

The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. F. W. HENDERSON

Subject: The Elements of Success.

Text, II Tim. 4: 7: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."
Paul draws us a picture here of a man who has been fighting with the cessus and who, full of honors and glory, with the laurels of victory on his brow, lays down his instruments of hostility. He pictures a runner who has gone the course, who has run the race and has won, and who has received the palm of victory. He depicts a man who in the affairs of the spiritual life has been true to his Maker and his God and is upon the threshold of entering into the victory of the life eternal.

This assertion of Paul that he has fought a good fight, has finished the course, has kept the faith, is the assurance of a man who was successful in all that to which he laid his hands. Paul was a man who had attained, who had reached his reward, who had gained success. He had put into effect certain plans that he had for the ordering of his own life and the betterment of the men and women with whom he had come in contact. He had executed arrangements for the preaching of the blessed news of Jesus Christ, and he had his eyes fixed not so much on what he had accomplished as on the victory which he had achieved, upon the crown which was awaiting him when he should go into the presence of the Lord his God.

St. Paul was a man who accomplished. He not only put tasks in motion; he fulfilled them. He was a man who achieved much. In a world where so many of us do things in a small way, he did things mightily and inspiringly. He was a man whose achievements were like unto the mighty victories won by Christ.

This success of Paul is the ideal of every man and every woman. This victory and success which crowned his efforts is the desire of every human heart that is normal. There is not one of us but has dreamed of the mighty things which he has longed for and power to accomplish great things for God and man; none of us but who, in our youth, and perhaps in later days, has reached unto greater things than any we have yet accomplished. This is the power of Paul to execute and effect.

This ability to affect the whole history of the lives of the men with whom he comes in contact is the desire and the ideal of every human soul. But our great question is, how do we achieve? how shall we accomplish that to which we lay our hands? how shall we execute the task which under God is given us to do? How shall we attain, how shall we achieve, each in our peculiar sphere, according to our own ability, and we may do so in either small or great for the weal of men and for the glorious peopling of the kingdom of Jesus Christ?

It seems to me that there are four elements that enter into success, four things that we must have if we shall be able to do a work for God that shall count, a work that shall amount to something for the weal of men, for the betterment of lives about us, for the satisfaction of our own ideals.

A man cannot do very much unless first of all he has some self-appreciation. That is not to say he should have egotism; that is not to say that he disdains others, not that he weighs himself in the scales to the disparagement of others; but he should be able to say that he has placed himself objectively over against his own personality and has sized himself up so that he has a first-class and first hand idea of his own ability. It is a good thing to have an appreciation of our own abilities, to have a comprehension of our own limitations; but, while it is a good thing to know our own limitations, I am a profound believer that we know too many times the extent of our limitations and not of our abilities. We seem to think that what other men have done we cannot do; that what men of equal brains and ability have done we cannot do; we are afraid to lay our hands to the work of God because we fear perchance we cannot do that to which we have laid our hands. To many a man the appreciation of his own divine power is in the terms of limitation rather than in the terms of reality. How many men we meet will tell us what they cannot do, who would do this or so if they were able; who are so taken up with the consideration of those things which God hath not given them the ability to do that they forget the potentialities divine and eternal which God hath placed within their own grasps and personalities. St. Paul was a man who had measured his abilities and knew what he could do, who had no mean appreciation of what he could do. When he met Jesus face to face there was no hesitation as to whether he was a man who was divinely called, as to whether he was the man who was called to do the work. The knowledge that God had called him was sufficient knowledge that he had the ability, that he was of some worth for the bringing of the good news of the Gospel to those who were in sin. Paul was a man who had some appreciation of himself, he knew what he should do and the way he should do it.

We do not have direction. We beat against the wind, we waste our time with futile beatings against the air, we spread ourselves out too thin. How many men there are who have not achieved because they have tried too many things, who have not had enough self-appreciation to know wherein their abilities lie strongest. As Paul was a man who gave the right emphasis to his life; so, contrarily, there are men in the world who with mediocre abilities have not had the sense to see the leadings of their own powers, the guidance of Providence in the things which they have laid the emphasis in the wrong place and given their whole time and endeavor to the working of things for

