

# THE POPULAR PULPIT

## RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Rev. John L. Brandt.

"Behold these shall come from afar, and lo! these from the North and West, and these from the Land of Sinim."

All eyes are now viewing the situation in the far East. On account of missions in China and Japan, and the recent war between these nations, our people know more about them than about the Russians, but now as the volcano of war that has long been smoldering has burst forth with its destructive force, we turn our eyes to Russia, and begin to study her history, her people, and her civilization.

Russia was unknown as a European power until the dawn of the eighteenth century. Peter the Great did more to make Russia and shape her destiny than any other man. A little intercourse with the western civilization impressed him with the inferiority of Russia. He resolved to give his subjects the civilization of the West. He wrought wonders within the domains of his country; he raised an army equal to other European States. He had no fleet, but in a few years he placed a formidable Russian fleet in command of the Baltic. The seat of his government at Moscow was too far from western interests, so he established upon the shores of the Baltic, with tremendous energy, the new capital of his empire, from whose towers he could look out upon western seas and nations. He introduced cotton, silk and woolen manufactures and the art of printing amongst his people; he built roads and canals; he perfected a police and postal service; he made laws and executed them; he founded schools and hospitals, and introduced reforms in the church. He fostered industries, and prepared Russia to take rank as a great European power. When he ascended the throne, Russia's dominion covered 5,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, but to-day the Czar's empire extends over nearly 10,000,000 square miles.

During the intervening period it has been one tremendous expansion on every side. Nothing has dared to stand in the way of Russia's unparalleled growth. To accomplish her expansion ideas, she has crumbled thrones, routed armies, crushed people and blotted nations from the map of the world. Since her career of expansion began, Russia has pushed her frontier boundary 800 miles westward into Europe; she advanced and pushed that boundary 500 miles nearer the Mediterranean; she pushed eastward until her outposts are contiguous to the territory under protection of the British flag.

The history of Japan is no less interesting than that of Russia. Prior to 1860 this sunrise Kingdom was a hermit nation. Their laws declared that Christians should be prohibited from their country. One law stated that "while the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to enter Japan." Rewards were offered for suspected converts. Shipwrecked seamen were put in cages and carried through the streets for exhibition. Students of the Bible were imprisoned. But in 1853 Commodore Perry, our own American sailor, stemmed into the Bay of Yeddo, unfurled the American flag, opened the Bible, sang the one hundredth psalm, and Japan opened her doors to the civilized world. From that day till this she has gradually been changing her old and established customs for the more enlightened ones of the New World. The triumph of civilization is felt on all sides, and the rapid advancement of the Japanese is the wonder of the world. As if by magic she was walked forth from darkness into light; from bondage into liberty; from heathenism into civilization. Within one-half century she has established schools for the education of her people, framed beneficent laws for the government of her people, opened her ports for commerce, given hearty welcome to the missionary and philanthropist, organized and equipped a formidable fleet of sea monsters, trained and developed one of the mightiest armies in the world, and has established and maintained her position as a world power.

In the present conflict with Russia Japan has affirmed that her position is not one of aggression, but of self-protection. She declares the life of her nation is at stake. On the part of Russia it is a necessity to have an eastern outlet; on the part of Japan it is national security, defense of rights, and the maintenance of peace and commerce. The one is the complement of the other. That which Russia claims as a necessity, Japan claims would be her ruin. The crisis is great, the issue tremendous, and the result

will have a lasting effect upon the civilization of Asia.

### DETERMINED INTEGRITY.

By Rev. R. L. Russell

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Job xiii., 15.

Nothing brings out the character of the man quite so well as his conduct in the time of trouble or persecution. Many men seem to enjoy fellowship with Christ and are bold in their allegiance to him when supported by others, who, when their friends scorn at their Lord and their faith in him quickly deny having ever known him.

But Job, in spite of every assault was determined to retain his righteousness. The only way for any of us to preserve our integrity and make it respected is by a firm resolution to do so at any cost. No man is so weak as he who is resolved upon no course of right and wrong. He is exposed to every temptation and soon becomes the prey of every evil power. Irresolute is the beginning of every man's fall. First the tempting subtle voice, then the question of the unsettled mind, then the final overthrow of all manhood's powers.

