

THE Popular Pulpit

AN ATTRACTIVE FAITH.

By Henry F. Cope.

"The beauty of holiness."—Psalms, 96:3.

Religion ought to be the most natural, desirable, and attractive thing to man, for it simply stands for the development of the best in us, the coming into the full and rich heritage that is ours as spiritual beings, and the realization of our highest possibilities of character and service. He who ignores religion is cutting himself off from the best and most beautiful possibilities in his life.

Some have talked of the necessity of making religion attractive. It does not have to be made attractive; there is nothing more desirable than the peace, power and prosperity of the real life which it confers. It is the imitation, the false and prejudiced presentation of religion that men endeavor to dress up attractively. In that they never succeed, for cramping the soul and twisting the intellect ever is opposed by the best in us.

From the caricature of religion we turn with loathing. Mummeries and mockeries, fads and forms leave us empty and impatient. The heart of man goes out to things fair, lovely, joyous and uplifting, and they who find no God in the elaborate sermon or the service in the church somehow are thrilled with the feeling of the divine and inspiring in the woods and field and mountains.

All things good, all things attractive and lovely, uplifting and sublime have but one source. They touch our hearts because they come from the heart of all being; they reach our spirits because they are spiritual. Deep calls unto deep when the divine in man answers to the divine in the world without, in human affections, in noble aspirations, and in glorious deeds.

Too long have we believed that only the unpleasant, the gloomy and repellent could be right or religious. There is a type of conscience that determines action by the rule that if a thing is pleasant or beautiful it must be sinful and wrong. To such souls it is a sin to be sunny in disposition, to delight in the Father's fair world, with its glowing riches and bounty dropping daily from his hand.

It would be safer to say that sin must be somewhere lurking wherever there is deformity, pain or discord—that, as a common phrase has it, the bleak and barren is the evidence of that which is forsaken of God. Things desolate are not divine. Religion is not repression but development into a fullness and beauty far beyond our dreams.

It is a good thing to see the divine in all things fair and lovely; to take them as evidences that the love that once pronounced this world good in its primeval glory still is working, still is seeking to enrich our lives and lead them out in fullness of joy. Why should not we, like the poets and preachers of ancient Israel, taste again of the gladness of living.

Character may need for its full development the storms and wintry blasts of life, but it needs just as truly and just as much the sunshine, the days when the heart goes out and joins in the song of nature, when something leaps within us at the gladness of being alive, and we drink in of the infinite love that is over all.

Just as the sun seems to call the flowers out of the dark earth and draw out their beauty, calls forth the buds and brings the blossom into perfect fruit, so there is a spirit of divine life in our world calling us out to the best, seeking to woo us to the things beautiful. Man needs not to repress his life, but to learn to respond to every worthy impulse, every high hope, to find the life beautiful.

The beauty of holiness is the beauty of character. It is the adjustment of life to nature and neighbor and heaven so that strength and harmony ensue, so that duty becomes a delight, labor a song of praise, and out of life's burden and battle the beauties of godliness, of love, and tenderness, joy and gratitude begin to bloom.

Lay hold on everything good and true, on all things glad and elevating; cherish every fair thought and aspiration; learn to see the essentially religious in whatever lifts up life, in whatever helps humanity, and so make life rich in heavenly treasure and glowing with the glory of other worlds.

VALUE OF DISADVANTAGES.

By Rev. Charles F. Aked, D. D.

And Moses put forth his hand and laid hold of the serpent, and it became a rod in his hand.—Exodus 4:5.

He put forth his hand, and the serpent, dangerous, destructive, deadly, became a rod, a stay, a support, a de-

fense. In the hand of a strong man the precious thing became beneficent.

This is God's way in nature. The supremely destructive forces of the universe are among the supremely great and supremely blessed of the educative agencies of life. Man has entered into conflict with them, and, contending with them, has grown strong and wise.

Where nature is prodigal of her bounty, where a suit of clothes grows on every tree and a dinner is found under every bush, man slumbers.

Where nature enters into conflict with man, bids him try conclusions with this old earth, its storms and seas, surrounds him with hardship and hazard, he finds himself. He puts forth his hand and the serpent becomes a rod.

But these forces of nature have their terrors. They crush, maim, blind, burn, destroy, overwhelm, appall. And no man becomes not only a stronger and cunninger man, but a better man. He is educated by adversity, and his heart is educated not less than his head. He learns pity. He enters into compassion. He develops philanthropy. The shipwreck launches the life-boat. The physician is bred of pestilence. Living men in our part hasten to die that dying men across the bar may live. The plague is stopped because the bacteriologist has lived and loved and died.

God's way in nature, God's way in history, is God's way for each of us in our own life. Let us grasp the serpent, that it may become a rod.