which they were never fitted. We see that all over the world; men in the pulpits, who ought to be at the plow, men plowing the fields who ought to be proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, men who are out of place in the great mechanism of God's eternal plan, men who have never become fitted for and have never gotten into their proper places, who have never reached the point at which their energies should be applied and have never seen the guidance of God in their lives. I believe the secret of the success of every man who has influenced the world is to be found in the emphasis which he laid upon that which he was able to do. Called for serious things, he did not attempt to be the buffoon. Summoned to bring men to the knowledge of the glorious Gospel of Christ, he did not attempt to be a jester for a friend. Bidden enliven life for those around him by the appreciation of the things which are humorous, he would stick to that one thing, and that alone and in that would achieve success. You and I might never have heard of Martin Luther unless he had placed the emphasis aright. We might never have heard of Jesus Christ if He had taken the taunts of the officers and those in high places and had given all that was best in Him over to their whim and will, if He had subverted His holy power because they laughed Him to scorn, because they informed Him that He was scandalously wrong when He claimed to be the Son of God. We might never have heard of Him unless He had placed the emphasis of His whole life correctly.

It is a rule in the law of mechanics that a man to achieve success must direct his power to the right place. There is only one place where he can achieve most by the application of power, and that is where the power needs most to be applied. And so, if we are to run our course and inherit a crown, we must first of all find out what our abilities are and then lay our efforts where God leads us.

While there are many men who have appreciation of their own ability and have measurable success in laying their abilities in the line of least resistance, there have been men who have not accomplished anything because they had no tenacity, who were so anxious for attainment all at once that they would constantly shift themselves and lose their direction.

In the desire to accomplish many things they have never accomplished anything at all. A man may appreciate his own powers and size himself up well; he may direct his powers in the right way and be tenacious; but unless he has a clean heart and a conscience undefiled before God and man, he cannot accomplish much in this world. One of the worst things with which we have to deal is an accusing conscience, a soul which is constantly calling unto us that we are hampering it. We cannot accomplish much if we are hampering our souls against the achievement which might be ours. A clean heart fits a man for life's labors; it is a mighty power. No man can do the work which God hath given unto him to do save as his own life is pure in God's sight, in the sight of his neighbor and in his own eyes. Many a man who might have done something has done nothing because, first of all, he has stultified and strangled his soul, because he has forgotten that the secret of all success unto good work is a happy heart. A happy heart cannot come save as a man is right before God.

These are the elements which underlie the life of Jesus Christ and of Paul. As they underlie these two lives, they spell success for you and me. How many there are who have achieved in the spiritual life because they have no understanding of their own divinity. How many do not achieve because they have never considered the soul from an understanding point of view. How many men we meet who are built physically by the plans of God, but whose souls are small and shriveled and mean because they have never given the same attention to the erection and understanding of the soul life which they have given to the building up of their physical beings. How many there are who have understood the power of the mind, but whose souls are misshapen and warped because they have never grasped the divine powers of their souls.

We need to consider soul forces as much as physical. We need to understand the soul and the laws of its actions even as we understand the human animal. No man can achieve in the physical world save as he has studied his soul objectively to see in what manner he was made. A man cannot understand what his soul is until first of all he gets near to Jesus Christ. He must have gotten a full knowledge of the nature and dignity of the human soul. It behooves us to get hold of some real appreciation of our innate divinity, of the elements of personal purity and righteousness which are ours before God, and then to address our lives to attainment in spiritual things, unto the building up of our souls in righteousness and purity and perfectness. And above all, to keep at it. The trouble with the church and the individual Christian is too much that they work by fits and starts. We are careful that we get three meals a day and eight hours of sleep, to get money to supply the body's needs. We manage to keep out of jail, to have a house over our heads to protect us against the weather. We labor assiduously and continuously toward these things. But we nurture the soul by fits and starts; we give God the Sabbath or one night a week or two minutes and a half when we retire to rest. We are not continuous but spasmodic servants.

If men by marvelous tenacity have achieved miraculous success in the physical life, so you and I may achieve majestic spiritual success if we will lay our emphasis upon spiritual things; and, getting a good grasp upon the things which are eternal and upon God Himself, stand fast, fight the good fight, finish the course, keep the faith.

The Full Life.
Deep streams run still—and why? Not because there are no obstructions, but because they altogether overflow those stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way; 'tis the full life that saves us from the little noisy troubles of life.—Scottish Reformer.

INTEREST TO WOMEN

A WOMAN'S ALPHABET.

