rusty tin tray riddled with holes, on which the chestnuts are grilling over a perforated iron box filled with glowing coals, are a source of much cheer on the cold winter nights to the "man in the street," and we should be sorry to see these time-honored institutions abolished. In what club, restaurant, hotel, or home can be found potatoes so admirably cooked as those in the street potato can, or what chestnut is more appetizingly cooked than that which is grilled *à la* fresco on the hot tin tray? It is not very difficult to prove that the potato can man and the chestnut man are almost benefactors, at least, to a certain section of the public, for they provide cheap, good, and excellently cooked food to the cold and hungry which at the same time comforts and warms, for both the hot potato and the hot chestnut are very often placed in the pockets for the sake of their warmth. It is an interesting fact that the hot potato and the chestnut have been picked out as practically the only foods offered for sale in this way, and on reflection we can see that, after all, this choice is based on sound dietetics. According to a recent analysis of the raw chestnut we find that its composition is as follows:

Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Water.....33.640	Starch.....31.720
Proteid.....3.740	Sugar and gum 6.100
Mineral matter 0.870	Fibre.....1.750
Fat.....2.160	

The composition of the raw potato is:

Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Water.....76.700	Starch.....19.100
Proteid.....1.250	Sugar and gum 1.400
Mineral matter 0.300	Fibre.....0.630
Fat.....0.100	

The chestnut contains, therefore, less water, more proteid, more starch, more fat, but less mineral matter than the potato. The chestnut is, in fact, more nutritious than the potato, not because it contains different constituents, but because weight for weight it contains a greater proportion of them.—Lancet.

WISE WORDS.

Originality is simply personality. Time servers are eternity losers. Heaven is the interpreter of earth. A live meeting needs little leading. It is never hard to hold the people if you are really helping them. Some men will not believe that they are saved from drowning until they feel dry. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful, because bright.—Thomas Carlyle.

The habit of self-control may be acquired until one becomes so self-poised that no trouble, no misfortune, can rob one of his happiness. When the day is dark, he forgets the day and lives in a brighter one. When the troubles roll up, the mind slips away and counts its happier treasures.

There is in the memory and the environment plenty of pleasing material with which the mind may work. When a disagreeable proposition has been carefully thought over, dismiss it at once by thinking of something else. The mind will jump back every few minutes, but persist until you get the victory.

Essays of Little Bobbie.

CURLING.
Curling is a nice game that was first played in Scotland and my Pa says it was invented by a man named C. Roberts or sun name like that. When you want to curl you throw stones around on the ice and yell "Soop her Oop and you were a cap with a tossel on the cap and you wear rubbers so you wont slip."

My Pa curls sumtimes and one time I asked him how long it took to curl and Pa said 2 hours about and Ma said Thenn why dont you ever get home till 4 in the morning and Pa shut up. I went with Pa one time when he curled and that was some nice ladies watching them curl and Pa was talking to the ladies and didnt do very good curling, when I grow up I am going to be a curler and you jest what me talk to the ladies too.

RIDDLES.

Riddles is lots of fun. They are questions with you ask them the people you ask them to guess the answer if they can. I know 2 good riddles:

1. What goes round the house and doesnt go in the door? A porch climber.
2. When is a street car not a street car? When it is a Owl.

There is lots of other good riddles too and thenn there is riddle's riddles but when folks read them they always say, "What's the answer and nobody knows." When I think of sum other riddles I will write another essay on them.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

How He Found It.

A man went into the general reading room of the Congressional Library the other day to get some specific data for a paper he was writing. He told an attendant he wanted to find out something about Papal bulls, and asked if they had any record of anything of the kind. He had never been in the reading room before, and he did not know the limitations of some of its attendants. He selected a desk and sat down. At the end of half an hour the attendant returned.

"I think, sir," he said, "you may find what you want here," and he laid before him an Agricultural Department report, opened at an article on cattle.

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HOW TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

Some one wanted to know how to amuse little ones. Perhaps this may help. I have three, and some days I am at my wit's end to know how to amuse them. Rainy days are a source of regret among most children, and no wonder they get mischievous. I take some pieces of brown paper, such as comes from the store, and cut it into a convenient size and sew it in the middle, making a book. Then I give them each an old magazine and let them in. I make a dish of flour paste and they use toothpicks for brushes. I let them sit at the kitchen table, and this keeps them busy.—Boston Globe.

TWO PLUCKY WOMEN.

A charming woman who in an instant was left a widow several years ago, with a tiny income and two babies, has provided a good living for herself and family ever since by making children's sailor suits for exclusive trade. She has a small apartment in a good neighborhood, the little boy and girl are in a private school, and all three are going abroad soon for a year. Later, the son expects to enter college.

Another woman, out in Ohio, is conducting a flourishing business in infants' moccasins of kid. She began five years ago by making the little shoes herself at home, but "so great has the demand grown," says The Woman's Journal "that now she employs twenty workers, who turn out a thousand pairs of moccasins a week."—New York Tribune.

THE BACHELOR GIRL'S DUTIES.

