

SUNDAY READING.

Our Lord and His Betrayer.

BY MRS. EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS.

Here there are two central characters figuring out the chief idea of human life. Jesus and Judas standing for the praise of prosperity. Prosperity or satisfaction is the chief aim of every creature that lives. Judas stands for the idea of getting prosperity by worldly methods, unspiritual, prosaic. He praises success. His very name means praise of success.

"Get money," he says. "Honestly if you can; but get money."

Jesus stands for the idea of prosperity by spiritual law, confidence in God, idealistic methods.

"There is but one way given under heaven," He says. His very name means praise of success in understanding of the principle of goodness. There comes a time in the experience of every mind, every organized body, and the planet also when the two ideas are face to face, and here you see the demeanor of each and the merits of each with the prophesy of each standing boldly out on the canvas of human life.

Caiaaphas means depression of spirits, or pessimism. Annas means the common lot of humanity as seen daily. Malchus means the outward action of Caiaaphas and Annas, or how they act when given reign. Anarchy nihilism, communism are the soldiers of the pessimism that steals over the mind of a man or planet when it has been conferring with Judas as to how to be successful in life.

As Jesus faced Judas, so the two plans of the planet are met to-day in face-to-face issue. God is my prosperity, or gold (the symbol of God) is my prosperity. Which? "My mind to me a kingdom is." When I settle the question for myself I am either mastered by Jesus or Judas.

The planet has its nations, its tribes and peoples, which are its thoughts. To-day it is called to settle the question of how it shall secure its highest good, or its prosperity.

There's a spiritual sphere enfolding and penetrating and permeating the planet. Above all and through all and in all is spirit, lying close and filling full as substance to shadow.

Every now and then somebody breaks out of the shadow and speaks from the sight of the substance. Sir Thomas Browne said: "The severe learning of the schools shall not take from me the idea that everything upon the earth is but the shadow of some substance lying nigh it."

Milton said: "What if the earth be but the shadow of heaven and things thereon each like to other more than on earth they seem?"

Balthazar the Egyptian is made to say: "There is a kingdom on the earth, though it is not of it; a kingdom wider than the bounds of the earth, though they were rolled together as finest gold and spread by the beating of hammers; its existence is a fact, as our hearts are facts, and we journey through this kingdom from birth to death without seeing it, nor shall any man see it till he hath known his own soul."

It is told us by those who have shaken off the slumber of the shadow enough to speak plainly, that to look into this kingdom is to be free from all the bondages of earthly ways.

They tell us that we may not seem to our neighbors and friends to be different in form or color or speech from themselves, yet that we may have the light of that kingdom in our eyes and the knowledge of that kingdom in the heart so truly that the promise of the Bible may be fulfilled in us, "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow."

"When thou passest through the fires they shall not burn thee, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh." "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Those who examine the shadows carefully, viz., the material universe, dispute the possibility of such things. They tell us we must not get too ideal in the face of facts. Their eyes are fixed steadily upon the seeming processes, and their hearts are heavy because the long night of sorrow teaching, and dying promises no quick dawning, if indeed there ever is to be any change in nature's performances.

Among these there is always some John of the Apocalypse promising that in a far-off future there surely will be "no death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

But the sight of the shadows causes Schopenhauer to declare that there is no God only "a gigantic evil evolving into good." He sees the night of evil stretch so far ahead that there is only hopelessness in his heart.

What is the matter with Schopenhauer and his followers? They have conferred with Judas. They loved and longed for prosperity. They had a right to prosperity. But they should have conferred with Jesus.

Jesus said, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things (riches, and honors, and health, and love, and gladness) shall be added unto you."

Judas has told them that while they are in the world they must look to the world's ways and meet it in its own fashion if they would be successful.

After conferring with Judas hear the verdict of the boldest and most intrepid magazine of our age representing the summing up of the conclusions of centuries: "Europe is cankered and honeycombed with pessimism." ("Caiaaphas was high priest that same year.")

"It needs no very long stay in Europe to detect a strange drooping of spirit."

