

THE Popular Pulpit

PHARISEE OF MODERN TIME.

By Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady.
Then Jesus said unto them, take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.—Matthew 23:6.

One of the most striking features about the words of Christ is that they so far transcend circumstances and environment that the application of them reacheth to the end of the world and the end of time. Not less pertinent to-day is that warning which was uttered 2,000 years ago. America is not Jerusalem, but the Sadducees and the Pharisees, little changed in all that long period, are still with us and the caution is as necessary now as then.

The Sadducee was a man who substituted circumstances for principles, who was governed by conditions rather than convictions, whose watchword was "expediency," whose policy was a time-serving truckle to the "powers that be," and the determination to fit in with environment at whatever cost. The Sadducee was made by the things about him and as a determinative force he amounted to little. It was not until the Savior interfered with vested right and attacked material privilege that the Sadducee conspired with the Pharisee, whom he hated, to crucify Him.

The Pharisee was a man who put law in the place of morals, who disregarded the inward and spiritual to acclaim the outward and material, who cared nothing for cause but everything for effect, whose watchword was "legality" and not "righteousness," who substituted for the living voice of conscience a minute description for all sorts and conditions of men and circumstances, whose whole idea was not "is a thing right or wrong?" but "what is the law that governs?" When the Savior, with a sublime disregard for petty regulation, insisted upon moral principles and transcended any attempt to crib, cabin and confine them in obsolete and infinitesimal edict, he united with his hereditary foe, the Sadducee, to crucify Him.

Who is the Pharisee to-day? Not so much the man who covers his wickedness with a specious cloak of morality and a scrupulous attention to little things, as the bank president who would not have a man in his employ who smoked a cigar, but who did not scruple to rob the bank of millions—he was a Pharisee in the minor sense—but the man who makes the law the measure of his actions and whose opinion is that so long as he does not render himself legally liable he is a moral, upright man, has deceived himself into thinking that law and morals are synonymous terms. He is the real Pharisee to-day.

And who are the Sadducees? Those who have no settled or abiding convictions as to right or wrong, but are made by the prevalent opinion of the hour, blown about by every wind of doctrine, attracted one moment by liberalism and another moment by asceticism. The crying need for the hour is conviction—conviction of sin, conviction of truth, conviction of righteousness.

There has been so much said about broad and beautiful liberality, and the requirements for Christian manhood and citizenship and church membership have been so minimized that people have come to think that these are not of much importance, and that a certain vague, general endeavor to do good will answer all purposes.

They have forgotten that the way of salvation is a straight and narrow way. Faith before works, belief before action, right thinking before right doing—these are the great principles, and so the old warning comes with a new force. Are you a Pharisee or a Sadducee? Beware of this leaven if thou wouldst finally have fellowship with Jesus, the greatest figure that has ever exemplified manhood and divinity.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT ARE RICH.

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.
Text—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5:3.

Blessed is the man who takes a cold bath to start the strenuous day. Blessed is the boy who has to bear the burden in his youth. Blessed is the man whose dreams are full of unreal cyclones, fires and wrecks. Blessed is the man whose dream is filled with the funeral of his wife and wakes to find her living. Blessed is the man who dreams that his business has been ruined and wakes to find it intact and prosperous. Blessed is the man who dreams of sorrows that might be and wakes to find them not.

Never does the Savior say it is blessed to be poor, although He did say that the poor are sometimes blessed. He does not say it is blessed for a person to have a little when he could just as well have much, or that two wings are

not better than one. Two dollars are better than one. How inconsistent is the teaching that would interpret the Savior as saying that poverty is invariably a blessing. It is not a blessing to have little of the goods of this world while others may have much. The blessing is not contained in the fact that the quantity is small, but in the way we make use of the quantity we have.

Every man and woman is a capitalist. If he has not money to give he has smiles to give. If he cannot give money he can give words, he can give advice, he can give influence. Every one of us is a capitalist. And we are not to thank God that we have so little, but we are to pray to Him for more, and at the same time to retain that humble spirit that makes us feel unworthy of having more, but that will cause us to strive our best to prove worthy of it if it comes.

FAITH.

By Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D.
Text—"But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."—Jude 20, 21.

