

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Banish Hallowe'en Mischievousness.

IN one sense, Hallowe'en and the Fourth of July are alike. Both days give license for almost unlimited lawlessness. On the Fourth gunpowder reigns supreme over the law; on Hallowe'en all sorts of mischief hold sway, often resulting in heavy property loss and bloodshed. The murder of the chief of police of Morgan Park emphasizes the Hallowe'en evil.

Hallowe'en, as a feature of American life, deserves to be laid to rest. There is no reason why one day in the year should be set apart for the perpetration of malicious mischief. On Hallowe'en hundreds of thousands of youths, and often grown persons, turn their attention to damaging other people's property. During the rest of the year these persons are generally law-abiding. They have no thought of destroying fences or sidewalks, daubing paint on houses, or carrying off whatever they can find loose. On Hallowe'en they regard these depredations as strictly legitimate.

In Morgan Park a married woman, colored, dressed herself in the clothes of a man and proceeded to play havoc with a sidewalk. She was discovered by the chief of police and struck with a cane. A rash and quick-tempered negro avenged the blow by cutting the throat of the chief.

This killing illustrates the Hallowe'en extreme, but all over the country minor acts of despoliation took place, which in the aggregate amounted to heavy loss. It is to be hoped that the coming generation of boys will be educated out of the Hallowe'en idea.—Chicago Journal.

Money vs. Faith in The Pulpit.

ONE of the questions that caused the most anxious interest at a recent annual church convention in Michigan was the cause of the closing of churches in half a dozen cities and towns in the State. The explanation was that young men are not attracted by the idea of spending \$1,000 or \$2,000 for an education to fit themselves whose financial rewards run from \$700 to \$1,000 a year, where other callings offer much brighter prospects at a less outlay of time and money for technical training.

It is rather discouraging if the financial consideration is sufficient to deter young men who feel that they had a vocation for the ministry. A faith which begets no devotion superior to material gain, that inspires no spirit of sacrifice and personal consecration, lacks something that is necessary to the growth of a religion.

When Helme was asked why the world built no more such cathedrals as that of Cologne, he replied that cathedral builders had convictions, while moderns had only opinions. In order to forego worldly success and comfort and devote himself joyfully to a life of struggle and hardship, it is necessary that a man have a very fixed conviction as to the vital importance of the work he is undertaking. That he must be filled with fire and zeal, and that he must accept literally and unquestioningly the theory that the salvation of his own soul and of other souls is a matter which wholly overshadows the trivialities of earthly existence.

Religion diluted with rationalism does not tend to create enthusiasts or to foster the missionary spirit, and those sects which adopt it must either adjust their salaries to their own particular circumstances or continue to find a paucity of candidates for commercially undesirable pulpits.—Chicago Journal.

Martyrdom of the Housewife.

THE difficulty of securing domestic help is not new, and it is not peculiar in New York. Some of the reasons for the present plight are obvious. There have been and must continue to be certain inherent difficulties in the problem. These have often been pointed out: long and irregular hours, confined and often lonely routine, varying quantities of work, vagaries and caprices of mistresses, and the so-called "social stigma." All these combine to draw women into factory employment, with its fixed hours, opportunities to be on the street in going and coming, congenial companionship while busy, definite tasks, formal rules for conduct, consistent supervision, and general independence outside of hours of labor.

There are, however, some new factors in the reckoning. The demand for the work of women is keener than ever

before. With the last decade a number of occupations have opened up to them for the first time.

Not only is the demand greater than before, but the supply is smaller. The very prosperity that has enlarged the servant-keeping class has enabled poorer people either to maintain their daughters at home or send them to school; and many girls who in 1893 would have been seeking places are now living in ease on the abundant earnings of their fathers and brothers. Statistics on this point are not available, but the facts are patent. It is plain, also, that employment at good wages has allowed many young mechanics to marry, and has thus transformed possible housemaids into actual wives. The "steady company" has been much in evidence, and his attentions have still further disturbed our domestic economy.—New York Evening Post.

Refuse to Scare.

THE statisticians are beginning to frighten us about the consumption of iron. They say that 30,000,000 tons of ore was taken out of the ground in this country alone last year, and as the world grows older, and its inhabitants more numerous, the demand for iron must increase until the end of the supply is reached, and then what will they do, poor things, who are on earth in that remote day.

