

LIBERAL-MINDED CHRISTIANITY

Rev. Charles Wagner Draws Lessons From the Shortcomings of Jesus' Disciples.

Now, when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. But when the disciples saw it they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor. When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon me; for ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that shall also this woman have done for me.

My brethren, we open this evening a very beautiful gospel, Christ, telling that the end was near, and being surrounded by a tragic history, that was beginning to make itself felt and to stretch out its hand toward us, we wished to go for the last time to Bethany, which surround His story, not facts, but feelings, that happened only once, and exceptionally, but facts that happen in the very essence of things, that happen so to speak in eternity.

NOT NEEDING THE SPIRIT

Thus, the disciples will always seek for the Master, and will find in His name words that are contrary to His spirit, when they do not give heed to the spirit that animates them. Do you remember how once said to the Master, "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?"

And another time they said to the Master, "We saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and he forbade him because he followed not us." But the Master replied, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our part."

On another occasion the disciples placed themselves in a rampart around the smiling Christ, and tried to draw the little children from coming to Him. And for what reason? Because they disturbed the Master. But the Master said to them, "Let the children come to me, for it is that he who has been cured by Christ of that terrible disease, joyfully. But no master, Christ could hardly sit or walk in any place upon which He had not spread some light or done some good." Wherever He was, He was on a battlefield where the enemies of mankind, or on some precipitous ground where He endeavored to cultivate goodness, tenderness, forgiveness, the Spirit of God, and to sow with a generous hand the seed that sprouts for the kingdom of God,

ANOINTED HIS HEAD.

While He was there an unknown woman appeared and anointed His head with a perfume whose penetrating and subtle smell at once proved to those present that something very precious had been used.

The disciples (another gospel says "some people") but Matthew says "the disciples" and names them) cried out at this. There was an explosion of disapproving murmur. Why that? Why such extravagance? Would it not have been better to use it to bestow alms upon the poor? In speaking that the disciples spoke for the Master and substituted themselves for Him. It was an abuse that was customary to them and which is still very usual in the disciples of the present day. They love to speak in the name of the Master, so as to clothe the infidelity of their own words with the color and divine authority of the One whom they call Master.

That night, therefore, the disciples crushed the poor woman with the weight of their words and their unmerciful reproaches. But the One who was, most concerned in it, instead of joining them remained silent. When he had measured what had taken place, the action of the woman and the intervention of His disciples, simply and quietly, with that voice that had said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," He uttered the mildest, the most familiar, the most merciful, the most indulgent words that could be said at such a time. He speaks to the angry disciples, and with that smile that has thrown a ray of light over the darkness of our world, says, "Why trouble ye the woman?"

In speaking thus He seems to say to His disciples: "Take heed; you have acted in such a way, and said such words, as to give pain to her human soul. She came in all sincerity, a child full of good intentions, and who carried them out forthright in the candor of his soul; but you have rebuked her, not throw the water of your vexed reason upon the tenderness and warmth of her heart; you scatter the frost of your severity and your utilitarianism on the delicate flowers of sentiment that have blossomed in her soul."

INFILTRATION OF PAIN.

You do not know what you have done. You have given pain. Why did you do this? When one gives pain to others, there should be some cause for it, and it should only be done if there is no other way. See these scales that I bring to you, on one side put the pain you have inflicted on this woman, this soul, for this strange is soul, and on the other side place your good reasons, all you twelve, your best reasons, and then tell me whether they are worthy of what you have done? Why trouble ye the woman?"

A silence. The Master had spoken in the Master's name. Now that the Master speaks for Himself it is quite another thing. Nothing could equal the narrow-mindedness of the disciples unless it were the broadmindedness of the Master. In this tragic moment He even finds an explanation

for it.

"Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"I believe Mr. Shakespeare is dead now. Can you tell me how long?"

"Dinner."

"Let's see, he wrote, did he not?"

"Oh, yes, he did sumptuous."

"What was it he wrote?"

"Well, I think it was the Boileau."

"A man can get used to anything except the fool actions of his relatives."

A PERSIAN HEADACHE CURE.

A Traveller's Experience in That Country.

