

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. J. H. JOWETT M. A.

Theme: Every Man's Perfection in Christ.

London, England.—The following brilliant discourse was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A. Its title is "Every Man's Perfection in Christ." His text was: "Christ, whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. 1:28.

This is an amazing and inspiring ideal, and all the more wonderful that it springs from the lips of an old man.

If it had come from a company of young crusaders it would have been perfectly natural as the war-cry of young fellows just buckling on their armor and setting out to their earliest conquest.

The veteran toiler is often a disillusioned man, for the early vision has proved a dissolving view, the strenuous purpose has become less tense, the gay apocalypse which tinged the horizon at dawn has faded out of the sky, and the earnestness which aimed at achievement has far ahead has cooled down to more immediate and accessible ends.

But here is an old man of quite another order. He has spent the strength of his days in cutting fine roads through rugged and trackless wastes, and everywhere has encountered persistent resentment, and has often been treated as the offscouring of the earth. His little churches are infested with puerilities, and even men for whom he has travelled are turning out to be enemies of the Cross of Christ.

Yet here at the end of the day, in the imperious grip of Rome, is the old man, with the same undaunted purpose, yearning to present every man perfect in Christ. Here is an old age worth coveting, an eventide that is light!

"Every man" * * * every man * * * every man." It is a threefold blow in the face of a very popular heresy. The very reiteration of the inclusive term reveals to us one of the foes the apostle had to face.

There was the colossal heresy, which sought to make spiritual privileges the prerogative of a highly-favored aristocracy. There was also the Jewish heresy, fenced about by the same limitations.

Here again the privileges of grace were the perquisites of a class, and not the birthright of all men.

Side by side with that heresy place the words of our text: "Christ, whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

There is the breadth of the glorious ideal in the redemption of men. Mark also the height of it—"perfect." Surely in the first place the term suggests the removal of every man's defects and faults. But perfection is more. That is a negative ministry and merely preparatory to a positive ministry.

Perfection is more than the removal of excrescences. When your convert is washed he has still to be perfected. The perfection of every man means the perfection of all the powers in a man's life that are common in the life of the race.

It means the awakening of a man's primary fundamental senses; the great mystical senses of sight and hearing, concerning which there are many exhortations in the Word of God.

"I heard a voice from Heaven; in the great that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord; "O taste and see that the Lord is good"—what wonderful senses are exercised there!

Perfection means not only the evolving of the common endowment of men, but the manifestation of every man's own peculiar significance and individual color, which is the lamp of the great Creator's hand.

"Every man perfect"—the fascinating wonder of it!

How is this to be attained? By what means are men to be perfected? I cannot tell you how happy I am that my function is to proclaim a Gospel and not to fashion one. My function is that of a herald, to raise the trumpet to my lips and blow no uncertain sound. My task is made clear by the apostle who is so detailed in the exposition of this truth.

He tells me the threefold ministry by means of which this result, perfecting of men, is to be gained: (1) by preaching Christ; (2) by educating the conscience; (3) by the energies of sacrificial toil. How are we to awaken the sleeper?

By preaching Christ. Every man's perfection is attained through the exaltation of every man's Christ. If we set about getting the perfection of men without Christ, we might as well try to make a garden without the sun. There is no other who can reach the sleeper and open his eyes to see a new world.

The ways of service and the ways of modern life are littered with the tear-stained confessions of men who have tried to secure the perfection of their fellows without Christ. Leave out Christ and what is left for us? Culture and noble ideals will not do. Sonorous words and Emersonian maxims will not strike the dead. You may as well wring your lighted fairy-lamps across your garden, and expect the seeds in the earth to germinate, as expect to awake dead souls by reiterating Emersonian maxims and high ideals.

We cannot do without the Nazarene. It is not enough to do Christian work merely, but in the doing of it we have to present Christ and allow Him to work in us. If I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me. That is where the magnetism centres—not in my work which resembles the Lord's, but in the Lord Himself. By our labor we can warm the surface, but we cannot warm through or kindle the flame that shall transfigure the heart. It is beautiful to be used in the service of our fellows; but we are playing with a mighty problem if we think this is sufficient. Men are in need of high ideals, but they are in greater need of the Saviour. Apart from Him, everything else acts like an opiate, and benumbs the sleeper into deeper slumber. If the sleeper is to be aroused, we have got to preach Christ.

