

THE POPULAR PULPIT

HIS YOKE IS EASY.

By Rev. Henry M. Barbour.
"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." St. Matt. xi:29.

There are those who consider that, in these words, our Lord referred not to a yoke and a burden which He was to place upon us, but to the yoke and the burden which He Himself bore. "Come unto me," they explain His words as meaning, "study My example. My yoke is easy. My burden is light. Be meek and lowly in heart, as I am, and yours shall be easy, yours shall be light." There are troubles and sorrows in the world which, so far as we can see, come to men through no fault of their own, which belong to their lot in life, to that state into which it has pleased God to call them.

These sorrows our Lord does not promise to remove. But He points to a means by which they may be borne. And what matters it whether you lighten the load or strengthen that which is to bear the load?

Weight is but a relative term. That which overtakes a fragile vehicle is but a light burden for one that is strongly built. St. Paul was imperiled, imprisoned, scourged, shipwrecked, famished, a-thirst, but none the less he cried: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." St. Paul was not heavy laden. You have some load to bear and you feel that you can hardly sustain it longer. You yearn with all your heart for something that you cannot have. Some terrible grief is gnawing at your soul. You have been unfortunate. Prosperity seems to have turned her back upon you. He looks upon you in pity and in love, but He says in effect: "I cannot grant your petition. You know not what you ask. Your lot is ordered for your good. But look back upon My life. I was persecuted, I was despised. I had not where to lay My head. I died on the cross, yet My yoke was easy. My burden was light. All through My life I had peace, a peace which I left for My followers for all time. Come unto Me. Be patient, be meek, be lowly. Learn of Me, and, whatever your yoke and burden, you shall find rest unto your soul."

And what except rest unto our souls are we living for? What one thing is there that is worth the having if it bring not that? In the commercial world a man's ability, his skill, his experience, are valued not at some definite figure, but, by the inevitable law of supply and demand, they are worth at any time and in any given place precisely what they will bring. Just so it is with the apparent advantages of this life. They are worth only what they bring.

A man may seem to want for nothing. He may be envied of all and yet be utterly destitute. Another may be bereft of friends, health, possessions and yet be living in abundance because he has that which the world with its utmost favor cannot give, which the world with its utmost cruelty and scorn cannot take away. He has learned of Christ and his yoke is easy and his burden is light.

CAPTIVES OF GOOD OR OF EVIL.

By Rev. Richard M. Sherman.
Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ.—Ephesians, iii. 1.

For "two whole years" he had dwelt "in his own hired house" in Rome, guarded, however, by a soldier, to whom he was chained. It was a hard position for so earnest a man, who longed to be free to go among men to tell them the blessed truths of the gospel. But he regarded his very imprisonment as part of the divine plan for furthering the gospel.

He was there "in bonds," not only as the prisoner of the Caesar—the absolute and acknowledged ruler of the whole known world—but also, and especially, as the prisoner of Jesus Christ—the absolute, if as yet unacknowledged, ruler of the emperor himself and the whole world besides. So he put aside the lesser captivity in the thought of the greater and nobler captivity.

He could have secured his freedom by simply renouncing his religious convictions, yet to be released from that wearisome room, to walk the street again, to throw aside that chain to get away from that gruff, unsympathetic soldier—the idea seems never to have entered his mind.

For there was the something greater than the power of the Roman Empire that kept him there—as much greater as moral power is greater than physical. It was not the chain or iron; it was the chain of love—love to Jesus

Christ. The government's imprisonment was only an incident in the life of this devoted man, whose whole ambition was to do for others who needed to know the gospel.

All men are captives. We are so constituted that it cannot be otherwise. Some are in bonds to evil influences, passing unholy lives, taking apparently a sort of pleasure in their captivity to Satan. Regarding themselves, however, as the only true freemen, they look upon moral men—especially Christians—as under a silly mistake.

"Why should grown persons," they say, "bind upon themselves the burdens of truth, decency, church attendance, soberness and the like? How much wiser to get out of life the pleasure that is in it. Be free from those conventionalities. Have your own way—no matter who is made to suffer for it. Get all the money you can, no matter how it is gotten, and spend it so as to get the most pleasure out of it."

And these men have chosen to live in that fashion. It was prerogative to make a choice. They have chosen to be captives to vice—just as truly captives as is the poor wretch who frets behind iron bars in a stone-walled prison. He has by his own voluntary deeds brought himself into confinement, and they, by their own choice, have bound themselves in servitude to their accepted master.

Turn to a Christian captive—the prisoner of Jesus Christ. He, too, has chosen his own peculiar form of restraint. He has voluntarily resigned his liberty into the hands of Jesus. He is hemmed in by certain laws—restricted in his motions by certain bonds. There are forms to which he must be a stranger. There are some so-called freemen with whom he must not associate. He must be careful in choosing even his thoughts. What a hard lot is his.