Were it not for the supreme and infinite love of God we should have no hope either for this world or for the world to come, and the more deeply we appreciate that love, and the more strongly we cling to it, the more confident may we be of our own future, and the more will we be led to give unto Him in return that love which He seeks from us. And not less certain is it that only through the expectation of the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ can we have hope unto eternal life, as it is the only hope which can sustain us in the time of our weakness, of our sin, of our despair.

Faith is in danger of being undermined by the human characteristics universally found among men which make them unwilling to accept of and to live up to its moral and ethical teachings. The standard of morality in the world being much lower than that taught in the Scriptures, all men are apt to suffer their ideas to drift lower and lower in sympathy with the ideas of the world.

Men will judge us, not by our living as they see it, but by the life, life of character, personality in life, as they learn to know it. God judges us, not by the material living, but by the immaterial life as He sees it. This clay will again turn to clay. But the character we build, the life we live, the influence we exert, the life we impart, the hope we strengthen, the faith we encourage, these things will never die.

SIN AND RELIGION.

By Rev. Orrin R. Jenks.
Is there any power that can remove the bloodstains of sin? Is there any remedy that can cure the malady of sin? Modern skepticism distinctly says no. Professor Clifford says that no God can forgive sins committed against men any more than the Sultan by pardon can clean the bloody hand of a Pasha. But Christianity joins issue and says yes.

The greatest of the prophets declared: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Paul, the apostle of righteousness, says: "We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins."

It is the purpose of the gospel to undo our wrongdoing, to repair the irreparable past, to open a door of escape from the dreadful harvest of sowing to the flesh. History is on the side of this doctrine. Augustine, the profligate, was transformed into the father of modern theology. John Bunyan, the drunken tinker, was changed into the prophet whose vision of "Pilgrim's Progress" has regenerated millions of lives. John B. Gough, the inebriate seeking relief in suicide, was converted into a preacher of temperance who shook two continents into a new era in reform.

Short Meter Sermons.

Hiding sin does not heal it.

Only veneer virtues fear bad weather.

Things are without what they are within.

There is little love in long distance charity.

Orthodoxy is apt to be conformity to his habits.

Losing the temper takes the edge off the ability.

A man never believes in honesty until he has some of it.

No favoring wind comes to him who will not pull on his oars.

The more of a truth a man knows the larger liberty he finds in it.

The easiest way to fall out of the Christian path is to sit down in it.

Religion may have many forms, but they all have one face of love.

The man who brags of being speedy doesn't figure on the grade he is on.

The only man whom poverty can crush is he who lacks the riches of character.

OFFICE BOY PHILOSOPHY.



De fellers wot 're always knockin' the boss are de soreheads wot wasn't good enough fer his job.

A job by an' ad is wot two in de employment agency.

Wen I sees a dub go in ter see de boss an' his brent' smells like a barrel house, I lets de outside door open so's he kin get out quicker.

It's a lead pipe cinch dat de guy wot begins to watch de hands of de clock at ten in de mornin' an' tree in de afternoon ain't goin' ter find no raise in his envelope at de beginnin' of de year.

De tinhorn sports wot spends most o' deir time an' de little brains dey got on de cut o' deir pants, don't have none left fer deir work.

De keyboard dancer wot has lots o' time fer her butious hair and woids her jaws overtime on gum is generally lookin' fer a "position"; she's too good ter have a real "job."

Somehow dese fellers wot don't jaw about wot dey did an' wot dey're goin' ter do, but keeps a-pluggin' at wot dey got ter do, soon gets a private office o' dey're own.

De guy wot woids de hardest wen de boss's around 'll always have a boss ter be watchin' fer.

De feller wot stands high wit' de peacherino ufer typist don't stand deuce high wit' de boss.

The gent wot said, "Yet can't walk fer two bosses at de same time," was wise ter his job, 'cause generally yet gets de can from bot'.

VAST SUM SENT BY RAIL.

Postoffice Department Saved Thousands at Expense of the Treasury.

Some years ago the Treasury Department desired to transport \$25,000,000 in gold from the subtreasury in San Francisco to the subtreasury in New York. The way they did it was simple. They sent a treasury postal frank to the postmaster at San Francisco, told him to stick it on to the \$25,000,000 in gold and deliver it in New York. This that unfortunate official under the law was obliged to do. No further effort or worry on the part of the Treasury Department was necessary.