The second human ministry to be used in the perfecting of men is the education of the conscience, "warning every man and teaching every

man in all wisdom." This warning and teaching follow the awakening. We need the Christ to awaken the sleeper, and then we have so to educate him when he is awake that he will have an ever-increasing sense of duty and a more exquisite feeling regarding what is right and wrong.

According to my interpretation of the teaching of Jesus Christ, the progress of Christian living is always in the direction of a keener discernment of the trifle. We grow bigger men in Christ when things that have never been heeded by us come into view.

When our religion comes down to our trifles, when all the little things are just like illumined lamps along the way—when not only the great crises but the tiny commonplaces are beautified—then we become big. It is in the direction of the discernment of the simple, the inclusion of the trifle, that Christian growth proceeds. So when a man is awake we have got to educate his conscience and his moral and spiritual perceptions until he can hear the faintest call of duty even along a commonplace road.

The third human means whereby men will be perfected is the ministry of sacrificial toil. "Whereunto I labor, striving according to my working, which worketh in me mightily." There is no English word which brings out the meaning of "labor" as used here. In John 4, where Jesus meets the woman of Samaria, He "being wearied with His journey, sat on the well. This is the word translated here, as if the apostle said, "I labor and share the weariness of Jesus." It is laboring to the point of fatigue, to the loss of blood. Men will be perfected through some laboring till they are spent. It is taking thought and giving it to the thoughtless, taking your strength and giving it to the strengthless. It is the morally and spiritually healthy taking their blood to the morally and spiritually anemic. It includes the provision of decent houses, the apportionment of a fair day's labor, the removal of every fence and barrier along legitimate roads, the smashing of every padlock which holds the soul in unholy bondage.

But to give a man a better house and render him like service in other things is no more giving him Christ than a free library is Mr. Carnegie. It may be Christian work, but it is not Christ. It is chivalrous work, but it is no substitute for Him. I would not class such services among things which would keep them within the palace, but would not allow them to have the throne. When you have given a man a better home and have placed a garden round his house, you have only prepared the way of the Lord—the King has yet to come.

You have got to preach Jesus to the awake the dead, to educate the man's conscience when he is awake, to devote your energies in sacrificial toil to the removal of all hindrances to a man's moral and spiritual progress.

Let us not forget to see to ourselves. Even the reformer needs the Saviour; and the crusader needs the Christ. Even the best worker in this mission will falter and fall unless he be sustained. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The promise applies now. It is as if the Lord said to us: "Look after thy fidelity and I will look after thy vitality." It is not when the warfare is over that I shall want my crown; the Lord waits to crown me now.

Then preach Jesus, educate and refine the conscience, give your blood. "Every man perfect"—make that your aim. Confront everybody with that purpose in your mind, and see in everybody the possibility of perfection in Christ. Live for this; grow old for this; die for this.

Soldiers of Christ, arise. And put your armor on; Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His eternal Son.

Caught.

A member of the Pittsburg Conference tells an interesting little story on one of his own boys. The incident happened when the lad was quite young, but after he had learned to pray. He had some trouble one day with his older brother. They came to their father with the matter as he sat at work in his study. The merits of the case were examined into by the father, and when he was through it was clear that the younger boy was entirely in the fault.

The younger also keenly realized that fact. After giving the boy a kindly admonition, the father turned again to his book. Presently he heard the little fellow over in the corner of the room praying. Among the petitions which reached the father's ear was this one: "O Good Man, do help me, for I'm caught."

It's the old story of the "child being father to the man." There is a supposition current that there are some praying folks in the world who really don't work much at the business except when they get about where the preacher's boy was. His case had this merit in it, that he frankly confessed his unpleasant position, acknowledged that he was "caught," the full-grown man who pleads for help on the same ground usually shuns a confession of his motive as long as possible.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

A Life That Defeats Itself.

Self-centred life is everywhere the great disturber of human happiness. It defeats itself and keeps its victims forever upon the rack.