And yet, saints and apostles—yes, all those who have really helped this world—have declared the lot of a Christian as freedom! Saint Paul himself refers to it as "The glorious liberty of the children of God." Has it, then, a benefit? Assuredly so, though it is not like that which binds men to any other master. All others have their own good in view in dealing with their followers. They are all selfish. They seek men to follow them for what can be gotten out of the following.

The divine master, however, has somewhat to give his adherents, and it is a somewhat that is lasting. Men's institutions, even the very best, can last but a few years, while His is eternal. Their best promises of good to be gained are based upon a superstitious ability and a temporary fancy, while His willingness, faithfulness and ability to do are absolute and tested by the experience of millions of strong souls in all ages.

With testimony from many souls, in all generations, we are passing wise to have placed ourselves in the prison-house of Jesus Christ, and with Saint Paul again we must each one say: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

Short Meter Sermons.

Serenity comes in when selfishness goes out.

Realizing the right is all there is of religion.

He takes heaven everywhere who has the happy heart.

They find the gate of heaven who seek the good of humanity.

Much of our sorrow is stuff we have stolen thinking it was joy.

Thunders of applause give no promise of showers of blessing.

A good many more would walk with God if he would go blindfold.

He who shuts the door of heaven on another shuts himself out.

The most heavenly virtues come out of the most homely occasions.

The only thing that makes any work sacred is the way that it is done.

Civilization will be synonymous with salvation when it has cured sin.

The tight-fisted child often finds that he has a loose hold on his Father.

The devil has no more effective weapon than the Christian's rusty sword.

Every time you envy another man his meal you drop gail into your own plate.

People who cannot stand up in the fight must not look to sit down in the feast.

Don't think you are fixed on feathers there because you make a lot of fuss here.

Many a man is praying for grace to bear his trials who needs just sand to shake them.

When friendship is but a social ladder the soul goes down faster than the feet can climb up.

THE OLD WATER MILL.



On the slope of the hill
Stands the old water mill
With its rafters decadent and rotten.
Now an idle old shed,
The wheel, listless and dead,
And the men who once ran it forgotten.
O, the flowers I knew, how grandly they grew
By the old water mill
On the slope of the hill!

Here the choicesters sung
As they merrily swung
With the swish and the sway of the breeze;
And the wind that blew
On the flowers I knew
Shook silvery songs from the boughs of the trees.
But the songs are all old, the tales are all told,
There is naught but the mill
On the slope of the hill.

When the death wind blows
On the red flaming rose
Waving here with its petals of gladness,
Flaring here in the sun,
A red emblem of fun,
And the symbol of mirth and its madness,
Put me here by the brook, in a cool shady nook,
On the slope of the hill
By the old water mill.



A good cure of indigestion is a full teaspoonful of glycerine in a little water, to be taken after food.

For neuralgia, try wet cloths of alcohol and water, or laudanum and water, laid on a hot water bottle and the part steamed over.

A doctor sometimes orders his patient to discard tea, for the cup that cheers frequently disagrees with the stomach. Weak stomachs will, however, find that tea made with milk is not only harmless, but in very many cases beneficial.

To prevent bedsores, wash the patient's back and heels every day, and rub on with the palm of the hand a little methylated spirit. I have known people keep their bed for years, and, by thus using the methylated spirit, bedsores have never troubled them.

Soda and sulphur baths are sometimes ordered in cases of rheumatism and skin diseases. For a soda bath from one to two pounds of common washing soda should be dissolved. The sulphur bath must be prepared according to the doctor's orders; about four ounces of sulphuretted potassium in thirty gallons of water is the usual quantity ordered.

To cure bronchitis cut up two or three large raw onions. Mince them very finely. Place in muslin, and lay this cold onion poultice on the chest and throat. Cover with a folded towel, and bandage lightly. This appears very simple, but it is only an easy way of applying a thoroughly scientific remedy, for the active agent in the onion is a volatile oil, which has a powerful effect on the bronchial tubes, the nerve centers, and the skin.

An Apt Quotation.

"That fat he owns is so old-fashioned that he can't rent it or make any money out of it."

"Ah! the 'fat, stale and unprofitable.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A dimple helps in having a cheerful disposition. Dimples do not show when their owners are moody or cross.

THE WAIL OF THE FAKER.

Easy Days with the "Bunc" Game Have Gone Forever.

"There ain't nothing to it; suckers and good farmers are getting scarcer every day," said an old-time street faker the other day to a Kansas City Star man. "There was a time when a wise guy at the ballyhoo business could get out and collect the dough, but the good old days have passed and to-day the Rubes won't give 15 cents to see an earthquake. They've been wised up by the papers, and a good piece of soda pop bottle don't look like a real diamond to them no more.

