

THE Popular Pulpit

SECRET OF BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

By Rev. Junius B. Remenanyder.
And let the beauty of the Lord in God be upon us.—Psalms 90:17.

How can this great end be attained? How, as our text says, can the "Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us?" How can we make our persons attractive? How clothe our lives with charm? How infuse our every look and act with this secret of loveliness?

We should cultivate the love of beauty in nature. He who nourishes this sense finds it a source of perpetual pleasure. It strengthens the soul, calms its fevered moods, instills a holy peace. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every opal sky, in every fair flower, in every beautiful face, and thank God for it.

We should think beautiful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The man who, like Cassius, is ever brooding over dark suspicions and nursing bitter envies, will grow sharp and knollid in temper, repelling by his severe aspect. But beautiful thoughts, loving dispositions and cheery spirits will make the soul a garden blooming with faith, love and hope and sparkling with its fountains of joy.

Read beautiful books. This is an age of reading. And how many books are sources of evil! Bad in their pessimism, in their flippant impiety and in their thinly disguised immorality! They are purveyors to the ugly and vile.

But a good, a beautiful book, a book of noble thoughts, of true poetry, of religion—what a world of purity, power and blessing to the heart, mind and imagination of the reader!

By thus averting our eyes from the sinful, the deformed, the ugly, and taking pleasure in the pure, the lovely and the joyful, we can lead the beautiful life. We can make every day beautiful. If you rise at the dawn with a thankful heart to life's Giver; if you go through the hours, not with knotted brows and churlish temper, and meet little vexations with patience, gathering smiles from your neighbor's face and giving them back in return, then will your heart be as light as the sun in his meridian. If you bear in mind and practice the adage:

The world is full of beauty
Where the heart is full of love.

Then will the day's close bring you a retrospect of life's delight.

You can make the face beautiful. The face is the mirror of the soul, and where there is a beautiful soul it cannot but shed its fair spiritual luster over the features.

Religion is the supreme beautifier. When Moses came down from the mount of communion with God his face shone. What a far higher type of beauty that face must express where, instead of the shallow thirst for selfish gain, or the fevered chase of sensual pleasure, the faith, the holy peace and the lofty uplift of religion write their ennobling lines on the countenance. Utterly lacking natural beauty, such a face, whether of saintly child, woman or man, will wear a fascination outwying the rarest physical charm.

You can make the whole life beautiful. Even trials can be made sweet and crosses halved with blessing. Sickness and old age, by gentleness and resignation, will sweeten the spirit and refine the nature until its very presence is a benediction. Thus, as the setting day robes the clouds with a diverse but not less lovely splendor than the glow of the outbreathing morning, can life's close be made one of its most brilliantly radiant passages.

At the close of Wordsworth's beautiful life the aged poet wrote:

"I never had a higher relish for the beauties of nature than during this spring nor enjoyed myself more. I look abroad upon nature, I think of the best souls, I lean upon my friends and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John, and my creed rises up of itself with the ease of an exhalation, yet a fabric adamant."

Every life, then, and every stage of life can be made beautiful. Beautiful scenes, beautiful thoughts, kindly feelings, pious graces and high spiritual ideals will make the soul, the face, the life, beautiful, an imitation of Christ, who lived the most beautiful of all lives.

GOD REMAINS UNCHANGED.

By Rabbi Tobias Schanfarber.
Religion is a growth, it is a development. Our conceptions of religion have changed. Our conceptions of God have changed, but God himself is unchangeable. The fact that men substituted the Copernican for the Ptolemaic system of astronomy did not put out one single star; they continued to shine with all their old-time luster. And so, though

our religious conceptions change with the onward march of time, the eternal verities of religion, the underlying principles, remain fixed, as firmly established as the eternal pillars of the universe.

And yet there are many who are prophesying the downfall of religion and the death of a once living faith. "Reason," they say, "has dethroned faith."

Nothing is more remarkable about science than the ideal nature of its results.

VOICE AT THE MODERN JORDAN.

By Rev. Frank Newhall White.

It is not at all out of reason to imagine the people of our time and land flocking, let us say, to the shores of our great central river to catch the message of some prophetic voice, and no message can be more pertinent and timely than that uttered on the banks of the Jordan that ushered in the appearance of Christ: Repent! Repent not merely of sin, but of very specific, individual sins.

