

UNSELFISH SERVICE IS THEME OF PASTOR'S DISCOURSE

Prophet Elisha's Remarks to Woman of Shunem Taken as Sermon Topic by Rev. George Darsie, Who Draws Moral From Object of Hard Journey.

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Text: II Kings, 4:25-26. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."
I WANT to use these words as a cordial and affectionate New Year greeting. And I want to follow the thought they suggest. They were addressed by the Prophet Elisha to the woman of Shunem. He had promised, in consideration for her kindness and hospitality to him as her guest, that she should have a son. His words were fulfilled. The son was born. The little fellow became the life of the household. One day when a lad of 8 or 10 years, he went to the harvest field. The burning rays of an Oriental sun beat down upon him, smiting him with sunstroke. Carried to his mother, she had the awful sorrow of seeing him die in her arms. But with a faith that triumphed over fear she started at once for Mount Carmel, where Elisha resided. The day was hot, no matter the road was rough, no matter the prophet was 25 miles away, no matter she was riding for the life of her child, she felt neither weariness nor discomfort in her eager journey. The prophet, seeing her approach, sent his servant "to meet her and say unto her, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?' And she answered, 'It is well.'" Though her heart was breaking, her hopes crushed, her light gone from her home, yet her faith was undimmed. It may be that it anticipated the event which came to pass, how that the prophet could and would restore to her the treasure she had lost and fill her heart and home again with the joy that had suddenly gone from it. And though the past year may have brought to your home loss and bereavement equally sore, have you faith enough in the divine power and the divine love to believe that every loss will one day be made up to you and so to answer the question, "Is it well with thee?" by saying, "It is well?"

Physical Health Necessary.
The first meaning we take from the text is the importance and necessity of physical health. It is a great thing to possess health of body. "The first duty of life," someone has said, "is to be a good animal." The basis of the highest usefulness and success is the physical basis of health. It is the essential condition of all solid enjoyment and of all sustained activity. I don't wonder that the chief greeting with which we pass each other on the street is, "How are you—are you all well?" The very question implies that lack of health means lack of vigor. Not only the amount, but the quality of labor which a man can perform depends upon his health. The work savor of the workman. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black venous blood flows to an author's brain it beclouds his pages, and the devotions of a consumptive man scent of his disease, as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of sin. Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination unto the Lord.
Joseph Choate says: "The stomach is indeed the key to all professional eminence. At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization—the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits—that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination and love are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence

of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an Aeolian harp. The house I live in must, above all things, be a healthy house or inevitably shall I suffer for it. Mental vigor and moral excellence cannot but receive detriment and injury from inhabiting a casement of physical feebleness and disease. "A sound mind in a sound body" is the voice of a truth that would be all the truer and completer were it enlarged to read, "A sound mind and a sound soul in a sound body." In all your getting, get "a sound body." It is hard to be a good Christian and be sick. Physical disease and ailments connect themselves more or less to the whole man, and in the morbidity and impairment of the body involve the mind and heart as well.
Health of Soul First.
But health of soul is far greater than health of body. The body is only a house in which to live. The soul is the inhabitant. How vital to our well being now and forever it is to be able to say, "Is it well with my soul? This is the chief sense in which I press home the inquiry: 'Is it well with thee?'" "Beloved, I pray that in all things thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." The health of the soul requires that it shall be fed on God's word, that it shall breathe the atmosphere of prayer, bask in the sunshine of God's love and favor and exercise itself continually in doing His will. A healthy soul loves the right, the pure, the good. It hates the wrong, the bad, the impure. It finds its joy in pleasing God and doing His will. It shuns the haunts of evil doers, avoids the paths of the workers of iniquity and by stout and ceaseless resistance keeps the devil at bay. As Jesus said, "The Prince of the World cometh, and he hath nothing in me," so can every one feel whose soul is napped in the Divine might. God give you health of soul, that you may shed temptation as an ironclad and armored warrior, and be shot and shell. God give you grace that you may keep the garments of your soul clean, unspotted from the world, and in proper environment for growth and development, so that like the Shunemite woman, you can say, "It is well with me spiritually."
Let me then give emphasis to this threefold inquiry, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"
"Is it well with thee?" Are you doing your duty promptly and faithfully? There is no satisfaction or joy greater than that which comes from the consciousness of having done well your part. Nothing pays better dividends on life than doing noble deeds. It not only does you great good, but puts you where you can help others.
Influence Over Husband Great.
For immediately following the question, "Is it well with thee?" is the second, "Is it well with thy husband?" To do right and be right yourself is the essential condition of helping others to do and be right. We are in a large degree responsible for others. We are our brothers' keeper. "No man liveth unto himself."
And nowhere is this truth more applicable than in the home. How many a husband has been recalled from unbelief by simply "beholding the chaste conduct, coupled with fear, of a meek and godly wife." I have read the inscription on many a gravestone, but none ever impressed me like that I saw not long ago in the beautiful Forest Hills Cemetery, near Boston. It was the inscription on the monument of a beloved wife. It was by the hand of a surviving husband, who said: "Her

memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life." The poet Milton once said, speaking of man and woman: "He for God only, she for God in her." But how infinitely more truth there is in the exact reversal of the famous line: "She for God only, he for God in her." The old brother who once half jestingly said that he doubted if there will be enough men in heaven to sing bass, might have also suggested that every man who does get there will more than likely owe the fact under God to the instrumentality of some woman. And most frequently that woman a wife.
Now, for the third and last question: "Is it well with the child?" Fathers and mothers, God puts upon you great responsibility. He particularly warns you against such a course in training your children as shall cause them to be "discouraged." He enjoins upon you the importance of family government, of family religion, of worthy example. Frederick Robertson calls attention to the fact that the word "orphan" means "bereft"; that is, bereft of parental care, and that any child thus bereft, whether by death, by political circumstances or by sheer parental indifference and neglect, is, in the strict meaning of the word, an orphan. As thus explained, I dare say there are thousands of orphans in Oregon with both parents living.

Example of Zeal Shown.
The Shunemite woman was riding for the life of her child when she made that long 25-mile journey under the burning heat of the midday sun to Mount Carmel. She believed that Elisha could and would restore her child to life. She is an example of the zeal which every mother should exhibit in separating her child from bad surroundings; protecting it from evil influences; securing it against perils of every kind. The very first claim of a parent is to provide an environment. Without such environment, it has no chance whatever in the race of life. Without it, it is foredoomed to a career of sinning, if not of crime. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," asks the interesting question, "What would be the result if all the babies born this year in Boston and Timbuctoo should change places?" An interesting question surely, and suggesting a dozen others equally so. And yet we often forget that even in our civilized land and state, and I doubt not even in enlightened Boston itself, there can be found this very hour, hundreds, if not thousands, of children growing up in surroundings that make virtue and purity impossible. Rescue them from such surroundings and provide for them homes of Christian care and love and protection.

The woman of Shunem longed for her child that she might nurse it into noble manhood. That is, provide for its sustenance, see to its physical health and its mental improvement; educate it in everything that will make it able to support itself and become a useful, honored and valued member of society. Give to it competent, careful and loving oversight. Is not that a commendable longing?
And if God would only give it back to her she would dedicate it to Him, and confirm that dedication by long years of patient effort. It must be, not only education, but religious education. It must be trained, not only manward, but also Godward; not only earthward, but also skyward; not only for this life, but also for the next, not only in body and mind, but also in its immortal spirit. Nursing it for God,

means nursing it for purity, for righteousness, for usefulness, for humanity's highest exaltation and for character's most glorious outcome.
Rewards Pointed Out.
For such lofty service God will give you abundant reward. Why, the act itself is its own reward. Did our savior go about doing good with any other motive, or for any other consideration than the luxury of blessing others? Is there any greater joy than the joy of service? Is there any happier life than that which calls into

DEEPEST MINE IS HIDDEN IN THE WILDS OF BRAZIL

Combined Shafts, Tapping Great Vein of Gold, Go Down More Than 5000 Feet—Ore More Than Mile Beneath Surface of Earth.

