



### Her Special Realm

#### Jealousy a Counterfeit.

Jealousy is a terrible thing. It resembles love only in that it is precisely love's contrary. Instead of wishing for the welfare of the object loved, it desires the dependence of that object upon itself and its own triumph. Love is the forgetfulness of self; jealousy is the most passionate form of egotism.—Amiel's Journal.

#### Countess Scores a Triumph.

Lady Stradbroke is not only an excellent amateur actress, but she has lately become a playwright. "The Hat Shop," having made its first appearance, with brilliant success, at Henham hall, the splendid place in Suffolk where Lord and Lady Stradbroke spend the greater part of each year. She will probably follow the example of Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton and the Duchess of Sutherland in making her bow as a dramatist to London playgoers.—New York World.

#### Clothes for Mother.

It costs a bit of money to dress well in these days, and hoarding finery for daughters and cousins and nieces is a sacrifice that does not even receive thanks. Wear your things till they get beyond use, and have as many more as you can afford. Let young people look after themselves, using their superior strength in getting what they need or want. A woman who begins to sacrifice on her personal appearance for sons and daughters drops in their estimation just as sure as the sun rises. The shabby wife and her well-dressed husband are common sights, and always she has the mean position in the grouping.—Indianapolis News.

#### Wages of Women.

The government inspectors report that year before last 553,310 grown women were earning wages in the industries of Prussia—120,353 of them in the textile industries, 77,413 in making linen and underclothing, 54,800 in chemical cleaning, 35,698 in cigar-making, 26,448 in metal-working, 24,418 in the manufacture of machine tools, instruments, and apparatus. "After the industries mentioned," says the report, "the greatest increase in the employment of female labor is found in mining and the polygraphic industry." Most of these wage-earning women work ten hours a day, but in some of the textile mills, in the sugar and jam factories and in the bricklaying concerns the rule is eleven hours.—Hartford Courant.

#### Honor for Miss Mary Cassatt.

Mr. Joseph Durand-Ruel has announced that he had been requested to procure a collection of paintings by Miss Mary Cassatt, of Philadelphia, a sister of the late A. J. Cassatt, for the next Salon d'Automne. Coupled with the request was the information that this Salon would devote an entire room to the work of three well known women painters of the nineteenth century, the late Eva Gonzales and Berthe Morisot and Miss Cassatt. Miss Cassatt, of course, is actively at work and is not to be classed exactly as "of the nineteenth century." This, however, does not in any degree detract from the honor accorded her, in fact, rather adds to it.

"It is interesting to note," said Mr. Durand-Ruel in speaking of the matter, "that as Eva Gonzales and Berthe Morisot are dead, the Salon d'Automne's request implies that it considers Miss Cassatt, who is an American, the greatest woman artist of the present day. The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., has, by the way, just purchased for its permanent collection Miss Cassatt's "Mother and Child."

#### Why the Gowns Wouldn't Do.

Not long ago a woman whose husband had suffered severe financial losses decided to sell a number of very costly new gowns. An acquaintance whose manifold interests bring her into contact with all sorts and conditions of woman was asked if she could not suggest a possible customer. The acquaintance mentioned the names of several women who could afford to buy the wardrobe intact.

"All those names sound English," said the owner of the gowns. "Are the ladies English?"

"They are," said the acquaintance, "but what difference does that make to you?"

"None whatever to me personally," said the woman. "I have no prejudice against English women, but I am well enough acquainted with their figures to know that these gowns would never fit them. They are made to fit the French type. It is next to impossible to find an English woman who can wear a French woman's clothes without excessive alterations, so the best thing for you to do is to look around until you find a French or American customer."—New York Press.