Of the progress of medical science the Persian people know little. They divide diseases into two classes, hot and cold. A cold remedy is applied to a "cold" disease, and a hot remedy to a "cold" one. In "With the Pilgrims to Mecca" the author tells his experience with one of their physicians:

The evening before I left Mecca for Jiddah I was suffering from a racing headache, and my friends advised me to consult a certain Arab physician.

In the East they never break the ice of silence with a remark on the weather. The customary opening is to inquire if you are in health. I told the doctor, in answer to his question, that I had a bad headache, and had come to him to be cured. He asked me on which side the head ached. I touched the spot, whereupon he fell to rubbing it vigorously with the palm of his right hand, calling out the while to the urchin to fetch the necessary apparatus for the forthcoming operation. The boy disappeared. In a few minutes he came back, bearing in both hands a round, hollow tube of clay in which were a few lumps of burning charcoal.

The next things he brought in were a couple of iron rods, about twice the length of an ordinary pencil, each with a cup-filled with a black liquid, composed, if I mistake not, of starch and the snot of an oil lamp. The doctor thrust the rods in the glowing charcoal. The fear of being branded basted my brow in sweat. "The doctor assured me I had cause to be afraid."

The tips of the rods by this time were red-hot. Having dipped them in the cup of ink, he closed his eyes, and then raised his voice in an intonation that lasted several minutes. Not a single word could I understand, when it was over, he opened his eyes, and saying the word "Bishnab" proceeded to draw with one of the rods, now cool, on my right temple, five horizontal lines crossed by five longitudinal ones, thus forming sixteen tiny squares. Several magic hieroglyphics besides were inscribed in the same manner behind my ears and on the nape of my neck.

After every operation the good doctor would pause to ask me, "Is the pain gone now?" Four times did I tell the truth; then fearing further torture, I assured the persevering little man that I thought I was better than he.

His joy knew no bounds. He said the secret was left to him as an inheritance from his father, and that on no account must I wash off the paint until the next day, or the pain would return.

MORE WONDERS IN EGYPT

Tomb Discovered More Than 3,000 Years Old.

In the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, in Egypt, Mr. Theodore M. Davis has recently uncovered one of the finest stores of Egyptian antiquities which has been brought to light in modern times. It is in a tomb, discovered almost by accident, which had not been opened since the Eighteenth Dynasty, more than three thousand years ago.

Beneath a pile of debris by which the explorer's curiosity had been aroused, diggers found an opening through which they penetrated into a sepulchral chamber fitted by thirty feet, and eight feet high. In it were the remains of the greatest value. On the left was a wooden sarcophagus, painted black and gold, within which were the mummy cases of a man and a woman. The cases themselves were double, the outer being completely painted on the outside with gold, except where the faces of the mummies were represented, and lined with silver. The inner cases were similarly plated with gold externally, and lined with gold leaf.

Beyond them the floor was covered with large sealed jars of wine or oil, and shell-like boxes of black-painted wood, each containing a piece of black muslin. On top of them was a chariot, broad enough for two persons, richly painted and encrusted with gold. The chariot was of wood, and the horses were all worked on the hands. Then cover it with a cloth and pot near the fire to rise for two hours. Next turn it, on the cloth and knead for a quarter of an hour. This quantity will make two half-quarter loaves. Divide the dough, make it into smooth balls with your fingers, and set to rise for half-an-hour.

This is called setting the sponge. When it has stood for twenty minutes, the surface will be covered with bubbles; take it up and work all the flour in with your hand, and knead till the dough has all

been worked on the hands. Then cover it with a cloth and pot near the fire to rise for two hours. Next turn it, on the cloth and knead for a quarter of an hour, and then remove it to a cooler part for an hour and a half. When done stand it on its side to cool.

SUMMER FRUITS.

Currant, Catup—Ten pounds of currants mashed and strained through a cloth. Add one quart vinegar, three tablespoons of cinnamon, two of allspice, and one-half spoon of red pepper. Boil it slowly one hour and put up in small bottles.

Currant Jelly—Bruise and squeeze the currants until all the juice is out, then strain through a funnel and put the juice on to boil for fifteen minutes. Strain again, measure for and allow the same measure of sugar. Bring the juice to boiling again and as soon as it begins to thicken on the pan remove from the fire, add the sugar quickly, stir well to dissolve it, then turn it into a mold of buttered glass and let it cool.