Incredible as it may seem, the postmaster at San Francisco carted the \$25,000,000 in gold under armed guard to the Southern Pacific Railway station. There it was loaded on a special train, each car of which was equipped with guards heavily armed. This train was then sent across the continent by a circuitous route and with all information concerning its route and time sedulously concealed from the newspapers in order to avoid the danger of an attack from highwaymen. After a certain number of days this train arrived at Jersey City.

The boxes containing the \$25,000,000 in gold were taken across on the ferries, and New Yorkers were mystified by the extraordinary spectacle of many vehicles loaded with boxes upon which were perched guards with rifles and pistols. This procession finally ended at the subtreasury, where the Postoffice Department was released from the custody of the coin by the receipt of the Treasury Department.

The little bit of treasury transportation cost the Postoffice Department many thousands of dollars and cost the Treasury Department nothing at all.—San Francisco Argonaut.

OUR FIRST LAW SCHOOL.



The humble structure in the picture was the first law school in the country. It was situated at Litchfield, Conn., and was established in 1784 by Judge Tapping Reeve. It was in existence for half a century, and in that time it had about 1,000 pupils, some from all of the thirteen original States. Among its pupils were sixteen senators, fifty representatives, forty judges, ten governors, five cabinet officials and two vice presidents, one of whom was John C. Calhoun.

Sample of "Cash Ad."

Notice—Whereas my wife, Anna, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons against trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting.—B. D. Castellane.—Adv., 11.—Buffalo News.

When a man is poky, old fashioned people say: "He is too slow to catch a cold."

FIRST MORMON TEMPLE.

It Was Massive Stone Structure Built by Prophet Joseph Smith.

The first shrine of Mormonism is still standing at Kirtland, Ohio. If the occupants of the little cemetery near it could rise, says the Ohio Magazine, they would tell how many a fevered zealot gave his lands, his home and his all to provide funds for the building of the temple.

It was in 1830 that Smith appeared in Kirtland, and with his coming there was a social revolution the like of which Ohio had never witnessed. Husbands left their wives and children, mothers deserted their homes and babies were placed in the poorhouse. The end came when Joseph Smith was compelled to flee the State of Ohio. The temple was all left behind.

"A store house of the Lord," as Smith called it, was begun in 1831 and by 1834 was completed. Its foundation was laid on seven small ridges, or hills, in imitation of the Rome of old. The dimensions were about 50 by 125 feet. The stone walls are two feet thick.

The temple stands to-day about as it was when built. On the first floor is the main audience room, filled with walnut benches, surrounded by high railing. The doors to the pews have locks or catches, so that when closed whoever is speaking is reasonably sure of holding his audience.

At each end of the room a series of elevated thrones, one rising above the other, marks the position during worship used by the dignitaries of Joseph Smith's reign. Rows of hooks in the ceiling show how the curtains which were once used were arranged to divide the floor into four apartments.

The floor above is bare and desolate looking. About sixty chairs placed here indicate that it is used as a sort of lecture hall, but in the days of Smith curtains divided this apartment just as below.

Rollers fastened to the ceiling of this second floor, together with a system of pulleys, enabled the operator to raise or lower the curtains of both first and second floors at the same time. In the third story several partitions running north and south make a number of separate chambers.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the body which worships in this temple now, tries to follow literally the book of Mormon, which, be it known, prohibits polygamy. The doctrine of plural wives was one of Smith's "revelations." Yet this sect defies Joseph Smith, polygamy and all.

HAS A SINGULAR LIBEL LAW.

Australia Protects Its Citizens Who Have Small Pride of Ancestry.

The libel law of Australia is the queerest in the world. He who is sued for libel there must not only prove that the accusations he published were true, but also that to publish them was for the public benefit. Elsewhere the truth of the accusation alone needs to be proved.

An Australian sheepraiser explained this queer libel law at a wool sale. "Australia was practically colonized by convicts," he said. "There is no use denying this. The colonizers of Australia were convicts in the main."