It collides with others' interests, and God is in its way. It destroys the peace of the home. It leads husbands to be indifferent or unkind to their wives, and wives to regard their husbands only as the chief of their own conveniences.

It underlies suits for divorce. It leads children to demand that the whole of the family arrangement shall be managed with reference to their personal pleasure.

It breeds social jealousies and neighborhood quarrels; it breaks up church choirs, scrambles for the chief seats in the synagogues, and sets church members to praying, "Lord, grant that we may sit on Thy right hand and on Thy left in Thy Kingdom."

It leads Diotrephes to love the pre-eminence. It is to the credit of the religion of Christ that selfishness cannot live in peace with it.—Rev. D. W. Huntington, D. D.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

NO RUSH FOR WOMEN'S CABS.

When the news spread that women had taken to cab driving in Paris other women said it was an excellent idea, as such cabbies would be kind to horses and polite and honest to their "fares." But the Parisiennes find the prospect strong that they won't have many chances to be driven by their sisters of the high seat. Many candidates for positions have failed to pass the examination required by the authorities, and those who have obtained licenses complain that business is slow and there seems to be a prejudice against them. Evidently the men of Paris are a trifle in doubt about the skill of the woman whip.—New York Press.

WHEN PET NAMES JAR.

"About the surest way to make a man uncomfortable," said a matron, "is to have his wife call him endearing names in public. That treatment is invariably dangerous. It first embarrasses, then it irritates and finally it exasperates."

"I suppose it is the sense of proprietorship implied that's at the bottom of the trouble. The claim is too open a one to please most men; and then the average husband hasn't outgrown that Anglo-Saxon belief in the advisability of not wearing emotions on one's sleeve. I never hear a woman address her husband before others as 'dear' and 'darling' without thinking there is a cheapening of sentiment in the practice. Sometimes I go so far as to suspect a woman of insincerity of wishing to make a show of what doesn't exist—and frequently a glance at the man's face confirms my impression."—New York Press.

HOW QUEENS DRESS.

"The Russian Empress cares little for dress, though her coronation robe of cloth of silver and pearls was a marvellous thing," says Worth, of Paris, in his great series in Harper's Weekly. "And she looked like some goddess of the North in a novel ball dress I designed for her recently. It was a 'simple' gown of white velvet with a long train and superb veil. This last was kept in its place by a jeweled white dove, lightly perched on the Tsaritsa's hair, which was arranged over a cushion."

"Carmen Sylva, the white-haired Queen of Roumania, affects the charming flowing draperies of her country, with a long lace veil held in position with jeweled pins. The favorite color of Queen Elena of Italy is a soft blue-gray. Wilhelmina of Holland feels most at home in a tailor-made gown, and the Dowager Queen of Spain has brilliant taste in patterned brocades and silks."

BERLIN'S LADY CHAUFFEUR.

Gallantry does not seem to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Berlin "taxicab" chauffeur, who is up in arms against the invasion of his profession by Frau von Papp, the Hungarian noblewoman, who recently got a license to drive a public motor cab.

The Chauffeurs' Association has protested to the police authorities that the "chauffeuse" violates the public cab regulations by having somebody alongside her on the box—a young man. The police have informed the chauffeurs that this special permission was given Frau von Papp in order to afford her the needed protection from the young hooligans who are in the habit of pestering her by taunts, epithets, etc., on those rare occasions when she is on the "rank" waiting for a fare.

As soon as the hooligans become accustomed to the novelty of a woman cabdriver her bodyguard will be removed.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

COLORS AND SEAMSTRESSES.

The seamstress, passing her needle through and through the fabric on her lap, said: "I love to sew white. I love to sew green, too. Pinks are easy. So are most of the other, pale tints. But black! But red! But shepherd's plaid!"

She threw back her head in horror. "Bright red, when you sew it, injures your vision, it angers you, it makes you nervous. Black strains the eyes out of your head, the stitches in it are so hard to see. Black is a depressing color, too. But worst of all is that combination of black and white called shepherd's plaid. Work on shepherd's plaid an hour or two and the black and white squares will dance under your eyes like living things. Polka dots dance, too," she ended. "They polka; hence the name."—New York Press.

THOSE SMOKING WOMEN.