This is the story of all glorious conquest of adverse circumstance. Strolling along the bank of my native Trent, I have seen a parable—with rod and line in its hands. Some townsman, magnificently equipped with outfit that must have cost a little fortune, fang his line in vain. The shadows of evening fell and his face lengthened, and there was never a fish in his creel. And beside him a ragged rascal of a village schoolboy, playing truant, with bare feet and unwashed hands, with his home-made rod and two-penny line, and penny float and half-penny tackle, swinging out the roach and dace or greedy perch at almost every swim. These things are written allegorically. It is not the costliest outfit which takes the biggest fish.

Cardinal Wolsey, Daniel De Foe and Henry Kirke White—it would be impossible to name in a breath three men more utterly unlike each other—were all the sons of butchers. Jeremy Taylor, one of the greatest of English preachers; Richard Arkwright, the real founder of our cotton industries, and Turner, the painter, were all barbers. John Bunyan was a tinker, Robert Burns a plowman, Ben Johnson a bricklayer, Livingston a weaver, Stanley a workhouse boy, Carey a cobbler, Copernicus was the son of a baker, Kepler came from a German inn, Whitefield was a barman at the Bell Tavern in Gloucester, Haydn was a wheelwright, Hildebrand a village carpenter, George Stephenson was an engine fireman and taught himself arithmetic on the side of colliery wagons. Wilkie learned art with a piece of chalk and a barn door. West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail, Watt constructed his first model out of an old syringe, Humphrey Davy extemporized his scientific appliances from kitchen pots and pans, and Faraday his from glass bottles. Elihu Burritt mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages while earning his living as a blacksmith.

Believe then, that neither feeble health nor cramping poverty, nor crushing sorrow, nor accomplished sin, nor evil habits need paralyze the aspirations of your essential manhood, nor quench its immortality. Put forth your hand, my brother, and the serpent shall become a rod.

Short Meter Sermons.

Truth always has met tribulation.

Worry is a confession of weakness.

You cannot think carter and live clean.

Kindness is the evidence of kingliness.

Preaching down to folks does not lift them up.

Sympathy is a key that fits the lock of any heart.

Soul health will not come by taking religion as a dose.

He who earns the crown needs not to put on any airs.

The surest way to impoverish your heart is to hoard up your love.

There always is something of the boy in the man who can lead men.

The man who is so wise that he never laughs is the greatest fool of all.

It's hard stirring the conscience that is under the narcotic of money.

Many a cloud that we call sorrow is but the shadow of our own selfishness.

Nothing makes wrong seem innocent more quickly than to acquire an interest in it.

When a man blows a trumpet to call attention to the moral screen at his front door you can be pretty sure of finding the back door wide open all the time.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE FORMED.

Equal Suffrage Movement to Become National in Scope.

The American men folks are in for it. The suffragettes are coming! The movement started in England has been taken up in New York. Plans of organization are under way and the equal suffrage women in other cities are becoming interested. The New York association is known as the Women's League. It is purposed to make its initial salute an agitation such as has had no parallel since Elizabeth Cady Stanton held her woman's rights convention. It is to be launched as a federation of the women of the State, looking to a larger national council, and a committee at Albany to lobby for every measure that affects the sex will be a vital part of the program.

The movement is headed by Mrs. Dore Lyon, who is president of the Eclectic Club and one of the best dressed women in New York. But behind her looms Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, daughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It was Mrs. Blatch who fired the first shot in the proposed campaign last winter, when she organized the League of Self-Supporting Women.

The plans of the American suffragettes is to conduct a militant campaign such as the women of London carried forward until they awoke all England. At the last meeting of the Women's League Mrs. Wells, a London member of the "fighting women," told how they "boo-ed" an obnoxious member of parliament from a public meeting.

Mrs. Blatch here arose and said that women had been insulted by a prominent legislator at Albany recently when they went there to secure certain rights.

could guess from what galleon it had been flung overboard, but all were quite certain that it contained many fortunes in pieces of eight. That it held vast treasure of some sort all were convinced, and arrangements were being made by which a diver could be sent down to pass a tackle around the chest when the flagship Connecticut, anchored a few miles away, made signal for the Alabama to get her anchor and proceed to the target range.

A half-dozen grate bars were hurriedly lashed together, a long length of line attached, and at the other end a vinegar cask was made fast. This was thrown overboard to mark the position of the chest, and some day, very soon, these men of the Alabama mean to fit out an expedition at their own expense and go down there, drag up that box and see what it contains.

GOOD MANNERS' SECRET.

Two Theories of the Acquirement, Unselfishness and Conventionality.

Most mothers hold, consciously or unconsciously, one of two theories about the acquirement of manners by their children.

One mother says: "Manners are only the outward sign of the inner nature. If my daughter has a kind heart and a well-trained mind she will behave in a gentle, charming fashion. I will teach her compassion, respect for age, unselfish zeal for helping with the world's work. Her manners will take care of themselves."

