

THE POPULAR PULPIT



LIVE MORE OUTSIDE SELVES.

By Rev. J. A. Milburn.

The actual men and women with whom we have to deal are so crude, so angular, compared with the men and women that we create out of the subtle element of thought. The actual society in which we live is so mediocre, so listless, so wanting in proportion, compared with the society that we have lived with on the heights of imagination, on the peaks where we dream our fondest dreams. Now, this servitude is an inevitable result of an unbalanced subjectivity, and the cure for it is to get into the habit of living less inside ourselves, and more outside our lives in the great world of nature, and in that yet more interesting world made up of actual women and actual men.

What we want to learn to do is to see things as they are, and to do so we must objective our consciousness, our life. Here, for instance, is a person afflicted with what in England is so appropriately called "the hurries." When in England people are in a state of great internal agitation, irritable, nervousness or undue anxiety, they say they have "the hurries." So many of us have this malady of disordered and ineffectual nerves. And this malady has its roots in subjectivity. We live too much within ourselves, and this interior world of ours, great though it be, is far too small a sphere for the soul to realize its infinite possibilities and to attain its largest and its richest life.

The secret of calm, the secret of a balanced and an ordered mind, the secret of peace, is not Christian science. It is the secret of common sense, of living out in touch with nature, the best of all physicians, the most perfect therapeutic and the most salubrious of all the forces that can minister to the mind diseased or to the heart distressed.

Here is a woman who is unhappy in her marital relations. Her husband is a good man, a plain, simple man, like any one of a thousand other men. A little while ago she was quite happy in the possession of "her man," whom she voluntarily chose to be her husband, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer" and now she is dissatisfied, restless, unhappy. Why? The reason I think in the great majority of instances is traceable to the subjective disease of excessive idealization. She pictures to herself an ideal man, in all things perfect, chivalrous, graceful, tender, but intellectual, urbane, endowed with all the talents and with all the charms, but she forgets that this ideal man is not to be found anywhere upon this planet earth.

He is the creature of her dreams, a pattern that exists only in the mount of imagination. And I believe that a great deal of this sorrow of the home would be dispelled like mist before a breeze if men and women were to cease thinking so much of the ideal and to live more in the actual.

If instead of living so much within ourselves with the ideal husband that we have not married, or the ideal wife that we have not married, we would, while our young love was yet intense and warm and strong, dedicate ourselves unreservedly to the actual man or the actual woman we have married; if we would say he is not perfect, she is not perfect, but I shall do my best to make him perfect, my best to make her perfect, I am sure that an immense weight of sorrow would, by this very simple process of objectivity, be lifted from the heart of the world.

How, too, the externalization of thought makes for freedom and catholicity in the matter of religion. One of the sad facts of the world today, as in all past days, is the fact of exclusiveness in our religious life. The Protestant lives so exclusively in his Protestantism that he will not see any truth in Catholicism. The Catholic lives so exclusively in his Catholicism that he will not see any truth in Protestantism. And they are both honest, both sincere. The Protestant is honest, sincere in his narrowness; the Catholic honest, sincere in his narrowness.

The trouble is they do not understand each other. They live too entirely within themselves, within their own notions, within their own creeds and symbols, within the narrow confine of their own church. And not knowing each other's point of view, not knowing each other's belief, the other's history, the other's contribution to civilization, they fear and antagonize each other.

And what is the remedy for this? Again it is objectivity, living in the other man's world, trying to understand the process of his thought, living in his tradition, in his belief, in his liturgy, in his ceremonies. And were the churches so to externalize their thought, though the unity of Christendom might be yet far distant, Christians would at least live in happy amity, and the churches in perfect concord.

BELIEF IN A PERSONAL CHRIST.
By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.
Honey hunters, by which I mean men who go about sniffing after here-

55. are a diminishing factor in our midst. Breadth is in keeping with the wide, embracing spirit of the gospel.

One reason why, just in this age of the world, men would welcome a theology that displores personal commitment to a personal Christ by personal commitment to the general cause of Christ came to promote is that the latter idea carries with it the idea of doing something. It means action, and action is the genius of our generation, at least in the States.