We do not scare very readily over the prospect of the failure of the world's resources in any direction. When it gets so that human beings cannot exist on earth they will probably cease to move on the planet, but it seems as if the generation living had much more occasion to be concerned about its own comfort, and wisdom, and virtue, than about the prospects of health and happiness of those who may dwell in some distant period.

This fear of what is going to happen to some one after our end has been common with humanity for many centuries. Predictions of the coming to the end of the world itself are numberless, and the prophets are still working overtime on that problem, but until the earth itself has been entirely looked over and its treasures estimated at their true bulk there is no need of any one being alarmed for fear of a fatal scarcity of anything necessary to human happiness or human existence.—Buffalo News.

Reform in China.

THE man who cries for reform in China takes his life in his hand. A century ago the Japanese who had a public grievance to complain of could present his petition with the assurance that it would be duly considered, but he lost his life. The Chinese reformer loses his life without effect. And for some time past there has been a deadly conflict between the Dowager Empress and the exponents of reform. Only the other day a member of the reform party was beaten to death with bamboos, while the fate of others at Shanghai is hanging on the firmness of the British representative. Now we learn that five others have been arrested at Peking, and their terrible fate is, we fear, assured. Shen Chien, before his death, wrote a moving appeal to his own people and the foreign powers. "I have won but little, and my day is done." It is a pathetic cry from this young man of one-and-thirty, standing—and falling—with a few against scores of millions of fellow-country men bound by immemorial tradition and led by the Dowager Empress. The life-blood of many must run in the market place before the reformer is welcomed in China.—London Chronicle.

Lynching Must be Stopped.

WE do not believe that the civilization of the United States is going to be wrecked in this way, but we do believe that it can be saved only by a combination of the sane elements of society to assert and, if need be, to maintain by lawful means the supremacy of law. Every sheriff has the power to summon a posse. The peaceable and rational majority of citizens within his jurisdiction, if they should place themselves under his orders, would constitute a legal force, and a force competent to restore order wherever it was invaded. There are some unhappy indications that a state of things is approaching for which such a remedy as that must be somewhat widely employed.—New York Tribune.

A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in California recently held memorial services for William Taylor, the first missionary of that church in the State. "He is," wrote Charles Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, "the Paul of the age, and his experiences in establishing Methodism on the frontier of America, Australia and South America have no parallel in church history."

The story of William Taylor's career in the wicked mining camps and in San Francisco during the early fifties is more thrilling than fiction. Lawlessness was unbridled in the town. Murders went without trial.

"In all my travels over the world," Mr. Taylor used to say, "I never have seen such human degradation, such woful immorality and recklessness of human life as in San Francisco in 1849."

It took courage to speak to the swearing, drunken crowds who spent their time in gambling and intoxication. Many a time he was threatened with personal violence. One of his first efforts was made in Pat Donovan's dance hall. A murder had just been committed. The body was hauled into an adjoining room, and the drinking, cursing, gambling and dancing were resumed as noisily as ever. Suddenly Mr. Taylor's stalwart frame appeared in the door of the place.

Catcalls and yells of derision greeted the missionary; and one man drew his pistol and told Mr. Taylor to get out or be shot. He stood quietly for a few moments, and then said:

"I have not come for trouble. If you will let me sing a few songs and say a few words, I'm sure you won't regret it."

"Go ahead!" some one yelled. Mr. Taylor began to sing in his full, clear voice some of the familiar church

hymns. The crowd was quickly won by the music.

"Go on!" shouted the men when he stopped. Then he sang one or two Scotch songs, and finally, getting up on the platform where the fiddler sat, he spoke plainly and forcibly upon the evil life his auditors were leading, and they listened quietly.

When the preacher had ceased, a big strapping Irishman, who had served time in prisons in Australia and New Zealand and had been the terror of the water front in San Francisco, proposed a collection for the new Methodist church, and he himself passed his old battered sash over the men and women. Money, gold dust and jewelry went into the hat.

With an invitation to them to come to the new church, the preacher withdrew. The next morning he came with a coffin that he had made with his own hands during the night, and with the help of several sailors properly buried the body of the murdered man, and at the same time called on the better feelings of his listeners in the lesson he drew from the crime.