To young men He would say: "Away with the notion that good fellowship means good manhood or that gratifying the whim of a companion constitutes true friendship."

To the rich He would say: "Hold your fortune as a steward of God and as a trustee for your fellow man. Make your home not your castle, but a fountain of health." To the poor He would say the same, for the message to poor and to rich is one.

To the employer He would say: "Repent that you ever looked upon the man you use as a machine or a thing. Behold in him your brother man."

To the employe He would say the same: "There stands your brother. Together you labor for the common good."

To the student and scholar He would say: "Have done with your superciliousness and pride and remember that you are tracing the footsteps of God."

To the man of genius He would say: "Spurn the idea that you are a law to yourself and may have a code of morals of your own."

To the politician in office and the politician out of office there will come the mandatory word: "Hands off from the sacred ark of God's covenant with His people. To the victors belong no spoils except the trophies of a public trust loyally fulfilled."

To citizens crying, "What, then, shall we do?" will come the answer: "An end to the indifference and the negligence that gives the spoiler his chance, to the dishonesty and corruption in private that furnish the soil and the seed for the prostitution of high office. Make honest returns, pay your share of the taxes, do your duty at the polls."

To teachers He would say: "For shame, that ever you look upon your occupation as a trade."

To preachers He would say: "Out with the time server and the adventurer and the wolf in sheep's clothing."

To priests and Levites He would point to the men lying by the roadside and men everywhere in need.

To the church, supremely, He would ring out His one great word: "Repent! Down upon your knees pray to God to intermit the plague that needs must follow on age-long stagnation and ingratitude."

CHRISTIAN WORK OF WORLD.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has now belted the globe and is on all the continents. This is but an expression of the growing union of all the great bodies of evangelical Christendom. The Christian church is now becoming roused to consider the nations like the Chinese and Japanese. The Mikado, it is said, is seriously contemplating the establishment of Christianity in a manner similar to that of the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century.

The new China is swinging into line with the movement of the great world forces of progress. The twentieth century will witness the coming forth of a mighty people unified and aggressive, with which every Western nation will have to reckon.

The complete emancipation of women, socially, industrially and politically, is not only aimed at in England and America, but on the continent, in India, China, Japan and Russia.

With the forbidding of the bandaging of the feet Chinese woman has come to the unfettering of her intellect and the enlarging of her sphere of duty and privilege.

Christianity must guide all these nations to the divinely predetermined brotherhood of man and the federation of the world.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Greed prevents real gain.

There is no saving anger without love.

Airing our aches will never heal them.

If you want to be happy, make some one less sad.

One of the best types of self-denial is denying ourselves the pleasure of saying harsh things of others.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Tourist—Are we not near the falls? Guide—Quite near; as soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar.—Wiener Caricatures.

Prison Chaplain (preaching on Sunday in the prison chapel)—I am so delighted, my dear brethren, to see you assembled here in such goodly number.—Figaro.

Principal (to applicant for post of correspondent)—For my business you will require a wide knowledge of languages. In which language can you not write?—Figaro.

Farmer's Wife—Why have you left that piece of steak I sent out for you? Tramp (Indignantly)—I didn't ask for work, ma'am; I asked for something to eat.—Illustrated Bits.

Englishman (whose dog has fallen overboard)—Stop, Captain, stop! Captain—I can't do it. I can't stop for anything short of a man. Englishman (jumping overboard)—Well, then, stop now!—Floh.

Mrs. Hunks—I wish you wouldn't be so positive. There are two sides to every question. Old Hunks (with a roar)—Well, that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side!—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that. Husband—Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?—Weiner Salonwitzblatt.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—New Yorker.

Her Query.—Agent—I have a book you should buy for your son, telling how to become a politician, statesman, President of the United States, banker, broker.—Mrs. Hennessy—G'wan; did yer mother buy wan for you?

'Are you sure the sick man wanted me?' asked the physician, reaching for his hat. 'He didn't mention your name, but he's screaming for some one that'll put him out of his misery and I thought of you right away.'—Houston Post.

Mania—I can't think why your second concert didn't go; the first was so crowded. Dora—That's just it. We sent tickets to all our friends for the first concert, and hadn't even acquaintances left for the second one.—Slovo.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwarz? He—No; I couldn't hear anything. She—Why not? He—Two ladies sat in front of me and chattered the whole evening about how much they loved music.—Kleiner Witzblatt.