I will be:
Amiable always.
Beautiful as possible.
Charitable to everybody.
Dutiful to myself.
Earnest in the right things.
Friendly in disposition.
Generous to all in need.
Hopeful in spite of everything.
Intelligent, but not pedantic.
Joyful as a bird.
Kind even in thought.
Long-suffering with the stupid.
Merry for the sake of others.
Necessary for a few.
Optimistic though the skies fall.
Prudent in my pleasures.
Quixotic, rather than hard.
Ready to own up.
Self-respecting to the right limit.
True to my best.
Unselfish, short of martyrdom.
Valiant for the absent.
Willing to believe the best.
Xemplary in conduct.
Young and fresh in heart.
Zealous to make the best of life.—
Epitomist.

BLUE-EYED BABIES.

"Every baby who expects to be adopted out of an orphan asylum ought to make it a point of being born with blue eyes," said an asylum director. "That precaution will insure him a maximum of home comforts with a minimum of home care. There is no doubt that in an institution of this kind blue-eyed babies up for adoption are more popular than the dark-eyed youngsters. The brown-eyed, black-eyed or gray-eyed girl or boy may be just as pretty, just as amiable, just as likely to achieve future eminence as the blue-eyed child, but it is hard to make benevolent auxiliaries of the stark blue-eyed. In their opinion blue eyes indicate special virtues."
"I know he will turn out to be

Our Cut-out Recipe

To Butter Crumbs the Right Way.—As many recipes call for a finish of buttered crumbs, every cook should know the right way of preparing them. Melt the butter in a small saucepan, then mix with the fine crumbs. When crumbs are buttered in this way each crumb gets its share. In the old way of sprinkling with crumbs, then dotting with bits of butter, it was distributed most unevenly. Buttered crumbs may be seasoned with onion juice, strained tomato or lemon juice, with vinegar or any catsup preferred.

an honest, reliable little fellow, because he has such heavenly blue eyes.' Is the way they explain their preference.
"So on the strength of these 'heavenly blue eyes' the baby is chosen. The youngsters will no doubt do justice to his bringing up, but it is hard for the children with eyes of another color to be so discriminated against."
—New York World.

SLEEVES ARE UNLIKE.

The new idea of making the sleeves in the evening gown entirely unlike can come very near being grotesque. Every dressmaker does not know how to do it in such an artistic way that one does not realize the sleeves are unlike until a close inspection.
This fashion is as old as Egypt. Antique gowns show it, so do those of the Middle Ages. Not only are the fabrics used quite different, but the two sleeves are of different lengths.
For instance, in a rose pink satin gown the sleeve on the right arm is merely a drapery of pink tulle caught with a wide pointed shoulder piece of cut crystals strung on white net. This has a cap-like effect and hangs in a tasseled point half-way to elbow.
On the left arm is a five-inch square sleeve of pink tulle embroidered with rhinestones and finished with a three-inch fringe of them. In this gown the materials are alike, although differently managed.
In another gown of white satin the right sleeve is covered with a cap of pink roses and green leaves mounted on pink tulle. The left sleeve is of rich gold lace, unlined and finished with its own scallops.
This extends half-way to elbow and stands out in a conspicuous manner, as there is no other gold lace on the frock.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE PRETTY GIRL

Begins the day with a tepid tub. If tub is not accessible, she takes a tepid bath, and follows this with a spray of eau de cologne, than which there is nothing more cooling to the body.
Sprays her face at night with hot water from a small bath spray. No matter how hot it is, this tingling cools the skin. Afterward she rubs a liberal amount of cold cream on her face and wipes off with a piece of flannel.
Does not use rouge in the summer time. She knows that it will show on her complexion. However, she rubs a great deal of powder on her face, and so keeps it fine and soft.
Keeps her hair fluffy. She knows that stringy hair would have prevented the Trojan War, so she keeps it dry with cleansing powders and monthly shampooing and frequent brushing.
Uses a big comb whose teeth are dull. There is no economy in a comb with sharp teeth, as they irritate the scalp, heat the head and make one feel warm all day.
Wears clothing that is light as possible. White inclines to make her

feel cooler, and blue is also famed for being a cool color. Pink is exciting to the nerves, and violet soothes the eyes.
Neither hurries nor worries. The hurry can be avoided by careful planning, and the worry has long since been outgrown.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WHERE WE GET FALSE HAIR.

The one branch of business that has flourished like the green bay tree, despite distressing financial conditions, is the trading in human hair. The fashion of elaborate hairdressing and the era of false hair preceded the panic in the money market and has been in no way affected by it, and the dealers in hair goods are reaping a harvest that has been ripening for some time.