WORLD'S the deepest mine in the world? That is a question few people in this country can answer correctly. Even most mining experts probably would make a wrong guess—unless they had made rather exhaustive inquiries about the subject—for it is located in a section of the world where you would least expect to find it. In the forests which cover the hills that cluster about the mouth of the mine wild monkeys are chattering and jumping from limb to limb of the graceful palms which afford them food, and the bright-hued flowers exquisite orchids wait their perfume and display their beauty for the benefit of these impish progenitors of man. Birds of rare plumage flit in and out among the shadows and the gorgeous red-blue-yellow macaws add their raucous voices to the medley of sounds, while splendid butterflies wave their large wings in iridescent blue and green and gold to enhance the riot of color in these tropic realms.

Tropic Realms? Verily, for the deepest mine—gold or of any other metal—is located in Brazil. It is near a place bearing the euphonious name of Vila Nova de Lima, in the state of Minas Geraes, about 330 miles north of Rio de Janeiro. It has been worked, more or less systematically, for something over 80 years, and yet few of us in the United States have ever heard of the place, much less of the mine, which is known as the Morro Velho and is owned and operated by an English company.

Last year two young professors of geology, Benjamin LeRoy Miller, of Lehigh University, and Joseph T. Singewald, Jr., of Johns Hopkins, struck out for foreign parts and wended their way even into the hidden recesses of South America with a view of finding out something in regard to the mineral resources of the Western Hemisphere. They investigated almost all of the known mining districts of the southern continent and brought back with them a vast store of information relative to the mineral wealth of the various countries visited, and it was in Brazil that they found this unusual and in some respects unrivaled gold mine. They tell about it in an article in the December number of the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union (Washington, D. C.), from which the following facts are taken:
The Morro Velho mine is located in the gold belt of Brazil, where the Portuguese were first induced to settle by the discovery of the yellow metal. The first gold was discovered in 1599

near the present city of Ouro Preto. The gold was coated with a black substance and hence was called "ouro preto"—black gold. The city which they founded was long called Vila Rica de Ouro Preto—the Rich City of Black Gold, a name which was somewhat cumbersome even for the Portuguese, so they finally shortened it to just Ouro Preto, the name by which it is known today. Once upon a time it was about the most important city in Brazil, gold working surrounding it and the valuable metal being obtained from the gravel of almost every stream in the region. Not only the stream gravels yielded gold, but many gold-bearing quartz veins were worked.

Just when the Morro Velho mine was first opened is not known, but it was being operated toward the close of work had been done when the present shafts were opened, and considerable ore company obtained control of it in 1834.
The ore body consists of a great vein of unusual persistence and regularity that dips into the earth at an angle of about 45 degrees. It may be likened to a gigantic knife blade, held vertically and thrust into the earth at this angle with the point still lower than the present deepest workings. And it is these workings that make the mine remarkable. The combined depths of the connected shafts give a total of 5224 feet. In other words, here is a gold mine that is being worked at a depth of more than a mile below the surface of the earth. Now he it remembered that the rock temperatures increase as the earth's crust is penetrated, in some regions the increase being as much as 1 degree Fahrenheit for each 50 or 60 feet increase in depth. At this rate the temperature at the bottom of this mine would be over 100 degrees higher than at the surface, and friend ham and eggs might be prepared for the miners without any other heating apparatus than the loose rocks lying about. Incidentally, the miners would be going through the frying process, too. Fortunately, however, in this mine the rate of increase of temperature is only 1 degree for every 100 to 120 feet, giving the rocks a temperature of only 112 degrees. By forcing cooled air down into the mine by means of fans, the temperature is lowered to a little less than 100 degrees. Even at that, it is rather snug, and the miners usually wear only shoes, donning trousers when company is expected. Still, the mine has produced a total of about \$25,000,000 worth of gold, and is being worked now at a profit of something over \$700,000 annually.

gates of heaven than such loving ministrations to dependent childhood?"
Who seeks for heaven to save his soul? May keep the path, but will not reach the goal.
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.