"The descendants of these convicts are now Australia's leading families, the richest, the most influential, the most intelligent, the most respected. And yet these excellent people were in the past at the mercy of every editor. Let them get into the smallest squabble or dispute with some editor and the man would bring them into general ridicule and contempt by printing their ancestry, by showing that Sir John Smith's great-grandfather had been sent out for robbing an old woman of \$7, or that Judge Brown's great-aunt, while employed as a servant girl, had tried to poison her master's son, with whom she was in love."

"It is undeniably true that the best Australians have convict blood in their veins. The newspapers that they quarreled with used to taunt them with their convict blood. Hence the present queer libel law, which protects them, for, of course, it can never be for the public good to publish that the grandmother of Judge So-and-So or the great-uncle of Dr. Blank was a convict."

Pressed to Death.

An English court has sentenced a woman to imprisonment because she refused to speak during a trial. The old penalty for remaining mute under similar conditions was being pressed to death. The form of sentence set forth "the prisoner shall be laid in some low, dark house, where he shall lie naked on the earth and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with a cord and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner let it be done with his legs, and let there be laid upon his body iron and stone as much as he can bear—or more." There the man had to lie.

On the following day he was given three morsels of bread without water, on the following winter, but no bread. And this was his diet until he died.



Customer—I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle. Clerk—You'd better have an egg, ma'am.—New York Mail.

Edward—Why did Grace marry Fred? She wasn't the least bit in love. Edith—Heavens no! She thought Ada wanted him.—Judge.

Mrs. Skinnum—Why are you all hiding from Tommy? Little Lizzie—Tommy is the butcher coming with his bill.—Philadelphia Record.

Gauss—How does your dog like your new neighbor? Matchett—It's a little too early to say. Rover has had only one small piece.—Smart Set.

The Father (to boy back from college)—Well, son, how much money do you owe? The Son—Well—er—dad, how much have you got?—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says by brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it? Flip—Well—er—I knew it had gone.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He—Miss Highnote is certainly a homely girl, isn't she? She—Well, she isn't a beauty, but when you hear her sing you will forget her face. He—Gracious! Is her singing as bad as that?—The Club Fellow.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you? Mrs. Misfit—There was one. Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him! Mrs. Misfit—I did.—Los Angeles News.

Mr. Justup—Let us go around to the De Rocks. They have just bought a Rembrandt for thousands of dollars. Mrs. Justup—You don't say. Is it gasoline or steam, and what is the horsepower?—Chicago Daily News.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third-story window and you did nothing to restrain her?" "Excuse me; I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed!"—Il Diavolo Rosa.

"They've started a queer restaurant down-town; no tables, no chairs, no food, no waiters." "What are they running it on, air or water?" "Neither—Christian Science—you think you eat, so much a think."—Brooklyn Life.

Stern Parent—From my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—It was you that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone.—Illustrated Bits.

"Well," said the optimist, "I suppose you are through kicking about the warm weather." "Oh, yes," responded the pessimist cheerfully. "I'm kicking about the cold weather now. You can nearly always kick."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I can't understand this street railway situation," said Mrs. Wade Parker. "I wish you'd tell me just what you think of it." "Well, my dear," said Mr. Parker, "since you ask it, I will. But you'll have to send the children out of the room first."—Cleveland Leader.

"Did ye get damages fer being in that railway accident, Bill?" "Sure; fifty dollars fer me and fifty fer the missus." "The missus? I didn't hear she was hurt." "She wasn't; but I had the presence o' mind to fetch her one on the head with me foot."—Harper's Weekly.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your papa by entertaining the bores?" "Yes, sir," replied the little girl, bravely; "please be seated."—Washington Journal.

"For some time past I've been buying a dozen eggs every week at this store, and I invariably find two bad ones in every dozen. Something's got to be done about it," said an irate housekeeper. "Well," said the new clerk naively, and with a quiet smile, "maybe if you only bought half-a-dozen you'd only get one bad one."—Grocer's Literary Gazette.

Martha's mistress often boasts of her readiness of resource. "The best nursemaid in town," she calls her. One day she came home from a drive, to be confronted with the startling news that the baby had swallowed a button. "And what did you do, Martha?" she asked in some anxiety, although trusting that it had been the right thing. "Why," said Martha, "I made him swallow a button-hole right away!"—Youth's Companion.

Whenever you can't think of any other compliment to pay a woman, say she is inimitable, and she will be pleased. But why?