THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. C. L. GOODELL.

Subject: "The Carpenter's Son."

New York City.—Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church of Harlem, through the effectiveness of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, is growing in an unparalleled way. Last February, as the result of revival services for the month of January, he broke all city church records by admitting 365 members. Sunday morning more than 350 were received into the church, and these, added to the fifty taken in at the January communion, make a total of more than 400 admissions as a result of four weeks of revival services. Dr. Goodell gave this as the reason of the great ingathering: "There is no secret to it; any church can be stirred as ours has been if it is willing to pay the price. The price? It is consecration, prayer and hard work. All three are needed in about equal parts. Our magnificent congregation has been moved by prayer and in turn has moved others."

The reception of members into this church Sunday was a joyful event for the ministers and members, for it placed Calvary Church at the head of Methodism in point of membership. Calvary now has a few more than 2400 members on its roll. Since Dr. Goodell has been at Calvary, twenty-one months, there has been a net gain of 1000 members, or about seventy-five per cent. Of these new members more than 600 came on probation. The church seats 2200 and every Sunday night all seats are filled early. At some of the special services many chairs had to be brought in and the altar space filled, and then scores could not find seats. Sunday there were fifteen denominations represented by those who came by letter.

About 1500 persons took communion in the morning, Bishop E. G. Andrews, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, of the City Mission, and Tract Society of New York City, and Mr. Williams, the assistant pastor, and officers of the church assisting. In the afternoon about 500 more were communed. In the evening Dr. Goodell preached on "The Carpenter's Son." The text was from Matthew xiii:35: "Is this not the carpenter's son?" He said:

Out of the doorways of the poor come the men who make the world rich and God walks oftener in the narrow rooms and on the creaking stairs of the little cottages than in the wide, sounding halls of the rich with armor and pictures looking down. You have seen the home of Burns and Shakspeare; picture to yourself something as much poorer as these are meaner than the homes of the newly rich and you may call that the home of a carpenter in Nazareth. They will show you the place with votive offerings and gewgaws in it, but you will say, "So!" and walk out. Find a place where a carpenter is now making an ox bow or a poor man's table and it will be like what He knew, for the men of Nazareth are like all their kin in the East; they change not in a thousand years. I like to think that for thirty years Jesus knew the narrow ways of a laborer.

His trade He plied, a carpenter, and built
Doors, where folks come and go, unto this hour,
Not wotting how the hands which wrought their doors
Unbarred Death's gate by Love's high sacrifice—
Tables whereon folks set their meat, and eat,
Heedless of Who was "Bread of Life" and gave
Such food that whoso eateth hungereth not.
And, in those little lanes of Nazareth,
Each morn His holy feet would come and go
While He bore planks and beams, whose back must bear
The cruel cross. And, then, at evening's fall,
Resting from labor, with those patient feet
Deep in white wood dust, and the long curled shreds
Shorn by His plane—He would turn innocent eyes
Gazing far past the sunset to that world
He came from, and must go to; nigh to Him—
Nigh unto us, albeit we see it not,
Whereof Life is the curtain, and mute Death
Herald and Doorkeeper.

Nazareth was a town in which to talk with God. The great plain before it had felt His thunderous foot. There was Carmel, where Elijah talked with God, in plain sight. There was Jezreel of Ahab and Jezebel. There was Eudor and Saul and the witch. There was Tabor, lone and majestic, near at hand, and Hermon far to the north, cloud-capped and snow-peaked, while to the East, hidden behind a dozen miles of hill and dale, was the sea of Galilee—mother of sermon and of miracles. In Nazareth He found the illustrations which make so large a part of His sermons. There was a great day of moil and toil before Him, and here in the cool of the morning He must store up the reserve that will take Him on to awful noon at Jerusalem. It takes a great soul to bide his time—to get ready for a great act and be patient with the training and the slow step of the years. To live with God and in Him is the main thing after all. He walked those cliffs with no one to look at Him or to wonder at Him—prayerful, masterful, patient. Was there ever a better example for ordinary people. It is good for the burning fever of life to look at Him. The world is too much with us soon and late. Our home life is low and sordid. We fret under it. There are too many little things to do. Too much of routine and too little of outlook. What are we saying? Look at Him. Poverty? Yes. Toil? Yes. Did they who saw Him appreciate Him? We shall see; who was it said: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" and how did they say it? It was a taunt and a sneer. You know now how He came to say, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The very men whose houses He had built were ready to stone Him to death. It has often been so. The men who have built the houses that the world's thought lives in to-day were most of them buried in ignominious graves. Very likely the men you serve may throw stones at you from the vintage ground where you put them, but it will be no new thing, so keep sweet about it. He could afford to wait. His carpenter bench would yet be holy because He worked at it, and the tools He handled would be held at the price of a king's ransom.