Neither Pope nor church, peace societies nor alliances can check its course."

Schopenhauer and Van Hartman, with their black pessimism, lead the continent."

Nothing in fiction or music is believed in by the world now, they add, except pessimism. Optimistic teachings are not listened to.

Wagner, St. Beauve, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Scherer, Tolstoi, and Ruskin are under the evangel of bafflement and despair."

Metaphysics has caught the echo and assures us of a great unconscious movement of evil besides the apparent.

If you give Ruskin his sleep and his food and his shelter and his police defenses of the best, you can not secure him from having his brain punned so that it will show how the invisible action of mind upon mind in deadly opposition, can manage his destiny.

If the father is unjustly severe in his thought against his child it will have brain fever or diptheria. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness," say

the metaphysician, who has conferred with Judas. "Be not afraid, I have overcome the world." "Your joy no man taketh from you." "Thou couldst have no power at all, except I gave it thee." "All power is given unto me." "I am in heaven." "Where I am there ye may be also." This is the conclusion of those who refuse to confer with Judas as to the best means of being so successful that even the earth and the fulness thereof are seen to be their own birthright.

All the forces of bafflement meet Jesus the teacher of spiritual law to-day. They feel angered against idealism and optimism.

And Jesus says, "Whom seek ye?" The drill sergeant answers, "The Nazarine." That is, "that ignis fatuus promise of God that has claimed to be something but is nothing." "I am he!" The "he" is not in the Greek, and all those who stood by understood Jesus to speak from the highest Son of Man or Son of God—the God-man standpoint—I am God. "I Am," to them all was the name of Jehovah. Some have contended that Jesus did not speak of Himself directly as God. They give away their ignorance of Greek by so saying. Here he meant to show man's idea to be God's idea, when man proclaimed his highest.

Their idea of man was limited to their study of the shadow side. "Our days upon the earth are as the shadow that declineth," we are "worms of the dust," was their doctrine. The common lot is sorrow.

His idea of man was of one with dominion over all things, death and starvation included. Master and king and Lord through spirit instead of subject and slave and cringing-subject through believing in the power of matter over man.

When He said that, the soldiers and officers immediately went backward and fell on their faces. The pessimist always falls back when the Christ faith looks him in the eye. In supreme moments many a man and woman has felt the God power rise and swell and burst forth. Eliza can take her baby across impossible ice floes. The Red Sea divides. All things become possible. Is anything too hard for me? A good man in a lonely mountain pass was assailed by lawless ruffians. As they came forward the glory of a supreme power sprang forth from him. It spoke through him. It was Him. "You can not! I am God!" They fell back aghast. But then as in this case they sprang forward again. "We will kill you for saying that." But as he looked to find them they had fled.

"Because thou being a man makest thyself God."

At each step of your way keep my words and you will step out free from all these experiences I am taking. When pessimism, hardships, violence, threaten you, announce your spiritual nature at its highest. I Am! Jesus is very sure of victory for the spiritually taught.

"Let those go." He tasted all this hour which tempts your own mind and the mind of the planet. He knew His power through the word. If we keep His words we will step into freedom.

No other teacher ever gave us a sure recipe for safety in time of danger, or for health in place of sickness. Plato said the world needed a teacher who should show man how to be master instead of subject. He had carefully noted that Socrates did not help him to master his environments and destiny.

Here you and I are shown that within the self is one thought that if it be given utterance poverty and sorrow and failure will be no more.

Why should we let other thoughts come up and argue with us to prove our powerlessness when that one announced would prove our power?

What an affirmation is demanded of man when Annas and Caiaaphas and Malchus, incited by Judas, face him.

Hold your own. Hold on great word! All the thoughts of the mind must join forces with the bold affirmation Jesus teaches.

All things you would see brought to pass wait the rise and swell and glory of the God within. Therefore, come boldly up and be steadfast. All matter quails. The earth is clean dissolved. Prospero shows that he had his thoughts under control, so that he could calm or enrage the seas at his will; but he knows not Jesus Christ. All to him is but the "baseless fabric of a dream"—easily dissolved. He was right, but he had nothing better to turn to. You have. Speak boldly.

