

MEMORY'S RETRIBUTION FOR PAST IS TOLD BY LOCAL PASTOR

"A Scene at Court" Is Theme of Sermon by Dr. Walter B. Hinson at White Temple.

BY DR. WALTER B. HINSON.

We are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul. Therefore is this evil thing come upon us.—Gen. xlii:21.

THE story of which this text is a part is one of the fascinating stories of the Old Testament. You may recall—though some of you cannot, because you never knew it—that Jacob had 12 sons; one of them named Joseph. And Jacob made the great mistake of evidencing his partiality for his son Joseph, and gave him as a present a coat of diverse colors. And Joseph had a knack of dreaming dreams, and in his guilelessness he used to tell the dreams. And one day he told how in his dreams he saw sheaves of wheat. And they all bowed down, and did obeisance to his sheaf.

And the brethren realized that he stood for the sheaf to which all the rest of them must bow. And then he had another dream, wherein he saw the sun, and the moon, and 11 stars rendering homage to him. And, of course, the only interpretation that could be placed upon that dream by his brethren was that father and mother and all the other brothers were to bow down to Joseph. So one day, when old Jacob had sent Joseph to see how his brethren fared, as the lad came into vision, they saw him, and he was the dreamer. Now let us put an end to his dreaming by putting an end to him.

And murder was in their hearts. But one of them, moved by pity and willing to save the life of Joseph, suggested that he be thrown into a pit.

A company of sinner traders, coming along, suggested another method of getting rid of the dreamer; and so they sold Joseph into the hands of some Midianites, who took him down into the land of Egypt and sold him into the house of Potiphar. Here Joseph withstood the temptation for which he is justly renowned, but as a result of the withstanding of the evil he was cast into prison.

But even in the prison dreams seemed to be about the man. For two of his companions in tribulation also dreamed dreams, the chief butler and the chief baker of Pharaoh's household. And appearing to Joseph one day they said: "Here is our dream." And the baker told how in his dream he had three baskets on his head and in the topmost basket there were provisions that Pharaoh favored. And the birds came and pecked at the provisions in that basket. And Joseph said: "That indicates that in three days Pharaoh will hang you up, and the birds of the air will pick at you."

And the chief butler came with his dream—how he saw a three-pronged vine and ripe grapes, and from the grapes the cup was filled. And Joseph said: "That shows that in three days you will again be ministering unto your master in the court; and when you are there remember me. I pray thee for good." And all this came to pass just as Joseph had said. But the butler, like some of the rest of us, forgot the friend of his adversity, when the day of prosperity had arrived.

But now Pharaoh began to dream dreams. And he dreamed that he saw seven fat kine, and then came seven lean kine, and the lean kine ate up the seven fat kine. And he wondered greatly about that dream, but went to sleep again. And then he dreamed that he saw seven full ears of corn, and then seven lean ears of corn appeared, and the lean ears consumed the full ears. And he was greatly perplexed by these dreams. And the matter being noised abroad throughout the palace, the forgetful butler remembered how Joseph was an interpreter of dreams. And he said: "I do remember my faults this day." And so he told Pharaoh there was a man in the prison who could interpret dreams. And Joseph was sent for. And he told how the seven fat kine and the seven lean

kine stood for seven years of plenty and seven years of want, and that the same interpretation might be placed upon the dream wherein the ears of corn figured. And Pharaoh was so pleased with the interpretation that he made Joseph second in power to himself in the land of Egypt.

But by and by, the famine came. And Jacob and his sons in the far-away land of Canaan knew what. And they heard of the plenty stored up in the land of Egypt and Jacob sent down 10 of his sons—leaving Benjamin behind—to buy corn in the land of Egypt. And Joseph recognized them and played two or three tricks upon them that I think we can hardly justify until they were perplexed and bewildered and half crazed with fear. And then comes my text, where after the rough speech of Joseph had fallen upon the ears of those afflicted men, one said to the others: "Do you not recall how we refused to listen to the voice of our dead brother's distress?" For they thought Joseph was dead. "Therefore, this great evil is come upon us."