His is the gospel of the mechanic. He fitted Himself at a carpenter's bench to say, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He had no sympathy either with the man who wants more work than he pays for or the man who wants more pay than he works for. I want you to see from this life that great deeds should go along with common life, making it sublime. When you read of the great economies that had to be practiced in the homes of such men as Phelps and Alcott, Hawthorne and Emerson, you realize the advantage of plain living and high thinking. There is too much high living and meagre thinking.

The struggle after a more sumptuous life than we can afford takes the strength out of us, and if we get it it takes the nerve for toil and self-denial, which are only other names for victory, away from us. Our impatience takes away our capacity and love for toil, and we are miserable and useless. Be happy in a humble home. You will never have to live so cheaply as did Jesus.

Then make up your mind to work. Jesus the Carpenter taught us the dignity of toil. He made the saw and the plane as truly the ensign of a noble life as the fasces or the toga of the Roman. There is an evangel of toil. The shuttle and the hoe, the saw and the reaper have a message which the world must hear. The workers make life glorious, the shirkers make it detestable. "My father worketh hitherto and I work" was the challenge of the Christ to every indolent and careless soul. Virgil sings of men and arms, but the song of to-day is a song of men and tools. I have a Saviour who wrought the hot day through. I can talk with Him of quivering palm and throbbing limbs and a fainting heart and He will know.

You cannot imagine Him as making a poor joint or allowing a bad knot in an important place. To meet your ideal, and that an ideal which He has founded by His own character, you will take nothing less than a honest attempt at a perfect product. The desire to slight one's work will lead to a compromise of character, and that will lead to the loss of the soul. It is not the work but the spirit you put into it which makes the task ignoble or sublime. I would have every man step to his work to-morrow without dread or envy. I would have him feel that Jesus the Carpenter was the great model, and that if He could fit Himself for the conquest of the world at a carpenter's bench any laborer may feel himself surrounded with glorious hopes and his dingy little shop become the habitat of angels. Paul stitching tents thought out those wonderful chapters of spiritual logic which move the world. Carey, the shoemaker, thought out the plan of giving the Bible to the Hindoos. Morrison, the last-maker, gave the gospel to China. Burrett, the blacksmith, became the most learned workman of his day. Daily humble life lived on high levels—this is the happy possibility of common men. What high discourse there must have been in that humble home when the day's work was over; what acts of affection, what mutual confidences and holy trust!

But He who made lintels for the doors of Nazareth set up also the gates of the eternal city of God. He who made humble houses for the common people of His native town was the Artificer of the eternal home of the soul. It was not a figure of His imagination when He pictures the unsafe foundation and the awful ruin of that unsecure house. He had seen the torrent rush down the chalk cliffs of Nazareth and sweep away the houses of His fellow craftsmen. Small wonder that He looked upon that ruin from the standpoint of a careful builder. But when they drove the carpenter from His bench at Nazareth He went out to build for eternity. I want to ask you to give your contract for an eternal mansion to Jesus the Carpenter. As a wise master builder, He asks you to count the cost. Are you ready to build? Are you willing to pay for a good foundation and will the superstructure you rear be a sacred one? He will not countenance the ornamentations that hide the lack of solid worth. He will have no part in the consummate fraud of a life that is built on the sand. He will not build with hay and stubble. If it were a house to sell it might be out of your sight, but he tells me when I say it is the house you are to live in forever. If there is a flaw in it you will find it out. If when the winds blow and the floods come it falls you will go down in the ruin. Yesterday a man gasping for breath said "I am almost ashamed to ask God to have mercy on me when I ignored Him for three score years," and you will feel the same. To leave you in old age to the mercy of the wintry blasts would be cruel, but the man who shirks in the building of his soul's tabernacle does that for himself. Only Jesus knows how to build for eternity. The old Romans were great builders of roads and bridges, and the old Egyptians were great builders of pyramids, but I want somebody who can build a house for the soul that will outlast pyramids and stars. No man save Jesus can have my contract.