Boldness hath genius, power and magic in it. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!"

Let the old ways be dissolved like a breath when you speak from the true power you already possess. The true keeper of the words of Jesus Christ is the true Christian.

As a Christian you must expect miracles. If you do not believe in miracles take off the name Christian.

"Either change your name or honor it," said Alexander to a soldier named for him who had acted ignobly.

Ask much of the principle you serve. Ask richly. He remembers that I am a king and should give like a king. Honor his claim said a king of one who had asked so great a gift that the treasurer was afraid.

You must expect to open prison doors, feed the nations, raise the dead.

The king you serve is Jesus Christ in you conquer over all things. The Emperor Theodosius liberated his prisoners and cried out, "Would God, I could open the graves and set those captives free."

Place no limitations on yourself, says the spirit of this lesson.

Notice that Jesus Christ stood still at the place of His capture and set His people free. He stood still where He was and quelled the soldiers. He stood still where He was and healed the ear of Malchus. He stood still preaching when the officers could not take Him. He hung still on the cross and saved the thief.

Right there in the spot where you are called to live and work—there is your place to demonstrate dominion.

Away, says the fiend. Rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run.

No, my honest friend, Lancelot Gobbo, being an honest man's son, budge not!

Budge, says the fiend.

The fiend gives me more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend. My heels are at your commandment. I will run.

This is the plausible reasoning of those thoughts that would argue that you could do better in some other field than the one where you are.

What saith Scripture, "Stand thou in thy lot till the end of the days." Till what belongs to you to do these is finished.

Breathe the Californian spices, Roll blue Pacific waves. Here open the paradises, Here close for us the graves.

Felix of Nola, being hotly pursued, fell into a cave near at hand, and the spiders wove a web across it and the dew fell on it and on went the pursuers.

Right there where you are set the people free. Why should a thought within you depress you or discourage you? Are you not master within your own realm?

When depression at the sight or feeling of your own hard lot or that of others seizes you, renounce your Jehovahship. Then you can handle your own thoughts.

Would you like to tell the law to stop making it possible for one man to own \$150,000,000, while his next door neighbor can hardly feed his children?

You can set that right in the world if you can set it right in your own mind first. The ideal of equal rights and equal opportunities is a Christian one. And Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river to the uttermost parts of the earth.

You are the result of your own arguments, but you need not be the result of anybody else's arguments.

"Though all around thee courage fail, Do thou be strong. Though all around thee doubt prevail, In faith move on!"

"He put up thy sword," said Jesus. And he hated the anarchist. They tell us that in Europe there is nothing heard of but "smokeless powder, small-bore rifles, heavy iron-clads, swift cruisers, torpedo boats, and dynamite guns." France and Germany have 6,000,000 soldiers armed to the teeth.

If any Christian Peter thinks to meet anarchy and nihilism with the world's weapon she is as fool-hardy as Peter. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." "Put up thy sword."

You need not describe the cancer spots of city life, nor scold the ministers for not going down into their midst and knowing what is going on.

Your own thoughts of powerlessness are all your accusations amount to. If you believe they can be cured you are the one who can cure them. Did God invest any minister of the gospel with more power or more opportunities than He invested you with? No God is no such God.

You have no right to expect anybody to do what you are not already doing, and can not teach them how to do.

"I can! and I am!" is your own affirmation.

You do not need the city government, police force, nor public sentiment on your side all you need is the agreement of your own thoughts.

"Shuffle off the mortal coil" of your own thoughts.

Give all thought the lie except that one which says, I can stream like a flood of glory down into the dark places with my limitless omnipotent love, and I can feed and warm and love them. And I can go like an angel of goodness to the hearts of the banqueters and tell them how the God of them—the Christ in them loves to give of their substance, their love, their wisdom.

So I will tell them till I see the rich and the poor meet at one common table of acknowledgment to their own birthright of all things.