Memory recalls Past.

So you see in that court of Pharaoh there was memory, recalling the evil deeds they had wrought; and there was conscience, saying, "We are verily guilty of our brother's blood"; and there was retribution, asserting, "Therefore is this evil come upon us." And I want for a few minutes to talk to you about memory, conscience and retribution.

Pharaoh's butler said, "I do remember my faults this day." My friends, there are four days when we are very likely to remember our faults. Perhaps the first day would be the day of our repentance. I shall never forget a most wicked man uttering a piece of profound philosophy in my hearing 20 years ago. He was telling of a great temptation that had beset him during the week. And somebody said, "Well, why did you not yield to it?" And with a laugh in which there was no merriment, he said, "Some day I may have to repent, and in the day of my repentance I do not want to face anything like that evil I came near doing last week." When Sinai's artillery is unlimbered, and the great guns of God begin to play upon the soul, in the fierce light of repentance we remember our faults and see our sins, and marvel that we ever dared commit them.

Then there is the day of retribution, when again we remember our sins. When the trouble smites and the calamity overtakes, and we sit down and have distress added to distress, as we remember we are only reaping the harvest of our own sowing, and when the soul cries, "I built myself the cross which later on was laid on me." And so in the day of retribution, when these mills of God—that grind slowly but which grind small—begin to do their deadly work in our experience, we remember our faults in that day.

And I am firmly of the opinion that in the day of death we remember our sins. You know it is commonly supposed those dying by drowning review, as in some startling panorama, the entire past of life. I do not know why that should be peculiar to death by drowning, and I have sometimes thought there was no way of adequately explaining the distress manifested by some dying persons, except on the supposition that, in the hour of death, the startling and awful proportions of one's wrong-doing blot out the very sky in which one might look for hope or clemency.

And surely, in the day of judgment, we shall remember our faults. Ah, they talk glibly about books being opened and pages turned, and grim records read. But, my friends, God will have no need to do that. For before the white throns of his unsullied holiness the guilty soul of the unpardoned man will shrivel away; and, in the day of

doom, we shall remember the wrong things we said and did, and the evil life that we lived.

Now, you see, my story, though thousands of years old, is strictly up to date. You and I possess memory. We may, when the deed is done, say, "Get thee gone to appear no more forever," but memory has made its record. We may push the sentence to one side and say we will never recall it; but it is beyond us to banish a single sentence forever. It is no wonder that one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived has assured us nothing is ever forgotten. But on the sensitive tablet of the brain every word is written and every deed recorded. And all that is needed is the environment and exigency to bring the soul into the condition of sensitive understanding of the life, and in the day of doom surely all will be clear and plain to us as memory does its work.

I remember once preaching in Boston, and I then heard for the first time a man sing as a solo the hymn, "I Sat Alone With Life's Memories." And it almost snuffed me for my task of preaching. For the poem the man sang was a marvelous thing.

"I sat alone with life's memories
Like the tide of a useless sea."
And it goes on to tell how he thought of his childhood days; of the days when he played, and the church bells rang; and the father spoke of righteousness and the mother made a plea for right living. And then he says:

"I thought, and thought, and my thoughts
Like the tide of a useless sea.
Ah, you cannot escape from memory.
So let me, as I move from this part of my theme, ask you what I have asked myself many a time: "When we see all the life standing out in absolute distinctness, what will our judgment of ourselves be?" Memory!

But there was conscience in that court. Many a year had gone by since they did their cruel deed to Joseph. And the ups and downs incident to life had been their experience. And the deed was many years away. So why trouble about it any more? Did not Shakespeare say:

"If 'twere done when 'tis done,
That 'twere well 'twere done quickly."
What does he mean? He means it is not done when it is done, and your action into the deepest sea, but the sea shall give up its dead. Hide your deed in the core of hell, and it will come forth to confront you in the doom day. Be that deed insignificant as the giving of a cup of cold water to a school child, it shall be remembered by God when the stars scatter and the elements are aflame. Conscience—the god within us—the god at whose approval or disapproval the cheek grows white or red; the strange something whose verdict makes you hang your head or lift it; that unseen monitor in your soul that makes your footsteps shuffle apprehensively as you walk, or ring true upon the sidewalk because you are fearless. Conscience!