"Us street corner Senators used to go out and get the corn with any old gag, but now you can't stand on the corner and deal the bunc for an hour at a time and nick about enough gilt to cop a scuttle of suds. I'm in the legit now. Peddling stuff that's worth the dough. I used to go out with a bit of stock and ballyhoo in front of a tent for the farmers and get their dimes.

"I remember one time when I was stranded out in Western Kansas that the game was so good that I pulled off over a century one afternoon with no stock but the bunc. I was broke, but I had a tent and a big tub. I would have spread for the lemonade gag, but I didn't have the dough to buy the acid and the floaters, so I pulled off a side-show. I filled up my tub with water and placed a lone match in it. Then I stood outside and spieled for my life. 'Come inside gentlemen, and see the great swimming mach.' Well, they passed in their dimes and just stood around and watched that match swim around in the water. At first they were sore and wanted their dough back, but I kidded them and told them to get even by boosting their friends against the game. It was great and I left town with enough soft goods to open a medicine show.

"Another time when I was pretty badly crimped, I opened up a slide show with the dancing rooster. This was a good show and they got a run for their money. I placed old miter nigger fruit on a piece of zinc and then lit a lamp under it. He danced all right and once more I was little bright eyes. I've cleaned up lots of times with nothing but the bunc, but now with the straight goods it's hard pickings."

JOHN MITCHELL.

Acknowledged Leader of the United Mine Workers of America.

John Mitchell, the acknowledged leader of the United Mine Workers of America, who presented to the operators the desires of the workers, is one of the foremost labor leaders of the day. He did not organize the United Mine Workers, but he made the organization the most powerful in the labor field. He first gained prominence in the strike of 1897, when he succeeded in bringing about the system of joint conference which is now in vogue between the miners and operators in the Eastern States. There are over half a million men who are more or less influenced by his will, though he does not by any means control them. In the memorable anthracite strike of 1902 he was for peace. He had to fight the corporations and battle against the conflicting opinions of



JOHN MITCHELL.

his own people, but his business-like methods, his sincerity and determination attracted the attention of President Roosevelt and enlisted the sympathy of the country, to the end that by Presidential mediation peace was established, with the miners getting an advance of 10 per cent, having their hours reduced and an arbitration board being established.

His Foot in It Again.

Mr. Drake—Who is that sour-looking bame over there?

Mr. Gubbins—Sir, she has the misfortune to be my wife.

Oh—ah—er—indeed, sir, the misfortune is—er—all yours, I'm sure.—Cleveland Leader.

No Words Wasted.

"Whenever I express a desire for anything," said Mrs. Newbride, "my husband never objects."

"Neither does mine," replied Mrs. Oldun. "He simply ignores it."—Philadelphia Press.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also made in France.
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR, ACUTE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Almost Time.

The convention of physicians was called secretly and hurriedly. Dr. Killen rose to speak.

"Gentlemen of the profession," he said, "something must be done. Our automobile tires are wearing out, our daughters' music lessons are unpaid for and nearly all our good patrons have already been operated upon for appendicitis. What shall we do?"

"Let's discover a new microbe," said Dr. Quack.

The motion was carried unanimously and a wave of sickness wafted ducats to the doctors' coffers.—Indianapolis Star.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Everything Worn.

"And you still delay the wedding," sighed the beautiful girl. "My heart is worn out."

"Is that all?" demanded the suitor who was an advocate of procrastination.

"No," the carpet is worn out, the parlor sofa is worn out, ma's hopes are worn out and pa's patience is worn out."

The suitor whistled.

"Well, by gum!" he retalled. "My shoes are worn out coming here every two or three nights."

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 5 to 14 days. 50c.

One Cause of Poverty.

A Philadelphian was praising the late Mary Mapes Dodge. "Wise woman as she was," he said, "Mrs. Dodge considered organized charity rather cold. She believed in the charity spirit, which, she said, was best fostered by the direct personal contact of recipient and giver. Hence she never refused a beggar. And, defending herself from attacks one day, she narrated a conversation she once overheard between two Maryland tramps, or 'peach plucks.' These peach plucks, as they lay under a tree on a superb afternoon, philosophized. 'Bill,' said the first, 'why is it that poor people is always willin' to help us, while rich folks always turns us down?' The other, with a mirthful laugh, replied: 'Them that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FITS Permanently Cured. No doctor nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Chameleon.

The American chameleon, a small lizard (Anolis carolinensis), inhabits various parts of the Southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and completely changing its colors, varying from brown to yellow or pale green. Its food consists of insects. The little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet, and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament.

The toes are provided with adhesive pads, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth vertical surfaces.—St. Nicholas.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

For each child born to the families of the municipal clerks in Kansas City the civic authorities promise to add \$5 a month to the father's salary.