SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON Rutland, Vt.

ALMS-GIVING AND PRAYER IN KINGDOM.

International Bible Lesson for Feb. 6, 1910-(Matt. 6:1-15).



There has always been a vast amount of almsgiving and prayer based on just one foundation -to be seen of men. In Christ's time there were 13 trumpet-boxes in the temple, in which were deposited the con-

tributions of the

people. These

were

boxes

called "trumpets" because they were narrow at the top and wide at the bottom, and crooked like a horn, so that the dishonest could not abstract the coin. The people who desired to advertise their benevolent spirit "sounded the trumpet" before them by causing their money to jingle and ring as they threw it in the contribut on box. That custom no longer obtains since a handful of copper makes more noise than a greenback. People then sought to make their money jingle; now they try to hush it as much as possible. In other words, the teaching of the king was that the principle of alms-giving in the new kinsdom was to be, not ostentation, advertisement, display, and to be seen of men. but on the ground of pure benevolence, real charity, genuine religious life.

Everything depends on the motive behind the gift. Money will do good, whether tainted or untainted; it will buy food for the hungry, and clothing for the naked, and medicine for the sick, but its value in the sight of God depends altogether on the spirit with which it is given. There are circumstances where a certain amount of publicity is necessary for the sake of the object or cause to which gifts are devoted, but so far as the giver is concerned the value of his gift consists altogether on the motive behind it. "To be seen of men," that is the error the king would uproot. The paltry and pitiful attempt at parade on the part of his diciples, that is the thing He condemns. "Be not as the hypocrites, who sound a trumpet before them." They have their reward, but it is not the reward of the Father who seeth in secret.

Hypocritical Prayers. What is true of giving is true also of prayer. There is not so much danger in this direction as in the other. The trouble now is to get people to pray at all. They neither pray in the synogogues, nor in the corners of the streets, nor in the secret closet. We hire men to do our praying for us, and if we are reverential enough to bow our heads while they are doing it we feel that we have been sufficiently devout. In Christ's time men made a their devotions. They spread their prayer rug in the market place, and at the street corners, and made a show of piety, in order to hear the onlookers say, "See, how holy this man is!" If men did that now, the crowd would jeer, and say, "Here is an escaped lunatic."

For, the fact is, the men who did that in old time were frauds at heart. Their vain repetitions deceived nobody. The Moslems have a proverb: "If your neighbor has made the pilgrimage to Mecca once, watch him; if twice, avoid his society; if three times, move into another street." In other words, look out for the man who is ostentatiously religious.

Publicity Not Cendemned. Mark you, there is nothing here against public prayer, or open almsgiving. The man who takes opportunity from these words not to give at all nor to pray at all, is just as far wide of the mark. The whole force of these words rests on the supposition-"to be seen of men." If the motive behind your benevolence or your prayers is the good opinion of your neighbors, the speech of people, the praise of men, you are a Pharisee and hypocrite. But if your motive is disinterested benevolence and sincere love of God you will not fail of the benediction of heaven though your name is heralded in all the newspapera at the head of the subscription list, and you are known and read of all men as a follower of Jesus Christ. Chrysostom said: "If thou shouldest enter into thy closet, and, having shut

For display-that is the idea. Do nothing for display is the law of the kingdom. It is not your attitude, it is your heart that He looks at. Not what you say with your fips in prayer, but what is in your heart deep down out of sight is what He listens to. It is not the bell up in the steeple, but the people down in the pews that sounds the loudest in the ears of the Father in Heaven. It is not the money you put on the contribution plate, but the spirit that caused you to put it there that counts up yonder To say prayers and to really pray artwo very different things.

the door, shouldest do it for display.

the doors will do thee no good."

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Uttered, or unexpressed The motion of a fire. That burns within the breast.

Romance

"You don't want to stay for the pictures, do you?" asked Molly in the tone of one who expects the answer to be "No "

Bess blushed. She took a childish delight in motion, but her cousin sadly disagreed with her tastes.