#### Suffragists Not Unanimous.

That there is unanimity of feeling in England among suffragists, no one can contend, notes the New York Evening Post. The party, if such it may be called, when it has no political standing, has split into two camps. The conservative view is thus forcibly expressed by one of the ablest workers in the Women's National Liberal Association in a private letter:

"The enfranchisement of women has had a strong setback owing to the violent policy of breaking up public meetings and frustrating free speech. Many M. P.'s have been alienated and the rough men in the street, the rank and

file voter, deeply disapproves such tactics. If a referendum were taken on the subject today there would be a heavy majority against it. I think the setback is temporary and the tide will in the end be turned by the wiser, more persuasive policy which has done so much to educate the public mind during the last twenty years. Some ardent, impatient minds deny this progress, but there are fifty strong facts to prove it. All this time thousands of women have been equipping themselves for public service and proving their fitness in many ways and many avenues of work, and this we must continue to do faithfully. It is the only way."

#### Divinity of Discontent.

It was the late afternoon hour, when a group of kindred natures folk, chancing to be together, are wont to fall into reflection, especially when they have been hearing a seasonable lecture on social philosophies.

"I liked what the man said about self-valuation," began one woman, quoting from memory, "Never mark down the value you have set upon yourself." In these days of mark-downs and bargains we need such thrusts," she added, a little bitterly for so young a woman.

"Putting the highest value upon ourselves doesn't necessarily mean that we consider ourselves worth the price," remarked the oldest woman of the group. "It means, I suppose, that we intend, somehow, to make that price represent our actual value to the world. It is a form of self-love, perhaps, but it is a pardonable form."

A third woman—who was not prone to express herself freely—said, quite unexpectedly: "One who is not a lover of herself, or himself, according to the highest value, is incapable and nothing worth for any real service to others I am sure."

There was a moment's pause. Even well acquainted women, and in the dusk of the afternoon, do not open their hearts easily. But presently the first speaker said, in a softer tone: "There is, no doubt, a discontent which is only sour and bitter and destructive, the less we have of that kind the better. But there is a discontent which has rightly been called divine, and that, I believe, is the very salt of life, without it life has no savor."

The rapture of pursuing, is the prize the vanquished gain, quoted the third woman, who sat furthest back in the dusk.

"I grant the divinity of discontent," said the older woman, briskly, because something in the quotation touched her. "Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a useful, neat background. But what a difference there is between discontent and the other-kind people almost to desperation, worry is responsible for more gray hairs and wrinkles than age; worry has drawn more lines on women's faces than years have ever thought of doing. If you study the matter, you can read in faces the different lines which worry draws from those which discontent, divine discontent traces. Shall I tell you what I think about the disposition to worry? It reminds me of what it would be if a company of congenial souls should sit down to a banquet and fall to weeping because at this time next year they may have to go to bed hungry."

Just then the maid appeared with the tea tray. "The same thing is true of tea as of banquets" continued the last speaker. "I am prepared to enjoy this—and be thankful."—New York Tribune.

#### Fashion Notes.

Pink is much worn in all the delicate shades for evening.

The new flet tulle makes up a dainty dance frock for a debutante.

Several shades of tan and brown upon the hat vary the monotone of a suit of brown cloth.

Bright colored cloth coats with white and light frocks are the ones finding greatest favor.

Hoods of exquisite lace, and facing frills of tulle lace, are details recently introduced upon wraps.

Kimono sleeves of the embroidery, hemmed with the material, may top full sleeves of the goods or those of lingerie.

Have you noticed there is no glitter about the gold thread with which the season's laces are embroidered or darned?

Lace kimono sleeves will be hemmed with the silk, and full sleeves taken into crushed silk cuffs, ending in a butterfly bow.

In travelling coats those of unlined gray cloths in three-quarter length and with half-fitted or loose backs are the most popular.

Batiste, lace trimmed, and India linen combined with fine embroidery, come under the head of suitable goods for the thin frocks.

The big Japanese sash is becoming to the girl who can stand the shortening of the waist which the tying of the broad ribbon above the waist line gives.

A good design for the heavier cottons is a box-pleated skirt, the pleats not too close together and beautifully stitched over the hips hemmed and tucked on the bottom.