"I feel—"
"Whenever you start off like that," said Cynthia, studiously reining the ball, "I make it strong, and—put a stick in it."
"An impulse to—"
"Well, don't; for the women's clubs will find it out and be moving and seconding things."
"To stop every bachelor girl on the street, for I can tell them—"
"Um—, a few things, you think. Well, I doubt it."
"I can tell a bachelor girl any time by her freedom of step, her look of joyous independence, and her—"
"Pin wrinkles," said Cynthia, putting down the pot.
"No, happiness; her look of general content at doing something."
"Now, I thought that independence had been overworked."
"It hasn't. It's limitless. It's the solving of everything."
"Gracious!" said Cynthia, taking precipitately to her cup.
"But whenever I see a bachelor girl I feel like stopping her and saying, 'What did you do with your mother?'"
"Mother? Now, er—husband don't you think would be—"
"Don't try to be clever and things, Cynthia, it isn't like you, and it only sounds affected."
"Ah, me," sighed Cynthia. "It has gone deep in. Let me get another cup and I shall stand it."
"People, I think, would better stop writing daughter papers and make them 'What shall we do with our mothers?'"
"Why don't you? There's a good topic: 'Our mothers, and how we should bring them up.'"
"For I tell you there never was anything like the companionship of mother and daughter. It's so acute it hurts. When I see the growing world of independent girls, I realize the whole family relationship has to be changed. The convention of the family is upset. Then there, don't you see, is the dangerous stage of girls' forgetting their mothers. I do not mean they really ever forget their home training. I do not mean to preach. I think pretty well of the girls of the day. But don't you know it's the little things, the little outward expressions of love and sympathy that must go on that our mothers positively feel up to." So infinitely much more is expected of a girl who goes into the world and does things than a man. A man is taught from the beginning that he is meant to leave home and to do; he is a free agent to work out his own success. A girl never quite separates herself from home. The bachelor girl is the daughter still until she has a home of her own. I know that Emerson says a lot of idealistic things about being individual and living out one's own destiny. Don't you think some over idealistic people apply this a little selfishly. Many of our mothers are old-fashioned. They are not equal to Emerson. The bachelor girl is a problem which faces them something like the strange duckling faced the hen.

"You know we are never more than nine years old to our mothers. And sometimes even the most timorously self-reliant bachelor girl is glad to be only nine years old. Mothers are good institutions, Cynthia.
"I met a splendid woman recently, who is very successful in New York. She was quick in understanding. She said, 'My dear, you are trying to do the impossible. You are working with one sense and worrying about your mother with the other. It won't do. Let me tell you something. Do all that you know is your duty, then stop. Write regularly. Go to your home when you can. In between times put it entirely out of your mind. That

Dancing at Inaugurations.

In a contribution to the current number of the Century on "The First Inaugural Ball" Mr. Gaillard Hunt notes that each of the three Presidents that preceded Madison was permitted to close the day of his inauguration by going early to bed. General Washington and John Adams had been inaugurated at temporary capitols and Thomas Jefferson would have rebelled against a ceremony plainly modeled upon the customs of royalty. The new order of things, however, observes Mr. Hunt, had not given birth to new ideas of how to manifest rejoicing. Moreover, "if the method chosen seems to some to have been an imitation of monarchical customs, they should reflect, in extenuation, that it is an instinct of man co-equal with his feeling the sensation of pleasure to show his joy by dancing."
Such was the genesis of the inauguration ball, a function which had theretofore been associated with the celebration of the coronation of kings. It is interesting to know that, while Jefferson, as Mr. Hunt intimates, might have condemned Madison's inauguration ball, the sage of Monticello did not frown upon dancing. On the contrary, he declared that the terpsichorean art "is a necessary accomplishment."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Time And Books.

The economy of saving time is wise but there is an economy of spending time. In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "underexposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an underexposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or to yourself, or skin over your reading, the mind receives the poor impressions or none at all.—St. Nicholas.

How to Sleep.

The right time for sleep is undoubtedly the time before midnight, because the sleep before that time is the most beneficial, as is well known and proven by scientific research, and counts double. Nine o'clock or a little later is the right time to go to bed, and if possible do not go to bed later than 10 o'clock. The above may be taken as a general rule, but of course there are some exceptions to every rule.—Kneipp Magazine.

The Old Chesapeake.

The Chesapeake, famous for her encounter with the British ship Shannon, in the war of 1812, is still in existence. When she was captured by the British she was taken to England and by her captor, Sir Philip Brookie, and some years later her timbers were sold. The purchaser was a miller in Wickham, and when he pulled down his old mill he built a new one from the timbers of the Chesapeake.

Large Legacy to Servants.

Under the will of the late Rev. Dr. William Edmond Roope of Under Rock, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, munificent bequests of £10,000 each were made to his two servants, Ruth Blaz and Cecily Guy. To the latter he also left a life interest in his freehold house, Under Rock, and he appointed both as executrices of his will. Dr. Roope's estate is valued at £48,725 gross.

Size of Atlantic Waves.

The size of the Atlantic Waves has been carefully measured for the Washington hydrographic bureau. In height the waves usually average about 20 feet, but in rough weather they attain from 40 to 48 feet. During storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long and last 10 or 11 seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not spend itself for 23 seconds.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

Ways That Are Pleasant and Paths That Are Peace.

It is the simple life that gives length of days, serenity of mind and body and tranquility of soul. Simple hopes and ambitions, bounded by the desire to do good to one's neighbors, simple pleasures, habits, food and drink. Men die long before their time because they try to crowd too much into their experiences—they climb too high and fall too hard. A wise woman writes of the good that a simple diet has done her:

"I have been using Grape-Nuts for about six months. I began rather sparingly, until I acquired such a liking for it that for the last three months I have depended upon it almost entirely for my diet, eating nothing else whatever but Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I believe I could get it for dinner with fruit and be satisfied without other food, and feel much better and have more strength to do my housework."
"When I began the use of Grape-Nuts I was thin and weak, my muscles were so soft that I was not able to do any work. I weighed only 105 pounds. Nothing that I ate did me any good. I was going down hill rapidly, was nervous and miserable, with no ambition for anything. My condition improved rapidly after I began to eat Grape-Nuts food. It made me feel like a new woman; my muscles got solid, my figure rounded out, my weight increased to 126 pounds in a few weeks, my nerves grew steady and my mind better and clearer. My friends tell me they haven't seen me look so well for years."
"I consider Grape-Nuts the best food on the market, and shall never go back to meats and white bread again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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