The approval of your conscience makes you stronger than all the wickedness of the world. What was it the dramatist declared? "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." "Three suits of armor does he wear, who is right and who has the approval of his conscience. Sir Galahad, you remember, in the poem talks along the same line:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
"O, coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me," cries the character in the play. And in the matchless soliloquy of Hamlet you have the terrifying statement that "Conscience makes cowards of us all." Out of his own experience Burns says:

"His slightest touches, instant pause
Regard no side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequence.
Had he only taken his own advice!

From his retreat on the Thames Pope wrote:
What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
That teach me more than hell to shun.
That more than heaven, pursue.
God pity the man in this house tonight who has made an enemy of his own conscience. And God's blessing assuredly rests upon the man tonight who is on good terms with his own conscience. "Did we not, when we saw his anguish, did we not steel our hearts against him?" So conscience made note, and we now read the record. And while I was thinking out this sermon, a letter came to me through the mail asking if I would send a copy of a verse I have recited here at some time or other, bearing right on this theme. You now harken to it, for there may be a gospel in it for you.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a land where time had ceased;
And I thought of my former doings,
In the place wherein the years increased;
And the ghosts of forgotten actions
Came trooping into sight,
And the things I had thought were dead
Thence
Were alive with a horrible light.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face.
While sitting alone with my conscience
In that solemn silent place,
And I know of the future judgment—
How dreaded soever it may be—
That to sit alone with my conscience
Is judgment enough for me.

Conscience!

And lastly there was retribution in that court scene. "Therefore is this evil come upon us." O, how clearly they recalled their sin. With what particularity they say, "Did we not see the anguish of his soul, when he beheld us?" Men, they had seen that anguish every day of their lives. Those

men never looked at their own lads, but they thought of the brother against whom they had sinned. And often they furtively wiped the tear out of his eye, because they were wondering whether retribution would deal with their sons as they had dealt with Jacob's son. "See the corpse," said Hillel, the great thinker of 20 centuries ago, "he drowned somebody, and now somebody has drowned him."

Do you recall how in the Old Testament, Adoni-bezek, the King, whose favorite punishment for his captives was to cut off their great toes and their thumbs, one day fell into the hands of his enemies, and when the enemies inflicted upon him that peculiar and striking torture, Adoni-bezek cried, "Three score and ten Kings have suffered that indignity at my hand, and now it has come to me also." O, there is a great law of retribution working in this world.

And many a man has looked at the result of sin in his own kith and kin, and the sadness with which he has been reinforced by madness, as he has thought how possibly that was but the penalty of his own wrong-doing in the days long dead. Retribution! O, we stir the thing over, and say it is dead, but it is alive with a horrible might, and quite unsettled. And you know if only the spirit of God would enable some of us tonight to look into our lives in the fierce light that plays upon them from this fact of retribution, we should stand up and beg God for mercy. And the Lord, in this hot night in the midst of your weariness, has sent me to you with this stirring message concerning retribution.

"Therefore," ah, when "therefore" begins to thunder, what is your con-

diction? For you pursued with a relentless hostility some person in the days that are gone; now what if that penalty should turn back and smite your own son or daughter? You made the life of some person bitter and intolerable in the days that are dead, but what if the circle should begin to complete itself, and within its sweep catch up some life dearer to you than your right hand, or your right eye? "Therefore is this evil come upon us." I am trying as I stand here to get back, verse somewhere it is in Longfellow's writings.