All the new coats are of mannish shape and finish. Collars are of velvet or of the cloth. Sleeves are of the old coat shape and all full length, of course, as befits their office.

## THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. ROBERT ROGERS.

### Theme: Overcoming Evil.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Church of the Good Shepherd, the Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers, preached Sunday morning on "Overcoming Evil." The text was from Romans 12:21: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Dr. Rogers said:

This is the closing verse of a rather remarkable chapter. The words immediately preceding my text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; "Bless them which persecute you, bless and curse not," do not sound like the words of a Jew who was trained under the maxims, love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. They have much more the sound of the voice of Jesus, who said, "Love your enemies." It is very impressive to think how deeply Jesus was able to fasten His peculiar teaching upon a man like Paul, who had been trained in the religious philosophy of the old schools.

Paul has lost his old prejudices; he has separated himself from the narrow tenets of Judaism; he has imbibed the spirit of Christ; he has been born again into a new world of moral philosophy, and he has been regarded as the best interpreter of the Gospel of Christ among the writers of the New Testament. He said the Epistle to the Romans is a complete epitome of the Gospel. In our text Paul has something to say about evil and something to say about good.

He does not deny the existence of evil, as some moderns are doing; he does not pass it over as merely "good in the making." He says, "Abhor that which is evil; hate it, fight it, overcome it. But while he thus proclaims the reality of evil and the important influence it has in human experience, yet he looks upon it as something to be conquered, to be eliminated from life. He looks upon it as only a temporary condition of things. It is not a necessary complement of character. He says, "Be not overcome of evil;" therefore, a man of 500 cases there are not one failure to be recorded. Now, I have often said it to one another during those four days. But Martha had not fallen at Jesus' feet when she said it. That wouldn't have been at all like Martha. She was a practical, unfeeling woman. Jesus had given her a good deal. He gave words of wondrous promise and hope; but He gave Mary more—He gave her His deepest sympathy and His tears (vs. 33-35). "Jesus wept," I am glad He did; and I am glad John noticed it, and that, when long years had passed and John was writing down what he recalled of the words and acts of Jesus, the Holy Spirit whispered, "Put that down, too, John; 'Jesus wept.'" We need a priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and, thank God! we have such an one (Heb. 4:15, 16). Mary's sorrow was not to be of long duration; a few minutes now and sorrow would give way to ecstasy; her sorrow, moreover, was founded upon a mistake. Nevertheless it was real, and Jesus entered into it and made it His own. True love doesn't ask how much foundation there is in the sorrow of others. In all our afflictions, Jesus is afflicted (Isa. 63:9). However, I cannot but think that in Jesus' "groans" (vs. 33, 38) there was something more than sympathy. The word translated "groaned" means "was very angry." At what was Jesus angry? At death, that great masterpiece of the devil (Heb. 2:14), which had through the century had desolated so many homes and had now dared enter the home of those He loved (v. 5). But Jesus Himself will shortly have an awful fight with this monster and conquer him. The joy interpreted Jesus' tears partly aright. "Behold how He loved him," they said. But it was not only "him," He loved and therefore wept. There are many to-day who regard tears as a sign of weakness. The perfect man wept.

"Take ye away the stone," 27-41. What a wonderful interplay of the natural and the supernatural, man's work and God's work, there is in the great works of Christ! Jesus is about to perform one of His most stupendous miracles: call back to life a man who has been four days dead; but what man can do, man must do. He alone can and He will raise the dead, but man can and man first must take away the stone. There is many a man dead in trespasses and sins to-day whom Jesus wishes to get at and raise; but He is calling to us, "Take away the stone," and we don't obey; so the man is not raised. What is the stone that lies against the door of the cave wherein your dead friend lies? Take it away. How little Jesus was understood. They fancy He just wanted to get in and see His dead friend. Even Martha, to whom He has just declared, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," forgets and protests against the moving of the stone. "He hath been dead four days"—as if it made any difference to the omnipotent "Son of God," "a plain, calm, unvarnished statement of a wonderful fact. The story bears the marks of its genuineness in every line. Who is He that by a word thus raises the dead? Only those who won't see can question. Truly this is the Christ, the Son of God.