Determination will erect strong fortifications against the attacks of temptation. A resolute mind knows not to beat a retreat. It is fearless, because it takes refuge behind a bulwark of its own construction. The Christian mind has a stronger fortification than the resolute soul without Christ; for there is added to its determination God's protection. The man determined on nothing, who waits to see the drift of the current before he acts, will do nothing of worth and may well be esteemed as nothing. Sin always finds its easiest victims in the irresolute and vacillating. A King Saul or a Judas falls easily into the hands of the tempter, but not so a Daniel or the Bard of Israel who sang "My heart is fixed."

The suggestions of wrong are at once rejected by the "fixed heart." They are lost sight of in holier things. In such a mind there is a spirit of hatred—a cherished antipathy to the wrong—and before the temptation has time to lead off the unsuspecting without any hesitation the soul of "determined integrity" bids the tempter depart.

In the heart of this "old Saint" there was an established law to cleave to the right at all hazard, and his very nature was so filled with thoughts of God and the truth that his mind became very sensitive to the appearance of any evil; and the very presence of the wrong becomes a watchword to the powers of the soul to arise in their strength and cast out the usurper. But some are so willing to "prove the spirits" that they are polite even to the devil. The power to say "No!" is a wonderful achievement. There is nothing so weakening to the Christian life as vacillation. It is so in all the world of life. The man who succeeds is the man who says: "This one thing I do."

Resolution will brace the mind up to its conscientious duty, and assist it in forming its judgments or matters before the temptation to the wrong presents itself. To such a mind some things are settled, and settled for all time. It does not wait for a careful study of the temptation. Instantly its reply is ready. Thus, while the wavering and double-minded are being overcome by the tempter, the determined man walks in his plain path of right fearlessly and safely.

Many have false views of right and wrong, and it is possible for one to believe a lie and be damned, but to the man who, by observation and experience, will weigh the worth of pious living, there will be no question as to what he should or should not do. To some, personal integrity may have so little worth that it is bartered for any "gilded bait."

Nothing so subjects one to temptations to the lowest and vilest forms of evil as a low estimate of personal rectitude. The young man who humbly declares that he has "purposed in his heart not to defile himself" should be appreciated and receive more encouragement than many of them receive.

Not only the young, but the old, quite as well need encouragement in the determined life of integrity. It is sad, nevertheless true, that many men break down in their moral life after 40. Therefore, every one should stand strongly entrenched by a determination that knows no relenting, and thus guard the soul from the "delusions of the devil."

Then, with the highest estimate of the worth of conscious integrity, the man of faith in the never-falling Lord holds fast to his possessions, and gains thereby, besides the approval of his own conscience, the approval of his neighbors and his God. In this devotion to the principles of right Job succeeds and becomes an example to the tempted ones of all ages.

Short Meter Sermons.  
Mercy is never mushy.  
Regret cannot uproot wrong.  
Labor is the salt of our lives.

### Now, at 90, Mrs. Luke May Suffer Eviction as a Passive Resister.

Over in the little British Isle of Wight a woman who should have many admirers in this country is preparing for an inevitable experience which will arouse the indignation of all lovers of religious liberty. The woman is Jemima Luke. More than 60 years ago she wrote a song which has brought comfort to thousands of hearts.



MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. One morning in 1841, when she was 28 years old, she was traveling in one of the old-fashioned coaches of that day to a distant place, when there came to her the words of the song:

I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men.  
She was then engaged in Sunday school work. The writing of the song secured for her a place as editor of a missionary magazine and a few years later she married Rev. Samuel Luke, a Congregational preacher. For 35 years she has been a widow living in the town of Newport, Isle of Wight.

Now, for conscience's sake, this author of a favorite hymn, though she is 90 years old, has refused to pay a tax imposed by the government for the education of children in the Episcopal creed in which she cannot believe. She is one of 100,000 Passive Resisters. In due time she will receive a visitation from the sheriff's officers and enough of her small property is to be seized and sold to satisfy the unyielding demands of a law not unlike that which drove the Pilgrim fathers from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth Rock, Mass.