Another mother says: "My girls will never get on without conventional manners. They shall be taught from babyhood to emulate the speech and bearing of ladies. They shall be instructed



MRS. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.



MRS. DORE LYON.

Mrs. Blatch remarked that this man would have occasion to regret it at his next public declaration because "the women would be there." That indicates the temper of these new American suffragettes. There are many well-known women in the movement.

IS IT A TREASURE CHEST?

Officers of the Alabama Make Discovery in Cuban Waters.

While the various battleships comprising the Atlantic fleet were at the rendezvous on the south shore of Cuba it came to pass on one still morning in April last that one of these, the Alabama, flagship of the second squadron, must needs lose an awning stanchion by dropping it overside, says the New York Times.

Now, awning stanchions are not a very important part in the equipment of a battleship, and one more or less makes no serious difference. This one had gone overboard in about seventy feet of water, and at about the same time the crew was going to breakfast, so no effort was made to recover it. But it so happened that the surgeon of the vessel, Surgeon L. von Wedekind, came on deck just then to smoke an after-breakfast cigar, and leaning over the aft rail discerned a white object glimmering in the depths beneath. Gazing more intently into the limpid depth—the ship just then having swung so as to form a lee—the surgeon made out the outlines of another object resting on the sea bed some seventy feet under foot, and one which took the shape of a stout chest, iron-bound and apparently incrustated with the barnacles of a hundred years or more.

The surgeon called others to look, and one or two of his brother officers got a glimpse of the chest before the sea breeze again blurred the surface of the water. Then it was that a resourceful lieutenant constructed a water glass, and through this made a careful scrutiny of the chest, and from his observations judged that it had rested there upward of a century or more. The chest appeared to be of very stout build, bound around with iron bands and one end of it was deeply sunk in the bed of the sea.

Admiral Davis, the flag officer who flies his pennant from the Alabama, was informed of the discovery, as was also Captain Comly, who commands the battleship. Both came to look, and both heard with great interest the report of the lieutenant who had inspected what is supposed to be some sunken treasure chest. None on board

in the proper behavior for every occasion. They shall walk and dance and write and speak with graceful perfection."

Neither method, says the Youth's Companion, produces altogether satisfactory results.

Unselfishness is truly the foundation of good manners, but not the superstructure. Many conventional restrictions have grown about social relations. Some can be explained by the demand of kindness and some can not. Could a child infer from his desire to help others that he should not eat with his knife? Many offenses against good taste interfere in some way with the rights of others, but many others do not.

Still no set of rules to produce a polished lady will achieve a result fit for the strain of life. The members of the French boarding school may adorn the ballroom, but are too likely to fall at the breakfast table or in the crowded car. The woman of perfect manners must re-enforce her unselfishness by social rules, and conventionality must be vitalized by the warm desire of others' pleasure. The best of life never "comes naturally," whether in manners or morals.

The secret of charming manners is the desire for them. When the mother wishes them for her daughter as much as she wishes the other goods of the world her daughter will have them.

A Lesson in Philanthropy.

A whole-souled resident of Harlem the other evening received the jolt of his career as a parent. While reading his evening paper the doorbell rang, and a parcel from a big department store was announced. The cost was 30 cents, and he gave his little bright eyes, a girl of 6, a two-dollar bill with which to pay the boy.

Half an hour later the subject returned to him.

"Here, Mabel," he said. "Where's that money I gave you for the boy?" "Why, papa," was little bright eyes' reply, "I did the same as you did yesterday with the newsboy. I told him to keep the change."—New York Globe.

Balanced.

"Miss Fluffy would be a pretty good-looking girl if her feet weren't so heavy."

"She stacks up pretty well, though; her head is light."—Detroit Free Press.

The more people talk about the proper thing to do, the less apt they are to do it.

The good either die young or poor.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

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"What beastly weather you have here!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Yes, we do sometimes," said the native. "We are fortunate just now, however, in having a succession of fine days."

"Fine days? Why, it rains nearly all the time!"

"What of that? They're warm rains, aren't they?"

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Good Measure.

Hicks—That poet you introduced me to last night seems to be a very generous, open-handed fellow.

Wicks—Yes. All his sonnets have fifteen lines.—Somerville Journal.

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Why Not?

"This bill," said the man of the house, angrily looking it over, "is two or three times as large as it ought to be."

"No, sir," insisted the paper hanger.

"That bill is exactly what it ought to be, and exactly what it would have been if you had had these rooms decorated properly and in accordance with the scheme I submitted to you, sir. It isn't my fault that you turned it down and made me debate my art by doing a commonplace job. By the beard of the prophet, sir, I ought to have charged you four prices for having to do such a piece of botchwork as this!"

For, lo, has not a paper hanger as good a right as any other man to be the possessor of the artistic temperament?

Help the Horse

No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. Put a little on the spindles before you "hook up"—it will help the horse, and bring the load home quicker.

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NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worthy your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

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