The purpose of God toward man is redemption. This is the lesson of Jesus' presence among us; the Son of God came seek and to save, and certainly one of the great messages of His life is to teach the truth of overcoming evil with good. Let us have no fear of evil. Many men remain in bondage to their sins and bad habits by being in constant fear of them, afraid of their attention to the foes outside and giving little or no attention to the divine power within them. To such I would say, stop thinking of your faults and evils for a while and begin an earnest seeking after God, to know His goodness, His will, search the New Testament and know who Christ was. Learn His message; do the things which He asks, and you will find power for goodness taking hold of you and evil will have gone.

The Value of Confession. "Next to not sinning," says some one, "is confessing sin." A very learned man has said: "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick says: "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories." Such a prompt acknowledgment of his fault recalls Bacon's confession in more trying circumstances. "I have plainly and ingenuously confessed that I am guilty of corruption, and I renounce all defense. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Threads of Gold. Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathies, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Canon Farrar.

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and he is cured of his debauching sin, whatever it may be.

A very marvelous and astounding thought in connection with this method of influencing men through this sub-conscious self is that some of the most learned students say that it is impossible to influence men to do wrong or immoral things while in this state. They may be made to do foolish or humorous things, but rebellion is encountered if a wrong or evil thing is suggested. It is this which leads me to call this state of sub-consciousness a man's moral nature. What a wonderful revelation this is, to know how we are guided and guarded against evil, if we will listen to and obey the advice which God has put within us.

It is important for us to note well why this very subtle method of inducing a hypnotic state is necessary before men can be cured. Why cannot the moral nature of persons afflicted be appealed to in the ordinary way of teaching and advice? The reason seems to be that in moral delinquents, this substratum of moral nature is so buried in bad habits, is so separate from the ordinary thought and acts of life, that it is practically lost, and the only hypnotic means is necessary in order to drive from the field the ordinary consciousness which is associated with evil. It is very important to see that a person may be so taken up with the moral affairs of life that the moral foundations are based so deep as to be practically non-existent. This is a sad state for a man to arrive at.

Now, as you think of this new method it is simple to understand—at least in a general way. It is forcibly building up moral foundations in a man—God's sovereignty, fatherhood, goodness; awakening in man the consciousness of the nobility of his own nature; that his purpose in life is to love God, love his neighbor, and respect himself. When this is accomplished in a man's soul he has a new vision of the power and glory of human nature under God. He sees the hideous face of sin and its blighting consequences on life; he understands the power of good overcoming evil. Thus it is that in a religious and moral life the evils and immoralities of life which crush men are overcome by implanting goodness, which drives out the demons of evil from the soul. These men in Boston say that in a year's treatment of 500 cases there are not one failure to be recorded. Now, I have often said it to one another during those four days. But Martha had not fallen at Jesus' feet when she said it. That wouldn't have been at all like Martha. She was a practical, unfeeling woman. Jesus had given her a good deal. He gave words of wondrous promise and hope; but He gave Mary more—He gave her His deepest sympathy and His tears (vs. 33-35). "Jesus wept," I am glad He did; and I am glad John noticed it, and that, when long years had passed and John was writing down what he recalled of the words and acts of Jesus, the Holy Spirit whispered, "Put that down, too, John; 'Jesus wept.'" We need a priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and, thank God! we have such an one (Heb. 4:15, 16). Mary's sorrow was not to be of long duration; a few minutes now and sorrow would give way to ecstasy; her sorrow, moreover, was founded upon a mistake. Nevertheless it was real, and Jesus entered into it and made it His own. True love doesn't ask how much foundation there is in the sorrow of others. In all our afflictions, Jesus is afflicted (Isa. 63:9). However, I cannot but think that in Jesus' "groans" (vs. 33, 38) there was something more than sympathy. The word translated "groaned" means "was very angry." At what was Jesus angry? At death, that great masterpiece of the devil (Heb. 2:14), which had through the century had desolated so many homes and had now dared enter the home of those He loved (v. 5). But Jesus Himself will shortly have an awful fight with this monster and conquer him. The joy interpreted Jesus' tears partly aright. "Behold how He loved him," they said. But it was not only "him," He loved and therefore wept. There are many to-day who regard tears as a sign of weakness. The perfect man wept.