Fearless, kindly, of firm faith, he was the type of man to succeed as a missionary.

IN DISMAL SWAMP.

But Little Better Known Now Than When Washington Saw It.

The name "Dismal Swamp" is a byword everywhere, and a legend has grown up round it of a dreary, boggy, unknown region of snakes and dark, damp thickets, where runaway slaves fled for refuge. Frederick Street, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, in telling the story of this region, says that it is but little better known at this day than it was 150 years ago, when George Washington himself laid out a route through it.

The swamp is old historically. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region round about knew of it as a wild, impassable bit of country full of game

and of valuable timber; cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum and beech. In 1728 Colonel Byrd, while trying to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and making only a mile a day through the thick growth. He it was who named it "The Dismal Swamp."

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about 800 square miles of wood and water, lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich, black vegetable mold, dry and caky at some seasons, and saturated with water at others. The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet; and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tide-water, it is the source of many rivers and streams.

There are deer in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that give the best sport. The ancestors of these "reed-fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their abode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, the flesh of which is a delicious combination of the qualities of wild game and tame animals.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be redeemed from its present wilderness into civilized farm land; but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and moose-like snakes disappear from their refuges, and before the rare plants and birds that still draw botanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country will be found only in museum show cases.

For each big man at the top there are a million little ones at the bottom.

Many men want to be great and a few try to be good.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Lemon Dumplings.
Half a pound of grated bread crumbs, quarter pound of chopped suet, half a pound of moist sugar, two eggs, one large lemon, a pinch of salt. Mince the lemon peel very finely. Put all the dry ingredients in a basin, and mix well. Molsten with the eggs and the strained juice of the lemon. Stir well and put the mixture into small buttered cups or moulds. Cover with buttered paper. Set them in a kettle of boiling water, and let them steam for two and a half hours. Turn them out in a dish, and strew sifted sugar over them.

Salted Almonds.
Blanch the almonds in boiling hot water. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and let the almonds stand in it an hour. Put a tablespoonful of salt into a dish, stir in the nuts until all are lightly covered with salt, spread on a shallow tin and set in a warm oven to brown delicately. More or less salt may be used, according to taste. Peanuts are salted in the same way, except that they do not need blanching, as the brown hull comes off easily.

Chocolate Custards.
To two cups of milk add two well-beaten eggs, two slightly rounded teaspoonfuls of cocoa, three level teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. The cocoa should be mixed with the sugar and dissolved in half of the milk heated, and when this has cooled a little add the other ingredients and pour into cups. Set the cups in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven.

Pepper Sandwiches.
Remove all the seeds from a green pepper, chop fine and simmer ten minutes in a tablespoonful of butter. Do not allow it to brown. Add a dash of salt, and when cold spread between thin slices of bread minus the crust. Grated American cream cheese may be placed on the top of the pepper layer with happy results. These piquant little sandwiches are said to be especially nice with cold meat.

Cranberry Fritters.
Beat one egg thoroughly and stir it into one and a half cups of milk, add one tablespoonful of sugar and one cup of flour in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. When well mixed stir in one cup of thick, rich cranberry sauce, and drop in spoonfuls on a hot, buttered gridiron. Brown very lightly and serve with butter and powdered sugar.—Good House-keeping.

Creamed Oysters.
Put one quart of oysters, with the broth, into a stewpan, and let the oysters heat through. When the edges of the oysters curl, take them out and add two cups of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter to the broth. When boiling, add two tablespoonfuls of flour which has been stirred smooth in a little cold milk, with salt and pepper. When thickened, add the oysters, and serve at once on slices of toast.

Apples with Cream.
Peel, core and quarter six large tart apples; boil in a rich sugar syrup till tender, but not broken. Place in a glass dish, boil the syrup a little longer, and then pour over the apples. When cold cover with a thin layer of red currant jelly, and over all pour a thick layer of whipped cream sweetened with sugar.

Ham Toast.
Mix some pounded cold ham with a beaten egg, season with pepper and lay on buttered toast; put in the oven until it gets thoroughly heated. A nice way of using up small pieces of ham.