Did you suppose that God is less God in the high gambler and low gambler than in Jesus? No Jesus but announced it boldly. If you do not declare your goodness and power and divinity, how shall you measure whether the gambler is worse or better than you! All he has done is to let his thoughts not have divine parley with his highest ideal just as you have.

He has listened to the Judas idea that he must practice the world ways to be successful. Have you ever parleyed in that way?

Over the turbid waters of Cedron walked Jesus into the garden of peaceful thought.

Stop not to argue with the worldly wise, or the ways of the shadow. Look over them all into the peace country that is all around you.

The parched earth traveler shall be glad when he hears this doctrine that when he lets his I am speak, his vain thoughts must fall back, and his milk and his honey shall never more fail.

The pale mother may feel the reviving airs of the hilltops of heaven blow across her brow with refreshment. She shall set her tired feet into the beautiful country where there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, when she knows that within her own soul is the key to glad living here and now by speaking the words that are true.

Therefore, let the high thought be born in whomsoever these teachings are received. "In the beauty of the lilies Christ is born across the sea. With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me."

The military train that is about to leave Vancouver on the Pacific Ocean to convey British troops over the Canadian route to Halifax on the Atlantic Ocean, will make the quickest possible time across the continent by rail, and the steamship carrying the troops from Halifax across the Atlantic will make the quickest possible time to Liverpool. The British military authorities are making experiments to discover how rapidly troops can be conveyed from England to India by this route with the aid of the new steamship line on the Pacific.

These experiments are of interest to a large part of the world, including the chief powers of Europe, the most populous countries of Asia, the British provinces of North America, Egypt in North Africa, and the British possessions in South Africa, and also Australia. The world-girdling empire must be prepared for all emergencies where ever it has interests to defend or foes to confront.

Dismal stories of hardship and ill-treatment are told by English emigrants who have lately returned from Brazil, Argentina and other South American countries. They had been induced to emigrate by specious promises of free farms in a land of perpetual summer. But when they reached their destination they found they were practically sold into a state of servitude little better than actual slavery. Instead of having farms given them they were herded with barbarous Negro field hands. All sorts of horrible insects invaded their lodgings, wild beasts and serpents abounded and the heat was intolerable. The survivors of these horrors reached England broken in health and ruined in pocket, and now warn others not to go to South America. It is to be hoped that the warning will be heeded, and that Englishmen who intend to emigrate will wisely choose this country as their future home, where they will have the protection of British law, their own countrymen for neighbors, a healthy climate and land to be had for the asking.

HOLIDAY FUN.

Woman is like a cigar. You cannot judge the filling by the wrapper.

A boy is expected to love his mother, even though she cuts his hair.

Mountains may not have mouths and noses, but we have seen a mountaineer.

We should like to see the man who would make no bones of eating a fresh mackerel.

Troubles never come singly, twins never come singly. Therefore, twins are troubles.

If a boy refuses an extra piece of pie you may rest assured that the pie is particularly bad.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys—a kiss.

When a disobedient "kid" is taken across his father's knee it gives him the kid-knee complaint.

Caller—"Is Mrs. Brownston at home?" Servant—"Yes'm. She'll be at home all the evening. It's my night out."

Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."

"Well, cook, and what did you think of the young lady's singing?" "Lor mum, she sang beautiful—just as if she was a gargling."

A woman cannot be altogether unhappy when the woman she has invited to supper asks her to write down her recipe for that cream pie.

The man afflicted with frontal baldness hath this to console him—it will be quite impossible for any one "to pull the wool over his eyes."

Bystander—"Pat! Pat! You should never hit a man when he is down." Pat—"Begobs, what did I worruk so hard to get him down for!"

"You ought to see our baby play" said Jimmy, proudly. "What can a six months old baby play?" asked Freddie. "Bawl," laughed Jimmy.

"You don't follow the hounds much in America, do you, Miss Hawking," asked Lord Noodleby. "No; we have professional dog catchers," replied Miss Hawking.

"I dreamed of you last night," she said with a lingering glance. "Did you really?" he inquired eagerly. "Yes. I always dream when I eat lobsters and pie at night."

The barber may a midget be, And yet this fact doth mellow— When business is brisk he is A rather "strapping" fellow.