But when a preacher says that the fundamental fact in Christianity is not conversion to the humanitarian work that Christ came to do and encourage, he is giving the direct lie to facts as the gospel states them, to the truth as Christ declared it and to the spirit as the first disciples exemplified it.

PASTOR CLOSE TO PEOPLE.

By Bishop Cheney.

Like the famous picture of Rembrandt, painted by himself, so this is Christ's own portraiture by Christ's own pencil. It would be interesting to trace the parallel between the oriental shepherd in his relations to his flock and Christ in His relations to His people, but my purpose is rather to point out the bearing of this parable of the good shepherd upon the life work of a Christian pastor. For the name "pastor" is only the Latin term for a shepherd. In the representation of Himself as the great shepherd of the sheep our Lord has defined exactly what the pastor of a congregation should aim to be.

I wish that less were said nowadays about the authority of the ministry and more about its special work. Men are not driven by authority into the kingdom of Christ. Our Lord says that the good shepherd is one who goes before the flock and, instead of driving, leads them. In Palestine the business of the shepherd was to lead his sheep to pasture where the food indispensable to life is to be found. In the same way the one duty of the Christian shepherd is to make sure that his sheep are fed. That fact should determine the character of preaching. Not of necessity, the preaching which collects a crowd. The hearing of a congregation can do that. Nor the delivery of learned and eloquent lectures. Real preaching is that which feeds the soul. Men go away, not saying, "How beautiful!" "How eloquent!" but "How helpful!" "How it touched my conscience!" "How it strengthened me for my battles!"

But this pastoral feeding of the flock is not limited to pulpit effort. The good shepherd "calls his sheep by name, and they know his voice." Clearly something is wrong in our minds when the minister is called a "pastor," that is, a shepherd, and yet knows as little of his people as a railway conductor knows of the passengers under his charge. The pastor who is a stranger to the inner lives and to the homes of his people is like one who tries to evoke music from the instrument whose strings or keys he does not know one from another. In our great cities the clergy are not, wholly in fault when they have given up the effort to know their people. Too much outside work is laid upon them which laymen would do as well or better.

How far from the standard I have set up to-day my own long ministry has been I am more conscious than you. But it is the only standard. When my work is ended, rather than any other epitaph would I have this written above my dust: "He was a pastor who fed the flock."

WORLD NEEDS THE BIBLE.

By Rev. G. R. Wallace.

Man needs a revelation of deity. Greece, the brain of the world in its clearest philosophic age, had its Athens with an altar bearing the piteous inscription, "To the unknown God." Socrates, the greatest pagan thinker, acknowledged this need of revelation, saying: "We must of necessity wait till some one from Him who careth for us shall come and instruct us how we ought to behave toward God and toward men." Plato said: "We cannot know of ourselves what petition will be pleasing to God, or what worship we should pay him, but it is necessary that a lawyer should be sent from heaven to instruct us. Oh, how greatly do I long to see that man!"

Man needs a revelation of duty. Ancient philosophers and modern skeptics give us no code of morals comparable to the Bible code. Those familiar with classics and with the history of Greece and Rome in their balmy days, as well as the writings and lives of modern skeptics, such as Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine and others, need no demonstration of the world's need of such a code as the Bible supplies. Professor Huxley, the father of modern agnosticism, pleaded with the school board for the Bible as the source of the highest education for children; he also confessed perplexity "to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinions on these matters without the use of the Bible." Matthew Arnold recommended the study of the Bible for the same reason.

Saxony has one of the best regulated systems of forestry in the world, the net profits from the forests amounting annually to over \$2,000,000.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Here's an account of a woman who committed suicide because her husband had died," said Crowells, as he glanced up from his paper. "What do you think of that?"
"I think," answered Mrs. G., "that she married the one man in about 1,000,000,000."

Something in a Name.
Miss Dashaway—It was very good of you to name your automobile after me. By the way, what is it like?
Mr. Cashleigh—Well, it isn't a thing of beauty, but it's the fastest bunch of wheels that ever came down the boulevard.

Greek Meets Greek.
Merchant—Your references seem to be all right, and if you can put up \$1,000 cash security you can have the job.
Applicant—Thank you, sir. But what security can you put up for my \$1,000?