Power of Sacrifice.

John Henry, while a divinity student, went through a tempest that most daring seamen could not dare face, and brought ashore seven sailors from a wrecked boat. The strain was such that, though he lived to finish his studies, he had scarcely taken up the work of a parish when death summoned him away. The crowds that came to his funeral were so large that the window of the church was removed and a platform erected where those within the church and the masses of humanity without could hear the words of Lord Chalmers.

Kneel in your closet and say, "O God! I have not known Thee; deign to reveal Thyself to me; teach me to love and obey Thee; by all Thy goodness, oh, forgive my wanderings, and let me feel the tranquillity of a life hid in Thy blessedness." Such petitions will not be unheard, nor fail to bring down answers of growing fulfilment.—William Alger.

It takes as much grace to make a saint out of a Pharisee as it does to make one out of a publican.

Household Matters

Use Vinegar.

Try this and you are sure to be pleased. While cooking a boiled dinner, or cabbage, place a small dish of vinegar on the back of the stove, and the odor will disappear.

New Bed-Capes.

A new feature in a lady's wardrobe is the present dressing or bed cape, a very different article from the cosy if homely "nightingale," or little flannel wrap, formerly deemed sufficient to meet the requirements of any weather. The new bed-capes are beautiful constructions of richebroche silk, smothered in frills of lace and guipure, and finished off with ribbon.

A Home-Made Filter.

Having broken her filter, and being unable to get out to replace it, a housekeeper made a bag of three thicknesses of cheese cloth, four by three inches, rounding the corners. She filled it with the ground quartz from the filter (a few cents' worth could be bought at a hardware store), and tied it to the faucet. She liked it so well that she continued to use it, for she could wash the bag and quartz more frequently and easier than she could empty the filter.

How to Wash Knitted Articles.

Make a suds of warm (not hot) water and a good white soap. Put in the article to be washed; squeeze (not rub) until it looks perfectly clean; rinse it thoroughly through clean, warm water until there is no soap left; squeeze the water out, do not wring; shake gently; put in a cheesecloth bag and hang in a draft; shake often while drying. Handmade articles will retain their shape and look like new if these simple directions are carefully followed.

Save the Plumbers' Bill.

Before sending for the plumber, and thus incurring unnecessary expense, try this simple and nearly always infallible device: If a sink pipe becomes clogged, remove strainer over pipe opening, then take a round stick—a piece of broom handle will answer the purpose nicely—cover one end with cloth; gather the ends of cloth up around the stick and insert the end so covered into the pipe, and holding cloth and stick firmly with both hands, force up and down, causing suction, until obstruction is removed and water will run down freely.

Good Things to Eat
AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM.

Cornmeal Pudding—Three-quarters of a cup of cornmeal, one and one-quarter cups of flour, one-quarter cup of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cup of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, egg well beaten, and butter. Steam in buttered mould one and one-half hours. For sauce use one cup sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the cream until thick, and add sugar and vanilla. Serve with steamed cornmeal pudding.

Oranges in Syrup—Score the oranges all over in imitation of some ornamental design, representing basket-work or trellis-work, and then simmer in water until nearly done through. They must next be put into cold water for twenty-four hours, changing the water every three hours. At the end of this time they should be drained in a sieve for several hours, then placed in an earthen pan and covered with a hot syrup made by boiling three pounds of sugar and one quart of water for five minutes. For three successive days let the syrup be boiled up and skimmed, and when nearly cold pour back upon the oranges; after the last time the oranges may be put away in jars, and used for dessert when required.

Scotch Gingerbread—Sift one and a quarter pounds of flour into a basin. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking soda, four ounces of sultana raisins, four ounces of chopped citron peel and four ounces of blanched almonds. Melt together, in a pan, half a pound of butter, one and a half cups of milk and two cups of molasses. Let cool. Then add, with three well-beaten eggs, to the dry ingredients. Mix and pour into a well-buttered and papered cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour and a half.

Home-Cooked Boneless Herring—It is often remarked that home-cooked fish is not so good as that served at hotels and restaurants; but as a matter of fact the fish bought for the home table is better and fresher. The secret lies in the use of accompanying sauces. A cupful of cold tomato sauce may be reheated and served around the herring, adding a teaspoonful of some sauce, or a half-cupful of tomato catsup may be thinned with one-fourth cupful of hot water, with a tablespoonful of chopped olives or pickles added. Better still is a quick relish of half a cupful of chili sauce heated and poured over the fish just before serving. Or two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, to which has been added a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, may be served over the hot seasoned fish with most satisfactory results.