"Do you mind?" Bess asked timid-"They're fire department pic-

With a shrug of her shoulders her cousin settled back in the seat as the lights went out and the first picture was thrown on the curtain.

The property man and his fellows on the stage supplied the clanging of the bells and the screech of the whisties, and to Bees it was all very real.

Then the street with its engines vanished from the curtain, to be replaced by a contrasting picture of three firemen sitting in quarters engaged in a game of cards. Their faces were shown large enough to illustrate the play of expression, and the audience shricked at the pantominic humor

But Bess had leaned forward and was looking eagerly at the curtain. Molly tugged at her skirt, but the girl did not realize it. There upon the curtain was Ted Prescott. She was sure of it. The picture changed again and she sank back in her seat quivering in every muscle.

Rapidly she explained to Molly how Ted had gone away from bome, how his letters had stopped and his mother could find no trace of him.

"His mother's heart is breaking for him," she declared. "I must find him and tell him to write home."

She left her seat, greatly excited, and started up the aisle. Molly followed her country cousin curiously. An usher directed her to the balcony, where the machine was operated, and she waited until the operator had finished. He could give her little information other than to furnish her with the address of the firm that had taken the pictures.

She could scarcely wait until the next morning to continue her search, and she started immediately after breakfast, with a male cousin as an escort.

The manager was courteous and seemed to take an interest in her quest. The pictures had been made in town, he explained, and he gave her the number and address of the engine company.

It was far up town, but she could not rest, and in a short time she stood in front of the tiny deak beside the

glittering engine. "Is Mr. Prescott, a fireman, here?" she asked with trembling voice. The man in blue shook his head.

"Jimmy Prescott is with Seven Truck," he explained. "I am looking for Theodore Prescott," she explained. "He was photo-

graphed here for some moving ple-"Pratt, French and Roe posed for

that picture," he declared, "You mean this!" He took down from the wall a small

framed photograph, evidently an enlargement of the picture film. "That's' Ted," she cried.

"Call Roe down,,' demanded a voice obey orders and she soon found that the captain was the man with the gold instead of silver buttons, and crossed trumpets on his cap front.

"Stand where you will be in the light," directed the newcomer, as he stepped into the backgkround. Wonderingly she obeyed his directions, as in answer to the call a man came sliding down the brass pole.

Before she could speak he had turned around and came toward her. "Hello, Bess," he cried. "Where did you come from ?"

"What is your name?" demanded the battalion chief.

Instinctively the man's hand went to salute, and he gave a puzzled laugh.

"It's Prescott," he said. "Yet I know I'm called Ros. What's the matter "You remember the Douglas street

fire in the shop where you worked?" suggested the chief. Ted nodded. "But you forget that in jumping to the net you fell short and struck your When you came out of the head.

hospital you had forgotten who you were." "I remember now," Ted exclaimed. "The boys were interested in me and kept me going until I could get in the department. You gave me Richard

Ros for a name, ch ** "I saw you in the pictures at the theatre," Boss explained. "I knew it

WAS FOU. "Which is more than I did," he laughed. "I've been someone else for nearly a year new. is mother-"

Boss nodded, as he faltered. "She te alive," she assured, "but very lonesome. She thinks you are dead." The osptain stepped forward. "I'm oing up to see the ofriet," he said. Put in your application for leave and I'll see that beadquarters grants it."

"And you," he asked. "Have Boos. you-" "I've been waiting, too," she as-

As he left the room Ted turned to

"We can have a pretty good honeymoon in 30 days," smiled Ted. "We'll send the picture men some of the

cake.

"We must," she agreed, as he kinned her right before the man on watch, "for I found you in the pictures."-I. M. RIMNHALITER.

Short Sermons

Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

GOD'S SECOND BEST.

BY REV. DR. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS

+++ Text: I. Samuel 22: "For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people. Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord In ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way. Only fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things He hath done for you. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both you and your King."