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## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 12.

Subject: The Raising of Lazarus. John 11:1-57—Golden Text, John 11:25—Commit Verses 43, 44—Commentary on the Lesson.

TIME.—January, 30 A. D. PLACE.—Bethany.

EXPOSITION.—I, Jesus Wept, 32-36. Martha, having received from Jesus the consolation she sought, waited no longer, but hurried to Mary with the glad message. "The Master who is here and calleth thee." Without a word Mary rises quickly and hurries to Jesus and falls down at His feet. Mary had been at Jesus' feet before (Luke 10:39). Then she was at His feet for instruction, now she was there for comfort and help. "I is those who, in times of prosperity, know how to sit at His feet to learn, who, in times of sorrow, know how to find comfort and deliverance in the same place. There is no better place to go in sorrow. The day will shortly come when He will be at His feet again in worship. Mary's cry at Jesus' feet is a deeply significant one: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." There seems to be almost reproach in it. But she still calls Him "Lord." It is wonderful to see how, in times of adversity, a man's great perplexity over the death of her brother, just as we oftentimes are when our loved ones are taken away. It was an impenetrable mystery to this gentle-hearted woman. Why had not Jesus come and saved? He knew that He might do something vastly better than they sought. "Thou sought a brother saved from death; He would give them a brother triumphant over death. It was because He 'loved' them that He had not come until Lazarus was dead (vs. 4-6). It was also that God might glorify (v. 4), and that the faith of the disciples might be strengthened. Christ often has many loving reasons for His dealings with us when we can see none at all. Martha had uttered the same words at her meeting with Jesus (v. 21). Evidently they had often said it to one another during those four days. But Martha had not fallen at Jesus' feet when she said it. That wouldn't have been at all like Martha. She was a practical, unfeeling woman. Jesus had given her a good deal. He gave words of wondrous promise and hope; but He gave Mary more—He gave her His deepest sympathy and His tears (vs. 33-35). "Jesus wept," I am glad He did; and I am glad John noticed it, and that, when long years had passed and John was writing down what he recalled of the words and acts of Jesus, the Holy Spirit whispered, "Put that down, too, John; 'Jesus wept.'" We need a priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and, thank God! we have such an one (Heb. 4:15, 16). Mary's sorrow was not to be of long duration; a few minutes now and sorrow would give way to ecstasy; her sorrow, moreover, was founded upon a mistake. Nevertheless it was real, and Jesus entered into it and made it His own. True love doesn't ask how much foundation there is in the sorrow of others. In all our afflictions, Jesus is afflicted (Isa. 63:9). However, I cannot but think that in Jesus' "groans" (vs. 33, 38) there was something more than sympathy. The word translated "groaned" means "was very angry." At what was Jesus angry? At death, that great masterpiece of the devil (Heb. 2:14), which had through the century had desolated so many homes and had now dared enter the home of those He loved (v. 5). But Jesus Himself will shortly have an awful fight with this monster and conquer him. The joy interpreted Jesus' tears partly aright. "Behold how He loved him," they said. But it was not only "him," He loved and therefore wept. There are many to-day who regard tears as a sign of weakness. The perfect man wept.

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## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL TWELFTH.

Temperance Meeting; Lessons from the Life of John B. Gough. 2 Sam. 22: 17-27.