USES OF DUST.

Without It There Would Be No Sunsets or Sunrises, Shades or Lights.

While dust contains many of our mortal enemies, it is one of our very best friends, and the finer it is the more we owe to it. If there were no dust the sky would not be blue, there would be no raindrops, no snowflakes, no hailstones, no clouds, no gorgeous sunsets, no beautiful sunrises.

The instant the sun passed out of sight we should be in darkness. The instant it rose it would be a sharp circle of light in a black sky. There would be no evening glow to chat or think in, no lovely dawn, with bird song and cattle low at nature's wakening. The dome of the sky would be as dark as it is on a bright moonlight night. The moon and stars would shine by day in all their brightness. The whole earth would be a deep, dark shadow excepting where the sun's rays fall directly upon it in one great blinding circle. The moon and stars would make even our shadows.

Rays of sunlight or any other kind of light go straight through all kinds of gases, no matter of what they are made. In passing through them, if they contain no dust, the rays cannot be seen. They are invisible. You have often seen sunlight enter a darkened room through partly opened shutters or a crack of a knothole. You have noticed that the rays are full of dust moving about in every direction. The air is made of gases mixed. You did not see the rays of light, you saw the light in the sun reflected by the particles of dust. Millions of these particles were too small for you to see, but not too small for such a searching thing as light to miss.

The light we call daylight is the light of the sun's rays reflected from the particles of dust in the air about our earth. Moonlight is the light of the sun reflected from the moon, which is a great mass of particles compressed into a huge ball. The earth is nothing more. If both of them were ground fine and scattered they would be but dust.

Each cubic inch of air contains an enormous number of dust particles. The number is beyond our conception. John Aitkin, of Falkirk, Scotland, was the first to count these dust particles. He counted them by a little machine he carried in his pocket, and in a very simple way.

He has been able to count 7,500,000 dust particles in a cubic inch of the ordinary air of Glasgow. The air of Pittsburg probably contains ten times as many. After a meeting of the members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in their hall he counted 6,500,000 to a cubic inch near the floor and 57,500,000 to a cubic inch near the ceiling.—Sunday-School Times.

Practical Politics.

A practical politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roadways, who receives the munificent salary of $250 per year. As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is keen opposition, so that when this office became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small plum, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Hum," Ezekiel said, slowly, pulling his whisker. "Yer see that office only pays $250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' $900 out to get the office, so I jest bought me a little truck-farm instead."—Harper's Weekly.

New School For Wit.

An old New Yorker the other day suddenly astonished the friends with whom he was dining by breaking out into panegyrics upon the "rubber-neck wagons."

"They are," he said, "a great school of wit. The man with the megaphone says something clever quite accidentally, and the people smile. He sees that he has made a hit, and treasures up the remark to work it off again.

"So he goes on, day after day, getting fresh additions to the fund of wit and humor until from a person originally stupid and uninteresting he becomes a brilliant person, full of merry quips and cranks and strange conceits. He gets educated in wit until, from being a mere repeater of smart sayings, he becomes an originator.

"And this is all because he is encouraged and rewarded in his efforts by the approval and the smiles of his passengers. So I say, don't kill the struggling humorist—encourage him. See what encouragement has done for the rubber-wagon man and help others along."—New York Press.

Man-Eaters in British Guinea.

Cannibalism has not yet been quite stamped out in British New Guinea. The natives have well cultivated gardens, they occupy long-settled villages, and their relations with Europeans are generally harmonious. In each village one of the most influential chiefs is selected as village constable, given a uniform, a pair of handcuffs, a brass badge, and $5 a year, and is kept under constant personal supervision by the six white magistrates. Crime is comparatively rare, owing apparently to the fact the natives are not allowed to obtain any intoxicating liquor.—New York Globe.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 18.

Review of the Lessons For the First Quarter—Read Luke vi., 17-26—Golden Text, Matt., iv., 23—Topic: Christ's Spiritual Kingdom—The Summaries.