"There doesn't appear to be much of the milk of human kindness in these days," sighed Jones. "Oh, I think there's a good deal left," retorted Robinson, "only it's condensed."

"Yes," said the sensible girl, "she's an heiress, but I'm afraid she doesn't know how to husband her resources." "Oh, yes she does," was the reply. "She's engaged to be married now."

Those who last Summer could not go A trip to make were sad, poor dears; Will soon make up for all their woe, They'll have their trip when ice appears.

"I should think life in this flat wouldn't be very pleasant. That factory chimney opposite smokes horribly." We have one consolation, though. "What's that?" It doesn't smoke cigarettes."

Wife—"Do you love me as much as ever?" Husband—"I reckon so." Wife—"Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?" Husband—"I reckon so unless the landlord raises the rent."

Mrs. Morris—"So you have lost your new girl?" Mrs. Benedict—"Yes; when she broke Charlie's pet coffee cup and gave him a new one with 'Love the Giver' on it I thought it was time to let her go."

At the marriage of a young and charming girl to an old and infirm man: Mr. B.—"Poor Clara! What a pity she should sell herself to that wheezy old skeleton." Mrs. B.—"My dear, it is not a sale only a lease."

She—"No. I'm not engaged to him, if you saw us sitting and talking together you could easily see there was nothing between us." He—"I did; and not seeing anything between you, I thought you were engaged."

Sunday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?" Miss Fanny (aged ten)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom."

"Penelope," said the Toronto mother, "tell me truly, did Frank kiss you last night?" "There was a slight labial juxtaposition as Frank took his leave mother but I assure you it was only momentary and therefore innocuous."

Red are the leaves that deck the maple now;

So is the hair that crowns her marble brow;

Thus we may judge from every brick-hued curl

She is a genuine, trade-marked Autumn girl.

"Talk of paying as you go! Isn't the whole solar system one tremendous borrowing? Don't the moon and planets borrow all their light from the sun?" "Yes, but then they can have the advantage of going to one that can always make the needed rays."

"Does his insanity take a violent form?" inquired the physician. "No, sir," responded the relative in charge of the unfortunate man, "but he's always helping himself to a handful of something or other whenever he passes a peanut stand. He imagines he's a policeman."

Tom—"You look happy to-day. What's happened to cheer you up so?" Charlie—"I've been courting a girl for a long time, but she never would admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me. But last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me."

Everybody knows the poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," but who knows the grave of the author? It will be news to most that Samuel Woodworth, the writer of that piece of immortal verse, is buried in San Francisco, Cal., but such is the case.

While ex-President Hayes was in Atlanta he told a reporter that he had never raised a chicken in his life. "The story of the chickens was started by my friends as a joke," said the ex-President. "They began it for the fun in it, and others who were not friendly to me in the eyes of the public pushed the fake for all it was worth."

ANIMALS LOVE THE WEED.

A Mare And Colt That Will Chew All the Tobacco They Can Get.

The claim set forth from time immemorial by tobacco haters, that no animal would touch the weed, that even the hog felt above it, seems destined to receive a serious setback. Eugene Russell, a farmer living on the Post Bay road near Lake Ontario, is the owner of a mare and colt that are extremely fond of tobacco. The mare formed the habit long before the birth of the colt, and in the case of the youngster the appetite seems to have been inherited. Three years ago Mr. Russell decided that he would cure the mare of her habit, and to do so he gave her two pounds of finecut, which she devoured with relish. This not fazing her a bit he tried leaf tobacco, of which he is a producer in a small way. After stowing away a quantity of this she showed symptoms of distress. She was dizzy, and wanted to lie down and think over her sins, about as a small boy might have wanted to do under similar circumstances. This settled her, as far as the plain leaf was concerned. She has never tasted it since, though fine cut touches the spot the same as ever it did.