From Bad to Worse.
Patient—The heat is so oppressive, doctor, that I almost feel inclined to commit suicide.
Doctor—Tut, tut! That will never do. What you need is a change of climate.

Pushing Him Along.
"Would you mind pinning a flower in my coat when I go?" asked young DeLoan.
"Certainly not," replied Miss Wearum. "It will afford me pleasure to do it at once."

A Man of His Word.
Mr. Nokoyne—I'll give you the money for a new hat next week.
Mrs. Nokoyne—But that's what you said last week.
Mr. Nokoyne—Yes, and I'm likely to say the same thing next week, too. I'm not the kind of a man who says one thing one week and another thing the next week.

An Open Secret.
The reason for embracing
We need not seek afar;
Men love to hug delusions—
And girls delusions are.

As Defined.
"Say, mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?"
"Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.

Good Reason for His Prechant.
Hicks—Henpeck is very fond of entertaining, isn't he?
Wicks—Yes; his wife is always pleasant to him when there's company in the house.—Philadelphia Press.

His Reputation in Peril.
Tess—He's a gay Lothario. He tries to flirt with all the pretty girls in our street.
Jess—I've seen him trying to flirt with you, too.—Philadelphia Press.

The How-Wow.
This Mr. Wing-Wung of Hung-Chow Walked out with his little how-wow.
"How nicely!" he said.
"A dog may be led,
Provided you only know how!"

The Way Out of It.
She—He can't bear to have girls get dead of him.
He—Then why doesn't he stop running after them?—Harvard Lampoon.

Couldn't Trust Himself.
Bleeker—But if you and your wife are not congenial why don't you get a divorce?
Meeker—Because I'm afraid.
Bleeker—What are you afraid of?
Meeker—I'm afraid I might be fool enough to marry again.

Then He Went.
"Will you think of me when I'm gone?" asked the lovelorn youth, who seemed unable to tear himself from her presence.

On the Auto, of Course.
"I ran across old Hopkins in Boston yesterday."
"Usually?"
"No, fatally!"—Harvard Lampoon.

Must Support the Family.

Dinah: "Look hyar, Sam, we done bin married fo' or five days now; doan' yo' reckon yo' bettah go out an' look fo' some wuck?" Sam: "Nehab mind 'bout dat yit. I'll find some wuck fo' yo' time 'nough, but I doan' want yo' ter 'tink ob washin' an' ironin' till de honeymoon am past."—Philadelphia Press.

Why She Laughed.
"Bridget," said Mrs. Hyllite, "your lady friend mustn't stay so late here after. Her uproarious laughter woke me up at 1 o'clock this morning."
"Yis, mum. I was tellin' her about how you tried to make cake wan day."
—Indianapolis Sun.

Had to Get Well Sometimes.
Martha—I meant to come to see you while you were sick, Mary.
Mary—Well, I couldn't stay sick all summer to oblige you.—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Question.
Mrs. Henpeck—My! my! What an awful catastrophe happened to young Jinks.
Mr. H. (absently)—Eh? Whom did he marry?

Had Nothing to Show.
"Say, doctor, what's that last \$3 item in your bill for?"
"Let me see. Oh, yes. I gave you a thorough examination on that day. Don't you remember?"
"Sure, I remember. But do you suppose I am going to pay you for that when you took up an hour of my time and then could not find anything the matter with me at all?"—Buffalo Express.

One Wealthy Inevad.
"How much is he worth?"
"Six millions."
"And how does he enjoy life?"
"Well, the doctors say that if he's very careful with himself he'll be able to sit up and make his will one of these days."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Way to Civil Service.
Tite—There's only one way to get civil service.
Jinks—How's that?
Tite—Why, make the tip a big one.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Deadly Insult.
Trenton Walker—You seem so nervous, Willie, what's the matter?
Willie Weariness—I've been insulted. That man back there said I was working for him, mind you, he said "work-ing."

He Had a Great Name.
Miss De Style—By the way, count it is very awkward, but I do not know your name.
Russian Count—Would you like to hear it?
"Most certainly."
"Then, if you haf ten minutes to spare sit down and I vill tell it to you."—London Tit-Bits.