I have read in an old marvelous tale, A legend strange and vague:
How a midnight host, of evilers pale,
Besieged the walls of Prague.
Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
They stood as in a mighty dream,
The army of the dead.
Yes, but when the army of our dead words, and dead deeds, and dead influences, that we buried, and concerning them said to ourselves: "They will never torment us more"; when do we do in the day when we look upon that restructured army of the dead?

O, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing breeze shall come to God,
Say what will he answer to be to God,
And what thy God's to thee?
A word and my task is complete,
Young man and young woman, do not make enemies of memory, conscience and retribution. Before you put the record on the sensitive plate of memory, just think whether you would like, in the days that are to come, to read that record again. Because, read it you must. So before you do the deed, just think, every day this summer, of that deed look when I behold it in the coming time, when the great light of the judgment may be flaming and playing upon it. And what reply will you make when memory, conscience and retribution commence to make statements and ask questions? How will you meet the charges that will rise up out of memory, conscience and retribution?

You tell me, do you, that the day has gone past for the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ? Oh, you little fool! Do not you know whenever you approach the real tragedy of the soul and whenever you so talking about those great fundamental laws of conduct—do not you know that whether you choose or not, you are driven up to God? And it is not a choice of whether you will or will not, for only the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse the soul from sin. Is Jesus Christ your Savior? Out on that street, in five minutes' time, there will come rushing in waves after waves, and the impression I make by my God-given message upon your soul may soon find obliteration. Therefore I would that I could cut deep in that mind and heart of yours the question, "Have you yet been saved?" so that it would go through all else, and above all else, you might still hear the boom of that great question.

When I was a boy it was a common thing to be walking along the street and suddenly see written upon the pavement, "Where will you spend eternity?" And many a man I have heard mock at the inquiry. But never in my life did I read it without a solemnity falling on my spirit. For,

after all, I have got to spend eternity somewhere, and very pertinent is the inquiry, "Where shall I spend it?"

And if that great question must be answered by me in a court where memory gives evidence and conscience is a jury and retribution is a judge, I have no hope unless for me He died upon the cross and shed His precious blood. And I believe He is my Savior tonight, and so I recommend Him to you.

Little Tea to Be Out-of-Door Tea Nook.

Flower Hedge of Old-Fashioned House Will Cut off Unfashionably Gaze of Public From Street.

A WOMAN who spent part of last Summer visiting her husband's relatives in England, was discovered one morning, this Spring, superintending the planting of hydrangeas and rhododendrons in a semi-circle around a tall lilac bush in her suburban lawn.

"I'm making a nook for afternoon tea on the lawn," she explained to her interested friend, who was sitting on a delicious tea and hot buttered toast can taste out on the grass in a low chair, laid in the afternoon. Well, I do, and I mean to treat my friends to it, every day this Summer.

"Now, I haven't any big trees or tall hedges—only this little lawn, between the house and the street. But I've happened to note that my big lilac bush casts a generous shade on the side toward the house when the sun gets into the spot of shade I am going to have a few white wicker tables and some chairs to match. These hydrangeas and rhododendrons will shut the look off from view of passersby in the street and when Fall comes I mean to plant some yuccas and Forsythia bushes and start a real English hedge."

"Meanwhile, with my lilac bush and wicker tea furniture and a lovely muffin stand that I brought from England, well, you shall see what you will see in the way of tea when I get things started."

A wicker muffin or cakestand is an inestimable convenience in serving afternoon tea out of doors. They are light, simple, and well balanced, thin slices of bread and jam, small frosted cakes or doughnuts may be carried out, three plates at a time on the muffin stand, following the big tray of tea paraphernalia. If this tray is always kept ready, lacking only the fresh jug of cream and fresh pot of tea, with accompanying jug of hot water, one maid may serve afternoon tea very quickly and at a moment's notice.

Yes, Verily!

Mr. Gladstone once said that he had solved the domestic problem in this way: "Whenever Mrs. Gladstone insists I submit; and whenever I insist she submits." He didn't say, however, whether they took turns about insisting and submitting. Marriage is a failure when one of the parties insists on being the insister and doesn't take turns in submitting to be the submitter.