Women are a plenty here who retain their prejudices against smoking, as far as themselves are concerned. It may be many a year before the practice becomes general among the belles of New York, if, indeed, it ever does. But the women who smoke, while still vastly in a minority, have reached a number that commands the attention of thoughtful hostesses. In every large house party there is pretty certain to be at least one woman who smokes, and who would feel slighted if provision were not made for her. So every woman who entertains widely is careful to have dainty smoking sets in the rooms of her women guests. It has come to be recognized so universally as a necessity that women who don't

smoke are no longer offended to find in their rooms, when visiting, all the essentials for homage to the Lady Nicotina.—New York Correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

MILLINERY GOSSIP.

It is interesting to note that Paris is beginning to take up smaller hats. This type has been introduced in the French capital by some of the leaders of fashion, who have appeared at the fashionable restaurants wearing hats of a decidedly small size. It is said that the small hat will be the leading shape this spring in Paris. One of the types spoken of specially is the hat on the Henry II. order. This is the type with very large, rather high crown and small brim.

In millinery, as in everything else, Paris is very strong on the khaki shades, which color promises to be a very important factor not only this season, but for spring. However, a still later shade has been brought out. This is red in the ruby tone. It is some time since there has been a red vogue, and it is possible that these ruby shades may be introduced quite strongly for the early spring season. It is doubtful, however, if they will hold favor for a protracted period.

The satin hat continues to hold its own, and will unquestionably be a big feature throughout the season. Velvet hats are seen to quite an extent.

A hat which has come to the front quite strongly is the type showing under brim of a light shade, while the crown and upper brim are in a dark color.

Very frequently this upper portion is either of velvet or felt, preferably the former, while the facing is of satin. The all-satin hat, however, is also quite prominent in this style, especially in black and white combination.—McCall's Magazine.

WHAT WOMEN WANT IN MEN.

It is so recently that women have been allowed to think, or expected to think, that it is not strange that they have not expressed themselves upon the question of what they want in men. They have been brought up on the philosophy, "Be good and you'll be married," and it has not been a question of what they like in men, but what men like in them that counted or was important.

There are many women, otherwise fairly sensible, who openly say they could not love a man who did not rule them. To say that every man, by virtue of his sex, is meant to be the master of some woman is utter folly. The need for a master is not a question of sex, but a question of the lack of moral or mental stamina in the individual.

What do women want in men? There are women who prefer a man with the ability to earn a fortune rather than one who has inherited it. Being a good provider will sometimes cover a multitude of petty faults in the eyes of women obliged to account for every penny spent.

Nor is generosity with money the only generosity. Women want from men what every normal human being craves—commendation and approval.

Woman, normal and healthy, does not want, or need, a master. Outside of truthfulness, honor and courage in him, what she prizes above all things from him are kindness, generosity and sympathy.—Belle Squire, in the Delineator.

BILL NYE AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

Years ago the late Bill Nye wrote a cordial and complimentary letter to Queen Victoria, urging her to come to America and take part in certain authors' readings in aid of the international copyright movement. The letter was written primarily for publication, of course, and in all likelihood never reached the august eye for which it professed to be intended. It filled a newspaper column, however, and served its purpose as an excellent bit of fooling. The writer assured Her Majesty of a hearty welcome from her fellow-authors in the United States, all of whom, he said, had been greatly impressed, not only by the merit of her literary work, but by the fact that she produced it all at night—"after reigning all day on a hard throne."

Throughout the many years that she continued to "reign on a hard throne" she was an indefatigable worker herself, and the inspirer of industry in others. And the life strenuous seems to be the rule, indeed, rather than the exception among the world's rulers. Whenever we read biographies or obituaries of crowned heads, we get the impression that they lie so uneasy as to welcome the first cock crow as a signal for rising, and never seek the pillow again, at night, till not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse. Mr. Cleveland, we recollect, used to sit up till all hours, vetoing private pension bills, and Mr. Roosevelt, it is well known, never shuts his eyes in sleep from one year's end to another, but this strenuousness, so far from being a mark of the democratic executive, is really an attribute of royalty. Queen Victoria, too, was not only a hard working, conscientious ruler, but a frequent and painstaking mother, whose progeny strow the courts of Europe like Vallombrosa leaves.—"Idle Notes," in Putnam's.