Keeping Tab.
"You should sleep on right side, madam."
"I really can't do it, doctor; my husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear."—Town Topics.

Bored to Death.
Tess—Gracious! You're as cross as two sticks this morning.
Jess—No wonder. That's what I had calling on me last night.
Tess—What?
Jess—Two sticks.—Phila. Press.

Four Boys!
"Your new brother is the eleventh child in the family, is he not?" asked the caller.
"Yes, ma'am," said the little girl.
"Have you named him yet?"
"I think we're going to name him Jerusalem. That's what papa called him when he was born."—Chicago Tribune.

Recovering From the Delusion.
Roundleigh Towne—Do you believe in art for art's sake?
Cashleigh Splash— had to for a while, but I'm getting orders now at right.—New York Sun.

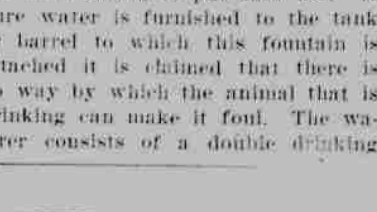
A Madly Amenty.
The spinster showed her visitor a beautiful hand-made lace collar and said proudly: "This is over fifty years old."
"It is beautiful," purred the girl.
"Did you make it, dear?"—New York Press.



AGRICULTURAL



For Watering Stock.
No matter how pure a source of supply may be at hand for watering stock, if it is pumped into an open trough and left exposed for any length of time it soon becomes polluted and unfit for the animals to drink. This will not be the case, according to the inventor, if the stock watering apparatus here shown is put into use. If pure water is furnished to the tank or barrel to which this fountain is attached it is claimed that there is no way by which the animal that is drinking can make it foul. The waterer consists of a double drinking



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE WATERER.
bowl, made of cast iron, which is attached to the outside of a tank or barrel. On the inside is another chamber, enclosed in which is a brass float and lever controlling the flow of the water to the outside bowl. The fountain is automatic in its action, as the float rises with the water in the bowl and cuts off the supply when the proper height has been reached. As the valve is always closed except when water is flowing from the tank to the drinking bowl, there is no opportunity for foreign matter to find its way to the interior of the storage reservoir.—Denver Field and Farm.

Root Crops for Stock.
There is not a farmer in business but who can readily spare an acre or two of ground on which to grow root crops. If he has any number of heads of stock he will find that he can not grow anything on the farm to greater profit than the small area named put into root crops. Mangel wurzels are among the easiest of the root crops to grow and they will grow on any soil if the soil is properly prepared. The seed bed should be deep and harrowed several times after thorough plowing. Seeds should be drilled in and from two to four pounds of seed an acre will be required. The space between rows should be kept free from weeds and when the plants are three or four inches high they should be thinned out so that they will stand fifteen inches apart.

It will be necessary to keep the field hoed or cultivated until the plants get strong enough to overcome any weed growth. After this no care is necessary until fall harvest. Under this sort of cultivation it is possible to grow from 600 to 1,000 bushels on an acre, according to the condition of the soil. Carrots and turnips can be easily raised on the same plan, although for general feeding the mangels are, perhaps, more desirable.

Thump in Pigs.
More cases of thumps among pigs are reported this year than in some time before, owing, doubtless, to the rainy weather, which prevented the pigs from getting the sunshine they so much needed. If there is anything farmers need to learn about the handling of young pigs it is that they need sun and exercise, both in considerable quantities. An ideal pasture for young pigs is a place that may be fenced off from the main pasture where there is one or more trees which will provide shade, but where there will also be a large space of comparatively dry ground, in grass, on which the pigs may run. If there is white clover in the grass, so much the better for the pigs, and they will need less corn. Sun and exercise will prevent thumps, which disease usually means death.