Is Now an S. P. C. F.

Griggs—The last time we went fishing together I remember you caught the hook in your jaw and I had the duty of a time getting it out.

Briggs—Yes, from that little accident I got the fish's viewpoint on the sport and I haven't been fishing since.

WARM WEATHER BRINGS DEMAND FOR NEW SALAD

"Accompaniment" and "Substantial" Dishes May Be Easily Made for Use With Cold Meats or for Main Feature of Luncheon.

BY LILIAN TINGLE.

THE following potato salad recipes are given in the hope that one of them may suit the purposes of a correspondent who recently asked for "a potato salad recipe" without any suggestion of its purpose. They may also be useful to others at this season, especially for picnic lunches and cold suppers.

Potato Salad—(1) Put into a mixing bowl one quart of half-inch cubes of cooked potatoes, one cup cubes of cooked young carrot, one-half cup chopped pickled cucumbers or cauliflower, one-half cup olive or snowdrift oil, or thick cream, four tablespoons vinegar, 1½ teaspoons salt, one-half teaspoon paprika or white pepper, one teaspoon mixed mustard, three tablespoons chopped onion, one tablespoon chopped parsley, two tablespoons chopped nasturtium leaves or stalks. Mix all together in a serving bowl; mask with cooked dressing or mayonnaise, garnish with lettuce hearts, hard egg and a few well-washed nasturtium flowers. This salad is suitable for service with cold meats. It would not be used as a "course" salad.

Pink Potato Salad—Cut six boiled potatoes in cubes and place in a mixing bowl with two tablespoons finely chopped onions, one tablespoon chopped parsley, or green pepper, and one-half cup young boiled beets, cut in dice. Mix thoroughly and bind with boiled or French dressing, increasing the usual amount of salt, acid and seasonings. Let stand to chill, then scoop up with a small cup, unmolded on a nest of lettuce hearts and garnish with a

sprinkling of very finely chopped parsley. This salad is suitable for use with cold meats.

Potato and Egg Salad—For a "substantial" salad, to form the main dish of a luncheon or supper add to either of the above one or more hard eggs for each service. A small quantity of chopped ham is also good.

Other "substantial" potato salads may be made by adding not more than 1½ cups chopped cold meat, or flaked cooked fish to either of the above. The carrots or beets may or may not be omitted in such a case.