"I was an hungry and you fed me, I was athirst and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you took me in, 'Lord, when did we do all this?' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me; therefore, come ye blessed.'"
A life like this which devotes itself to unselfish service is the very life of heaven brought down to earth. Let it but become the reigning fashion and this world, instead of a paradise lost becomes a paradise regained. And direct of his welcome at the gates of heaven will be he who thus in his soul carries heaven with him where he goes and whose ceaseless aspiration, both for earth and heaven, finds expression in the words:

O may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cap of strength in same great agonies,
Euhomeric patience, ardor, red pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
And in diffusion ever more intense,
To shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.
You may never have the unutterable joy of receiving back to life your dead child, as did the woman of Shunem, but you will one day have the fuller and richer experience of "going to him" in that realm where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore, and of seeing him face to face, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

FAMOUS ACTRESS INSANE

Sadie Martinot, Olga Netherole's Sister-in-Law, Stricken.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Mrs. Louise Netherole, better known as Sadie Martinot, who retired from the stage in 1901 when she married her manager, brother of Olga Netherole, was taken to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital, suffering from acute insanity. She became violent in the home of friends early today.
Mrs. Netherole, whose husband is in England, has been living in Yonkers. She has been busy for a long time writing plays, and recently tried to return to the stage. The strain caused a partial nervous breakdown. She appeared at the home of the Shaws yesterday in an excited condition. She told them the Italian, who had been attending to the furnace of her Yonkers home, had threatened her and she was in fear of her life. She asked the Shaws to take her in for the night.
Shaw was awakened at daybreak by screams in the court of the apartment house. He found Miss Martinot shrieking in a corner, cowering in a corner, pleading for the police to arrest imaginary persons who were seeking to kill her. Sadie Martinot's stage career began when she was 14 years of age, when she graduated into the chorus of a vaudeville theater from participation in church concerts in Brooklyn. Her father was a prosperous silk mer-

chant. She won rapid promotion and came under the notice of Dion Boucicault, under whose care she became a star of musical comedy and the serious drama. She achieved a popularity that won her the sobriquet of the "Puritanaical Queen of Bohemia." She was the original "Colleen Bawn" that delighted the play-going public of a generation ago.
She went through several fortunes and had been three times married; the first time when she was 17. The first intimation of financial difficulties came in 1884, when she disposed of an auction of a private art collection valued at more than \$100,000.

MAN'S HOUSE IS STOLEN

Owner Also Finds His Trees Have Been Taken Away.