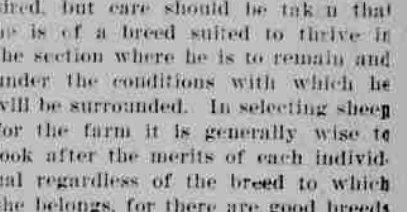
Lice Troubling Pigs.
It is not unusual for swine, and particularly the young pigs, to be afflicted with lice, and the trouble is usually due to unclean quarters. If the pigs are constantly scratching they should be closely examined for lice, and if the vermin are found the pigs should be taken from the pen and the latter thoroughly cleaned. Scrub the pen thoroughly and then whitewash it. The pigs should also be scrubbed with a solution of sulphur or by using some of the sheep dips, of which there are many good ones on the market. If no lice are found on the pigs, then the trouble generally comes from improper feeding of the sow while she is nursing. If this is thought to be the case, cut the corn out of the ration for the sow and feed her largely on

middlings, bran and milk for a while. Clean the pigs with the sheep dip, as suggested, which will allay the irritation.

Sheep for the Farm.

If one is in the raising of sheep exclusively, one can afford to go into the question of fancy breeds suited to the market to which he is catering, but the average farmer who raises sheep simply as one more crop from which he hopes to derive an income, should select the breed from those most common in his section. The general purpose ewe, if this term may be applied to sheep, is the one with some Merino blood in order to obtain the heavy fine fleece. It has been observed that the animal with the close, dense fleece is the vigorous, hardy animal. The ram should be of a good cross or a pure-bred, if desired, but care should be taken that he is of a breed suited to thrive in the section where he is to remain and under the conditions with which he will be surrounded. In selecting sheep for the farm it is generally wise to look after the merits of each individual regardless of the breed to which she belongs, for there are good breeds with poor members of the family just as there are good members in breeds that are not so highly rated. In most sections where sheep may be raised to advantage there is room for many more than are now raised. If farmers would go into this industry, care fully increasing their holdings as they gain experience, they could make sheep raising profitable.

Handy Workshop Tool.
I have a cheap force feed drill press that is very useful on my farm. A timber is 4x6x6 feet, is supported by legs c, like a trestle. The uprights b and d should be longer than shown, that they may be tied together at the top, as the outward strain is considerable; both center uprights are 2x4x 32 inches. All uprights are braced as shown at f f f. The bit stock e is made by bending a 1/2 or 1 in round rod into shape as shown, or may be purchased at a hardware store. A feed screw is shown at d, which may screw into the wood, or a nut may be attached to the front side of rear upright. A tool chuck g is screwed to the end of the bit stock. Loose blocks



of wood are placed between the bit and the front post b as needed. By using twist drills, either wood or iron may be bored.—George T. Price, in Farm and Home.

Farm Notes.
A farmer should know enough about law to keep out of it.
No one can be found now who objects to dehorning cattle.

In butter making, next to controlling the temperature is to churn often while the cream is in good condition. lows are given access to their mother, but as they soon find but little to supply their needs they become disgusted and readily adopt the idea of paddling their own canoe.

A stall for a horse should be five feet wide. If wider the horse will turn over and get east. If narrower he can't rest. The floor should be even and level if the horse gets the rest he should have.

Many a runaway has resulted just because too much confidence has been placed in a team. There is always a feeling that "they'll stand." It pays to make teams secure before leaving them.

The first rainy day that comes, pass a copy of this paper to your neighbor and ask him to look it over and tell you how he likes it. There is no better way one can befriend a neighbor than to hand him a good paper. He will appreciate the paper and your kindness.

Some men folks on farms never think of helping make or cultivate the garden. This is considered too small a job for them, and yet they never object to partaking of what comes from it. It is "my wife's garden" when the garden is put in and when the crops are reaped it is "our garden."

Of Uncle Sam's domain of over two billion acres only 500,000,000 are left for settlement. Under the present system of land laws it will only last five years. During the first ninety days of this fiscal year 6,000,000 acres were filed upon. Uncle Sam intends that everybody shall have a farm as long as they last. His farms are going fast.

Whenever one reads of a combing where farmers are going to control prices of farm products, one should rest assured that somebody else is going to be enriched by the scheme. It is not among the possibilities to control the prices of staple farm products. All attempts to do so will prove failures. When approached to lend aid to any scheme of this character it will be well to look for the African in the fuel; he's there.