To Make Dried Beef.
Make a plain brine of four gallons water, six pounds salt, one ounce saltpeter. Cover the meat with this, and leave it in three weeks, then hang up to dry.

Sales at Fairs.
Sales at fairs have long been a feature of the English cattle shows. In fact, they have become so general that many of the English shows are really market days and are held at frequent intervals. Sales have played a more or less important part with American exhibitors, but have always been made privately, and fair officials have taken little or no interest in encouraging them. There would seem to be an opportunity in this country for advancement in this direction. If sale classes are arranged for and a certain part of the day set aside for auction sales of cattle or other produce both the fair management, exhibitors and general public might be benefited thereby. It would help the farmer out at the spot where he is weakest—that is, in marketing what he grows.—American Agriculturist.

Cleans Out Vermin.
A writer in the Scientific American says he has cleared his premises of vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat might get he put the copperas and scattered it in the corners of the floor. The result was a complete disappearance of rats and mice. Since that time not a rat or mouse has been seen near the house. Every spring the cellar is coated with the yellow whitewash as a purifier and a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family

THE POPULAR PULPIT



KEEPING THE HEART TENDER.

By Rev. L. A. Banks.
Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Romans xii., 15.

The Christian is to be no hermit, no recluse who draws his heart into his shell, and goes self-absorbed along the way of life, thinking only of his own affairs. His heart is to be open to the cries of joy as well as sorrow. He is to have a tender heart, easily reached with the gladness or the sorrow of his neighbor. "Rejoice," says Paul, "with them that do rejoice; weep with them that weep."

The way this command is put robs it of all possible selfishness. We are to rejoice with other people in their joy. A great many selfish people envy the joy of others, and would, if they could, rob them of it and leave them bare, carrying all the joy away for themselves. But the Christian idea is to rejoice with the one who is glad and thus re-enforce and increase his gladness. And we all know how much there is in that. Every man who has had a sudden gladness come upon him has had the desire to tell it to some one else. The joy of any great vision, such as a splendid waterfall or a glimpse of a great snow mountain or some scene of wild beauty in the forest, is a small thing, if one has the experience alone, compared to what it is if you have a congenial soul with which to share it. Such sharing, instead of dividing and subtracting from your own delight, multiplies it many times. And the same law holds good in all other joys. We have a desire to impart it, a desire to talk about it with others, and we often have the opportunity of greatly increasing the joy of another by listening and putting ourselves into sympathetic touch with the gladness which has come to his soul.

You know some lonely man or woman who has few joys and few friends, and when a letter or some little experience that seems trifling to you with your many friends and your numerous sources of happiness comes to that man or that woman it is a real opportunity given of God to you to listen with kindling eye and appreciative face and word while they talk to you of their joy. Such a privilege to them is a little foretaste of heaven, where all selfishness will be banished and every one will be seeking to give joy to others.

There is no more regrettable mistake for any Christian to make than to permit himself to become so self-absorbed, no matter how great his work may be, that he shall become a kill-joy to weak and ordinary people who look to him for appreciation in the gladness which comes to their lives. Jesus Christ was never so self-absorbed in his sublime mission for the world's salvation that he could not enter with sympathetic heart and tender appreciation into the joys as well as the sorrows of others. He cast no dark shadow at the wedding feast, but added to its gladness, when we have no right to be above our Lord and hold it beneath our dignity to bestow our smiles on the whole-hearted gladness that has come to any soul.

But we must not only keep our hearts tender in appreciation of the joys of others, but in sympathetic relation to their sorrows as well. We should be so sensitive in our relation to our fellow-men that it will be impossible for us to see a sad look on any face and our own heart not feel something of the flow of it. How sensitive Jesus was to the petition of the blind, to the lonely wail of the leper, to the silent shame of the disgraced woman, to the anxious appeal of the mother whose child was sick, to the grief tears of the poor widow following her only son to the grave! In these and countless other cases Christ's heart mourned as though he himself were blind, or leprosy, or anxious, or a mourner behind the tier. He entered with perfect sympathy and fellowship into the sorrows of the people with whom he lived. His heart was so tender that every breath of human sadness swept his soul as though it had been a harp. So we must keep our hearts tender.