A Chinaman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a shop where he happened to disturb a shop which was regulating itself out of a chair standing on a beam over the door. In its flight the rat upset his fine garment, and the visitor, supposing his rage, said: "As I was entering your honorable dwelling, I frightened your honorable rat, and while it was trying to escape, it upset your honorable fair of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence."

Shroveit Sauce—Boil one cup milk and three eggs with one tablespoon flour, worked smooth, in a little cold water. Cook five minutes, add one saltspoon of salt and sugar to taste; to prevent her blushing him?"

"Good gracious, why? What's to

be done?"

"She married him in spite of great opposition, didn't she?"

"Yes. If her marriage doesn't turn out well, she'll just have herself to blame."

"Good gracious, why? What's to

be done?"

"She has faults, and a temper, and all that; but I—I love her, and I live without her."

"Just so," replied his friend;

"but the question isn't that. Can you live with her? That's it, old fellow—can

The Home

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

stiff and beat it gradually into the sauce. To be eaten with hot puddings.

Cockroaches—Break borax to scatter it freely, when they congregate and easily disappear.

When marble is spotted sprinkle some powdered borax where it is stained, and then wash the marble with warm water, using a soft flannel.

If you wish stockings to wear well change them for a clean pair at least twice a week. If worn too long they are apt to break into holes when washed. New stockings should always be washed before being worn.

When cutting new bread use a knife that has been dipped in very hot water.

If washing water is gritty it is a sign that it is adulterated. It should always be tied in a flame-kept for the purpose, and must be used very judiciously.

Before cooking sage soak it in cold water for an hour, pour it out, wash the grapes in it, and then simmer it in milk or stock as desired.

Boil Green Vegetables as follows: keep a good color; have a large quantity of water to boil them in the vegetables and cook them without a cover to the pan.

Turnips with Spaghetti—Take

one pound of spaghetti or macaroni, break it in pieces, and boil in salted water till tender. Skin three or four sheep's kidneys, cut them in slices, season this highly with pepper and salt, and add a few drops of oil.

On a plate garnish with a pint of white stock, or milk and water, and serve.

A heavy child's head should be washed once every week in summer with soap and tepid water, and in winter not so frequently. Frequent washing keeps the hair perfectly clean and removes the dandruff.

For keeping beans bright, exposed to the sun, and dried, wash them in water, add two hard-boiled eggs, and soak them in a jar of cold water.

Small Veal and Ham Pies—Cut one pound and a half of veal very finely, and a quarter of a pound of ham, add a little nutmeg, pepper and salt. Roll two eggs in hard and short, covering the mixture with meat and add sufficient gravy to moisten all. Dredge the mixture with flour, and if you have it, add a drizzle of lemon-rind. Make some nice short crust, using very little water in the mixing, roll out thinly, and the small patties.

This Gum Will Sleep—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of the best gum in a pint of water. When quite dissolved, add two teaspoonsful of rice vinegar, and one ounce of honey. Stir the mixture through a funnel. The gum will be gummy, but will not stick to the sides of the pan. Pour it into a large basin, mix it with a pint of good gravy, well flavored cheese over and put the kidney pie on top.

Excellent Bread may be made as follows: Put one ounce of yeast into a basin with one teaspoonful of castor sugar, and heat them together, add a pint of tepid water, and then add a little nutmeg, pepper and salt. Let the yeast rise for an hour.

Then add a pint of flour, mix it well, and add sufficient gravy to moisten all. Dredge the mixture with flour, and if you have it, add a drizzle of lemon-rind. Make some nice short crust, using very little water in the mixing, roll out thinly, and the small patties.

This is called setting the sponge. When it has stood for twenty minutes, the surface will be covered with bubbles; take it up and work all the flour in with your hand, and knead till the dough has all

been worked on the hands. Then cover it with a cloth and pot near the fire to rise for two hours. Next turn it, on the cloth and knead for a quarter of an hour. This quantity will make two half-quarter loaves. Divide the dough, make it into smooth balls with your fingers, and set to rise for half-an-hour.

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Drop it in a large basin, mix it with a pint of flour, and then add a pint of water, and let it stand for an hour.

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