If a man has blundered and played the fool in the management of his life, missing his chances and throwing foulness about his spirit how far may that man, if anxious to do well, look for the recovery of lost ground and the renewal of opportunity? That is the question which I purpose to deal with to-night. Of course the unteachable fool must simply look forward to certain ruin, but I am thinking of a man anxious to redeem his life, and the question I want to discuss is this: Is there for such a man a second chance? For all I know such a man may have come into this church to-night; and how long he may have been worried with this question, and in how many churches he may have tried to get light upon it, God alone knows. But if there is a second chance for the man it is tremendously important that the man should know its nature and extent. If a man has been depressed by failure and is really ashamed of his foolishness he has almost a right to be made aware of the existence of the process of divine repair, if such a process really exists. And it is equally important that he should understand the limitation of such a process of divine repair for salvation, lest he should be too tempted to count upon divine indulgence, which does not, as a matter of fact, exist, or else he should be tempred to count upon the providential reordering of his life, which will not take

What, precisely, does forgiveness mean? What does it involve? If it means that when one is sorry for sin. God is glad to hear of it, that is a very creditable representation of God. But surely it means more than that, Does it mean that God not only approves the man's penitence but assists him? Does forgiveness involve the recovery of lost ground? That is what we want to know. Is it legitimate for a man to look forward, if he accepts Christ, to a real restoration of life, strength and hope? It is on the rock of that question that the message of religion is most often split, either on being mispreached or misunderstood. Men see for themselves that life becomes more and more tangled; that habit grows in power; that it is impossible to put the clock back; that wrongdoing sticks and clings and one's ommissions and failures tend to lose their negative power and in time become stumbling blocks, and we are in the entanglement produced by sin, and then we hear the message of salvation. Woe betide the religion which then holds out false hopes to the man. Thousands of men are asking: What do you preachers mean precisely by the forgiveness of sin? Personally, I believe with all my heart and soul in the forgiveness of sin. There is a certain process, a principle, to whic' I want to call your attention, and I want to give that principle a certain name, which name, I warn you, is not absolutely accurate, but which is brief and approximate to accuracy. It is not my thought; I have borrowed it. The name is this: "God's second best." I believe, if we are to understand the doctrine of forgiveness we must hold this truth of "God's second best." I will try to illustrate this. First of all, the Bible shows that the Jewish people were designed to stand before the nations of the world as the people of God, being obviously led and guided by the immediate spiritual control of the one true God. As a scholar, now dead, put it, "Israel was to be so passionately devoted to God and to be so sensitive to the divine will that Israel was to need no human rule or government to compel them to do right. They were to live in the immediate intercourse with God." Israel had no king at the beginning. They were under God's care and they were to stand before

the world as an object lesson. That was Israel's first best. The books of Judges and Samuel tell the story of burnel's degeneration from this first best. There came a time when the people said it was absolute ly necessary that they should have a king. Samuel was grieved at this deliberate renunciation of God's first best, and remonstrated. But the people pressed him, and he prayed to Jehovah, and when he had done so he began to see that after all he must acquiesce. Note the bearing of this on the meaning of forgiveness. God is represented as acquiescing in the action of the people, and He says, "Let them have their king."

Samuel says, "The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake." God is not going to be fickle because you are.

OURBOYS AND GIRLS

The Pirates and the Pepper

seven seas, now, as near as I can figure out." sald Andrew Peterson, call-a hot day. as he played the last hand with Bob at Parkinson's. "In the days that I was wind jammering in the China Sea in the clipper sea trade, however, we had many a brush with the sea robbers. I remember once when I was mate on the bark Andelusia, grew warmer, there was Captain Jeffers, me and the second mate and fourteen A. We had taken on a big tea cargo at Formosa and were trying to get out of the roads before nightfall, for the roads around Formosa in those days were infested with the worst cut-throats that ever plied their trade of murdering crews and robbing ships.