Do you ask me how we can do this? The answer is simple; by putting ourselves constantly in helpful relations to others. Do the kind deed on every opportunity, and you may be sure that the kind feeling will soon come to be natural to you. The difficulty is that we often curb our kind feelings and restrain them. We shut back the sympathetic word that is on our lips until our tongues become dumb to that kind of speech. Give your heart a chance to show its kindness. Give your lips the opportunity to speak the sympathetic word. Give your hands and feet free will to go on their missions of kindness and cheer and you will soon see that your heart is growing tender and mellow, so that none rejoice and you are not glad and none are sorrowful and you are not stricken.

CHURCH HUMANITY'S HELPER.

By Rev. W. A. Bartlett.

When I read about men who attack the beliefs of the church and call a halt on prayer, on the Bible and other things which have been held sacred I conclude that these men do not come into contact with real life. By real life I mean suffering humanity. Not a day goes by but demands are made on the live church. Poverty, which does not change, knocks at the door and in the name of Jesus asks for help. I can think of family after family of worthy poor who would go to the wall but for the church. Sometimes it is the sin of the father. Sometimes unavoidable sickness, disaster or accident, but the need is urgent. We do not find the infidel or the demagogue or the saloon-keeper helping in these places. They are too busy talking against the church and selling death and the sources of poverty.

Humanity still continues to sicken and die. Where do they send them? To the church. The wife of a saloon-keeper died the other day. He and his bar-room companions sent for the minister of the church. The man who has not been to church for years loses his old mother—to the church he comes with eyes full of tears. He must have a prayer at the laying away of mother. Here is a family suffering from lack of food and clothing. Father is sick, mother has pneumonia. No fraud about that. So the church supplies food and clothing. Let men lift their voices against the church. The same voices may one day plead for the tender services done in the name of Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

There may be opportunity for criticism of the church which does not do these things. Our churches need to be equipped with helpers just as any important business must have them. The church does not consist of a platform speaker and an audience. Mighty comfort and help may be given through a true sermon and many souls fed on the bread of it, but the congregation must go from there inspired to do good and to be no longer hearers, but doers.

WANTS FLEXIBLE RELIGION.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

The keynote of St. Paul's words, "I am made all things to all men," is sympathy. As a Jew he saw with Jewish eyes, heard with Jewish ears and felt the honest pride of a noble Jewish ancestry. With the Greek he was transformed into a Greek. He mastered their language, studied their philosophy, quoted their poets deferred to their prejudices. He admitted the truth which their pagan religion contained and from a common ground of agreement proceeded to unfold the special doctrines which Christianity alone contained.

A religion for all men must win by versatility and adaptability. Its methods of outward approach must be as varied and changeable as racial or individual needs. It must recognize the good wherever found. It must speak the language of refinement and the dialect of the street. It must look, with the owner of wealth, on the value of money and claim with the outcast that "A man's a man for a' that." It must demand of the employer justice toward the employed and of the employe honesty in work and observance of the sacredness of contracts. It may recognize social distinctions, but never proclaim religious ostracism on account of race or color. With the Pauline principle prevailing, there could be no car line strike, no persecution of the Jews, no unjust discrimination against the negro.

Sentence Sermons.

Sin sharpens sorrow.
All things are easy to the earnest.
A leader is never afraid of being alone.
Burden-bearing brings blessing-sharing.
Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.
Faith's forelook brightens to-day's outlook.
There are no rights without responsibilities.
Honor is too big a price to pay for any honor.
Blows from the bellows of ridicule leave no bruises.
Shining lives seldom come out of soft circumstances.
The best cure of a bad habit is the culture of a good one.
Where vulgarity passes for wit virtue passes for folly.
The man who has time to burn has to borrow a match to start it.
The best way to bury your sorrows is to get your sympathies busy.
The man who needs a place should look for the place that needs him.
It is folly to boast of your trials before you have built your foundation.
No man thinks of his life as a grind who has any grist worth grinding.
He best expresses his own gratitude who causes another to be grateful.
It does not take much of a saint to denounce the sins he cannot digest.
They who laugh at another's distress have no ability to share another's joy.
The man who hasn't enough religion to last till he gets home from meeting hasn't enough to take him through it heaven.