Few of the wearers of fetching puffs and silky coils, of curls and wigs, have more than a vague idea of the source of supply. They understand the product to be human hair and seek to know nothing more. A man, brought up in the business and accumulating wealth by means of the present-day fashions, has confided the reason for excessively high prices in hair which looks no better than the cheaper grade. This is as follows:
Prosperity reigned for a number of years and the peasant girls were not forced to part with their hair. This source of supply being restricted the price jumped, of course, and another had to be found because only the few could afford such luxuries. China proved the salvation of the hair trade after a method of refining and changing the color of the coarse black hair had been discovered, which method, by the way, happens to be a cheap one.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

LIVING UP TO ONE'S REPUTATION

Living up to a reputation is no easy work, as a hostess discovered

who had heralded a guest as a great bridge player, only to have the guest lose steadily through a fortnight's visit.
If you want to make a success of a stranger do not herald her charms. Many a good looking debutante has had her winter ruined by friends who proclaimed her a beauty or a winner before her debut.
Even inanimate things seem to share the perversity that makes living up to a reputation difficult. What noted cook has not had her cake turn heavy or her chocolate russe grow buttery at the time she most wished to make an impression?
There are times when living up to a reputation is good discipline. The woman who has a name for a sweet disposition cannot cut loose and rage under provocation for fear of public opinion.
Sometimes the fact that we are supposed to have certain characteristics is a handicap on our good time. A young woman wondered at the lack of social success, until finally she discovered that the men thought her a literary shark because she had carried off honors in college of which her dotting mother had boasted.
Another woman is slow in making friends because near-sighted eyes and a tip-tilted chin have given her an undesired reputation for haughtiness.
Often it is as hard to live up to our reputation as to live it down. It is perhaps easier to make the world forget a shortcoming than to beat into it the idea that one is not so clever or witty or lavish as she is credited.

If you get a name for being a great reader you one thinks of offering you the latest novel, though your brain is fiction hungry. The sorry jokes we are forced to endure from the professed wit are half of them due to his feeling that he must not fall short of his reputation.
The woman who is considered generous often finds the bills are left for her to foot. Often she meets with criticism when she does a nice thing because it does not come up to the recipient's idea of the donor's lavishness.
Worst of all is it to live up to a reputation of superiority. No matter how much we may want to come down to earth, our friends will not permit. To be forced onto a pedestal when one hankers for the commonplace is worse than dealing out platitudes when capable of epigrams.—New Haven Register.

Perfectly Safe.

"I should think Mrs. Roosevelt would be afraid to let her husband go after lions," declared a reader of the daily papers, according to a writer in the St. Louis Dispatch. "It's a most dangerous sport."
"Nonsense!" responded her husband.
"Why do you say that?"
"Because she knows very well there isn't a lion living that could bite him first."

Tomfoolery

THE BATHS OF BOUNTY.

I'm going to tip the janitor—maybe! I'm going to tip the grocer's boy—we'll see!
I'm going to tip the cook, of course, oh, yes!
I'm going to tip my typewriter—I guess! I'm going to tip the waiter—well, I'll think!
I'm going to tip the candy girl—a wink! And, if there should be others—after that—
To him or her I'm going to tip my hat!
—New York Times.

GOOD PROOF.

"I may say that I have at last arrived at years of discretion."
"How now?"
"To-day I had a chance to get even with a man and didn't."—Kansas City Journal.

MIGHT COME IN HANDY.

Bluffton—"I said something to my wife last week that offended her and she hasn't spoken to me since."
Henpeck—"Great Scott, man! You can't remember what it was, can you?"—Puck.

CONVINCING.

Judge—"You have not yet established the prisoner's insanity."
Attorney—"But, Your Honor, we mean to introduce witnesses to show that the prisoner habitually argues politics with women."—Puck.

IN A NOVEL.

"Everything ripens quickly in a heated atmosphere."
"Including love, I presume. I notice an author usually has his hero and heroine spend a good deal of time in the conservatory."—Washington Herald.

DISAPPOINTED.

"Look here," said Mr. Chuggins, "that motor car doesn't make anything like the speed you guaranteed."
"How do you know?"
"I've been running it a week and haven't been arrested."—Washington Star.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

Den—"Mrs. Murphy! Hey! Mrs. Murphy!"
Mrs. M.—"Phwat is it, Dinns?"
Den—"Nut'ing, t'anks, jest showing me goll de sights. See, Kid, she's cross-eyed."—Brooklyn Life.