Lesson I. Topic: The Saviour revealed to man. Place: Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem. See Micah 5, 2. God so ordered events that through natural causes Joseph and Mary were led, at just the right time, from Nazareth to Bethlehem. The angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds. "Unto you is born"—unto the Jews, unto all people; "a Saviour"—a deliverer; "which is Christ"—the anointed One, and as such our Prophet, Priest and King; "the Lord"—this child is Jehovah Himself. The shepherds hastened to Bethlehem and found the babe according to the angel's words.

II. Topic: Man seeking the Saviour. Place: Bethlehem. Wise men, led by a star, come from the East to Jerusalem; inquire for the King of the Jews; they are come to worship Him; Herod is troubled; calls chief priests and scribes and asks where Christ should be born; they say, in Bethlehem; Herod sends the wise men to Bethlehem, asking them to bring him word again; they go, again led by the star, and find Jesus; Jesus is worshiped and gifts are presented. The wise men return to their own country without consulting Herod.

III. Topic: The boy Jesus a pattern for youth. Places: Nazareth and Jerusalem. Jesus grew and became strong like other children. At the age of twelve He went with His parents to the feast of the Passover. When they start on the return trip the child is left behind; found in the temple with the doctors of the law, asking and answering questions; all were astonished; His parents gently reprove Him; He tells them He must be about "His Father's business;" returns with them to Nazareth.

IV. Topic: Christ's preparation for His life work. Place: Jesus was baptized at the fords of the Jordan, called Bethadara. John preached in the wilderness; baptized in Jordan; preached repentance; insisted that they bring forth fruits unto repentance; different classes came to him; a thorough reformation required of all; pointed to the Messiah. Jesus goes from Nazareth, in Galilee, to the Jordan, to be baptized of John. John shrinks from such a step; Jesus urges it; is baptized; the heavens are opened; the Spirit descends like a dove upon Him; a voice from heaven: "Thou art My beloved Son."

V. Topic: A study of Christ's temptation. Place: Mount Quarantania, a short distance northwest of Jericho. Jesus in the wilderness; fasts forty days and forty nights; afterward an hungered; tempter came to Him; asks Him to prove that He is the Son of God by turning stones into bread; Jesus defeats him by quoting Scripture; Satan then asked Him to cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple; and again he promised Jesus all the kingdoms of the world if He would fall down and worship him. Jesus resisted Sata and angels came.

VI. Topic: Laws of soul-winning. Place: Near Capernaum, on the Sea of Galilee. Jesus walking by the Sea of Galilee; the people pressed upon Him; He entered into Peter's boat and taught them while they stood on the land; commanded Simon to "launch out into the deep" for a draught; Simon said they had toiled all night and caught nothing, but he obeyed Christ's word; a great multitude of fishes inclosed; the net was breaking, and Peter beckoned to James and John to come to their assistance; both ships were filled until they began to sink; the disciples were astonished at the miracle. They left all and followed Christ.

VII. Topic: Jesus the great Physician. Place: Capernaum. Jesus is in the synagogue on the Sabbath day. Teaches the people; they are astonished at His doctrine; an unclean spirit cries out; Jesus casts him out; fame spread abroad; at Peter's house; mother-in-law healed; when the sun was down the diseased and those possessed with devils were brought to Him, and He healed them all and cast out the devils.

VIII. Topic: Jesus' power to forgive sins. Place: Capernaum. Jesus is probably at Peter's house; a great crowd at the door; a paralytic brought and carried to the roof; the roof torn up; the bed let down; Jesus saw their faith; "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" the scribes reason; He speaketh blasphemies; Jesus answers them; which is easier to say, Arise, or, Thy sins be forgiven? the cure; the people amazed. They glorify God, saying, "We never saw it on this fashion." They saw that none but God could perform such a wonderful cure and they were filled with reverence and fear. The divinity of our Lord is here fully established.

IX. Topic: The Bible secret of the blessed life. Place: The "Horns of Hattin," near the centre of the west coast of the Sea of Galilee. He taught the disciples and the multitudes. Who are blessed? The poor in spirit; the mourners; the meek; the hungry and thirsty; the merciful; the pure in heart; the peacemakers; those persecuted for righteousness' sake. The promises made are all rich and full and sure. True Christians are the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

X. Topic: Christian conduct—a study of the new life. Place: Same as last lesson. Christ gave instruction concerning oaths. All profane swearing is prohibited, but such oaths as are required by a civil magistrate are not included—judicial oaths ought not to be called "swearing." Christians are not to retaliate, but are to be controlled by the law of love. It is also gloriously possible for Christians to be perfected in love. Jesus commands us to love God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourself.