"Long about sunse; we were a few miles away from the island, and Captain Jeffers opined that we would make fair headway under a light breeze that was blowing from the northeast. We all settled down to supper, me and the skipper aft in the cabin, while Williams and the crew were making merry for'd. There was only one man at the wheel on deck and he was a burly Swede named Sweldke.

"Captain Jeffers and me were discussing the pasage as it looked to us and the prospect of escaping some of the southwest monsoons that the old clippers used to dread so much in the Indian Ocean, when a noise along the side of the bark caught our ears. It was like as if the Andelusta was scraping along a pier, or another boat without having bumpeu, and both me and the skipper rushed out of the cabin to see if we'd downright torture. gone wrong.

"Sweidke was still at the wheel smoking his pipe, and there wasn't no sign of trouble anywhere. The ship was scudding along peacefully enough and there wasn't a sound except the wash of the waters at the So Jeffers and me went back te our meal and talk.

"A few minutes later I called the skipper's attention to another no se about the same as the first one and



"ME AND THE SECOND MATE." a slight tapping on our starboard quarter.

Sudgenly something dark appeared over the starboard quarter rail. Jeffers and I looked hard and then we saw another thing, like the first, popping over the rail.

"By all the holy monsoons! Pirates!" exclaimed the captain.

"And pirates it was. There they were fairly swarming over the side of the clipper like so many snakes crawling up the trunk of a tree.

"The first alarm shouted by Captain Jeffers brought the crew from the forepeak like rats from a burning ship. in a twinkling the ship's arsenal had been opened and each of us were ready with a musket. The Audelusia had dummy ports painted slong the sides, with every alternate port a half-way real one, through which a dummy cannon could be

"With our tea we had taken several cases of pepper along for Boston and when the odds seemed to be going against us Captain Jeffers thought of the pepper. Two of us quickly got at the after hatch and tore open the first bag of the spice that we reached.

As the Chinese pirates came toward us, apparently unmindful of the shots from the muskets, Jeffers, me and the second mate, went at them each with a handful of pepper. A: the same time Jamesy, the cook and his boy came from the galley with a can of boiling water aplece, and between the hot water and the pepper we routed the pirates good and plenty. They dropped over the side like ante and within ten minutes after the pepper brigade got busy there wasn't a pirate on the clipper. The Andelusia is still plying the deep sea and the old dummy ports are still evidence, although nowadays there isn't much likelihood of pirates troubling a Par East trader.

Leap Year and Literature. 'I love you," said the maiden fair Unto the busy editaire.

'And ir my love returned?" she cried To which the editaire replied,

"Um-er, I really cannot say. "Did you enclose the postage, pray?"

W. J. Lampton.

Day Was Hot and the Genial Citizen Was Hotter. At twenty minutes to nine the gen-

ial citizen, resplendent in fresh linen. safied into the telephone booth. It was a hot day. At fifteen minutes to nine the some-

what less genfal citizen, in somewhat less fresh linen, finally managed to "There's no pirates on any of the attract the attention of the sweetvoiced hello girl. It was-you will re-

At ten minutes to nine a grouchy citizen in white linen got his party on the wire. It was hot.

At five minutes to nine the wreck in question discovered that he had an entire stranger on the line. The day At nine o'clock the hello girl in-

formed the driveling wreck that he must not use the telephone as a niavthing At a little after nine there issued from the booth a dilapidated remnant, who drew from his pocket a dollar

moisture it had collected, laid it on the druggist's counter. "What's this?" inquired the haugh-

bill, and, first squeezing from it the

ty drug clerk. "One Turkish bath-one dollar. said the wreck. "I pay for what I

get Oh, the joys of modern civilization!