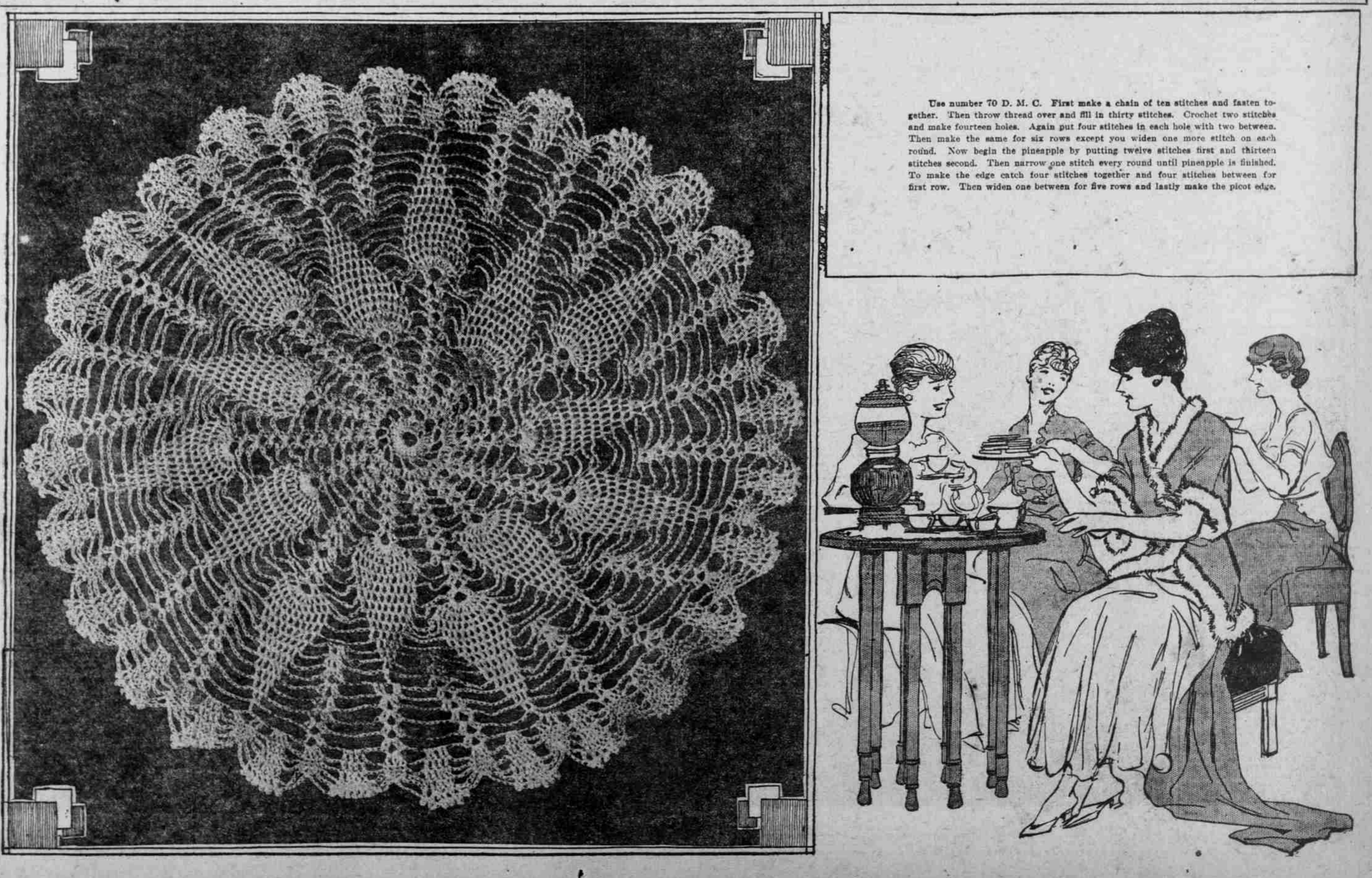
CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Somebody has stolen Pete Petronik's house. It was a cottage he had built out of the dollars he earned at the inland steel mills. He planted trees around it, and shrubs, and rented it to his best friend, Andy Sendko. Andy and Pete had come over on the same boat from the old country. They worked together in the same mill. They were great "pals," as any of the mill hands could testify. Then Pete got a better offer in a Chicago mill. He rented his house to Andy.
"Take good care of it," he told him. "I'll come back myself to live here some time."
And he left Indiana Harbor for Chicago. Twice Pete visited Andy, each time collecting his rent. They were still great friends. Andy raved over the house.
Last night Pete arrived in Indiana Harbor, bringing with him a receipt for the month's rent and a hand-carried pipe as a present for Andy. He walked down the street at the end of which he had built his house, and when he got there the house was gone. There wasn't even a stick left. The trees were gone. Pete rubbed his eyes and looked several times. Then he rushed to the police.
"Somebody has stolen my house," he said, "and my trees and everything."
Pete led the police to the spot. He lit the pipe which he had meant to give to Andy—it was an heirloom—and smoked excitedly as the detectives searched for the house or for a clue to its disappearance. They discovered that it had been taken away piece by piece and today Pete is searching the countryside for it.
"I'll know it anywhere, no matter what they've done to it," he said. Pete still has the pipe. Andy, his best friend, who was going to get it, is also missing.

HEIRESS FLEES EXPENSE

Girl Avoids Extravagant Wedding by Eloping.

GREENVILLE, Mich., Jan. 16.—Miss Nevene Tower, daughter of a millionaire, packed up her belongings, sloped to Detroit, and was married to Donald Despelder, son of a farmer. She said she fled home to avoid an extravagant wedding.
Her parents occupy a \$100,000 home. She will live with her husband in a three-room flat in Detroit.
The bridegroom, 15 years old, is employed in a motor car factory.

DAINTY PINEAPPLE DOILY FOR PERCOLATOR TRAY IS SHOWN



Use number 70 D. M. C. First make a chain of ten stitches and fasten together. Then throw thread over and fill in thirty stitches. Crochet two stitches and make fourteen holes. Again put four stitches in each hole with two between. Then make the same for six rows except you widen one more stitch on each round. Now begin the pineapple by putting twelve stitches first and thirteen stitches second. Then narrow one stitch every round until pineapple is finished. To make the edge catch four stitches together and four stitches between for first row. Then widen one between for five rows and lastly make the picot edge.