When a country woman moves into a large city it is awfully hard for her not to be welcomed by the woman of the house next door.

CLOAK MODEL STEPS INTO VENUS' SHOES, BODICE, ETC., AND FINDS A PERFECT FIT.



Miss Katherine M. Berger, the Cloak Model, Who Has Been Declared to Be a Perfect Specimen of Physical Womanhood.

Skirt Guard.

One of the nuisances in connection with propelling a baby carriage or go-cart, as every mother knows, is the impossibility of preventing the skirts coming in contact with the dirty wheels; consequently, in time ruining it. How easily this can be



avoided is shown by a Michigan man who has invented a skirt guard for the purpose. The guard is very simple in construction, in the form of a pair of wheel fenders in the form of a quarter-circle. These fenders are supported on brackets which extend from the body of the baby carriage and from the axle. They are positioned just back of the rear wheels. Instead of the skirt brushing against the wheel, it strikes the fender or guard; being thus protected from the dirt which naturally adheres to the tires of the wheel.—Washington Star.

Still Master of His Fate.

When Leary, in the natural ups and downs of a literary career, went into a cheap—very cheap—New York restaurant for dinner, and found Davol in a waiter's apron, he was amazed—Davol, the cleverest fellow in the class!

"You don't mean," stammered Leary, "that you have come down to this?"

"Come down?" repeated Davol. "I don't dine here, Leary, I merely wait."—Youth's Companion.

The Interviewed.

A stranger approached a little girl who was somewhat accustomed to interviews with the usual question, "What's your name, little girl?"

The little girl, without looking up from her sand pie, replied: "My name is Edith, and I'm four. She's my little sister; her name's Mildred and she's two. I don't want to go with you and be your little girl, and I know you can't steal my little sister."—Harper's Weekly.

Russian Parallel to the Druce Case.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch has lately issued in St. Petersburg a little work entitled "The Legend of Alexander I. in Siberia." One finds in it curious parallels to the sensational mystery which Mr. Plowden is endeavoring to unravel. Thus, like the fifth Duke of Portland, the Czar Alexander I. is alleged to have led a double life and also to have arranged a bogus funeral of himself. The story has long been firmly credited by the middle and lower classes in Russia, and it has even received a measure of countenance from the best of Alexander's biographers, General Schilders. Of this legend the Grand Duke has made a careful study, with the result that he shows conclusively by documentary and other evidence that it is a legend and nothing more.—Daily Graphic.

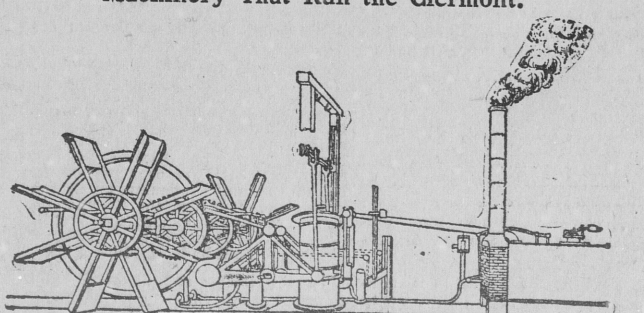
Adjustable Handle.

Woodworkers will be interested in a folding drawing knife recently invented by two Ohio men. The drawing knife, as shown in the illustration, has folding handles, capable of adjustment to a number of different positions. The knife can be folded inwardly to a position entirely out of the way, directly over the cutting edge of the knife blade, so that the knife can be handled in perfect safety when not in use. It occupies but little space when placed in a tool chest, and there is no danger of injuring the cutting edge. The construction

also admits of the handles being set at right angles, and at other angles, giving the workman a wide range of adjustment, and making it possible to set the handles in positions best suited for special kinds of work. The means for locking the several adjustments assures rigidity, it being impossible for the handles to slip.

Of Boston's new Aldermen one is a reporter, one a banker, one a carpenter and another a blacksmith.

Machinery That Ran the Clermont.



It is interesting to contrast this picture of the crude machinery with which Robert Fulton successfully ran the Clermont a hundred years ago with the present-day engines of our transatlantic liners. The picture is from Technical Literature.