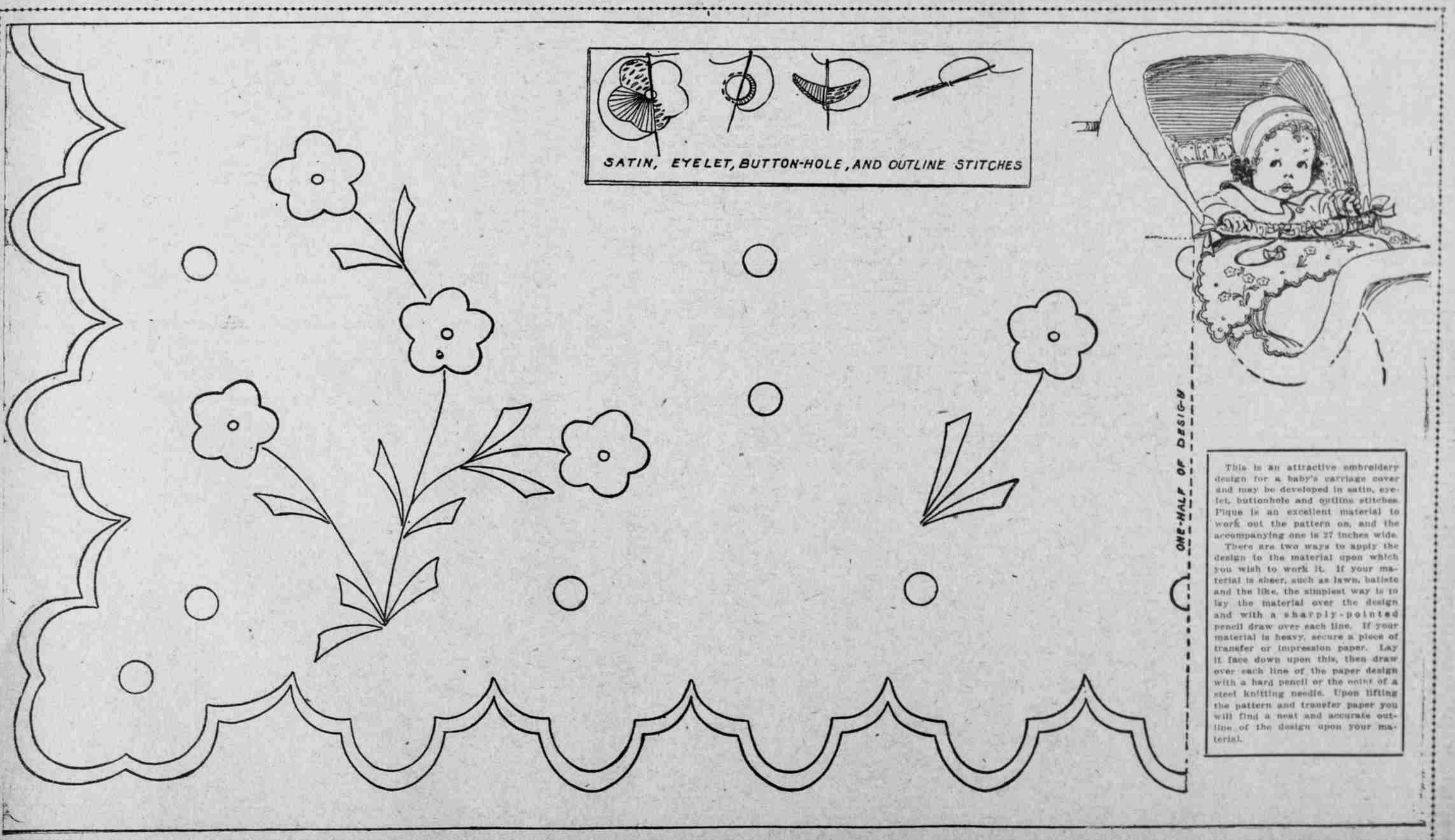
One or two tablespoons of salted or peppered fish, or of grated cheese to every cup of potatoes, prepared as each service. A small quantity of "substantial" salads.

Plainer "accompaniment" salads can be made by omitting some of the minor ingredients in either of the two first recipes. Chopped celery or cooked peas or cut up string beans or diced (not sliced) cucumber may be substituted for the carrots or beets where further variety is desired. Sliced tomatoes are also good in place of the beets, but will not "stand" so well.

The following is good with potato salad:

Cream Horseradish Dressing—To ½ cup thick sweet or sour cream, add 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1-3 teaspoon each salt and paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat until solid. Add 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, or more if the bottle has been previously opened. A little more acid may be added for potato salad, and 1 level teaspoon sugar will improve it for some tastes.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE INFANT'S CARRIAGE COVER FOR SUMMER USE



SATIN, EYELET, BUTTON-HOLE, AND OUTLINE STITCHES

This is an attractive embroidery design for a baby's carriage cover and may be developed in satin, eyelet, buttonhole and outline stitches. Figue is an excellent material to work out the pattern on, and the accompanying one is 27 inches wide.

There are two ways to apply the design to the material upon which you wish to work it. If your material is sheer, such as lawn, batiste and the like, the simplest way is to lay the material over the design and with a sharply-pointed pencil draw over each line. If your material is heavy, secure a piece of transfer or impression paper. Lay it face down upon this, then draw over each line of the paper design with a hard pencil or the point of a steel knitting needle. Upon lifting the pattern and transfer paper you will find a neat and accurate outline of the design upon your material.