Elderly Lady (to workman who has given her his seat in the street car)—Oh, thank you very much. Workman—Oh, that's nothing at all, Miss. Many men only get up when the lady is pretty, but it never makes any difference to me.—Die Musketiere.

His mother tucked 4-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping-car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Tourse I do," he returned sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth's Companion.

Manners.—Jimmy had come to school with dirty hands, says a writer in New York World. His teacher was shocked. "Janie," she said, reprovingly, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?" "I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy; "I'd be too polite."

Naturally.—The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickknacks picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile-skin?" "Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer; "I shot the crocodile myself." "It looks rather soiled," observed his customer. "Naturally, madam," explained the salesman; "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

Easily Americanized.—There was a little Irish boy named Patsy, who came to the United States with his family. One morning his teacher in the public school asked him: "Who was the first man, Patsy?" "George Washington," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no," said the teacher; "George Washington was the father of his country, but Adam was the first man." "Well," responded Patsy, "I didn't know ye wor speakin' o' furriners."

Each Willing to Wed.

Maiden lady (rescued from drowning, to her rescuer)—How can I ever thank you, noble young man? Are you married?

"No; have you a pretty daughter?"—Megendorfer Blaetter.

MIGHT HAVE SNEEZED TO DEATH

Turnham Kerchood and Kerchood Till His Daughter Shocked Him.

If John Turnham's pretty daughter Mildred had not eloped with Gilbert Whiting her father might have sneezed himself to death, says the Milville (N. B.), correspondent of the New York World.

The Turnham family lives between here and Woodstock road, and is considered prosperous. Whiting is a substantial chap, but Mr. Turnham objected on the ground that the young people were too young to know their own minds. He told them to "wait awhile," but love was too strong and they got married quietly.

Miss Turnham went to Fredericton to visit a girl friend a couple of weeks ago and six days later her father was taken with a violent fit of sneezing. He recently became addicted to snuff, and when he caught cold he kept right on sniffing it. The stuff irritated the membranes of his nose so that he couldn't stop sneezing and sent for a physician.

The doctor did all that he could for his patient, but he wheezed, coughed, kerchood and sneezed until the very bones in his body seemed to rattle. The more medicine he took the worse he became and finally it was seen that he was in a serious condition. Fearing the worst, but hoping for the best, the family sent for Miss Mildred.

Word came back that she had left her friend a week before, just about the time her father took to sneezing, and it was supposed she was home. Mrs. Turnham was greatly frightened and was wondering what to do when the girl and Whiting walked into the house and confessed that they had been married.

"For heaven's sake don't tell your father," exclaimed Mrs. Turnham, "the shock will kill him."

"More likely it will cure him," said the doctor. "Blurt it out to him."

The bride confessed to her father so suddenly that he jumped right out of bed. He gave one final sneeze and stopped. He thought a second kerchood was coming, but it didn't and he hadn't sneezed since.

The young elopers have been forgiven.

CARRY LOADS ON THE HEAD.

West Indian Natives Expert in Balancing Their Heavy Burdens.

The natives of Jamaica, in the British West Indies, are universally noted for their ability to carry burdens on their heads. In reality it is the only way in which they carry anything, no matter what the weight may be.

For instance, a child 5 or 6 years of age may sometimes be seen balancing a cup of water, an empty bottle or an orange on the head and walking along apparently oblivious of the idea of responsibility. It is a remarkable fact that women and children are able to carry with skill loads which are of great weight and do it in this way without the slightest inconvenience.

On market days a continual procession may be seen on its way to the center of commerce at Kingston. Some of these natives walk fifteen or twenty miles with perhaps ten to thirty pounds of oranges, bananas or pineapples poised steadily on their heads.

Women may be seen striding along with a light but huge pile of baskets towering safely upon their heads. These baskets are made from reeds. Their very lightness makes the feat of balancing them much more difficult. While probably weighing only two pounds at the most the tower of baskets is almost four feet in height.

Most of these women have beautifully formed figures largely built up by their method of balancing the burdens which they carry upon their heads. Occasionally there is one who has lost symmetry of outline as age approaches, but whose carriage is erect and vigorous.