Living to the flesh. Gen. 25: 30-34. Drunkenness forbidden. Luke 21: 34-36. Shunning temptation. Prov. 6: 23-27.

Drink debases. Isa. 28: 7-10. Leads to poverty. Prov. 21: 16-18. Excludes from heaven. 1 Cor. 6: 9-11.

The temptations of the drunkard follow fast one upon another, like recurring waves.

Alcohol is an enemy too strong for any man; only God can conquer it for him.

God has large places ready for all that will allow Him to lift them out of small ones.

Our fortune takes its tone from our character; to the drunkard all the universe seems drunk.

Gough's Life.

John B. Gough, perhaps the most eloquent and able temperance advocate that ever lived, was born at Sandgate, England, August 22, 1817.

His parents were poor, and to better the boy's prospects they sent him with a neighbor to America. He spent two years on a farm in New York, with no Sunday school or day school, but joining the Methodist Church during a revival. Seeking advancement, he went to New York City with only half a dollar in his world.

Great poverty and many trials together with the ability to sing well and tell funny stories, let Gough into a life of dissipation. He became a drunkard and an actor. His first appearance in Boston was in the play, "Departed Spirits, or the Temperance Hoax," in which Dr. Lyman Beecher and other temperance leaders were ridiculed.

Mr. Gough married, took up his trade of bookbinding, but fell to the most profound depths of intemperance, knowing all the horrors of delirium tremens. At one time he stood on the railroad track with a bottle of laudanum at his lips, and only the movements of the Holy Spirit kept him from a suicide's end.

The kind words of a stranger, Joel Stratton, a waiter in a temperance hotel, persuaded Mr. Gough to sign the pledge. The drink demon and the stratagems of saloon men caused him to fall twice, but he recovered each time, through the kindness of friends.

He began to speak for temperance in a humble way, but his great ability was soon recognized, and he became a temperance lecturer, speaking to crowded audiences all over the United States and Great Britain. His speaking combined the richest humor, the tenderest pathos, the most powerful eloquence, the most convincing argument.

## EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, APRIL 12.

Interrupted Hosannas—Luke 19. 32-48; Zech. 9. 9-11.

When Jesus Christ came to a city of Palestine, and when he comes to a city of America, the result is the same. There is a sharp cleavage of opinion and conduct concerning him. The children and all those of childlike hearts rejoice; they know that simplicity and goodness and truth and love come with him, and these things are to them the signs of the presence of God. But his coming is always undesired and dreaded by those who have refused simplicity and goodness and truth and love. The Pharisees sneer. They know how to be righteous according to a program, but they have no purpose of righteousness as a thing of the heart. The traders in the temple snarl in impotent rage, because the very qualities for which he stands will ruin their business and destroy their gains.

So Christ comes to every community, are ever interrupted by the criticisms of the self-righteous and the greed of the unjust. No man who is unwilling to confess his helplessness and his need will receive Jesus Christ. No one who chooses gain rather than godliness will welcome him. When a man who is in a bad business does not welcome Christ, sooner or later he must abandon his business anyhow, but in that case he perishes with his profits.

The childlike are not the only ones who welcome the advent of Christ. He comes with a message of freedom to all who are bound. His simple word opens the dark places of doubt; his comfort releases the prisoner of sorrow; his word of pardon frees the bondsman of sin.

## WASHING WOOLLEN.

The woman who has a back yard with a frozen grass plot will find that her knitted wool coat or sweater will come out more shapely from the wash if it is dried on a sheet on the ground than if it is hung on the line. The weight of the wet wool is bound to drag the garment out of shape, and in spite of care the clothespins are sure to leave scallops. Wash the coat or sweater in tepid water in suds made with white soap and borax. Rinse in water of the same temperature, pull into shape—just the shape required—and spread on the sheet on the ground. A woman without a backyard arranges a folding cutting table at a slant before an open window, covers it first with a layer of papers and then with a sheet and spreads her coat on that to dry.—New York Sun.