Horrible Inflictions. Frat Secretary-They say young

Saphead will never recover from that hazing the fellows gave him last week

Frat President-No: I like a little fun as well as anybody, but I told the boys they were going too far with him. No one had any kick coming if they rode him on the red-hot rail, or tied him to the cake of ice for the night, or even kept him in the vault two days between two nigger corpses; but when you tell a fellow his father has heard that he smokes cigarettes. and that his mother is coming to live here the rest of the year, I call it

A Dusty Spot. Most of the Negro messengers at the doors of Cabinet members and their assistants are well-educated men. The other day, when Secretary Knox looked at the big globe that stands in his office, he was annoyed

to find that the globe was dusty. "William," the Secretary of State said to the messenger, putting a finger on the globe, "there's dust here an inch thick!"

"It's thicker than that, sir," replied be messenger. "What do you mean??" said the

Secretary sharp. "Why, you've got your finger on

the Desert of Sahara."

Heavenly. A clever lady, who is an ardent belever in the immortality of the animals, is often rebuked by her clerical friends, who say that "dogs and cats would be quite out of place in Heaven." She replies: "Certainly, in our Heaven, but God would not wish them to pass their future life in the company of those who had neglected or Ill-treated them on earth. No. God will give them a better Heaven than

A Return in Kind.

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there."

HE HAD SAMPLED IT.



Mrs. Bryde-Look, dearie, there's a fly in the preserves I made this morning!

Bryde-Poor thing! I bet it's the worst jam he ever got into! - Evening Telegram.

Every Reason. "Why does your new baby cry so much?"

"Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

The idiots.

"Just think of it-a full table d'hote dinner for thirty cents: oysters, soup, fish, roast duck, salad, ice-cream, fruit. demi-tasse!" "Where? ! ! !"

"I don't now-but just think of it!"

As Bad as All That.

The Doctor-Nonsense! You have not got a cancer. Booze is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once. The Souse-Gee! Is it that serious? Why, Doc, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation.

HOW TO CURE A TERRIFIC HEADACHE.

Many people suffer with an aching head week after week, occasionally getting relief from so-called headache powders and nerve stupefying drugs. They never get cured because they start wrong. Such people should do a little commonsense thinking. Headache is simply the result, a warning signal, of a far more serious trouble. Usually it means bad blood poisoned by an in-active or sluggish liver. Headache sufferers are often nervous, cross and irritable. Their sleep is disturbed and digestion inpaired. The liver doesn't do its work right, and the bile elements poison both nerve

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills remove the cause of headache. They are Nature's true laxative, and give tone to liver activity, are a positive specific for bil-lousness and a torpid liver. Get your liver right by using Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills and your head won't ache, your nerves won't weaken, nor your food distress you. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians; BUCHU LITHIA on the market 16 years. Have oured thousands. Too pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. At druggists sell and recommend. KIDNEY PILLS

THE D. & H. SUMMER-HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE DIRECTORY.

The Delaware & Hudson Co. is now collating information for the 1910 edition of "A Summer Paradise," the D. & H. summer-hotel and boarding-house directory that has done so much to advertise and develop the resorts in this section. It offers opportunity for every summer hotel or boarding house proprietor to advertise his place by representation in this book. The information desired is, as follows: Name of house; P. O. Address; Name of Manager; Altitude; Nearest D. & H. R. R. station; Distance from station; how reached from station; Capacity of house; Terms per week and per day; Date of opening and closing house: what modern improvements; Sports and other entertainments. This information should be sent at once to Mr. A. A. Heard, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y. Blanks may be obtained from the nearest ticket agent, if desired. No charge is made for a card notice; a pictorial advertisement will cost \$15.00 for a fullpage or \$7.50 a half-page. Our hotel people should get busy at once and take advantage of this. Don't make the mistake of thinking that your house will be represented because it was in last year, but make sure that you receive the benefit of this offer by forwarding the needed information without delay. Owners of cottages to rent are also given the same rates for pictorial advertisements, but, for a card notice, a minimum charge of \$3.00 will be made.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 p. m. Sundays at 2:48 p. m.

Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:0% p. m. Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:10.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted

Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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