Where Parchment is Made.

A local paper gives an interesting account of the manufacture of parchment in the old-fashioned town of Steyning, in Sussex. Lying under the shelter of the South Downs, and not far from where the River Adur cuts through this range, the staple industry of Steyning is the conversion of the skin of the sheep into parchment.

Only a few of the skins brought to the factory are finally selected as good enough for parchment, the rest, it is said, being made into "chamois leather."

The skin is split into two layers; the outer one is made into leather and the inner into parchment. Under the name of Stanlanges Steyning is mentioned in Domesday Book.—London Globe.

Golf and the Liver.

Golf is the greatest of all games. It is the only recreation that is at one and the same time health-giving and a complete preoccupation without being unduly physically exhaustive. But I am profoundly convinced that it is far better for a man's liver that he should play a poor game than a good one. I know from personal experience that it is far better for the liver to play a really bad game. Nothing stirs up the liver like the irritation, the excitements and the paroxysms of a really bad game.—London Graphic.

POEMS WE ALL REMEMBER.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."



On to the woodshed, miles away,
After some coal for an icy day;
It's a pity there aren't enough words I know
To express what I think of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Will be the death of me yet, I know!
Dying a path with wild vehemence,
Pasted by snowballs from over the fence,
Freezing, swearing,
Cursing the luck.

—Chicago Journal.

WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.

Remarkable Increase in Riches During Last Twenty-five Years.

Last year the South, which is less than 15 per cent of the area of the United States proper, contributed more than 25 per cent of the country's export trade. Cotton was the largest single item, but there was not a staple in the long list of exports in which the South did not have fair representation, not only in raw materials, but in manufactured goods.

The commercial growth of the South in the last twenty-five years has been little short of phenomenal. The figures for it, given herewith, are taken by the Southern Field from a speech delivered in Congress on June 20, 1906, by Representative Joseph T. Johnson, of South Carolina.

From \$257,000,000 invested in capital for factories in 1880 to \$1,500,000,000 in 1905.

From \$457,000,000 yearly value of products of factories in \$1,750,000,000.

From \$21,000,000 capital invested in cotton mills to \$225,000,000.

From \$313,000,000 annual value of cotton crop to \$680,000,000.

From 225,000 bales of cotton used in Southern cotton mills to 2,163,000.

From \$39,000,000 yearly lumber product to \$250,000,000.

From 397,000 tons of pig iron produced to 3,100,000 tons.

From \$261,000,000 yearly value of exports abroad to \$555,000,000.

From \$690,000,000 yearly value of farm products to \$1,750,000,000.

From 20,600 miles of railroad to 60,000 miles.

From 170,000 barrels of petroleum produced to 42,495,000.

From 45 cotton oil mills to 780.

From \$800,000 capital invested in cotton oil mills to \$54,000,000.

From 667,000 spindles in cotton mills to 9,205,000.

From 211,377 tons of phosphate mined yearly to 1,087,428.

From 397,776 tons of coke produced yearly to 6,244,185.

From \$3,051,000,000 assessed property valuation to \$6,679,000,000.

Virtues in Various Gems.

There is hardly a precious stone that has not some superstition connected with it. The Neapolitans will wear amulets of coral to avert the evil eye, and perhaps some will remember wearing a string of amber beads about their necks during their childhood to ward off sore throats. A piece of agate worn on the person is supposed to be an infallible guard against lightning and some persons have asserted that it was a cure for thirst—what kind they did not mention.

The beryl was by the ancients supposed to be a sure cure for leprosy and to promote happiness between man and wife. Turquoise is said to be a protection against falls and sudden injuries. The topaz was highly prized by the ancients, who believed that it had magical powers of dispelling enchantments and calming frenzy.

The sapphire was believed by the ancients to be emblematic of chastity. The pagans dedicated it to Apollo. The green emerald is held in highest esteem by the Peruvians and the worshippers of Mantu still believe that the mines whence are extracted all emeralds are guarded by terrible genii and dragons.

Perhaps more superstition attaches itself to the opal nowadays than to any other stone. On the contrary, the ancients considered that this fery gem had the power of rendering its owner lovable and also of bestowing on him the gift of invisibility.

Nine out of ten budding geniuses fail to bloom.