### THIS GOLD MINE TOO OBVIOUS.

Prospectors Passed for Years Over Rich Ledge Without Finding It

A tale is told of a rich gold mine in Idaho, with a ledge of ore which once extended above the surface of the ground in a clear, solid ridge several feet high and entirely distinct from the surrounding formation. This ledge was long and unbroken, and lay directly across the course which hundreds of prospectors took every year to reach other gold fields. This obstruction of rock—the great value of which was long unknown—was too high to be surmounted by pack animals, so the prospectors cut a trail directly through it. For several years these eager gold seekers passed backward and forward over this trail in search of gold mines.

One night a prospector camping near this ledge of rock picked up a bit of it and, from force of habit, took it to a creek near by and washed it. Then he examined the stone, and, to his great astonishment, he found "colors" in it—bits of sparkling gold. The prospector does not mistake gold when he sees it. He is not deluded by iron crystals or bits of mica, as the "tenderfoot" frequently is. The gold sparkle is clearer and brighter than that of any other mineral, and it is the same in sunshine and shadow.

The prospector, tremendously excited, broke off more pieces of the ledge and found more of it bearing free gold. Then he located his claim, and that was the beginning of a rich mine. Yet for years the sagest of prospectors had passed over this trail through the cut in this ledge, never suspecting its value, although by its very prominence it seemed to invite inspection.—Leslie's Weekly.

### RISK OURSELVES FOR NOTHING.

Most of Our Actions Are Rash, Impulsive and Unreasoning.

The man was walking at a moderate gait, apparently in no great hurry, when he reached the corner.

He had leisure to pause there to look after a pretty woman. Then he started across the street.

Two wagons, a cable car and a fire engine were coming and the man quickened his pace. He could have stopped to let them pass, but he had no time to spare now.

He dodged in front of the two wagons and found room to wait for the cable car to pass. But he couldn't wait; he had suddenly been deprived of all leisure.

He estimated speed and distance at a glance, bolted in front of the car, continued wildly across in front of the engine and reached the opposite curb on the run. He was in desperate haste or he never would have taken those chances. Anyone could see that.

But, once safely across, he stopped, turned, stuck his hands in his pockets and stood watching the fire engine until it was out of sight. Then he went leisurely about his business, again having ample time for all he wanted to do.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Girls are always poor. Uncles, aunts and old friends who want to oblige girls, should give them money. Many a nice girl walks because she hasn't a nickel to pay street car fare.

## OLD FAVORITES

### Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in supplication bent,  
Should tremble at his power;  
In dreams through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king!  
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of the tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian thousands stood;  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
On old Plataea's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who perished there,  
With arms to strike and souls to dare  
As quick and far as they.

An hour passed—the Turk awoke,  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek, the Greek!"  
He woke—to die 'mid flames and smoke,  
And shout and groan and saber stroke,  
And death shots falling thick and fast  
As lightning from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band;  
"Strike till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike for your altars and your fires!  
Strike for the green graves of your sires'  
God and your native land!"

They fought like brave men long and well;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah.  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
Calmly as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee, there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her proud clime,  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb.  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved and for a season gone;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wretched,  
Her marble wrought, her music breath-  
ed;

For thee she rings the birthday bells,  
Of thee her babes first lisping tell;  
For thee her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch and cottage bed;  
Her soldier closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;  
His plighted maiden when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears.  
And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys,  
And even she who gave thee birth  
Will by thy pilgrim-circled hearth  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;  
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not borne to die!  
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

### FORTUNES ON FINGER ENDS.

Queen of Siam Has Gem-Set Thimble Worth \$75,000.

The costliest thimble in the world is undoubtedly one possessed by the Queen of Siam, says the Queen. It was presented to her by her husband, the king, who had it made at a cost of rather more than £15,000. This thimble is quite an exquisite work of art. It is made of pure gold, in the fashion or shape of a half-opened lotus flower, the floral emblem of the royal house of Siam.

It is thickly studded with the most beautiful diamonds and other precious stones, which are so arranged as to form the name of the queen, together with the date of her marriage. She regards this thimble as one of her most precious possessions.

Not long since a Paris jeweler made a most elaborate thimble to the order of a certain well-known American millionaire. It was somewhat larger than the ordinary size of thimbles and the agreed price was £5,000. The gold setting was scarcely visible, so completely was it set with diamonds, rubies and pearls, in artistic designs, the rubies showing the initials of the intended recipient.