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GETTING A BALANCE.

"What do they mean by trimming a ship?"
"Adjusting the weight so that there will not be too much cargo on either side."
"That would be a good plan to follow in trimming a hat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A GOOD JOKE.

"Was that story you printed a humorous effort?"
"It was," rejoined the author with dignity.
"Well, it was a good joke on the editor who accepted it, anyhow."—Washington Star.

THE SLUMBERS OF THE BROOK.

The poetical young man with soulful eyes was walking with his matter-of-fact brother by the brookside.
"How the stream tosses in its slumber!" he exclaimed.
"Yes," answered his brother, "and you would, too, if your bed was full of stones."—Youth's Companion.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mabel (testing the wisdom of the grown-ups)—"Well, how did Martin Luther die?"
Uncle Jim—"Die? Oh, in the ordinary way, I suppose."
Mabel—"Oh, uncle! You really don't know anything. He was excommunicated by a bull."—Harper's Weekly.

WHERE THE SCRUPLE CAME IN.

The salesman was trying to evade jury duty.
"Conscientious scruples, I suppose," said the court, wearily.
"Yes, your honor."
"Wouldn't you, if the law demanded, send a man to the gallows?"
"I'd hate to at the rate of pay a juror gets."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE RACING CHAUFFEUR AND HIS PAY.

It is Not True That He Coins Gold in Every Contest of Speed.

The life of a chauffeur who drives for glory is a strenuous one. When he is not trying to clip a second off his own or a rival's record on the track, or dodging cops on endurance runs or speed tests, he is rushing to and fro between factory and salesroom, trying out high powered new machines, tuning up old racers or building something new in bubble-wagons; for most of the noted whirlwind drivers are just plain ordinary demonstrators or testers, when they are not out for records. A few of the older ones are automobile engineers, but the young fellows are mostly all looking forward to the day when they will build gasoline engines as well as run and repair them. The more ambitious ones are saving their money for a course in mechanical engineering; but as many of the cash prizes offered in the different events fail to materialize, this is slow work for most of them. The cups and other trophies you go to the firm, but the drivers get the medals and some of them have quite a string of these gold and silver souvenirs.

There is considerable misconception as to the amounts paid to drivers, based on a few instances where they have received special pay for special races. The general public has a mistaken idea that a popular driver coins money in every speed contest, and has nothing to do between times but ride around in a fast car and enjoy himself; but his earnings, in fact, are not those of a famous jockey. Some good drivers receive as much as seventy dollars a week, but the average men who drive racing cars in America to-day are factory men on regular salaries, and in a majority of cases do not exceed from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a week. For the important races they may sometimes get a little extra pay; and of course they receive their traveling expenses, just as any other employe of the company does. There is such a tremendous desire among automobile operators all over the country to have an opportunity to win fame and glory in great racing events, that there are hundreds of applicants for the driver's seat of every racing car, and many of the "crack" operators will drive for almost nothing for the chance to get before the public. This has brought the prices of drivers down with a rush.—Minna Irving, in Putnam's and The Reader.

He Liked the Sound.
Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half-amused, half-indignant manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day, when in town, he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal, he called to the waitress, and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie, mince pie, raisin pie, blueberry pie, custard pie, peach pie and strawberry shortcake," the young woman repeated, glibly.
"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.
The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake!" she concluded, with emphasis.
"Would you mind ding it once more?" he said.
The waitress looked her disgust, and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked, when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."

A Gleam of Hope.
Golf is notably a long and difficult game. Moreover, golf experts are always suspicious of the ultimate proficiency of a new player. A writer in the Sketch recounts the following conversation between an old Scotch professional and a would-be golfer. The amateur had been asking what the other thought of his game.

"Na, ye'll no mak a gwoffer," he said; "ye've begun over late. But it's just possible if ye pre-practice hard, verra hard, for twa-three years, ye might—"
"Yes?" inquired the other, expectantly.
"Ye might begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the game."

They Did Not Need to Work.
A stout, splendidly "robbed" woman sat talking to a friend. Her husband had just come into a considerable fortune, and, like many other Americans, had begun farming in an amateur way. In their case, however, it mattered little whether crops were good or bad. A writer in Harper's Monthly tells the story:

"Yes," the lady remarked, "since John's uncle died we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—"
"That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want every day."
"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

The Laplander can travel about 150 miles a day on his skates.