Purely Subjective.

All unhappiness, as all happiness, is from within. For, as Saint Bernard has said: "Nothing can work me damage but myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." From the kingdom of the mind issue the edicts that govern life.—Success.

Essence of Happiness.

Christ known, Christ loved, Christ served—yes! that is happiness. There is none other like it in the world.—G. H. Morrison.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH EIGHTEENTH.

Christ's Life. His Summary of Conduct. The Sermon on the Mount.—Matt. Chapters 5, 6 and 7.

The Sermon on the Mount is the proclamation of the Kingdom. This sermon is an appeal to the heart, out of which alone are the issues of life. It cannot be understood by the head alone.

The sermon calls for inner religion, and scorns the mere externals. No amount of mere forms would meet one of its requirements.

The sermon not only requires results, it furnishes power. Were it not for that, it would be the most discouraging piece of writing in the world, instead of the most encouraging.

Suggestions.

"But I say unto you"—that is Christ's word; and whatever men, or passion, or self-interest say must be forgotten.

This life is given us to lay up treasure in heaven; our hearts will always follow what they really treasure.

The habit of judging others harshly is one of the most dangerous of habits, because we are so sure to pride ourselves upon it.

We are to do to men, not what we would foolishly like to have them do to us, but what we should be wise in desiring for ourselves.

Hearing Christ's sayings and doing them are as inseparable as a voice and an echo.

The Sermon on the Mount is the business manual of "our Father's business."

The Beatitudes are a list of the world's richest gold mines.

The precepts of this sermon are like the seven primary colors, capable of painting all beautiful lives that can be lived.

Questions.

Am I trying to follow the pattern set me in the Mount?

How often do I read the Sermon on the Mount?

Would it not be a great advantage to commit the sermon to memory?

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 18.

The Glory of Christlike Lives.—John 17. 22-24.

Our Lord never forgot that his work was to reveal God to men. The temptations of his life were invitations to assert himself, to separate himself from his relations to the Father and to be self-sufficient. But because he was true to his high mission he came to his own highest self-expression to the glory of the supreme sacrince, and to the glory of its supreme and eternal success.

It is hard for us to learn the lesson. The world about us is full of temptations which urge us to free ourselves from any subjection to God, and invite us to be our masters. We have gone far toward complete victory over these temptations when we have given ourselves to Jesus Christ and have been adopted into God's family. Thenceforth we accept the truth that we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again.

But even after conversion it is not easy to give ourselves wholly to the work of showing forth Christ to the world. We have need to learn, by every possible teaching and by every possible experience, that as Christ's fullest glory lay in his being a complete expression—"the Word"—of God so our highest blessedness is in being Christlike. Only thus can we do our whole duty to ourselves. Only thus can we secure any recognition of our claims to God's favor. It is one of the innumerable proofs that Jesus sounded the depths of a profound truth when he said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

There is no permanence, no prominence, no power worth havig that, is not related to Jesus Christ. We can afford to throw away all other distinctions for the sake of being true disciples of Jesus Christ. It is glory enough, and without it no other glory is worth anything.

THE PRESENCE.

BY A. IRVINE INNES.

Thy face I cannot see,
Thy voice I do not hear,
No form appears to me;
Yet Thou art near.

I feel Thee all around
In love enfolding me;
O mystery profound,
I live in Thee!

And from Thy face there shines
A light upon my way;
While thought of Thee divines
What Thou dost say.

Thy words are silences
That tell of perfect peace;
With heavenly calm they bless,
And troubles cease.

As in Thy love I lie,
Yet closer would I be;
Thy will be mine, that I
Be one with Thee.

—Christian Register.

Booze and Business.

We have decided that "booze and business" is a bad mixture and will try just plain business for a short spell. If this doesn't work well we may decide to cut out business and try booze.

This decision was reached after a very forcible argument with our devoted spouse, who warned us in no uncertain language that we would be using some of that hair restorer on our topmost point unless we wiped it off our list altogether. As it would be a sin to waste the precious fluid in this manner we have cut it out. Boys, be warned and don't tempt us, for we will be compelled to murder in cold blood the first one who flashes a bottle of tincture of conflirtun in our presence.—Coveta (I. T.) Courier.