This thimble was made as a birthday present to the millionaire's daughter, who can now boast the possession of the second most valuable thimble in the world. Her father was so much pleased with the fine workmanship it showed that he ordered another but much less expensive one to be made for presentation to the school companion and bosom friend of his fortunate child.

Five or six years ago a jeweler in

sum of nearly £6,000 for a thimble which the pampered wife of a Scotch American Croesus insisted on having made for her. This was one mass of precious gems, diamonds and rubies, which as thimble ornaments seem to be almost monopolize feminine taste.

The eccentric prince, the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, never did things by halves, and one of the most beautiful and costly thimbles ever made was that which was supplied to his order as a present for a great lady in Russia. The price of this ran well into four figures and the gems set in it were all pearls of great value and no less beauty.

So were those in a highly treasured thimble which, on the occasion of one of his visits to Europe, the late Shah of Persia presented to a lady whose guest he was for a few hours. In the words of the delighted recipient, it looked like a cluster of glittering gems which in reality it was, save for the gold in which they were set. An expert in precious stones valued the thimble at £1,500.

There are thimbles of no intrinsic value, but which, on account of the famous women to whom they belonged would command very high prices if submitted to public auction. In the possession of the wealthy Mrs. Vanderbilt there is a thimble which was formerly used by Queen Alexandra. It is an extremely dainty article, made of gold and enamel.

But, apart from its association, it is not of much greater value than another thimble owned by the same American lady. This is a very serviceable-looking article in solid silver, but very small. Its value lies in the fact that it was the property of the late Queen Victoria in the days when she was only a girl of 14. From its appearance our late sovereign knew how to ply her needle in her youthful days.

The first thimble ever made was the one presented in the year 1684 to Anne Van Wely, the second wife of Killiger Van Rensselaer, and the thimble is therefore, a Dutch invention. In making the presentation the giver, Van Benschoten, begged the lady "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his great esteem and profound respect."

### BRUFF'S APT REPLY SAVED HIM.

Story of a Reporter Whose Quick Wit Disarmed an Angry Woman.

"The nerve of newspaper men frequently keeps them from serious trouble, as well as getting them into it," remarked Representative Livingston of Georgia while talking to a group of friends in the cloakroom. "As a whole they are generally a pretty clever lot and prepared for any emergency, and I suppose that they make about as few mistakes as the average run of men."

"I shall never forget an incident which happened several years ago in Atlanta, and I laugh now every time I think of it. A dashing young woman came to Atlanta and engaged the swellest suite of rooms at the Kimball, and she sported diamonds as large as walnuts and drove a four-in-hand. It was given out that the young beauty was Miss So-and-So, the cattle queer of the West, and that she had money enough to burn up a stock yard of we cows.

"Ed Bruffey of the Constitution had an idea that the woman was a fake and he soon had the wires hot with messages making inquiries about her, the result being that he got a corking good story to the effect that the woman was the rankest kind of humbug. Bruff printed the story next morning and it caused a genuine sensation, but the woman never lost her grip, driving out that afternoon with her four-in-hand.

"Late that night Bruff was in the lobby of the Kimball talking to Ed Calloway, the night clerk, when the 'cattle queen' swished down the steps and walking up to Bruff, asked if he was responsible for the story in the Constitution.

"I have that honor," was his reply. "Then, sir, I am going to kill you, almost yelled the woman as she drew a gun from the folds of her dress.

"This didn't alarm the little news paper man in the least, but, lifting his hat, he quietly remarked: "Fire away, madam; I had rather be killed by a pretty woman any day than to die a natural death."

"Bruff won out, for the woman laughed and retreated upstairs."—Washington Times.

### Consistent.

"I was cleaning our silver on Sunday when Mrs. Stratiace called on her way from church. Fortunately, though she didn't find it out."

"She's very strict about the Sabbath isn't she?"

"Yes. She apologized for calling up on me on that day, but she thought she ought to tell me that scandalous story about Mrs. Giddyay."—Philadelphia Press.

### Not Short in That Line.

"This poem," said the editor, "don't seem to have the proper feet."  
"I don't see why," groaned the poet.  
"Three editors kicked me out o' their offices."