This was not long previous to the birth of the colt, and the little fellow exhibited almost from the first the "hankering" for a chew. It was bestowed while he was yet at nurse, and from that day to this both animals will follow any stranger all over the lot who has the smell of tobacco about his clothes. The colt, strange to say, was not affected by the mother's aversion to natural leaf, but loves that even better than fine cut, and masticates all of either that is forth-coming. Both animals are beauties, and no healthier are to be found in horse-flesh in these parts. Mr. Russell says he thinks the use of tobacco has kept them from having intestinal worms, which so often distress horses and injure their digestion. The mare is now eleven years old and the colt is over two.

Young Men and Marriage.

The complaint is not infrequent on the part of the fair sex that young men of today are not so prone to enter the happy bonds of matrimony. Old maids are severe and unsparring in their criticism of the lack of appreciation on the part of young men for the pleasures of domestic life; and mothers, especially those who have several marriageable daughters, make the soft impeachment that young men are not slow to enjoy the hospitalities of the homes of friends; are not infrequent visitors and callers in and out of season, even engaged in no end of flirtation—but when it comes to the important question of all questions they fail to materialize. While the young men are, of course, to blame, there is something that can be said in mitigation of their offense. It is true that the young man of to-day is more flippant and selfish than he should be, but to make the sweeping allegation that he is insensible to the felicity of a home, graced by gentle femininity, that is doing him an injustice. The young man is a victim of circumstances, a slave to economic conditions over which he has no control. To have a home is one thing, to provide for one is another. The earnings of the average young man are hardly sufficient to defray his own expenses, they are certainly inadequate to keep up a house, and pay extensive milliners' bills. The requirements of society, a compliance with the conventionalities of life are such as to necessitate a large annual expenditure, far in excess of that which is paid in salaries in the ordinary pursuits of life. If the young man marries a poor girl, possibly not the least incentive she has in getting married is to be provided with a home for life, and a comfortable one at that. To her marriage is a prize she has drawn in the lottery of life, and having toiled for years she desires to taste something of the luxuries of this life, and is anxious to enter society and "keep up appearances." Of course, it would not do for her to be without servants, and to have this comfort, and that little luxury, to be dressed as well as others, to be fashionable, to go to theatres, parties. But all of this costs money, much more than her young husband can probably earn.

If he marries a well-to-do or rich girl he is still worse off; by marriage she expects a home at least as good as that she left. She considers to have certain claims on her husband; she never fails to assert herself, and between weeping, when she grows angry, there is not seldom the implied censure, "it is with my money that we live, and I will have denied me no pleasure." And yet, the income of the money she furnishes is far less than the expenses of the household, not to say the providing for the family, the saving for the dowry of her daughters, the pocket money which her sons can spend at college. Under these circumstances, the young man has too much pride to establish a home unless he can provide for it by his own earnings, can not be censured if he hesitates to contract moral obligations that he does not see his way clear to fulfill. The fault does not lie with either the young man or the young lady; it is society which is to blame. If fashion did not reign supreme and call for so many sacrifices; if society did not make so many demands; if conventionalism did not entail so much expenditure of unnecessary energy and outlay of money, and luxury did not possess the hearts of the young people of to-day, there would be no reason why the numberless bachelors of today could not enjoy the pleasures of homes.

A new machine will thread four different sizes of bolts in an hour, and with one man can thread 15,000 bolts in ten hours.

The philanthropic idea of helping to civilize Africa is the motive that is drawing many a dollar into the treasury of the African companies. It is not often that people are moved by purely benevolent impulses to advance money for railroad surveys, but such instances have occurred in Africa. Baroness Burdett-Coutts has given the sum of \$25,000 toward surveying the railroad route between the Indian Ocean and Victoria Nyanza. The sum of \$50,000 is being raised by popular subscriptions in England to maintain Capt. Lugard and his little force in Uganda, and this preserve white ascendancy there. Every steamboat except one built for the great lake is the fruit of private or public generosity. The Scottish millionaire Stephenson gave thousands of dollars to build the road between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, of which, however, only forty miles has yet been completed. It is gratifying that the vast amount of unselfish service in Africa's behalf is fruitful; for in spite of setbacks and discouragements the efforts to reclaim the continent are making steady progress.